THE DRAWING

No. 6

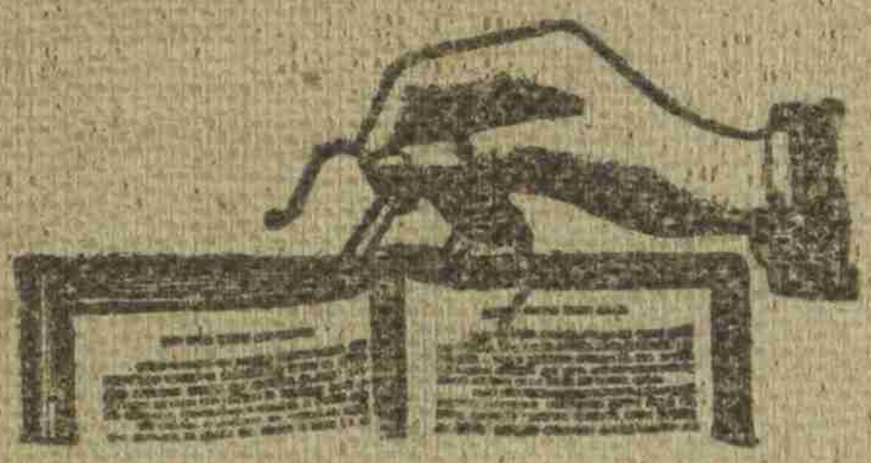
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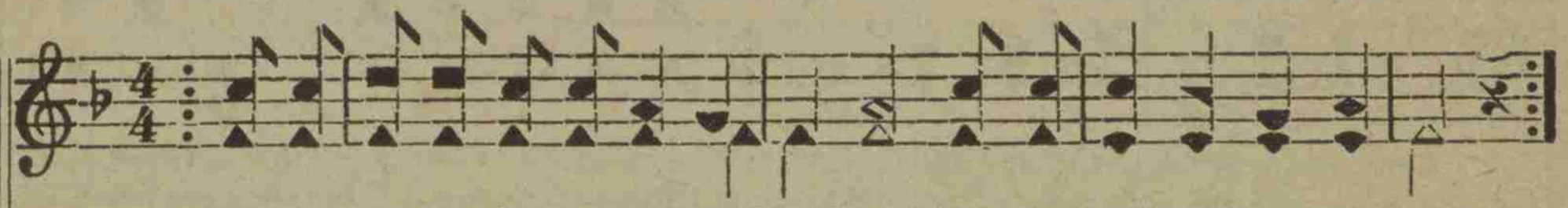
SAM P. JONES.

March, 1896.
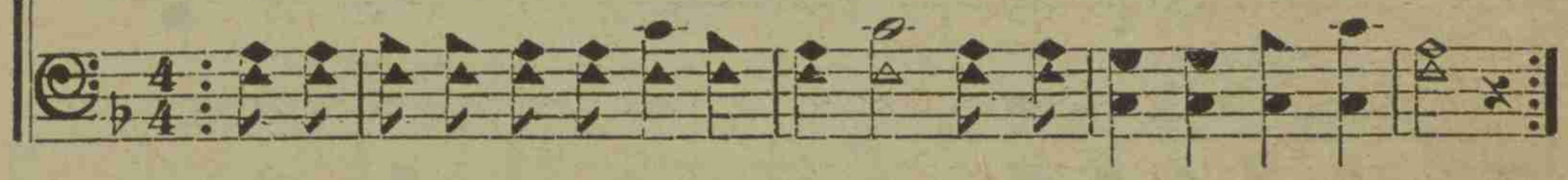
THE REVIVAL NO. 2.

No. 1. "OLD TIME POWER."

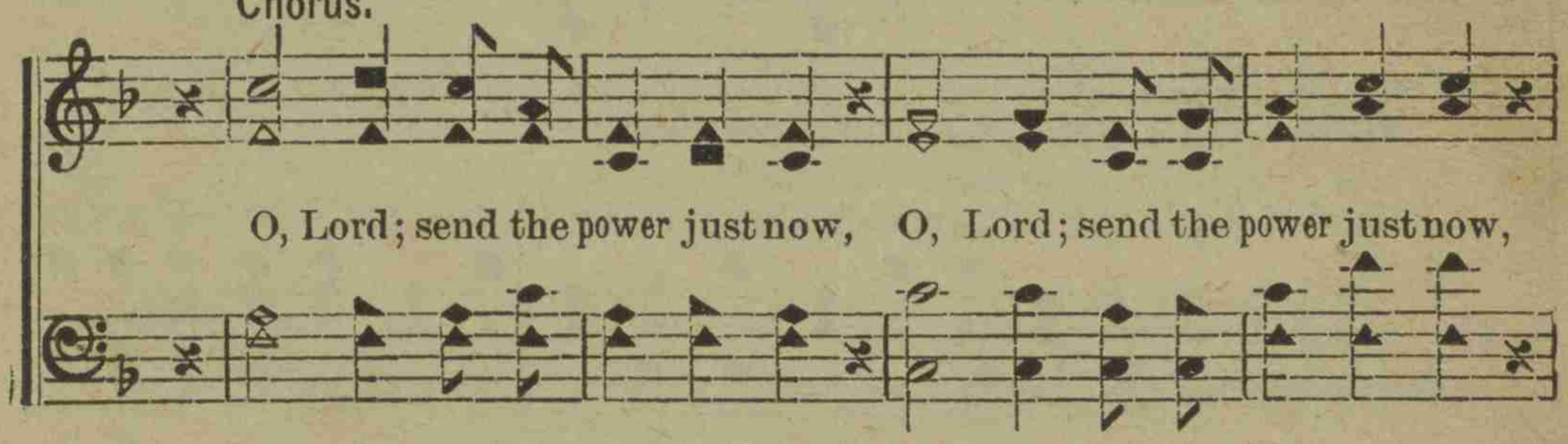
C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
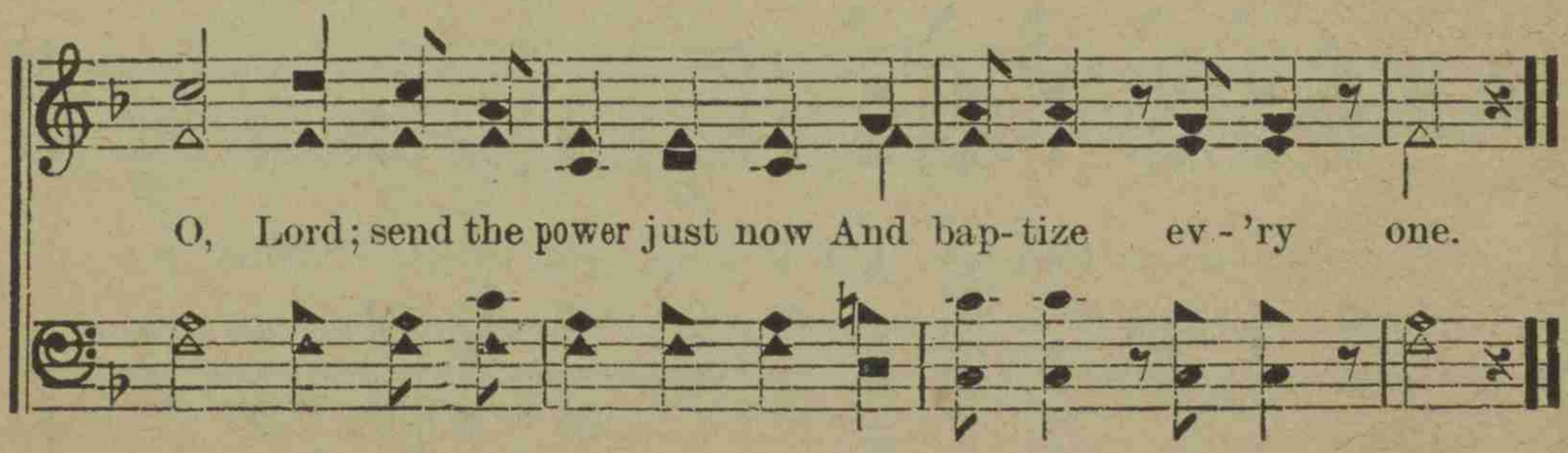


1. They were gathered in an upper chamber, They were all with one ac-cord;
   When the Ho - ly Ghost descended, Which was promised by our Lord.
2. This power from heaven de-scend-ed, As the sound of rushing wind;
   Tongues of fire rested there up-on them, Je-sus prom-ised He would send.
3. Our fathers had this "old time" power, And we all may have it too;
   This He promised to the faith-ful, What He's promised He will do.



Chorus.



O, Lord; send the power just now, O, Lord; send the power just now,



O, Lord; send the power just now And bap-tize ev-'ry one.

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No. 2. LOVE FOUND ME.

H. L. GILMOUR. Arr. by H. L. G.

1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was
2. The Spir-it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
3. I'll praise Him while He gives me breath, Love found me, For sav-ing from an
4. And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a - dor- ing

tempest tossed, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me,
strong and deep, Love found me, Al-tho' I long withstood His grace, Love found me,
endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad-vo-cate above, Love found me,
at His feet, Love found me, And sing hosannas round the throne, Love found me,

Chorus.

Come, wea-ry, heav-y lad-en, rest, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,
He wooed me to His kind embrace, Love found me.
I'm yoked to Him in perfect love, Love found me.
Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love

Love that moved the might- y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

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No. 3. EVER BE FAITHFUL.

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

1. Ev - er to Je-sus be faith-ful and true, He has been ten- der and
2. Hon- or the Master by do- ing His will, Love Him, and all His com-
3. Cling un- to Je-sus, thy Strength and thy Might, Cling in the darkness, and

faith- ful to you; Fol- low Him dai - ly what - ev - er be - tide,
mandments ful - fill; And as you jour- ney life's pil- grim- age through,
cling in the light, Hon - or His name in what - ev - er you do,

Chorus.

Fol - low your Lead - er and Guide.
Ev - er be faith - ful and true.
Ev - er be faith - ful and true.

Ev - - - er be
Ev - er be faith - ful and
faith - - ful, Ev - - - er be faith - - ful,
ev - er be true, Ev - er be faith- ful and ev - er be true,
Ev - - - er be faith - - ful, Ev - - er be true.
He has been tender and faithful to you, Ev-er be faithful and true.
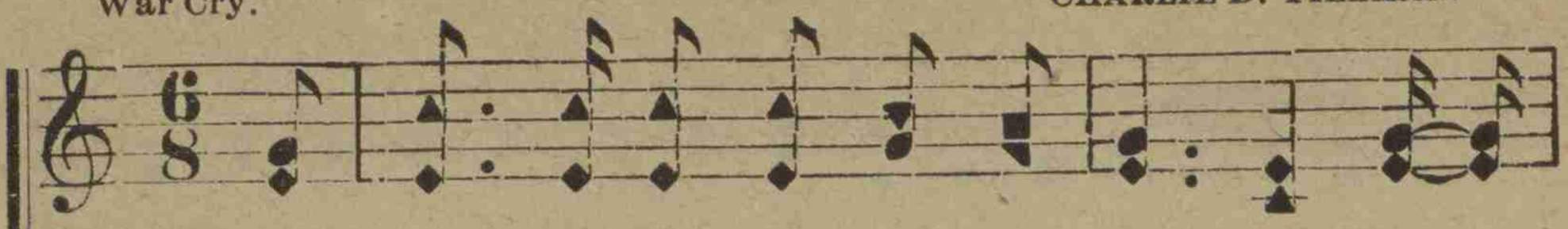
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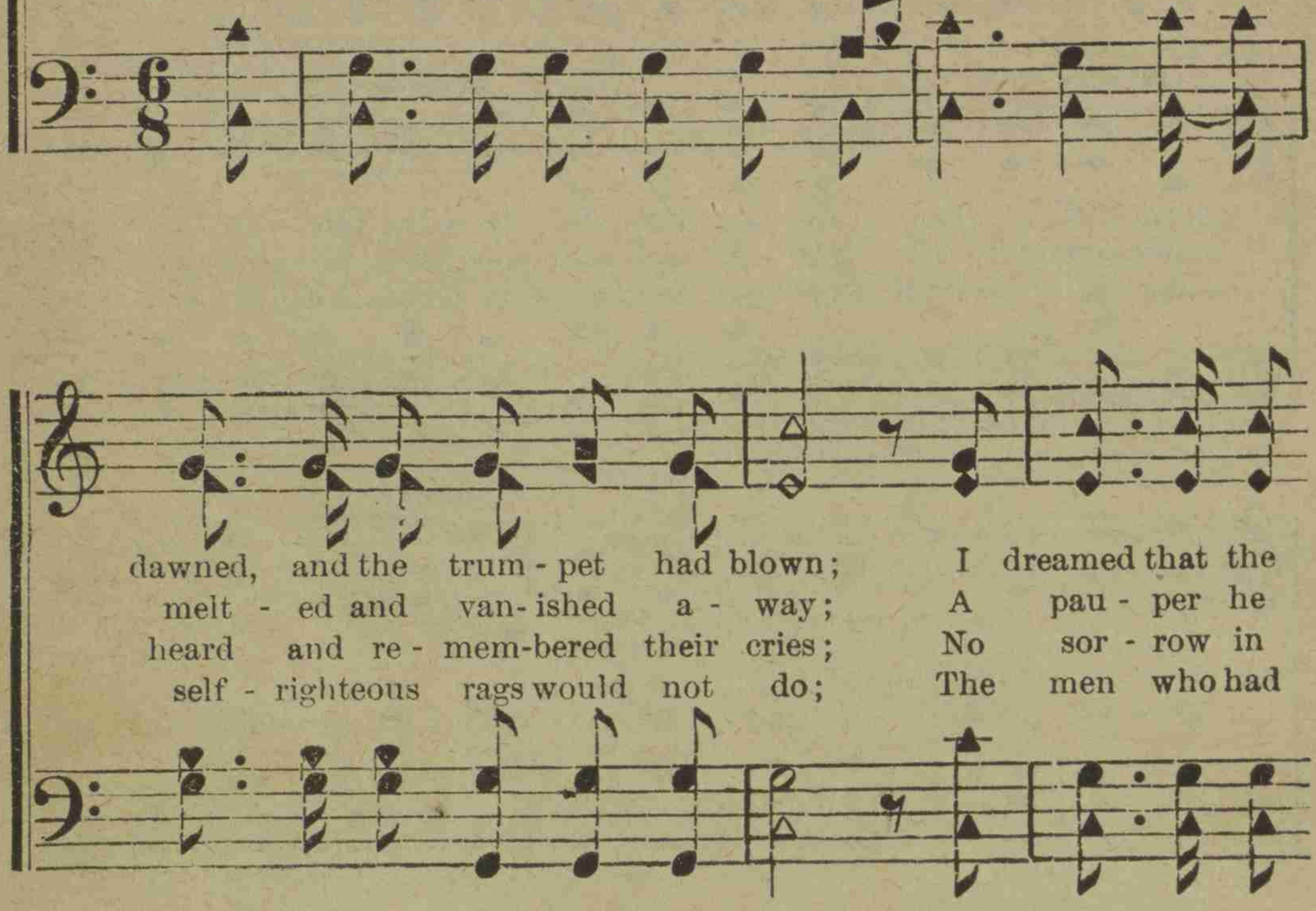
THE JUDGMENT.

War Cry.
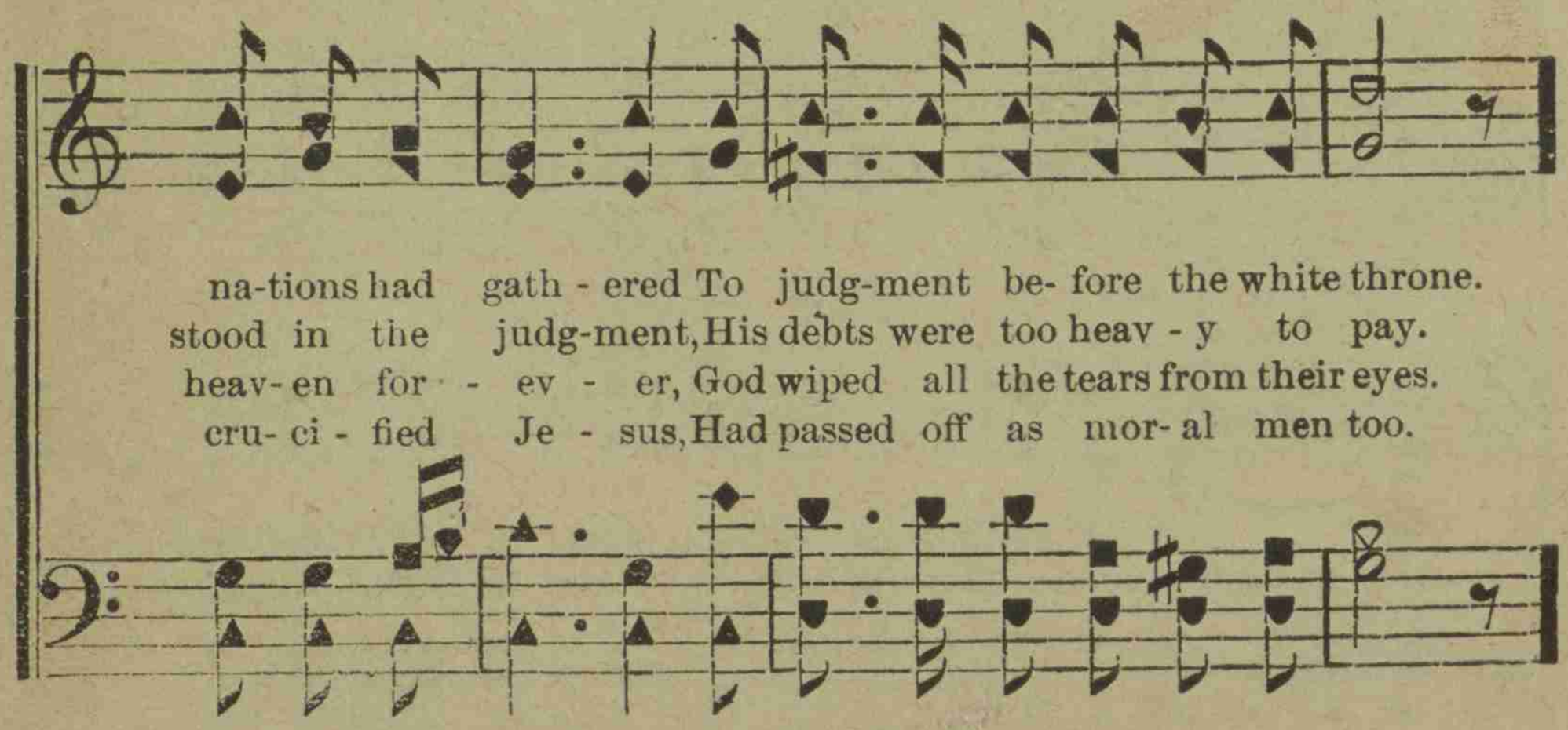
CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. I dreamed that the great Judg- ment Morn - ing Had dawned, and the trum - pet had blown; I dreamed that the
2. The rich man was there, but his mon - ey Had melt - ed and van- ished a - way; A pau - per he
3. The wid - ow was there and the or - phans, God heard and re - mem-bered their cries; No sor - row in
4. The mor - al man came to the judg - ment, But his self - righteous rags would not do; The men who had
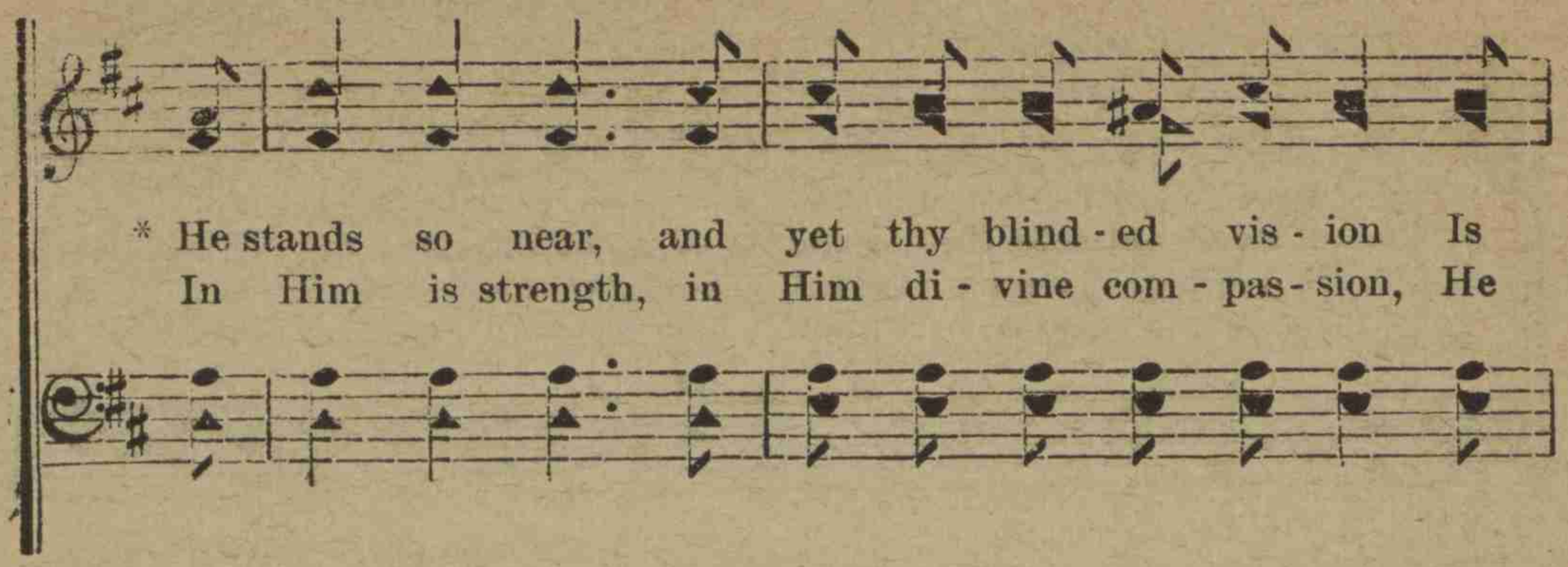


na-tions had gath - ered To judg-ment be- fore the white throne.
stood in the judg-ment, His debts were too heav - y to pay.
heav- en for - ev - er, God wiped all the tears from their eyes.
cru- ci - fied Je - sus, Had passed off as mor- al men too.



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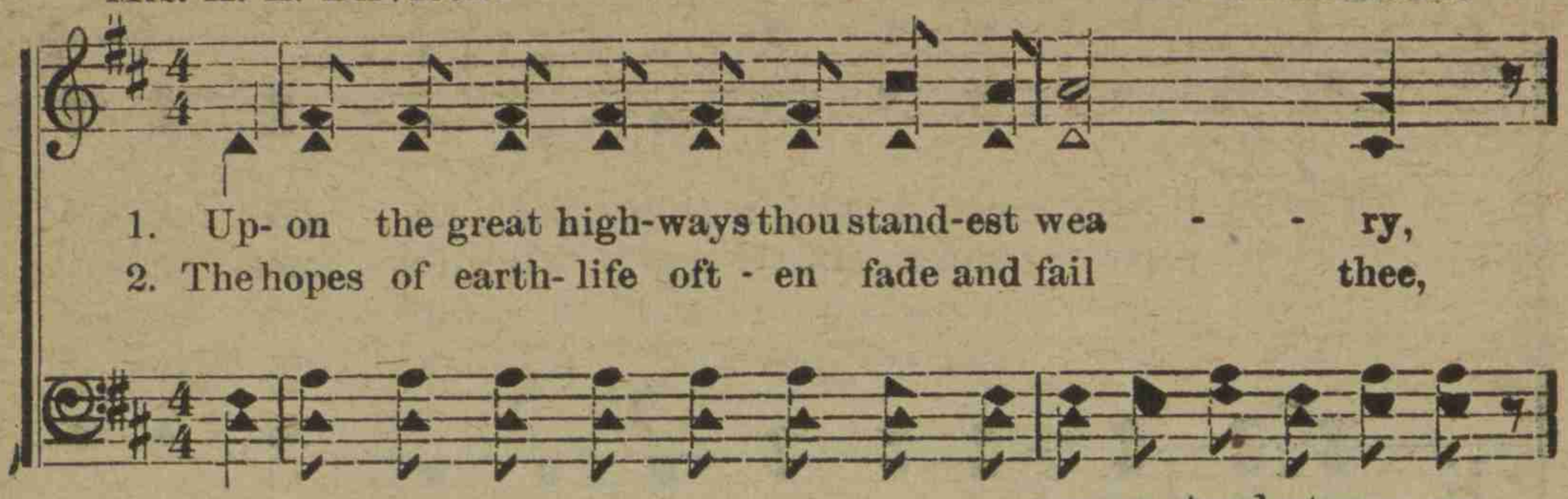
HE WAITS FOR THEE.—Concluded.

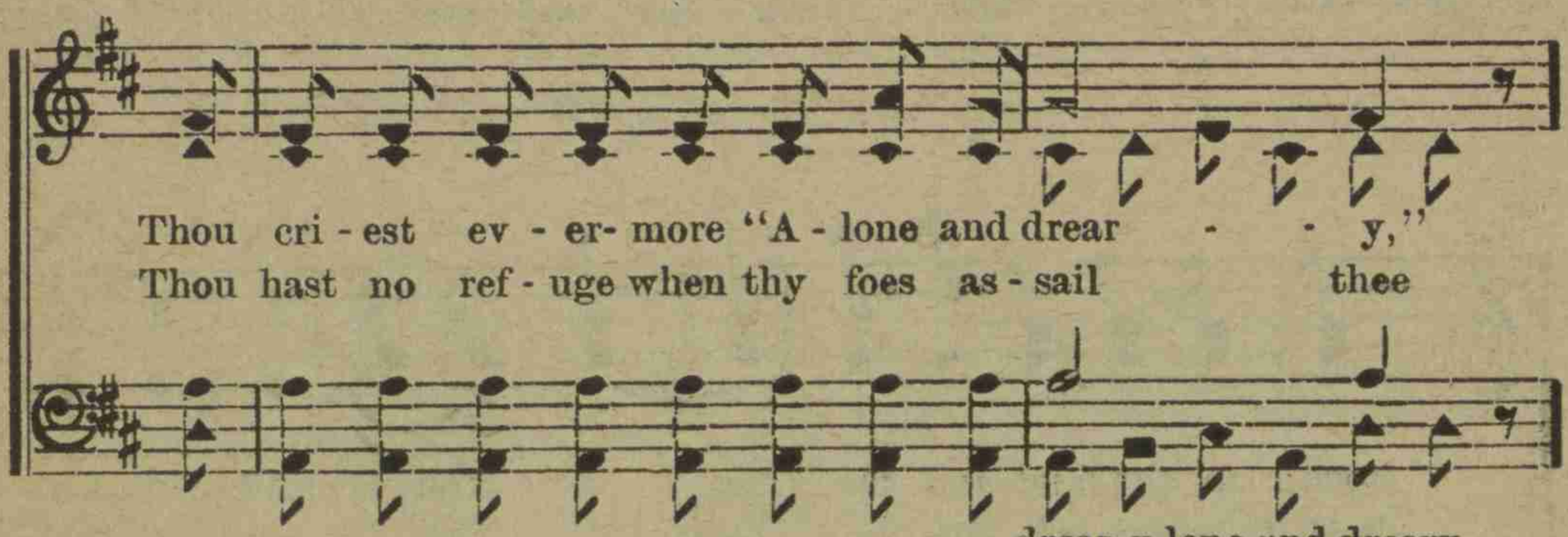


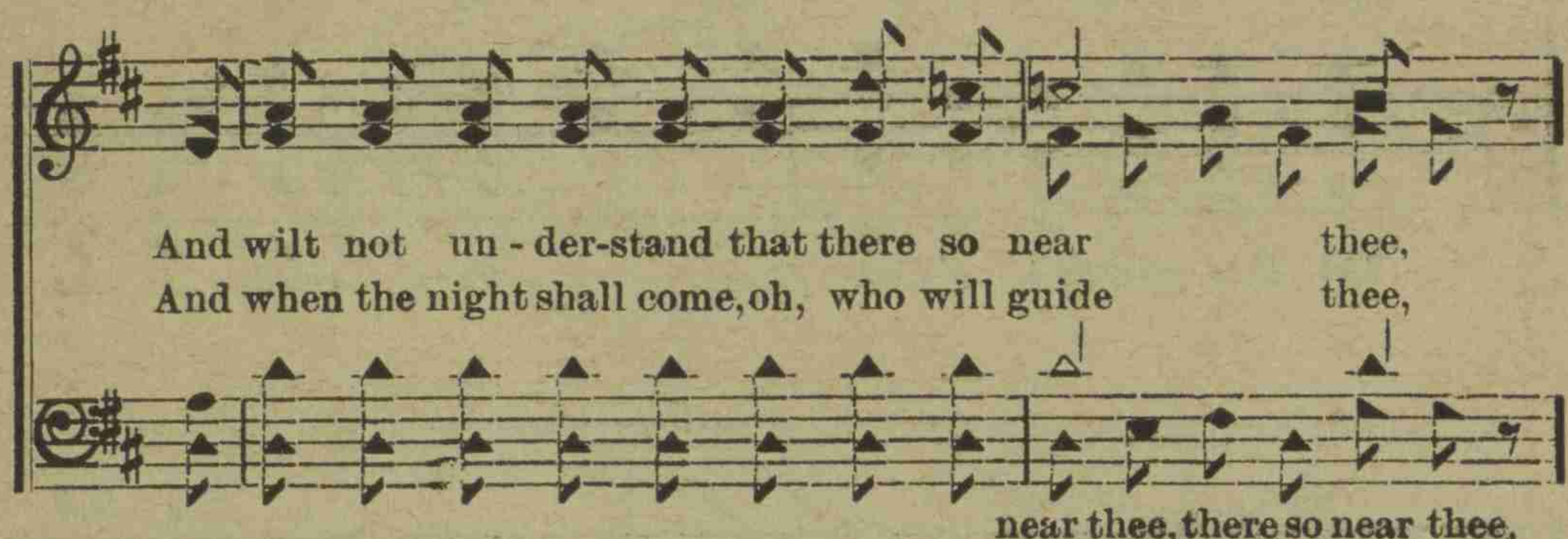
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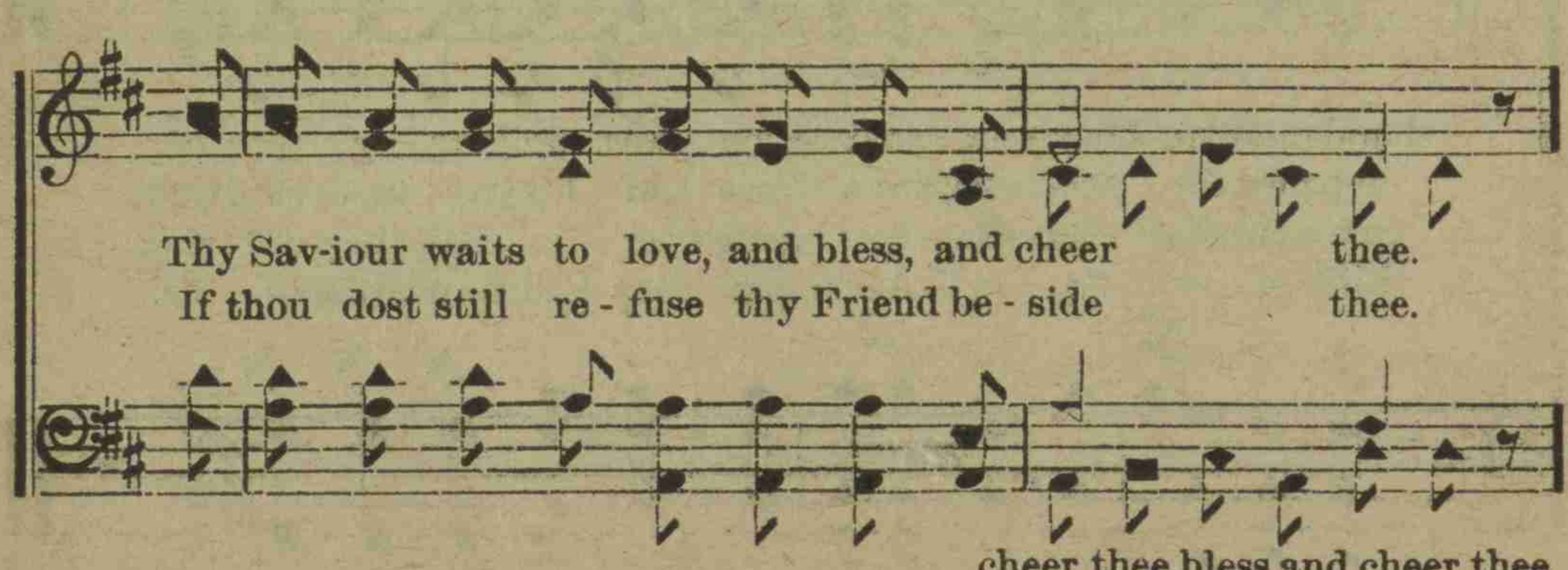
No. 5. HE WAITS FOR THEE.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. FILLMORE.



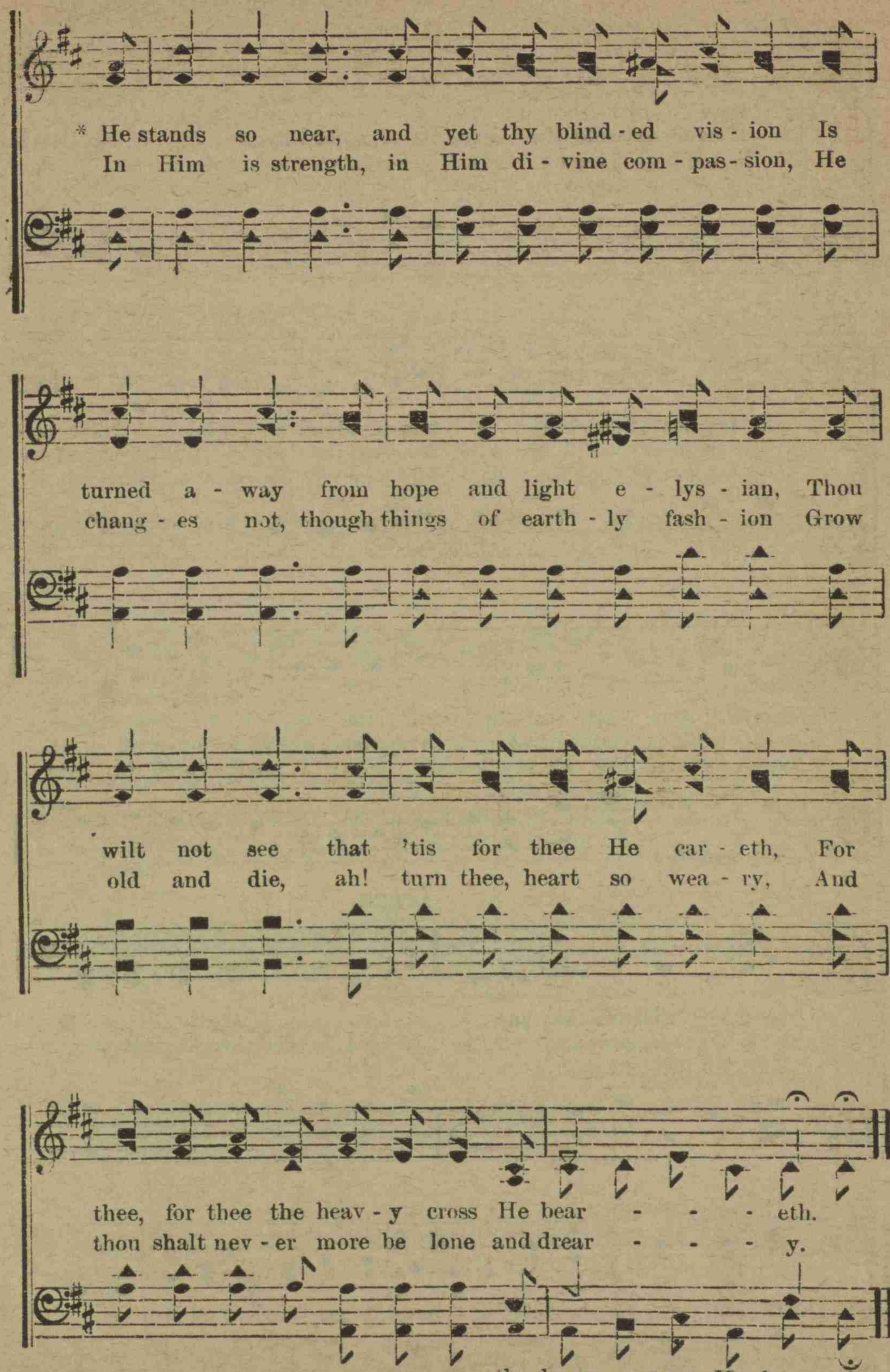






Cppyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

HE WAITS FOR THEE.—Concluded.



* May be repeated to the end for chorus.

No. 6. I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE.

Arr. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET. Ten. and Sop.

1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor way-far - ing child, With-
2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
3. In mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a - bused, Who

in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear op-
will," a voice re - plied; And mer - cy let me in, She bound my
of -ten sought my heart; And wept when I re - fused; Oh, what a

pressed my soul, That I might be too late, And oh, I troub-led sore,
bleeding wounds, And soothed my heart oppressed, She washed away my guilt,
blest re - turn For all my years of sin! I stood outside the gate

Chorus.

And pray'd without the gate.
And gave me peace and rest.
And Je - sus let me in.

Je - sus is call- ing, is call-ing, is

call- ing, Je- sus is call-ing; Open wide your heart and let Him in.

No. 7. SCATTER SUNSHINE.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. In a world where sor- row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight-est ac-tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloomy, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re -

need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row,
pin - ing, With a cour- age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed,

You can all be- stow, If you scatter sunshine Ev'ry where you go.
You may help re- move, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love.
Thro' the ills of life, Scat-ter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.

Chorus.

Scat - ter sunshine all a- long your way, Cheer and bless and
Scatter the smiles and over the way,

bright-en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Ev - 'ry pass- ing day.

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No. 8. Steer Straight to the Light-House.

T. W. D. T. W. DENNINGTON.

1. Say where are you go - ing, my broth - er? Up - on the broad o- cean of time,
2. Be sure that the Sav - iour is with thee Where-ev - er thy life boat may go,
3. Look not on the lamps that burn dim - ly; But look to the light of God's love;

Are you bound for the land of the bless-ed,
Should you take your life journey with- out Him,
Look not on the wrecks by the sea-shore,

Chorus.

A home in fair Canaan's bright clime.
You'll sink 'neath the bil-lows of woe.
But look to the lighthouse a - bove.
} Steer straight to the lighthouse, my broth-er, There's dan-ger up - on the dark wave, Ask Je - sus to keep and to guide you. He's a - ble and will - ing to save.

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No. 9. WHOSOEVER CALLETH.

H. H. S. HAMP. H. SEWELL.

1. Who-so - ev - er call-eth on the Lord Hath a promise thro' His name,
2. Who-so - ev - er call-eth on the Lord By your faith ye shall re-ceive,
3. Sin-ner, hear His message 'tis for thee, Hear Him pleading for thy soul;

And e - ter - nal life shall thus be giv'n, Let us now His praise proclaim.
In His name all those who will may come, Sin-ner why not now be-lieve.
Thro' His mer-cy He did'st thou redeem, Come and let it make thee whole.

Refrain.

Who- so - ev - er call- eth, who- so - ev - er call - eth, Who-so - ev - er

call-eth on His name shall be saved, Whosoev - er call-eth, Whoso - ev- er

call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth on His name shall be saved.

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No. 10. ONLY A DRUNKARD.

To Miss Clara Parrish, National Organizer of the Y. W. C. T. U.

A. O. B. A. OSCAR BROWNE.

1. It was on-ly a drunkard that fell on the snow, But
2. Ah! then pick him up ten-der-ly, leave him not there, For
3. For he has a heart and a-round it may twine The
4. For her cry to her God for the child that he gave Is

he's . . . somebody's dar-ling I'd have you to know; Ah,
the heart-less to laugh at the sin-ful to jeer; Take
love . . . of a moth-er as ten-der as thine, She
"spare . . him oh, spare from a poor drunkard's grave," The

leave him not there To suf-fer and die, Look on the poor fel-low and
him to his mother, She'll bless you I know, Tho' 'twas on-ly a drunkard that
clings to her darling Tho' he causeth her grief, And tears for her child seem her
grief of such mothers God on-ly can know, He pit-ies these drunkards that

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ONLY A DRUNKARD.—Concluded.

a tempo.

pass him not by; Ah, leave him not there To suf - fer and
fell on the snow; Take him to his mother, She will bless you I
on - ly re - lief; She clingsto her dar-ling Tho' he causeth her
fall in the snow; The grief of such mothers God on - ly can

a tempo.

1

die, Look on the poor fel-low and pass him not by. . . .
know, Tho' 'twas on-ly a drunk-ard that fell on the snow. . .
grief, And tears for her child seem her on - ly re - lief. . . .
know, He pit- ies these drunkards that fall (*Omit.*) . . . . . .

rit.

ending for last verse.

in the snow. . . . . .

cresc. *dim.*

No. 11. THE WEDDING GARMENT.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Have you heard the in - vi - ta - tion, To the
2. Are you read - y for His com - ing, Be it
3. Will His smile to you be giv - en, And His
4. Put ye on what He has giv - en Bless - ed

mar- riage of the Son; Have you on the wedding gar- ment,
morn - ing, noon or night, Will your rai-ment bear in - spec- tion,
words bring joy for aye, Or will He look once up - on you,
robe of righteous-ness, Then re - joice at His ap - pear - ing,

Chorus.

That the King pro - vides each one?
And be pleas - ing in His sight?
And for - ev - er turn a - way?
For He comes your soul to bless.

Have you on the wedding gar - ment! Spot-less robe of pur - i - ty, Have you on the wedding gar-ment, That the King de - lights to see?

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No. 12. SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

* * *

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Un-an-swered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead-ed In ag-o-ny of heart these many years? Does faith be-gin to fail, is hope de-part is not yet whol-ly done; The work be-gan when first your pray'r was
2. Un-an-swered yet? Tho' when you first pre-sent-ed This one pe-ti-tion at the Father's throne. It seemed you could not wait the time of firm-ly plant-ed on the Rock; A-mid the wild-est storms she stands un-
3. Un-an-swered yet? Nay, do not say un-grant-ed; Perhaps your part-ing, And think you all in vain those fall-ing tears? Say not the ask-ing. So ur-gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have ut-tered, And God will fin-ish what He has be-gun. If you will daunt-ed, Nor quails be-fore the loud-est thun-der shock. She knows Om-
4. Un-an-swered yet? Faith can-not be un-an-swered; Her feet were Father hath not heard your pray'r; You shall have your desire sometime, some-where, You shall have your de-sire, some-time, some-where.
passed since then, do not de-spair; The Load will answer you sometime, some-where, The Lord will an-swer you some-time, some-where.
keep the in-cense burning there, His glo-ry you shall see. sometime, some-where, His glo-ry you shall see, some-time, some-where.
nip-otence has heard her pray'r, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, some-where, and cries, "It shall be done," some-time, some-where.

rit . . . . . *ad lib.*

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No. 13. MARCHING TO VICTORY.

Rev. G. A. Le Clere. O. E. Mattox.

1. March-ing a - long in glorious tri-umph in the arm - y of the Lord,
2. Onward we're marching fight-ing sin on ev - 'ry bat - tle-field of life,
3. Then in the res- ur- rec-tion morning when the earth gives up its dead,

On our ban - ner is inscribed in gold, His ev - er - last - ing word;
Foes with - in and foes with-out, con-tend-ing with us in the strife;
We shall march in glo-rious triumph, with our ev - er liv - ing head;
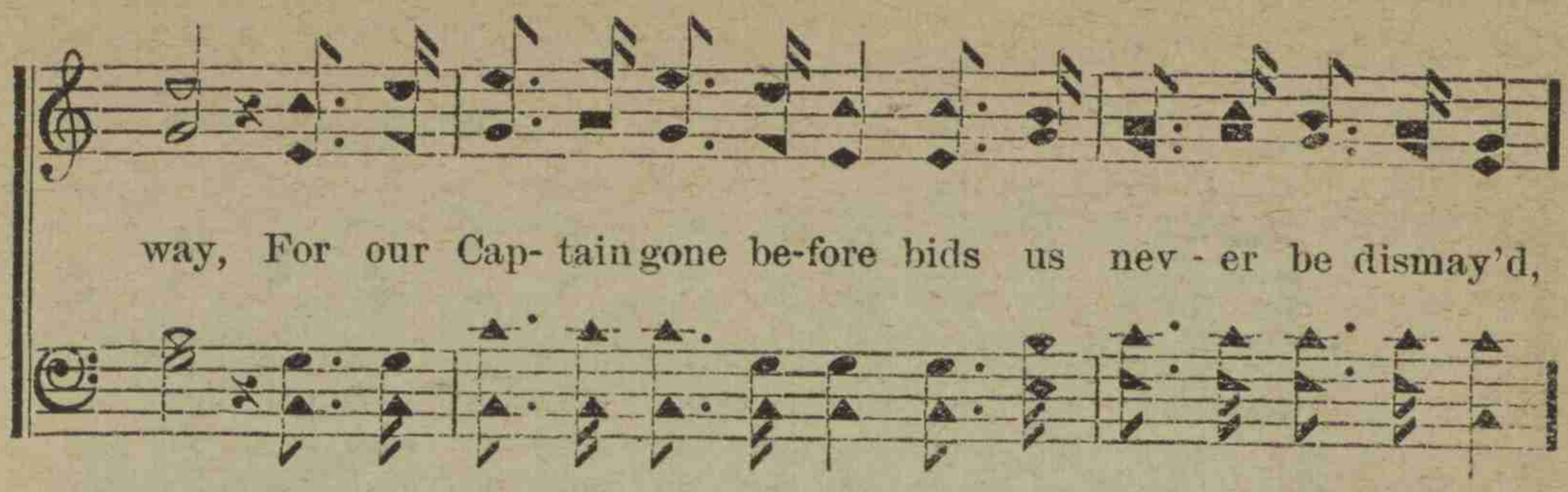
Bless-ed as - sur- ance that He gives us as He sends us on our way;
Cour-age my broth- er, do not fal - ter, it is Sa - tan we're to fight;
Then will our Cap-tain be our Judge who knew our mor - al worth be-fore;

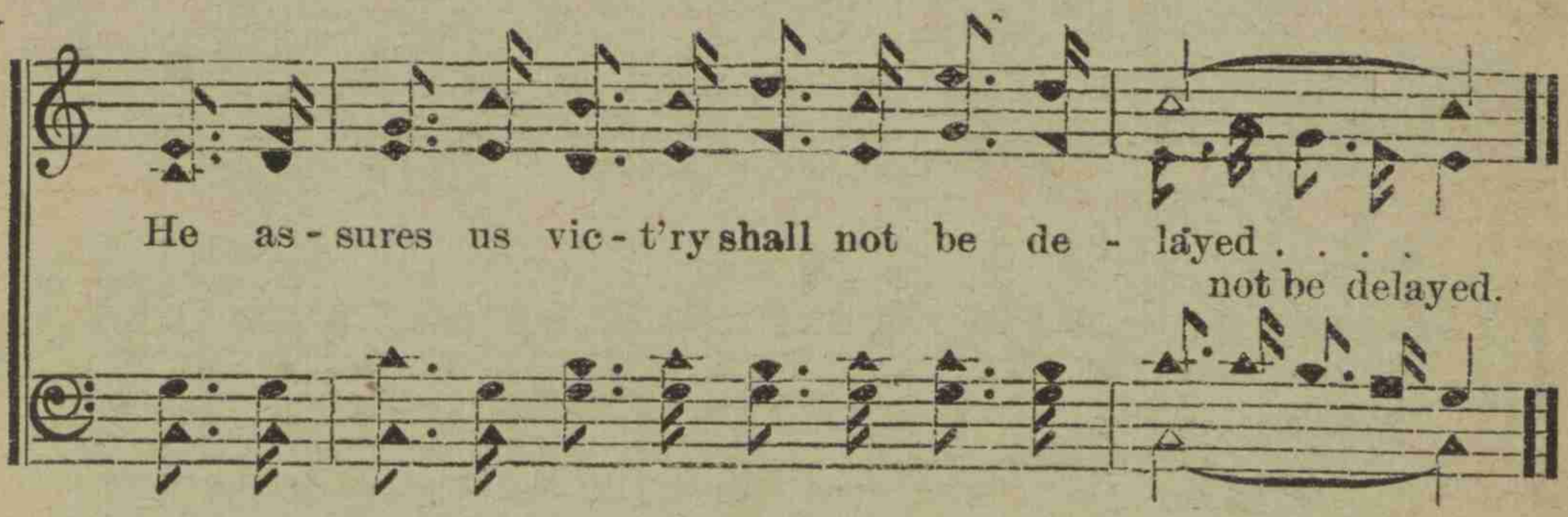
Chorus.

"Ye shall conquer, I'll be with you in the fray."
Je - sus is our Captain, conquer in His might.
We will wave the Palm of Vic-t'ry ev - er-more.
} We are marching on in triumph in the arm - y of the Lord, Courage brother, do not fal-ter by the

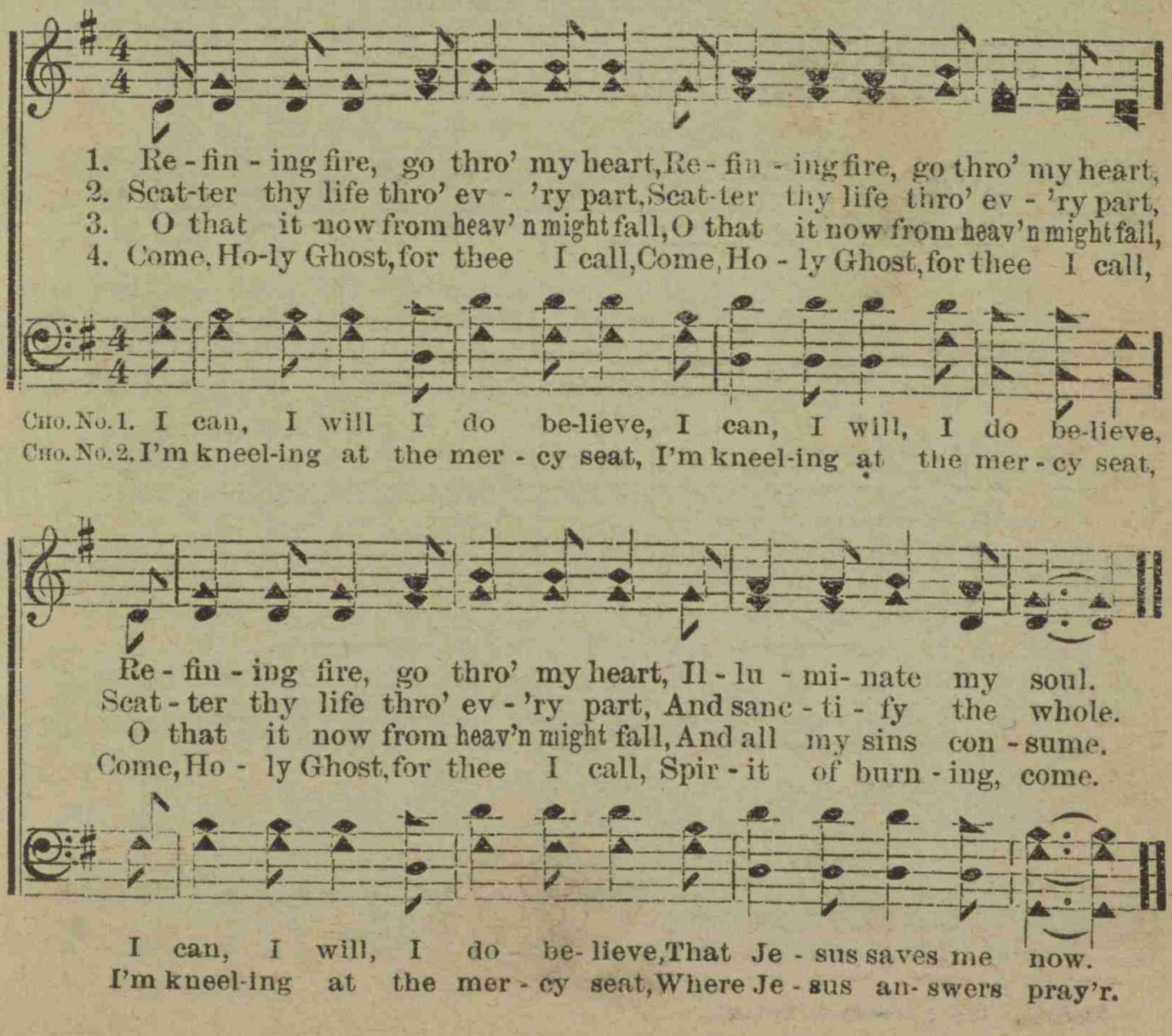
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MARCHING TO VICTORY.—Concluded.





No. 14. I CAN I WILL.

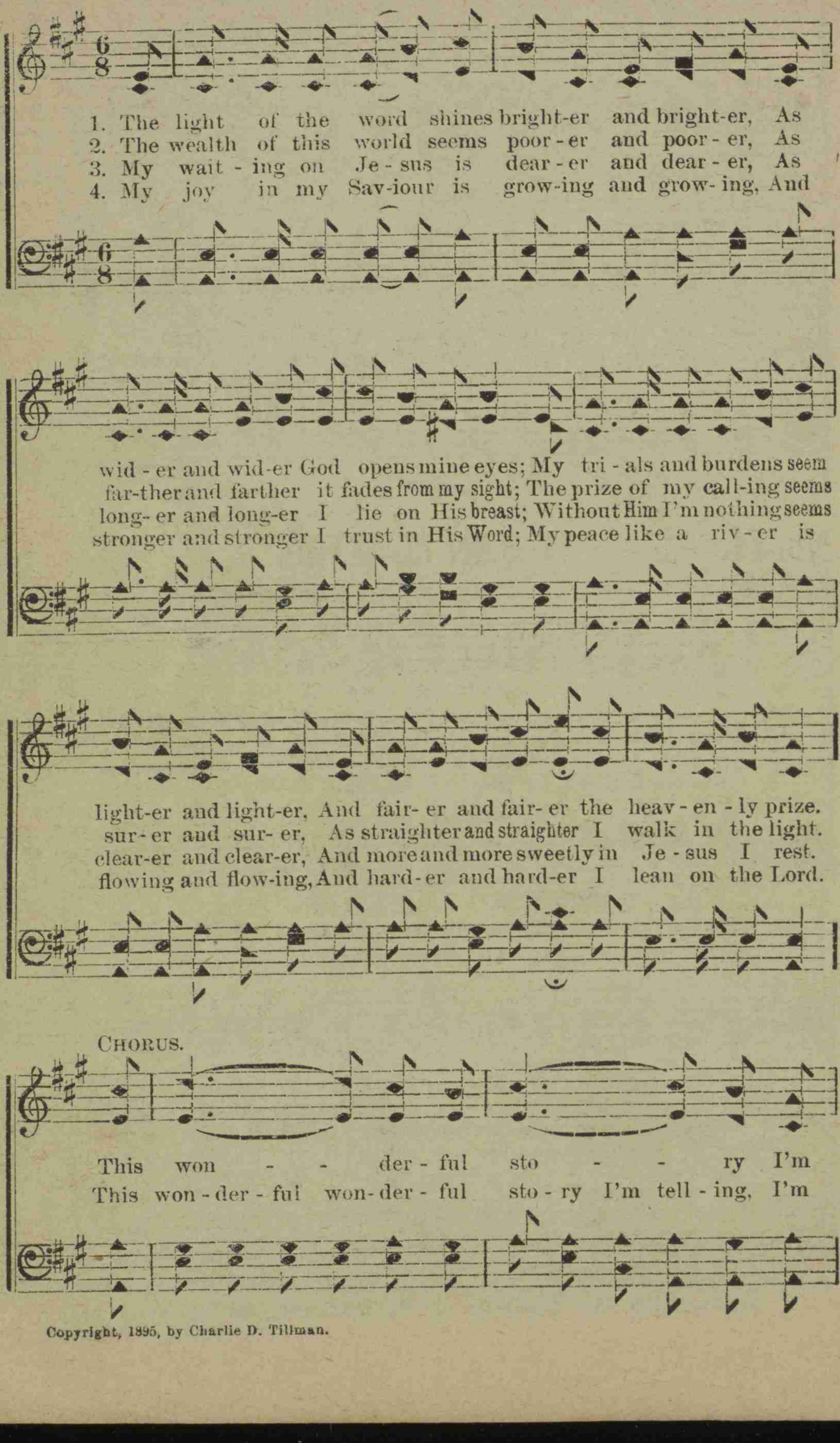


No. 15. BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.

Dedicated to R. F. KILGORE.

* * *

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



CHORUS.

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BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.—Concluded.

tell - - - ing and tell - - ing, And more . . . . and more
tell-ing of Je-sus I tell of His love, And more and more sweetly I

sweet - - ly I rest . . . . in His love, (in His love.)
rest in His love, And more and more sweetly I rest in His love.

No. 16. DOWN AT CALV'RYS FOUNTAIN.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. I'm redeem'd and washed from sin, Down at Calv'rys fount - ain, There the cleansing
2. Joy I find be- yond compare, Down at Calv'rys fount - ain, Je - sus comes and
3. Bur-dens great are rolled a-way, Down at Calv'rys fount - ain, Strife with self all
4. Per - fect peace the Lord has giv'n, Down at Calv'rys fount - ain, Peace and rest like

Chorus.

tide comes in, Down at Cal-v'rys fount - ain.
meets me there, Down at Cal-v'rys fount - ain.
ceased for aye, Down at Cal-v'rys fount - ain.
that of heav'n, Down at Cal-v'rys fount - ain.

} There is cleansing in the tide

As it flows from Calv'rys side, To my heart it is applied, Down at Calv'rys fountain.

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No. 17. THE HEALED PINION.

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT

SOLO.

1. There's a song of a bro-ken pin - ion, Of a bird that loved to sing,
2. There is ma-ny a life that's bro - ken, By the sin of drink or shame,
3. 'Tis the life of the bro-ken heart - ed, That the Sav - ior doth gladly heal,

And the air was its do - min - ion, Till it chanced to break its wing.
With the Sav - ior they once were walk - ing, Till the tempter their faith o'er - came,
To them of a con - trite spir - it, The Lord will His love re - veal,

And it lay on a bed of deep - est de - spair now In Oh, come and your sins for -

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THE HEALED PINION.—Concluded.

moss - es, All help - less and faint with pain, But 'twas
wail - ing, With no one to soothe their pain, Go
giv - en, The Sav - ior with you will reign, He'll re -

heal'd and a - gain each morn-ing It would soar with its same sweet strain.
bring them to Him who heal - eth That they may be whole a - gain.
store the joys de - part - ed, And will take you back a - gain.

CHORUS.

Then come, to the Sav - ior, No matter how great thy sin.....
Then come, yes come to the Savior, No matter how great, how great thy sin,

He can heal the bro-ken pin - ion Of those who would soar a - gain.

No. 18. I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE.

P. H. DINGMAN. (Dedicated to H. E. A.) JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall

Sav- iour in mer- cy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath- er, re -

now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to Him the praise shall be.
par-don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for evermore.

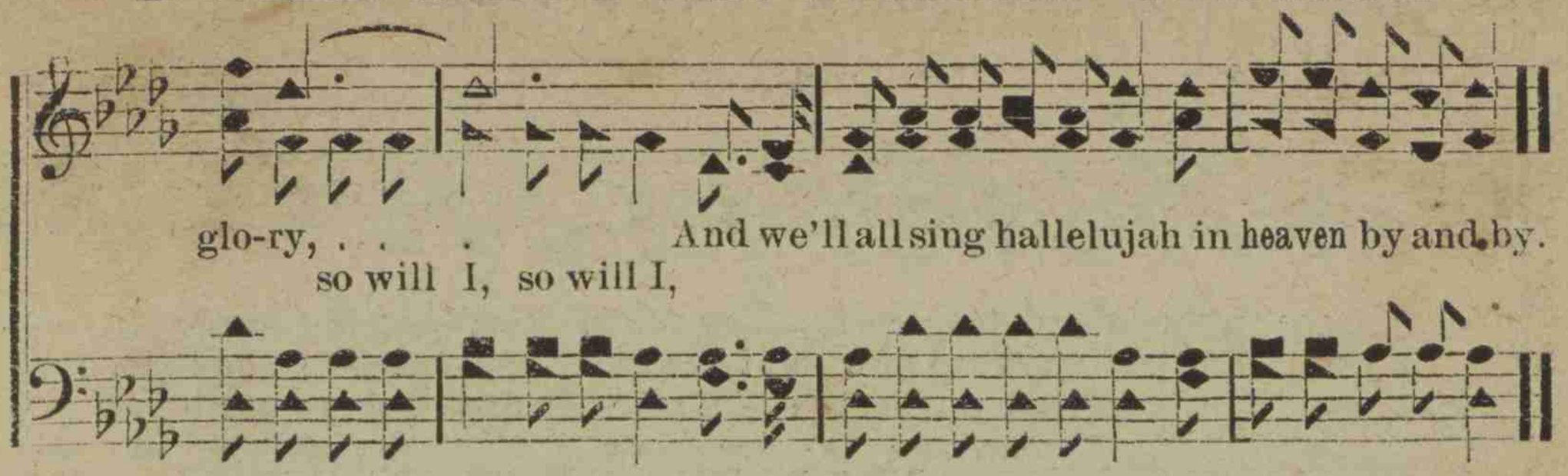
CHORUS.

I will shout His praise in glo - ry, ... And we'll
So will I, so will I,

all sing halle- lu- jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

Copyright, 1889, by Jno. R. Sweney. From "The Joyful Sound," by per. J. J. Hood, Phila., Pa.
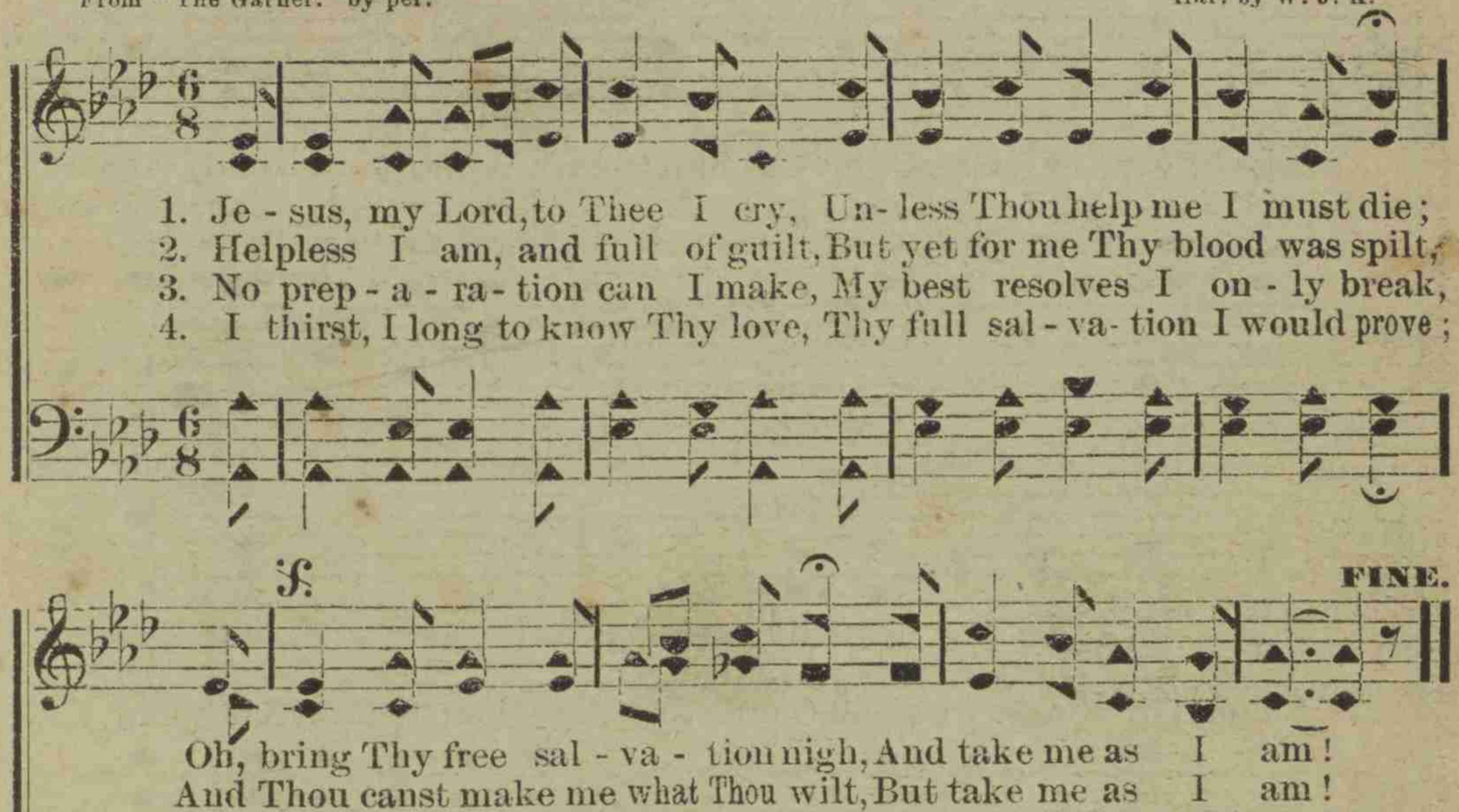
I WILL SHOUT HIS PRAISE. Concluded.
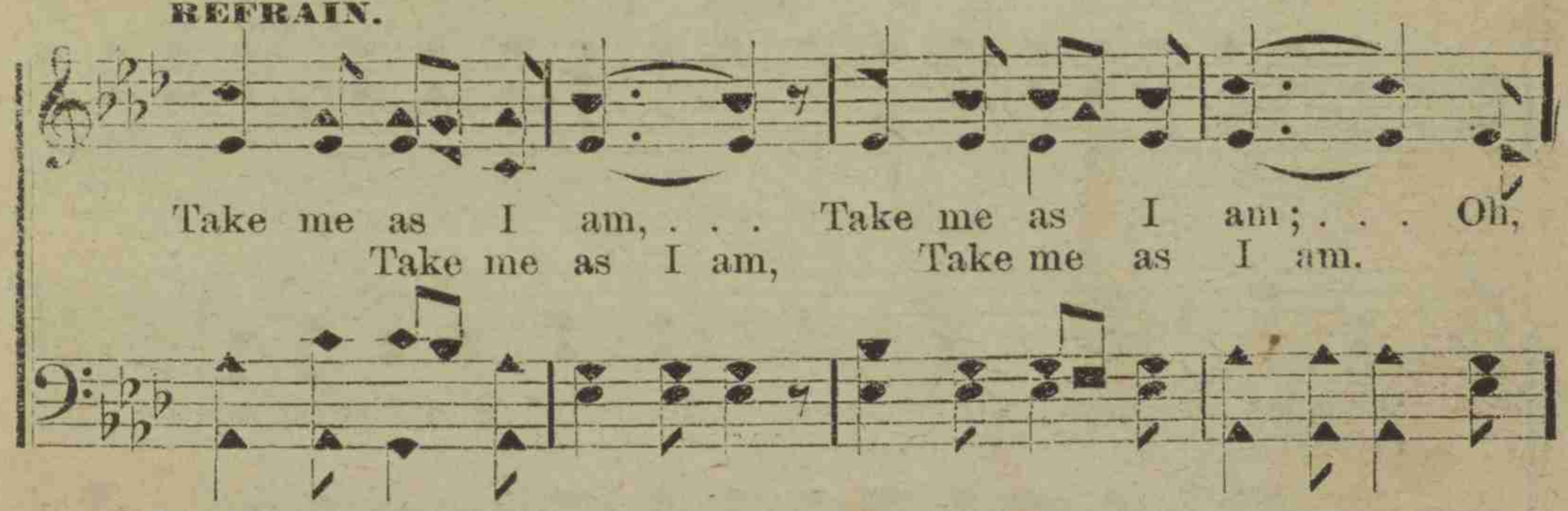


No. 19. TAKE ME AS I AM.

From "The Garner." by per.

Melody by J. H. STOCKTON.
Har. by W. J. K.



REFRAIN.
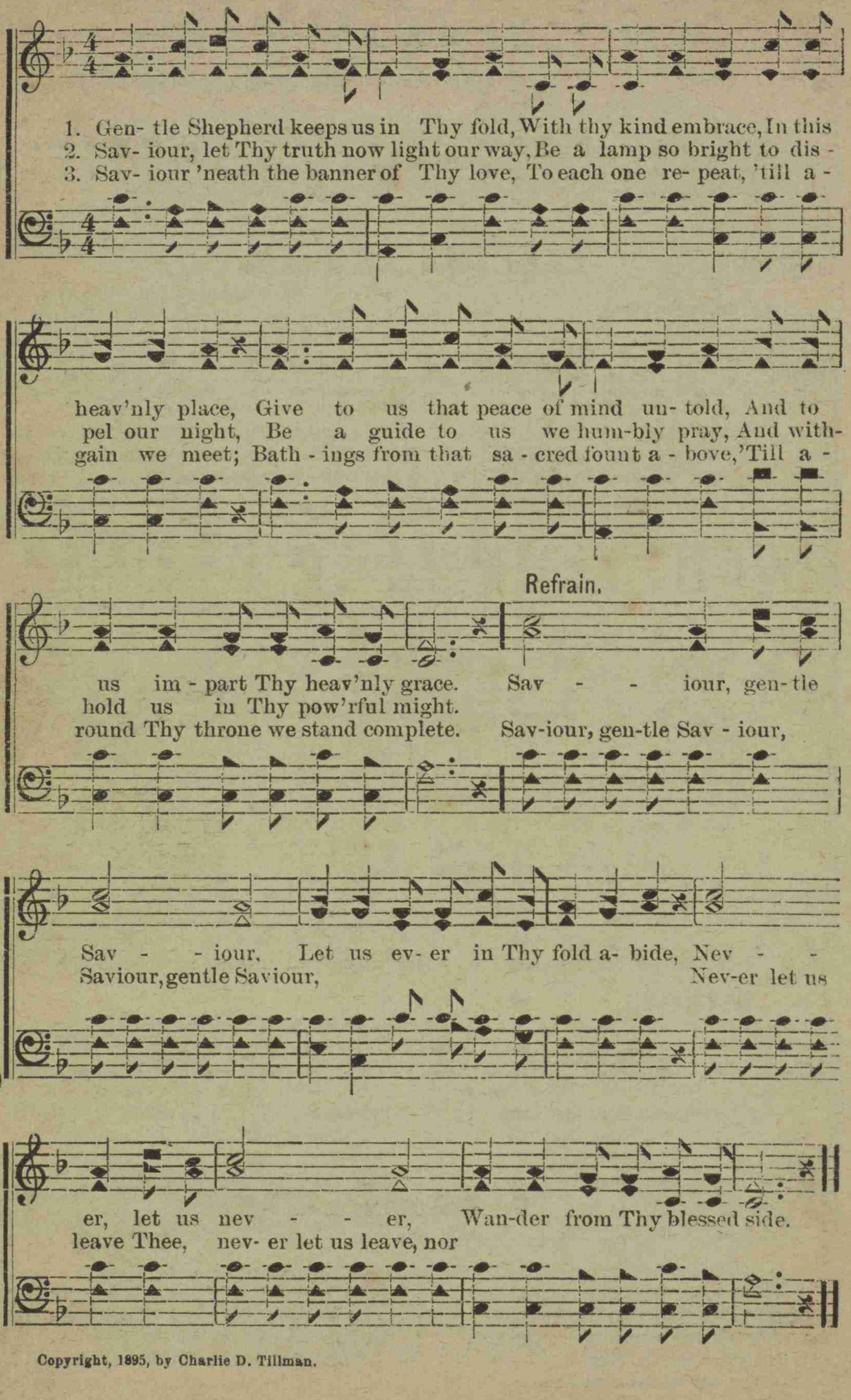


5 If Thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me too,
But take me as I am!

6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

Copyright, 1878, by John J. Hood.

No. 20. KEEP US IN THY FOLD.

GEO. W. LYON. JNO. R. BRYANT.



Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 21. I ONLY KNOW IT REACHES ME.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace, To all the world He of-fers free;
2. I know not why such sav-ing faith As this could ev-er, ev-er be;
3. I know not why the Spir-it comes A wit-ness in my soul to be;
4. I know not why these gifts to man, Or what in man the Lord could see;

Nor why His love shall nev-er cease, I on-ly know it reach-es me.
Bestowed on one of lit-tle worth, I on-ly know it reach-es me.
To wit-ness to the cleansing pow'r, I on-ly know it reach-es me.
To move Him seal, such bounteous grace, I on-ly know it reach-es me.

Chorus.

It reach-es me . . . . . it reach-es me,
It reaches me it reach-es me,

God's grace so wondrous reaches me, I know not why . . . it is so
I know not why

free (it is so free,) I on-ly know it reach-es me. (it reach-es me.)

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No. 22. O LET THE CURRENT IN.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. My broth-er there's a fount-ain, That cleans-es from all sin,
2. The Sav-ior now is plead-ing, He died your soul to win,
3. Th- stream from Calv'ry's mountain Will pu-ri-fy with-in,

Then throw the heart's door o-pen, And let its cur-rent in.
He set the stream a flow-ing, O let its cur-rent in.
Give bless-ed rest and com-fort O let its cur-rent in.

Chorus.

O let the cur-rent in, 'Twill free your heart from sin,
Last Chorus.
I've let the cur-rent in, And I am freed from sin,

From Je-sus side 'tis flow-ing, O let the cur-rent in.
Oh! glo-ry Je-sus saves me, I've let the cur-rent in.

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No. 23. I AM RESOLVED.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am resolved no long - er to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light; Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler,
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav - ing my sin and strife; He is the true one, He is the just one,
3. I am resolved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faith-ful and true each day, Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth,
4. I am resolved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav - ing the paths of sin; Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me,
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, with - out de - lay, Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it,

CHORUS.

These have al - lured my sight. I will hast - en to Him,
He hath the words of life.
He is the liv - ing way.
Still will I en - ter in.
We'll walk the heav'nly way. I will hast - en, hast - en to Him,

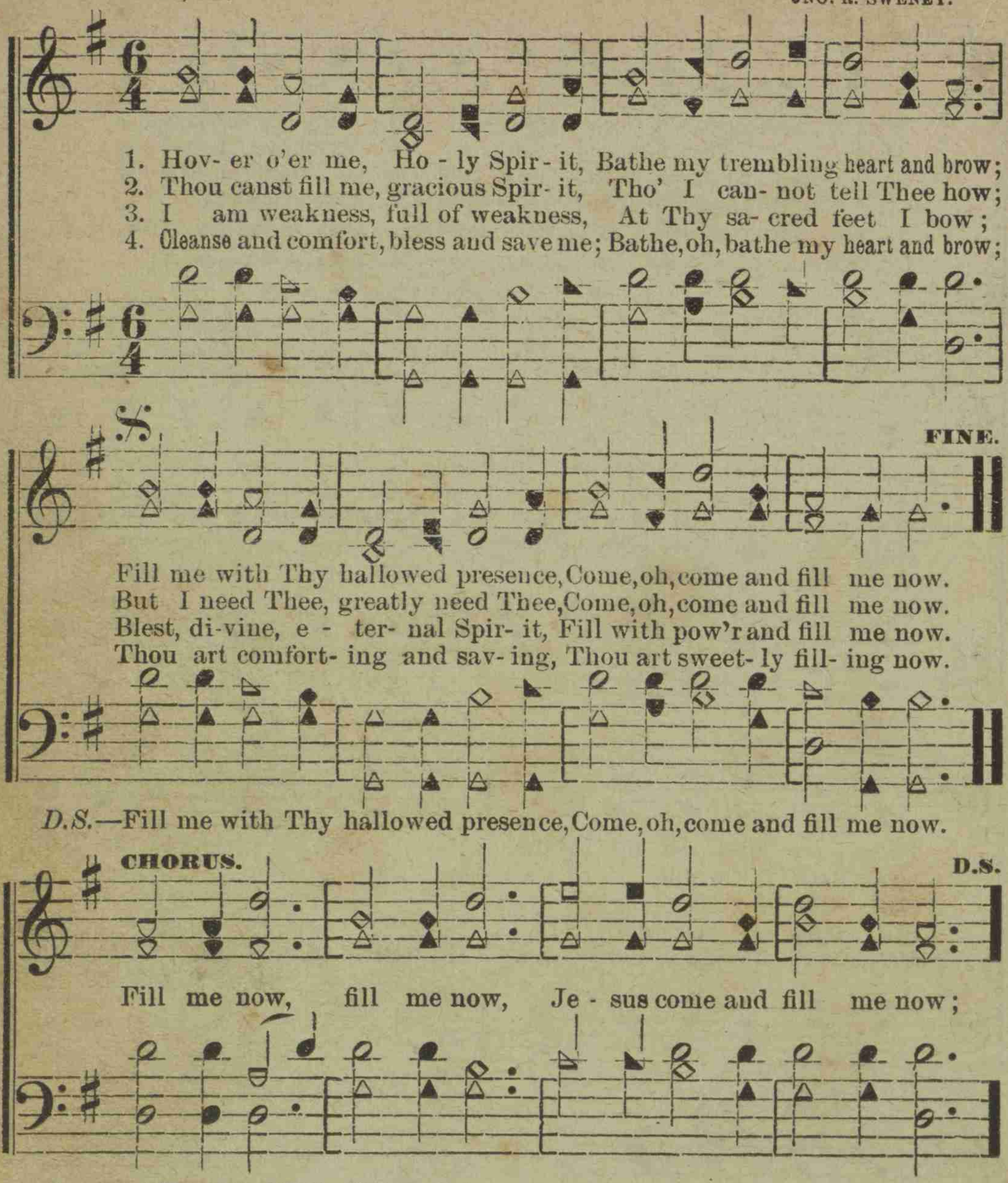
Hast - en so glad and free. (Hast - en glad and free.)

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 24. FILL ME NOW.

E. H. STOKES, D.D. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Hov- er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir- it, Tho' I can- not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa- cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
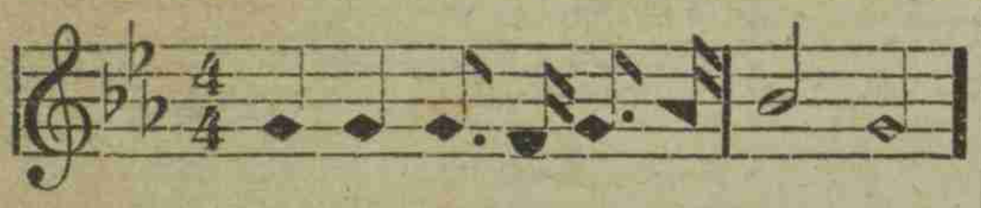
Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, greatly need Thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter- nal Spir- it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art comfort- ing and sav- ing, Thou art sweet- ly fill- ing now.

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallowed presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

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

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No. 25. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod:
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river—
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
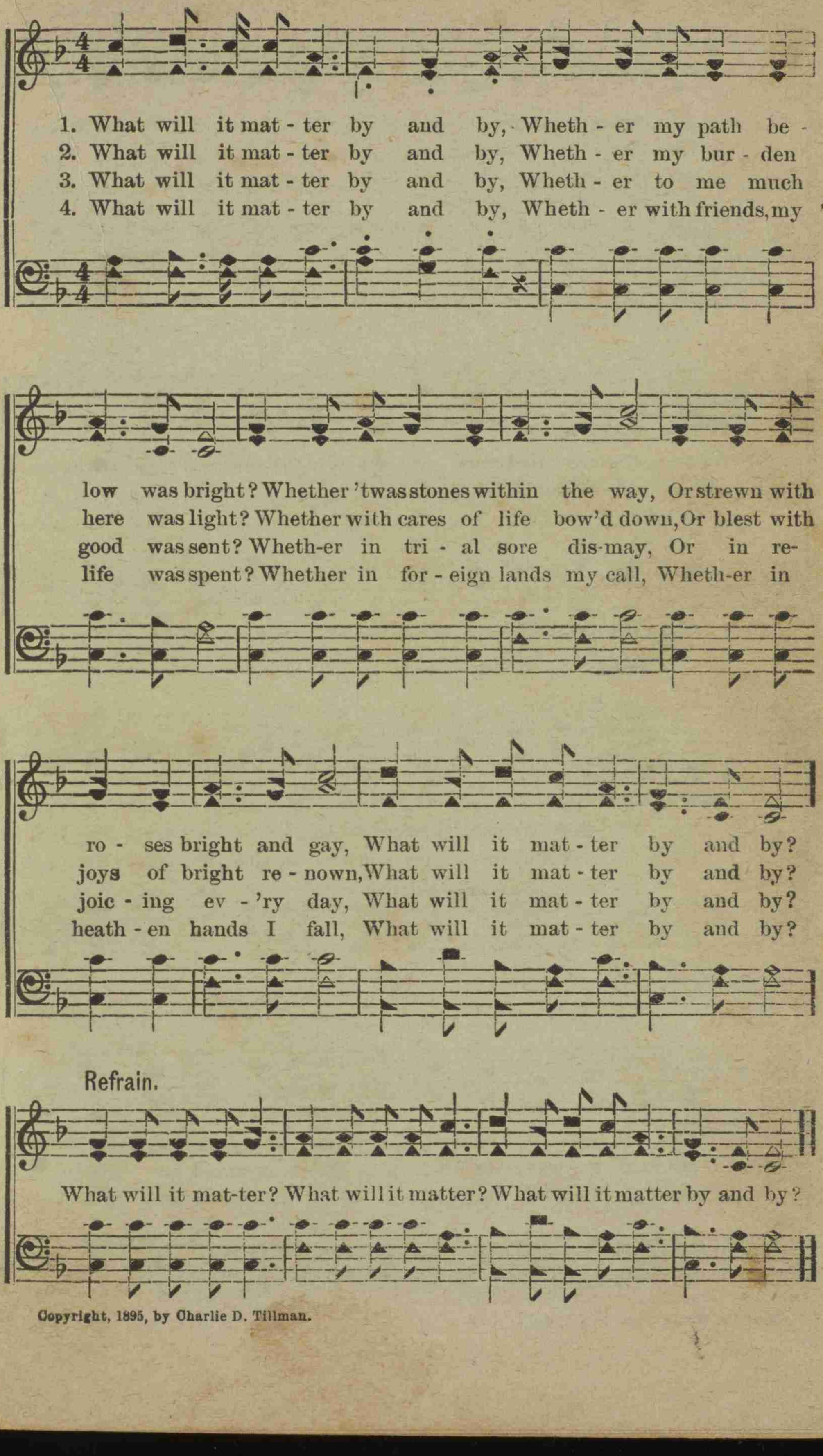
3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

ROBERT LOWRY.

No. 26. What Will it Matter By and By?
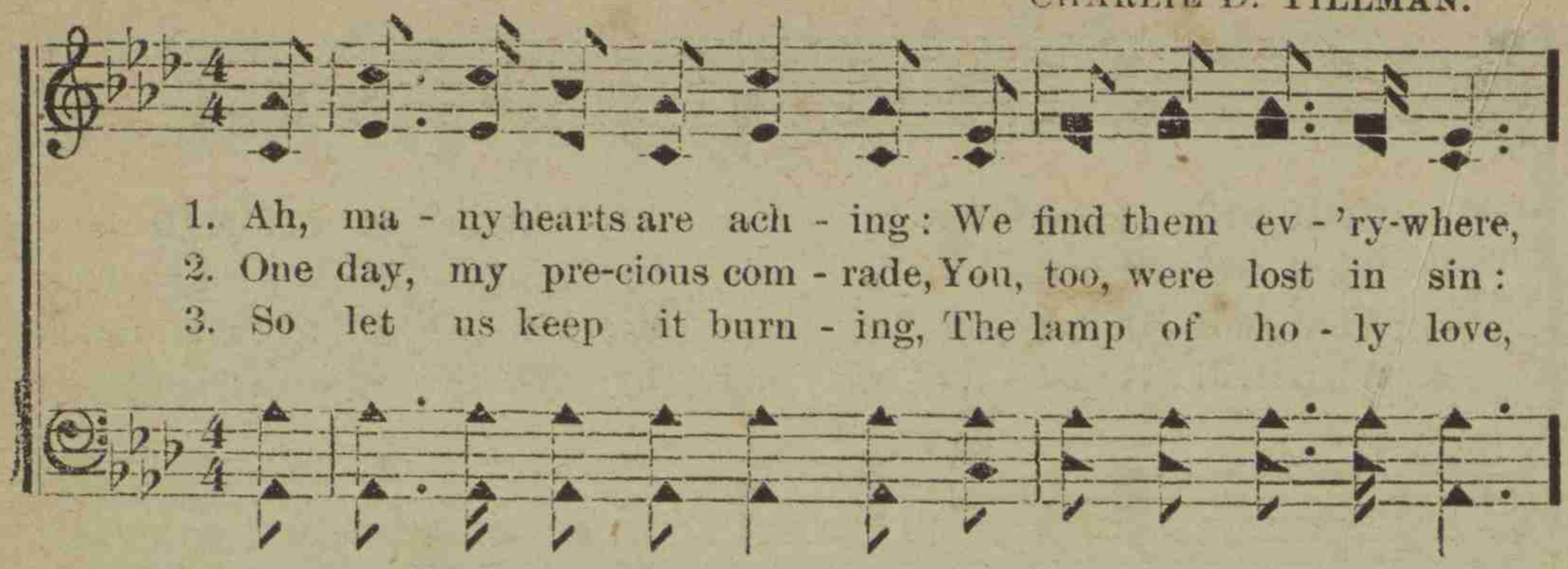
J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.



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No. 27. DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



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DIAMONDS IN THE ROUGH.—Concluded.

Chorus.

The day will soon be o - ver, In which to work and win,

Ma - ny a gem lies hid - den Be-neath the dross of sin,

Oh, let us dig and find them! God's pow-er is e - nough

To pol - ish in - to beau - ty Those dia-monds in the rough.

No. 28. When I Get to the End of the Way.

* * *

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on
2. There are so ma- ny hills to climb up-ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me Or give me one
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak- en And the gates of that

D.C.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the

Gal - i - lee's shore, And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil-lows,
long - ing for rest, But He who ap-points me my pathway,
tri - al too much, All His peo - ple have been dear - ly purchased,
cit - y ap- pear And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an-gels

end of the way, And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,
end of the way, Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing,

FINE.

Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need- ful and best. I know in His
And sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my list - en - ing ear. When all that now seems

When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.

lone Gal - i - lee - an With joy I will fol - low to - day.
word He hath promised That my strength, "it shall be as my day."
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day.
so mys - te - ri - ous Will be bright and as clear as the day.

D.C.

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No. 29. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Arr. by J. L. M. J. L. MOORE. By per.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I am
2. Oh, the bless ed Lord of light Now up - holds me by His might, And His
3. I am sweep-ing thro' the gate, Where the bless- ed for me wait, Where the
4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be -yond the stars, To my

watching and I 'm longing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I 'll fly, To a
arms en- fold and com-fort while I wait; I am lean- ing on His breast; Oh, the
wea - ry work-ers rest for - ev - er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
Fa-ther's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the

D.S. *In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Wash'd from*

home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come, as I 'm sweeping thro' the
sweet-ness of this rest! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the
crown of life is won, Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be -
song im - mor - tal wakes, Wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I 'm sweeping thro' the

ev - 'ry stain I am, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweep-ing thro' the

FINE. CHORUS.

gates. Sweep - - - ing thro' the gates,
gates.
fore!
gates. Sweeping thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweeping thro' the gates;

gates.
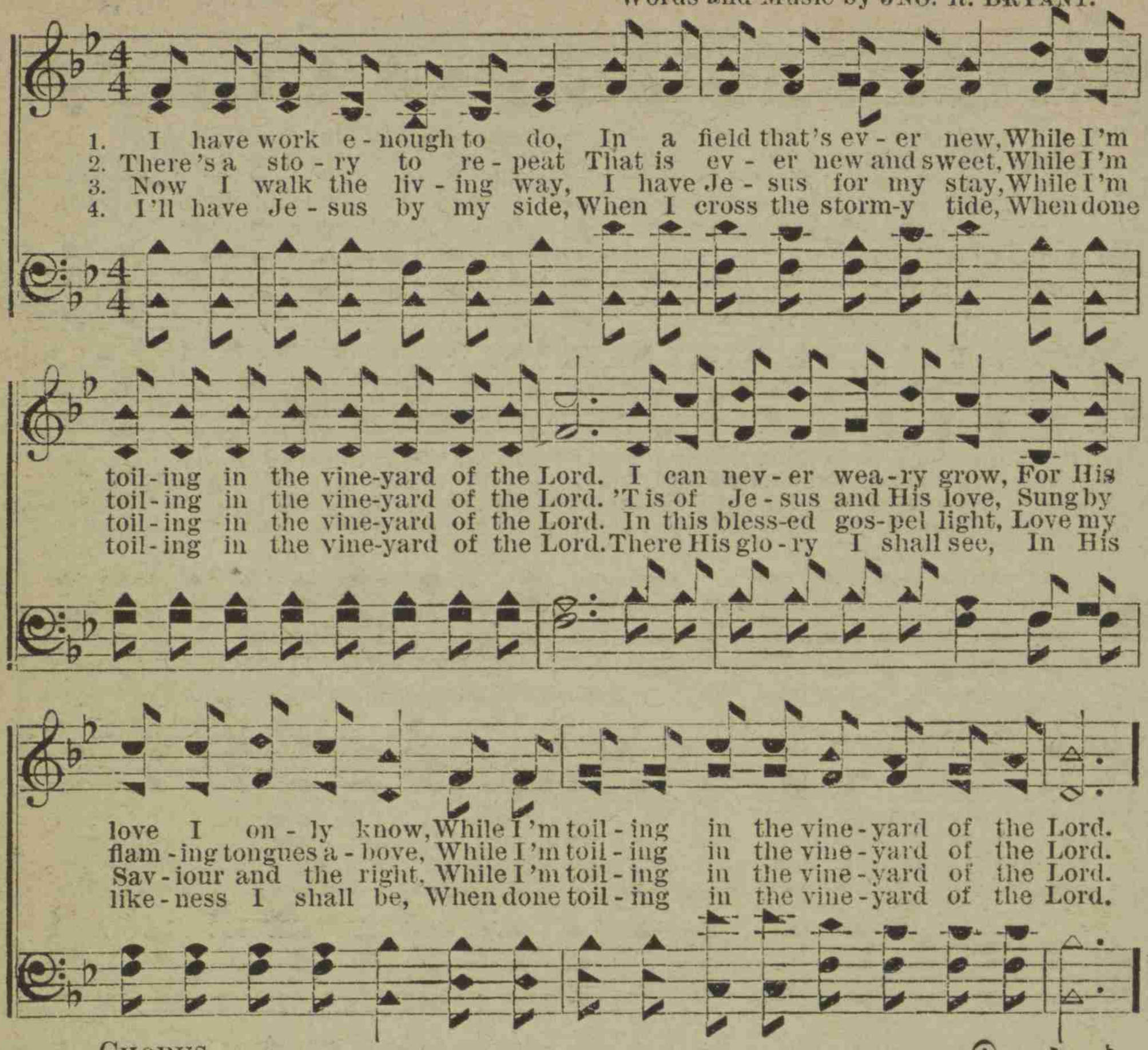
D.S.

Sweep - - - ing thro' the gates.
Sweep-ing thro' the gates; Yes, I 'm sweep-ing thro' the gates.

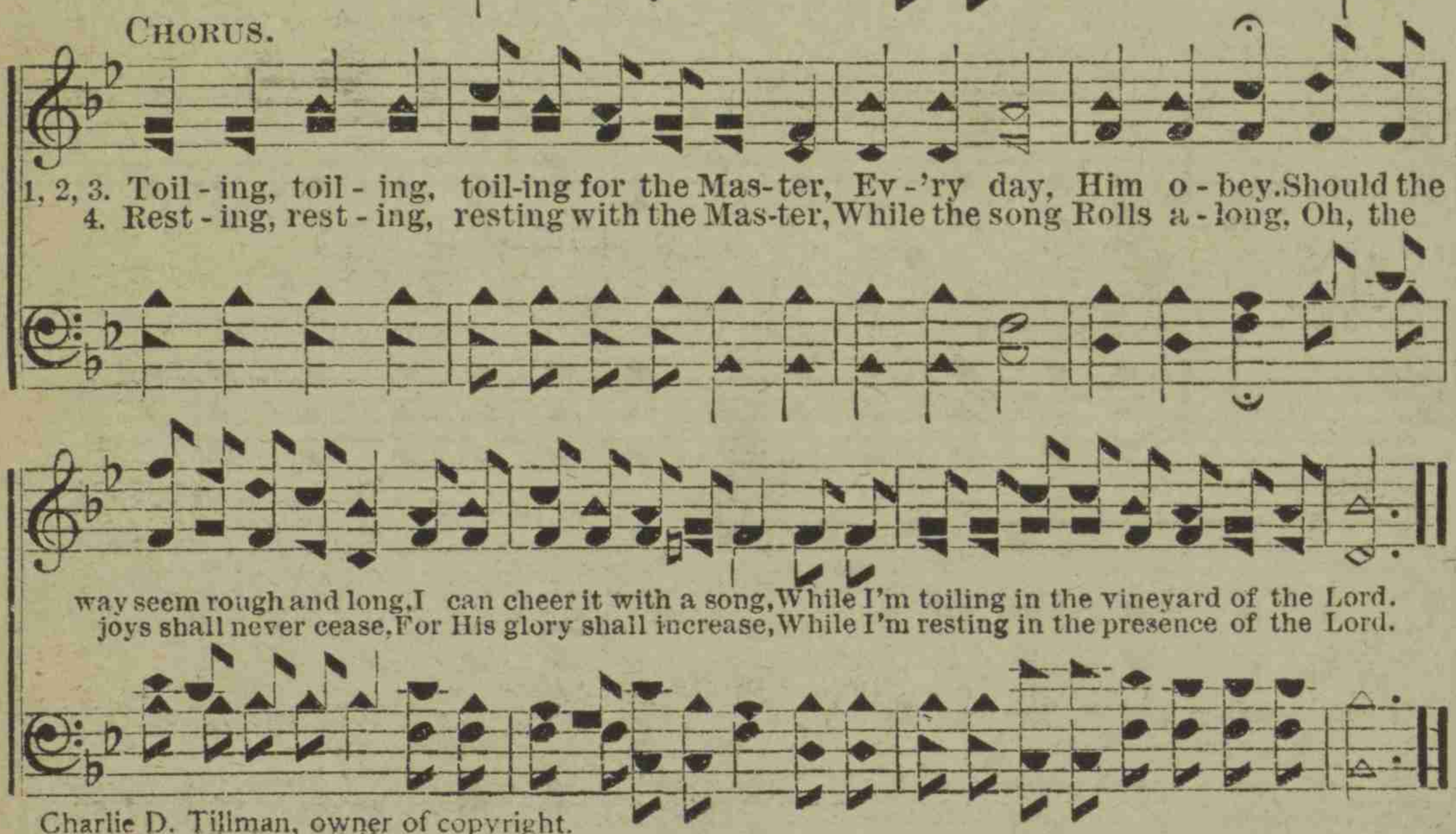
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No. 30. TOILING NOW, RESTING THEN.

Words and Music by JNO. R. BRYANT.



CHORUS.



Charlie D. Tillman, owner of copyright.

No. 31. SINCE TO MY HEART JESUS CAME.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. I have been saved from the pow'r of sin; Since to my
2. Rest I have found from the cares of life, Since to my
3. Things of this world I de - sire no more, Since to my
4. I am led safe - ly from day to day, Since to my

heart Je - sus came, Washed at the fount-ain made white and clean,
heart Je - sus came, Par - don and peace, af - ter wea - ry strife,
heart Je - sus came, Bur - dens are lift - ed that once I bore;
heart Je - sus came, Glad - ly I walk in the nar - row way,

Chorus.

Since to my heart Je - sus came. Earth is so fair, and the

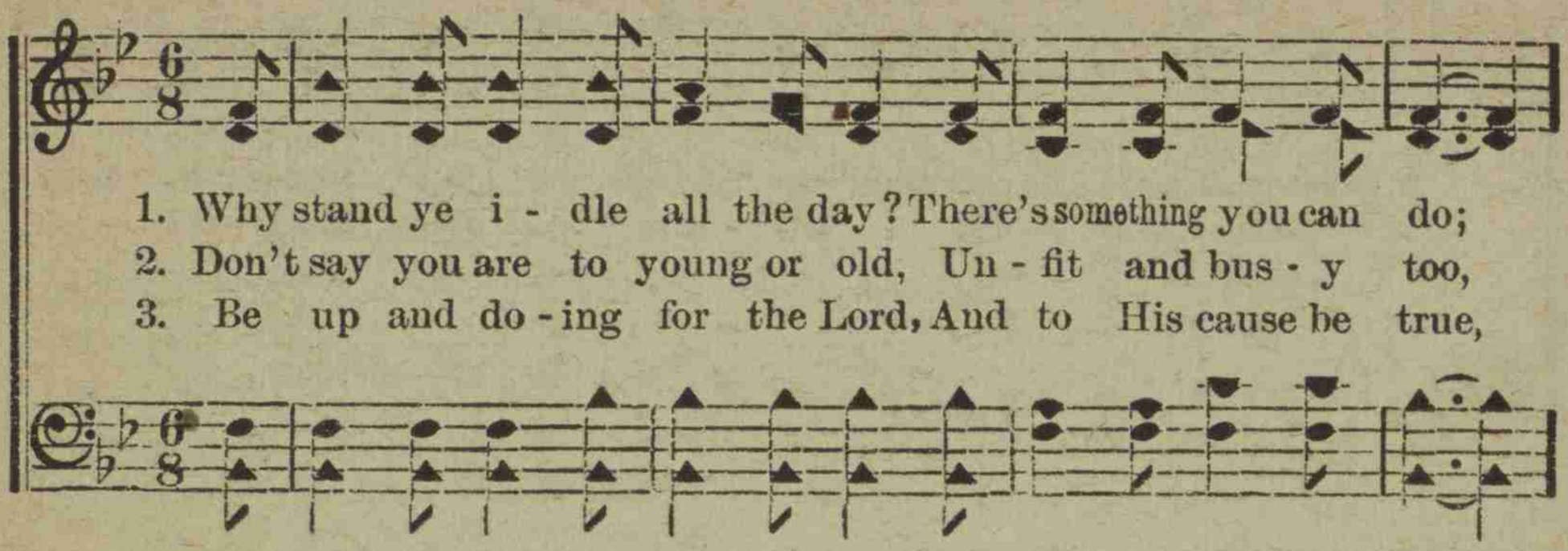
sky is so bright, Troub-les are scat-tered and toil seems so light

Safe-ly I'm kept through His love and His might, Since to my heart Je-sus came.

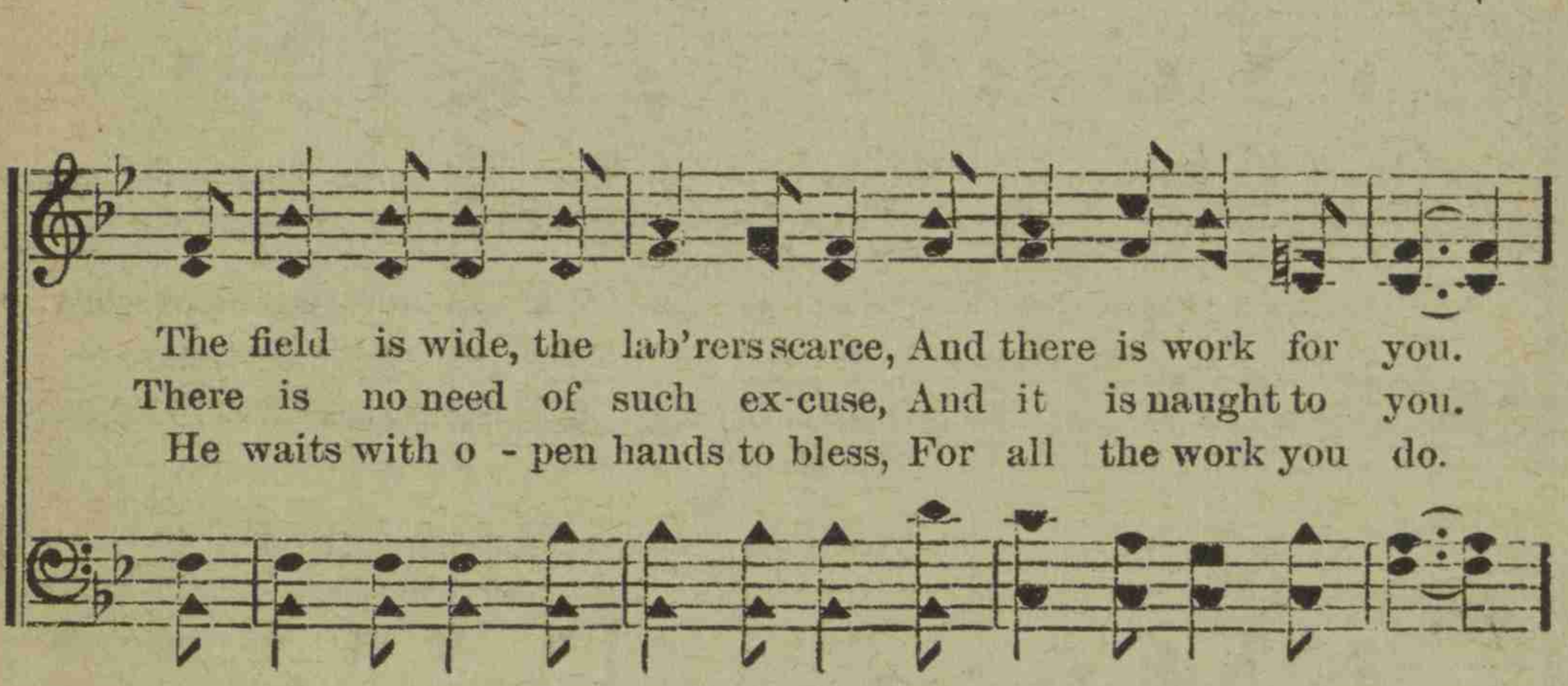
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No. 32. THERE'S WORK TO DO.

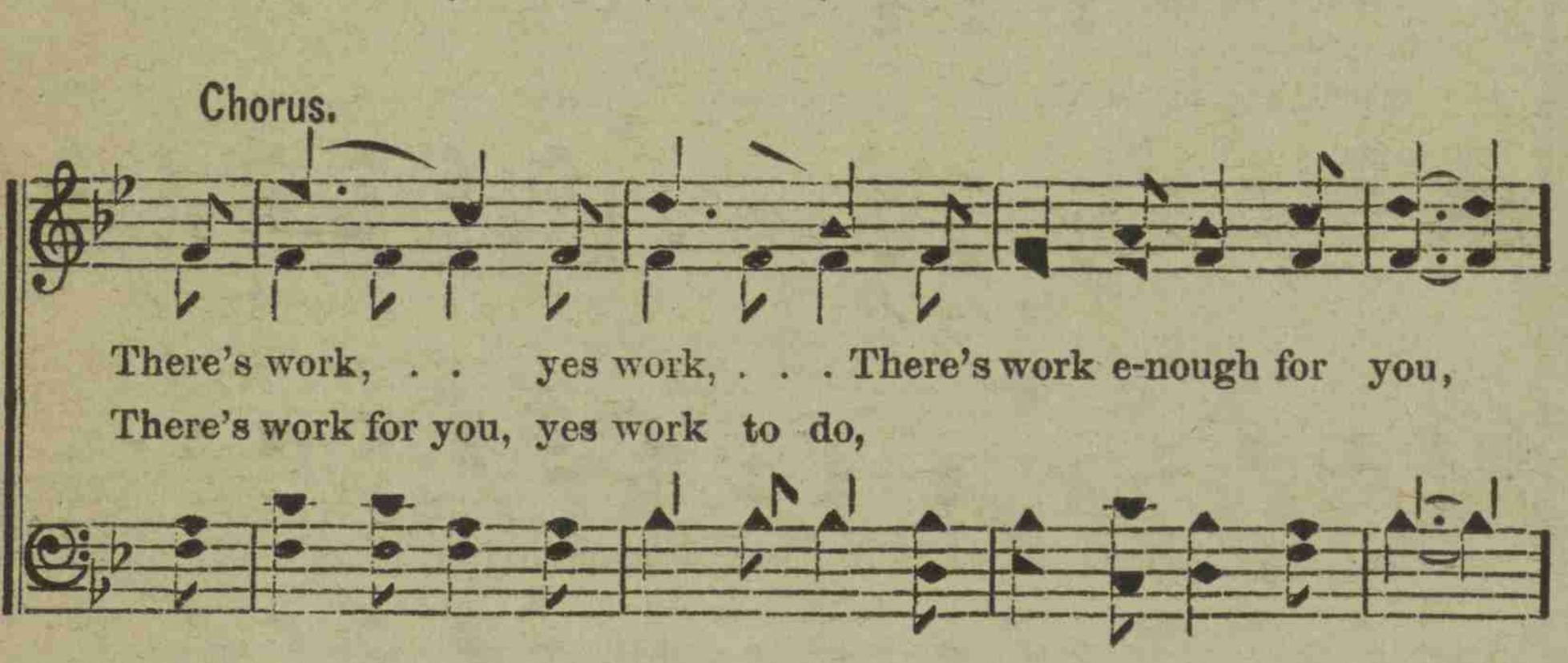
GEO. W. LYON. JNO. R. BRYANT.
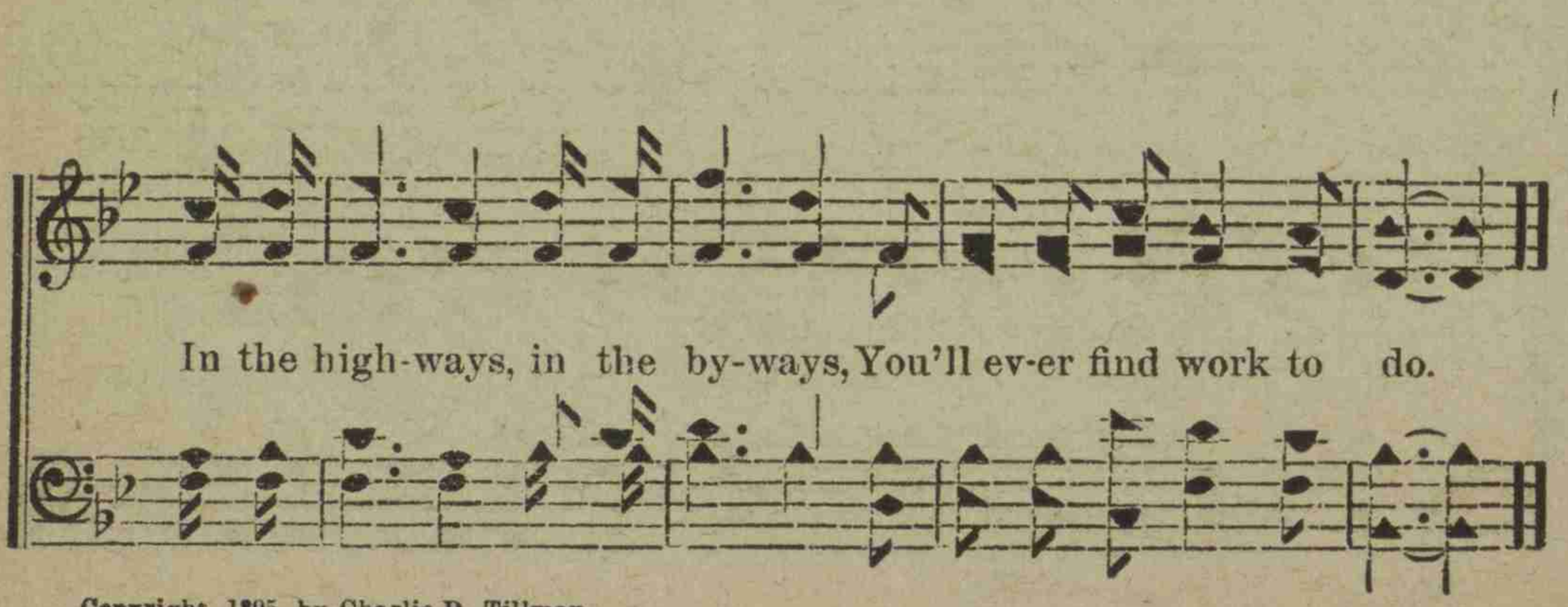


1. Why stand ye i - dle all the day? There's something you can do;
2. Don't say you are to young or old, Un - fit and bus - y too,
3. Be up and do - ing for the Lord, And to His cause be true,



The field is wide, the lab'rers scarce, And there is work for you.
There is no need of such ex-cuse, And it is naught to you.
He waits with o - pen hands to bless, For all the work you do.



There's work, . . yes work, . . . There's work e-nough for you,
There's work for you, yes work to do,



In the high-ways, in the by-ways, You'll ev-er find work to do.

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No. 33. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. There's an o - pen fountain at the cross, I have plunged beneath its flow,
2. I have gained a bless- ed vic - to- ry; Since the cleansing tide came in,
3. I have found a joy in Je-sus' love, Like a taste of heav'nly rest,

Since the crimson cur-rent o'er me rolled, I am washed as white as snow.
With my Saviour walk-ing by my side I have conquered self and sin.
I am lean - ing hard the whole day long On His kind and shelt'ring breast.

Chorus.

There is won - drous pow'r in the Sav - iour's blood,
wondrous pow'r, wondrous pow'r in the blood, in the blood,

To my heart ap-plied 'Tis a pre-cious heal - ing flood.
To my heart now ap-plied

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No. 34. LEAVE IT TO HIM.

J. E. RANKIN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Why go around with troubled soul? There's One that makes the wounded whole;
2. How-ev - er man thy lot may slight, He'll turn to day thy dark-est night,
3. How-ev - er dark thy path may be, Dark and un-scru- ta - ble to thee,
4. Sure He who sets the mountain fast, When all earth's clouds are driv - en past,

Up - on the Lord thy bur-den roll;—Leave it to Him, leave it to
And flood from heav'n thy path with light,
He rules on high your des - ti - ny,—
Will jus - ti - fy His ways at last, Leave it to Him,

CHORUS.

Him . . . . Leave it to Him . . . . who knoweth all, ...
leave it to Him. leave it to Him, leave it to Him,
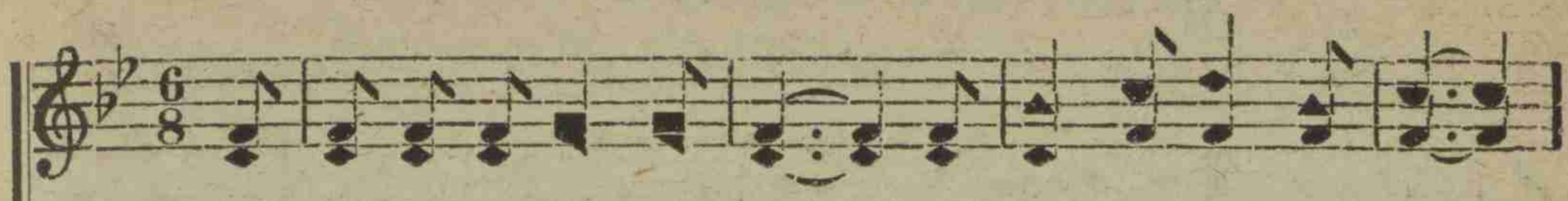
Him who marks . . . . the sparrow's fall, ... Who lis - tens to the
Leave it to Him who marks the sparrow's fall,

rav - en's call, Leave it to Him, leave it to Him . . . . .
Leave it to Him, leave it to Him.

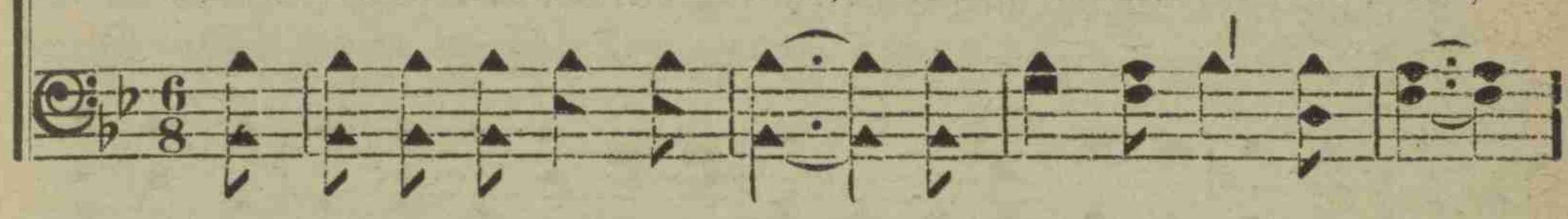
Copyright, 1891, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 35. HE MAKETH THE STORM A CALM.

IDA L. REED. JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. He mak-eth the storm a calm, The winds there-of are still,
2. He calm-eth the storm-tossed soul, He bids its doubtings cease,
3. He mak-eth the storm a calm, He stilleth the troubled sea,





He speak-eth and they are hush'd, All things o - bey His will.
Tho' wild - ly the bil - lows roll His word brings to thee peace.
No tem-pest can us o'er- whelm, Our ref - uge He will be.

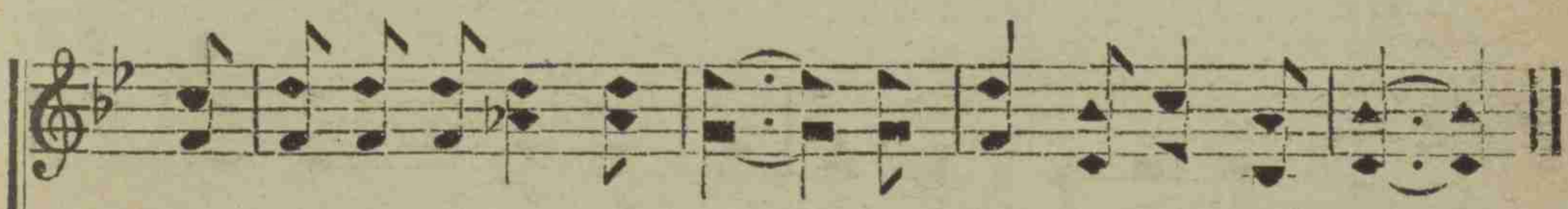


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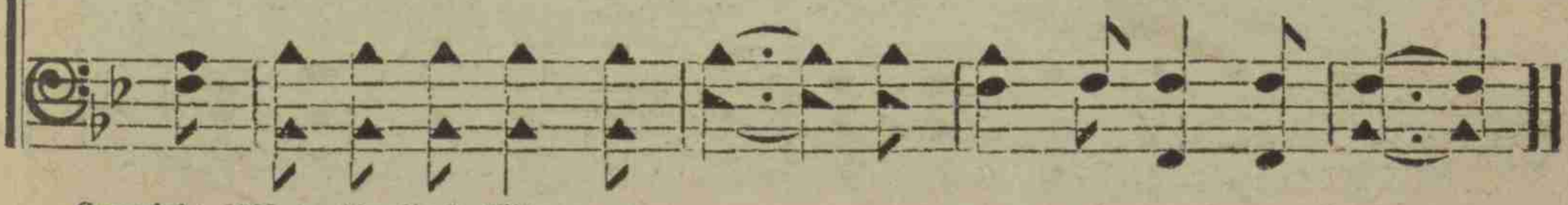


He calm-eth the troub-led heart, When waves of sor - row rise,





He bid-deth our griefs de - part, He dries our tear- ful eyes.

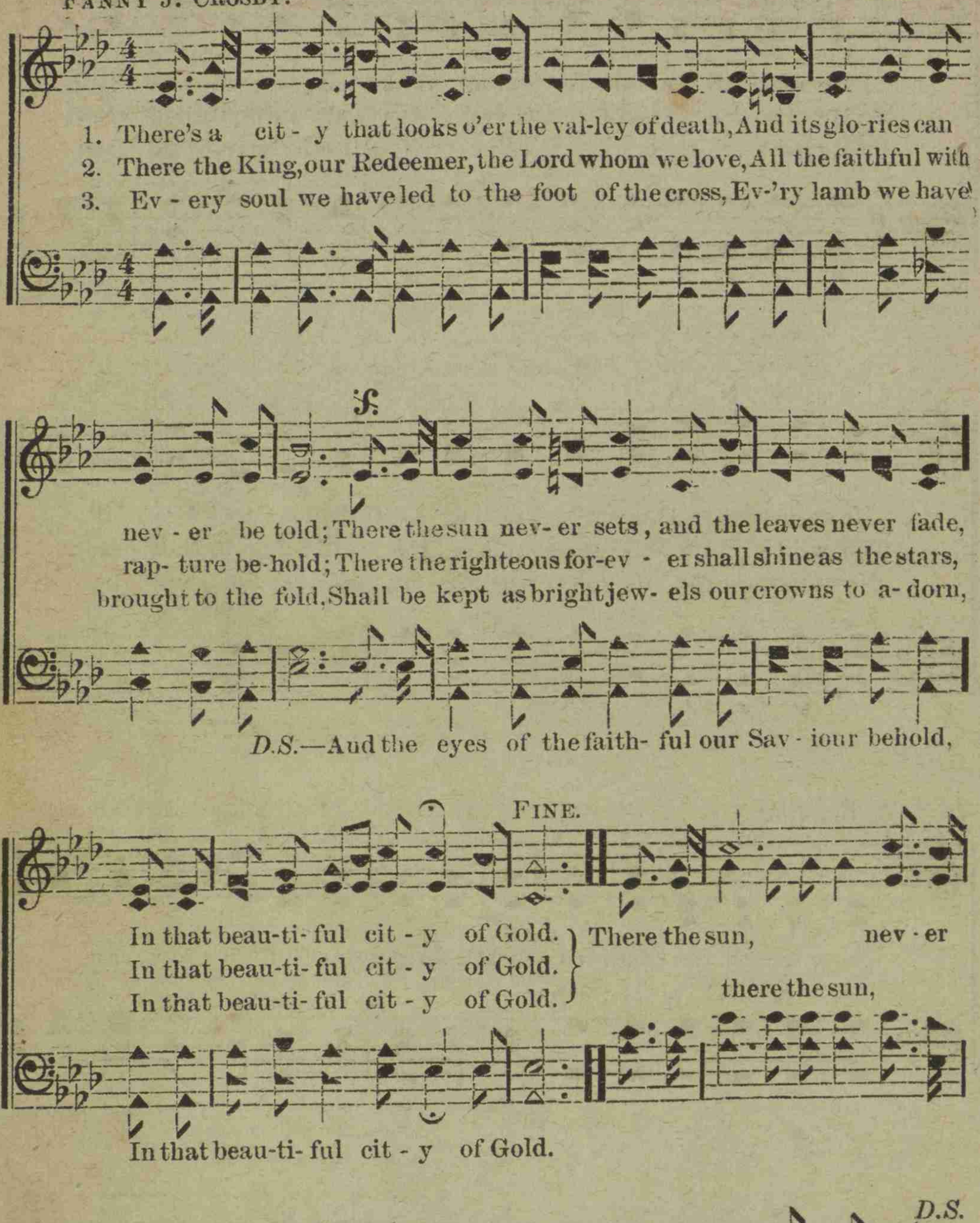


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No. 36. CITY OF GOLD.

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

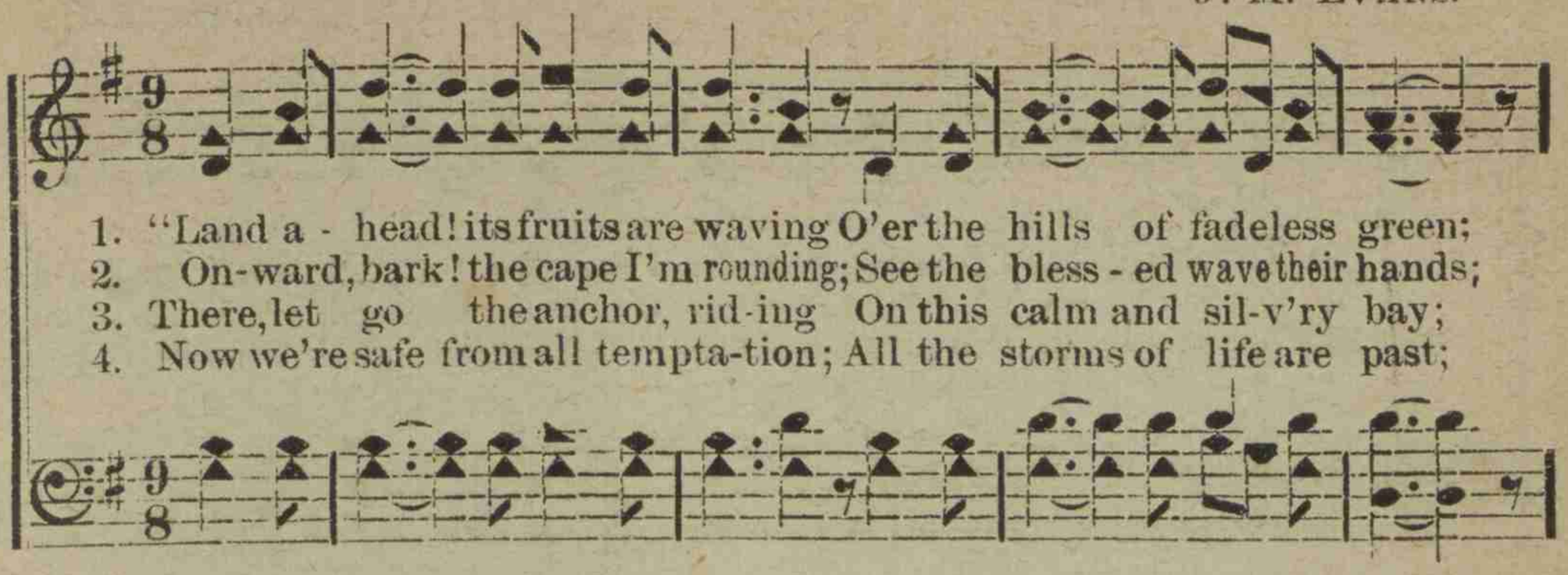
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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No. 37. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

J. M. EVANS.



No. 38.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, etc.

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

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

No. 39. TO THE CROSS.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. To the cross, Christian soldiers, Press the bat - tle for the Lord,
2. To the cross, Christian soldiers, Hear the bless-ed Sav-iour's voice,
3. To the cross, Christian soldiers, To the con- flict we must go,

To the cross! . . . . . to the cross! . . . . . .
To the cross! . . . . . to the cross! . . . . . .
With the cross, ... with the cross, ...
we will fly, live or die.

For our sword, and our ar- mour We will take our Saviour's word,
"Leave the world far be- hind thee Make me now thine on- ly choice,"
In His name press the bat - tle, Till we con-quer ev - 'ry foe,

To the cross, ... we'll haste a - way.
To the cross, ... oh haste a - way.
At the cross, ... we'll ev - er stay.
To the cross we'll haste a - way, (we'll haste a - way.)
To the cross oh haste a - way, (oh haste a - way.)
At the cross we'll ev - er stay, (we'll ev - er stay.)

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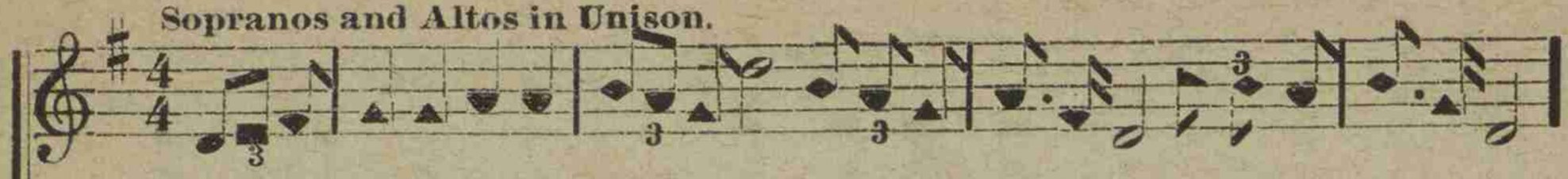
TO THE CROSS.—Concluded.

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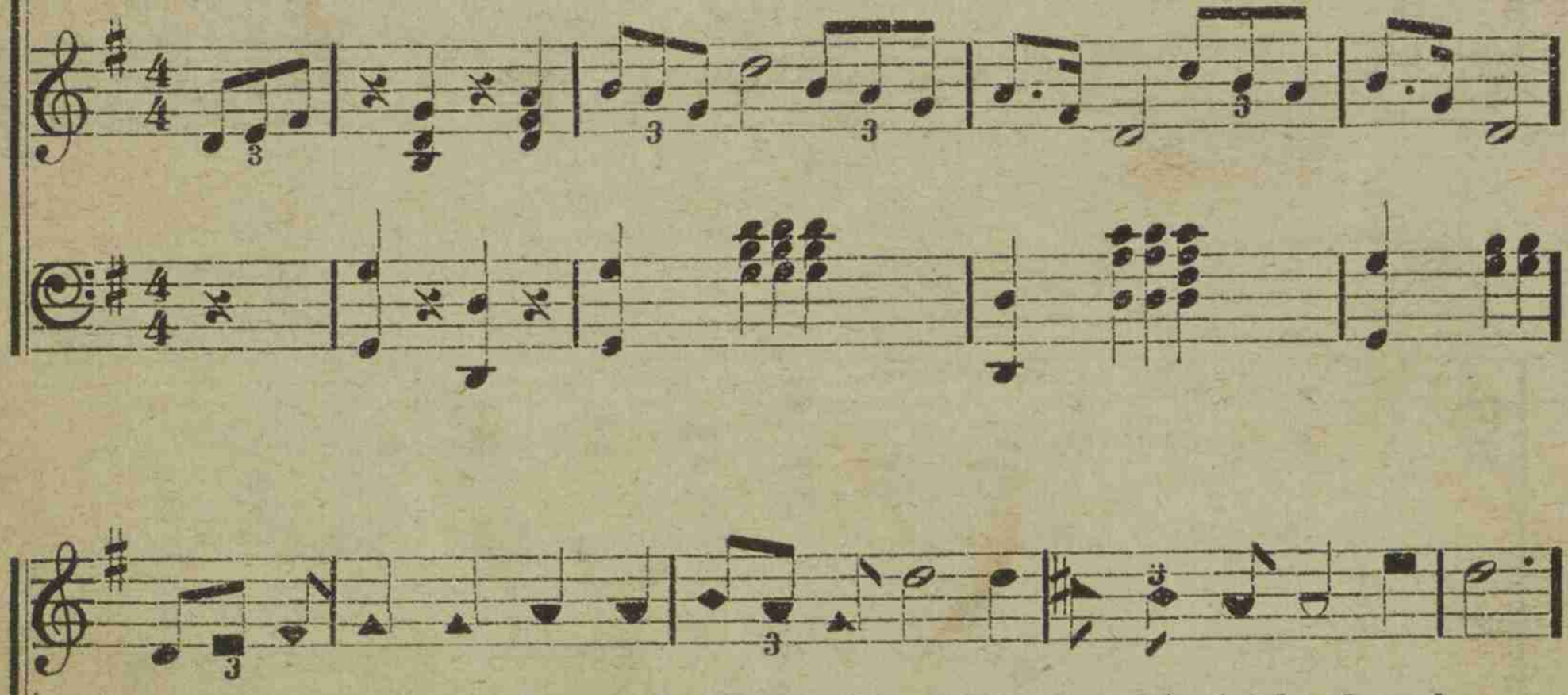
No. 40. MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

Mrs. W. W. SAVAGE. J. H. FILLMORE.
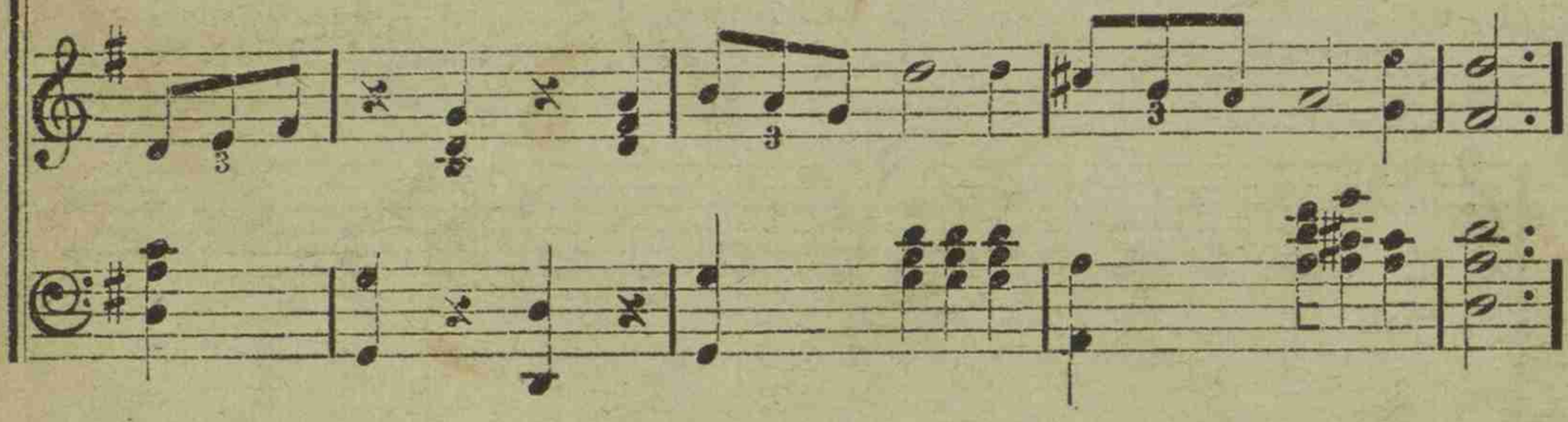
Sopranos and Altos in Unison.



1. We are marching to a land above, Beauti-ful land above, beauti-ful land above;
2. We are marching toward the city fair, Beauti-ful cit - y fair, beauti-ful cit - y fair;
3. We are marching to the home of God, Beauti-ful home of God, beauti-ful home of God;,
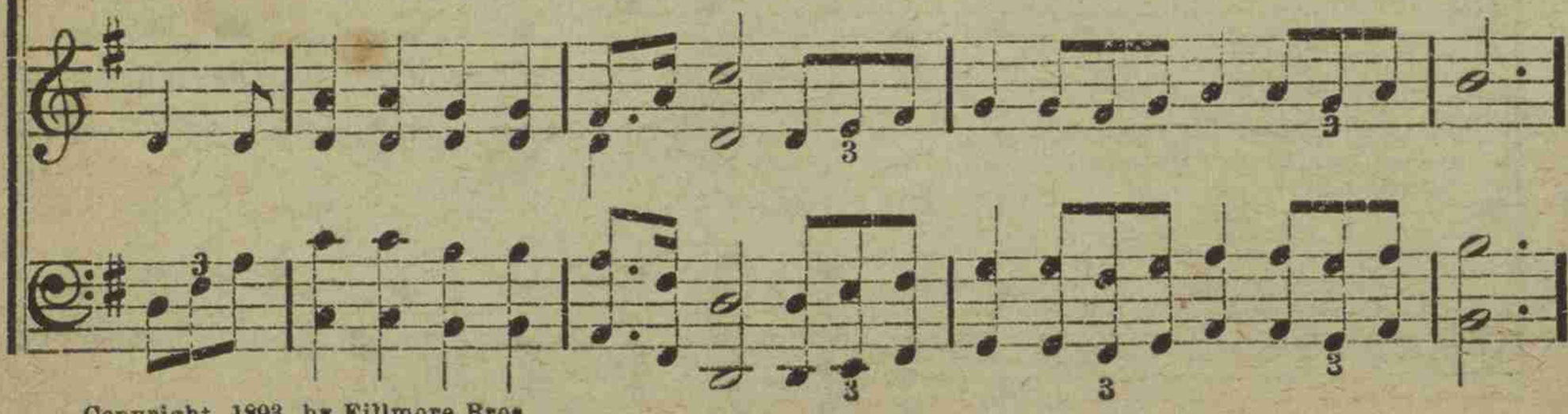


To a land where dwells e - ter - nal love, The beau-ti - ful land a- bove.
Where the an - gel an-thems fill the air, The beau-ti - ful cit - y fair.
And our guide-book is His ho - ly word, The beau-ti - ful word of God.



Basses and Tenors in Unison.

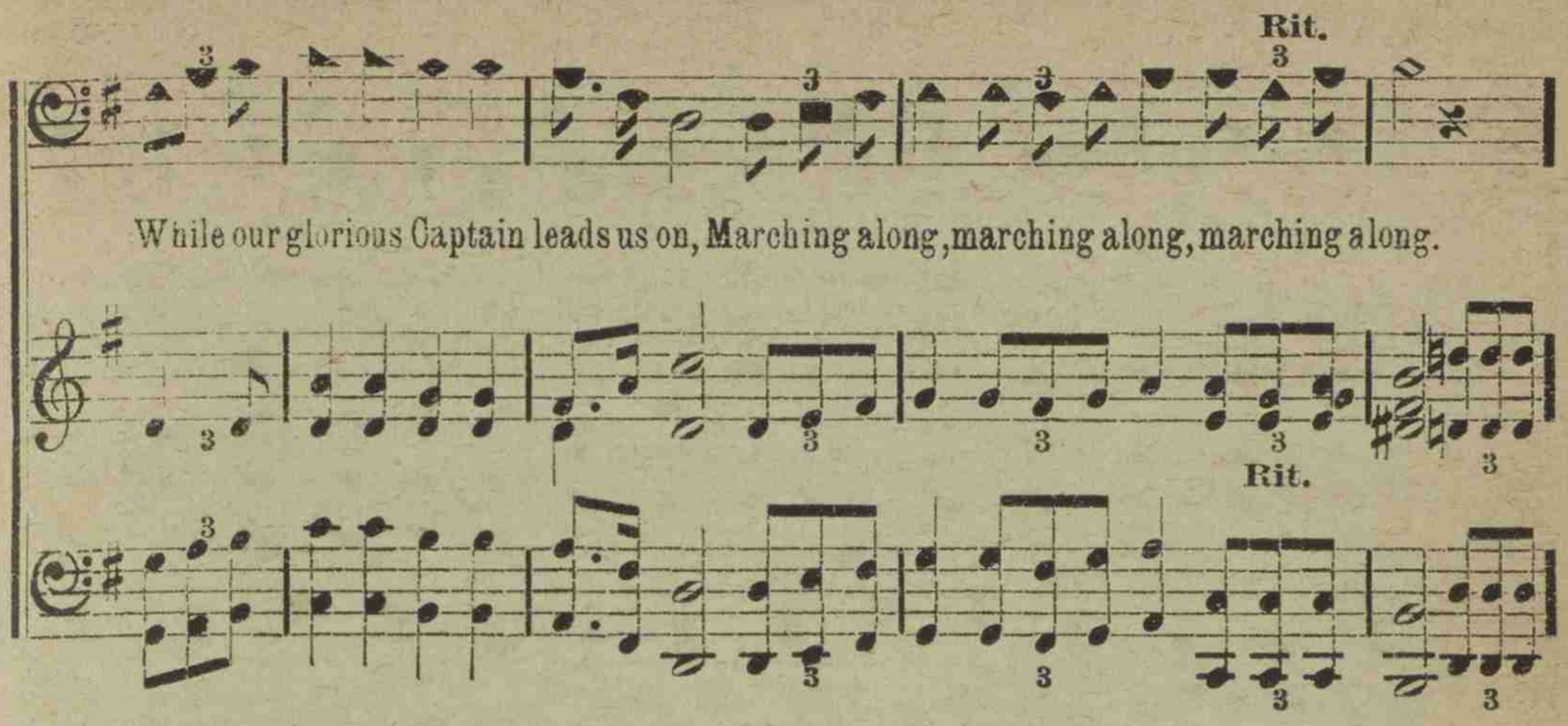


And we sing a glad triumphant song, Marching along, marching along, marching a-long;

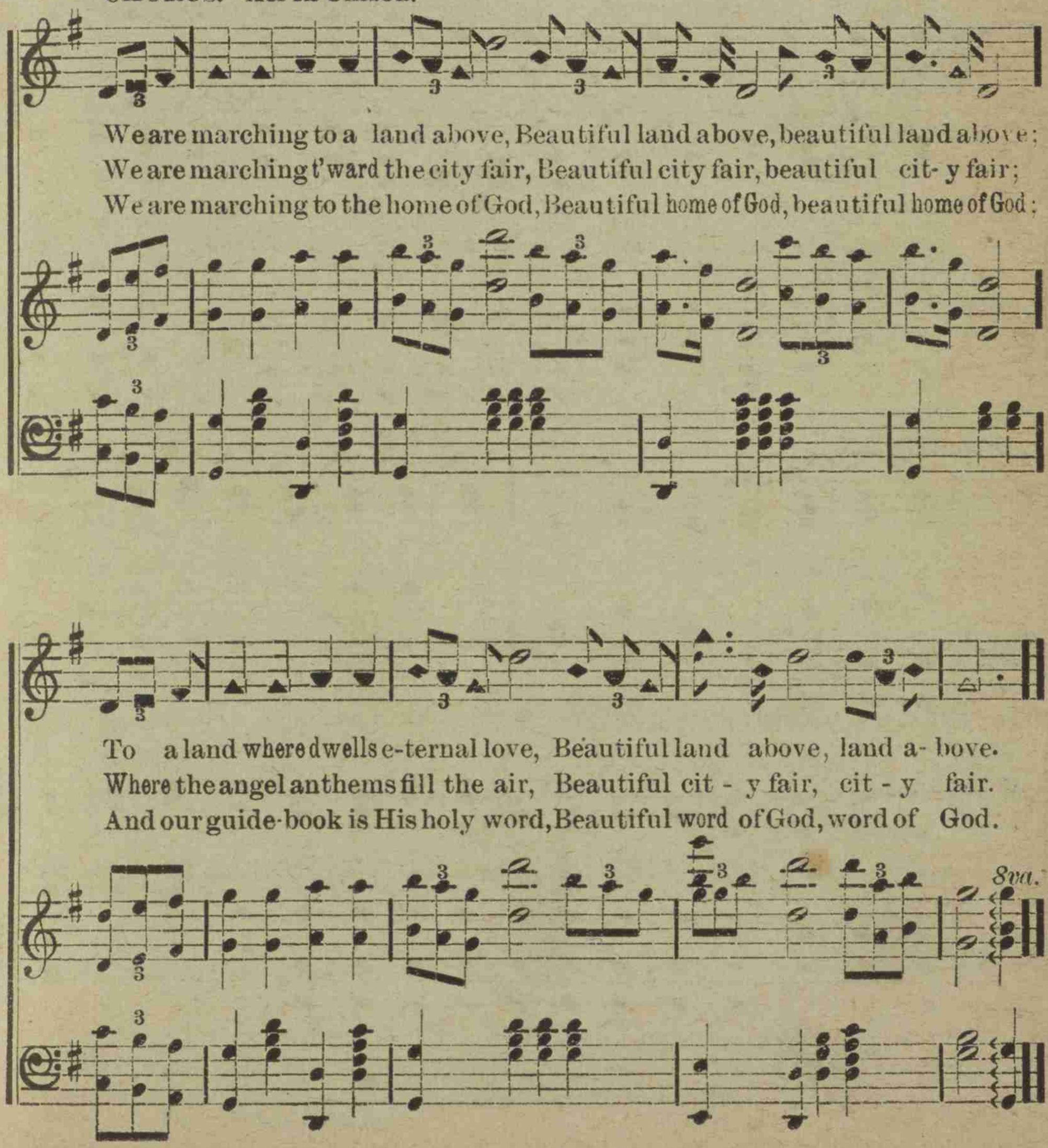


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MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE. Concluded.



CHORUS. All in Unison.



No. 41. A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

"And behold there talked with Him two men." Luke ix: 30.

ANON. Arranged.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black, And stormy o - ver - head, And
2. When those who once were dear - est friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks I gain the vic - to - ry; And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
more who once pro - fessed to love, Have dis - tant grown, and mute, I
march a - long with cheer-ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S. *trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with*

CHORUS.

Je sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

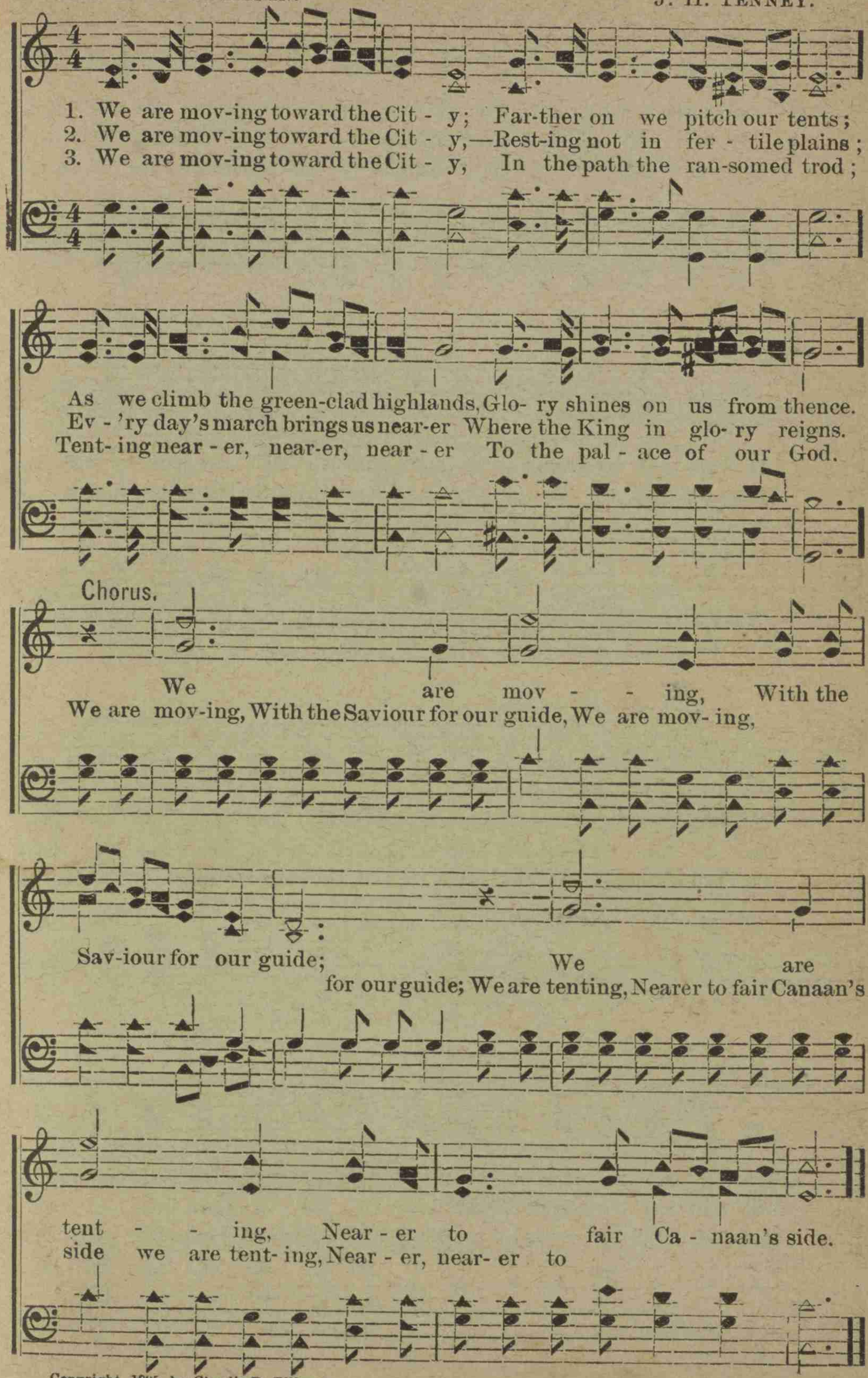
D.S.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right. In

No. 42. MOVING TOWARD THE CITY.

"For here have we no continuing city, but seek for one to come."—HEB. 13: 14.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 43. ARE YOU WATCHING?

EMILY C. PEARSON. HAMP. H. SEWELL by per.

1. Are you watch-ing for the glo-ry Of the com-ing of the Lord,
2. It will be at time ap-point-ed, Tho' we may not know the day,
3. One is tak-en at the midnight In his peace-ful hour of rest,

As fore-told by seers and prophets, And His own oft-spok-en word;
He would find us oc-cu-py-ing, When He calls His own a-way;
Borne a-way with oth-ers ransomed, To the gath'ring of the blest;

Are you wait-ing while He tar-ries, Tho' He com-eth not as yet,
One is tak-en from His field-work, And the oth-er toil-er left,
Be then watching for the glo-ry, Of the com-ing of the King,

He hath made a sure appointment, And the ver-y time is set.
Who had nev-er sought the Sav-iour, Of sal-va-tion he's be-reft.
As fore-told by seers and prophets, When His loved ones He will bring.

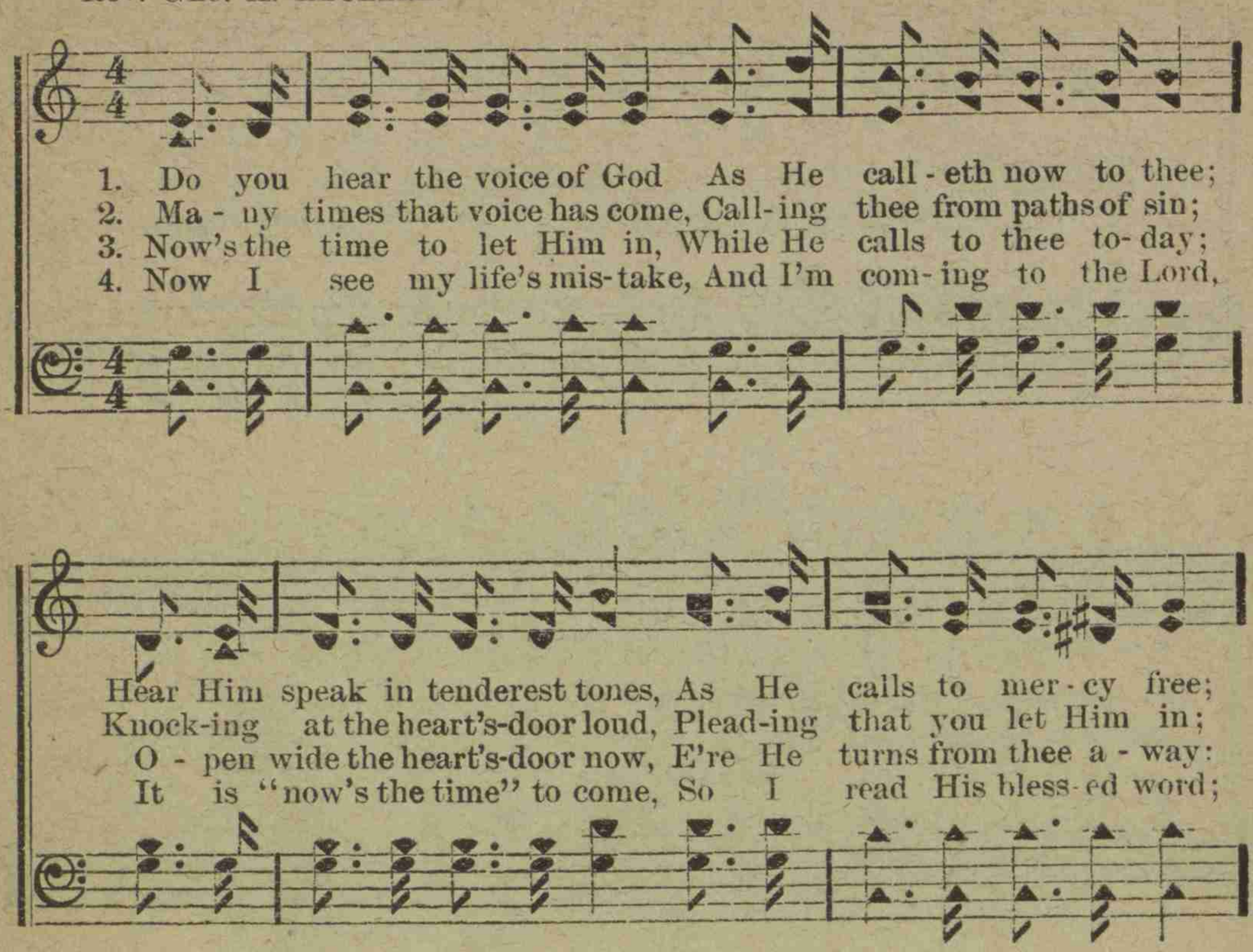
Copyright, 1895, by Hamp. H. Sewell, Atlanta, Ga.

ARE YOU WATCHING?—Concluded.

Refrain.

No. 44. THE LAST CHANCE.

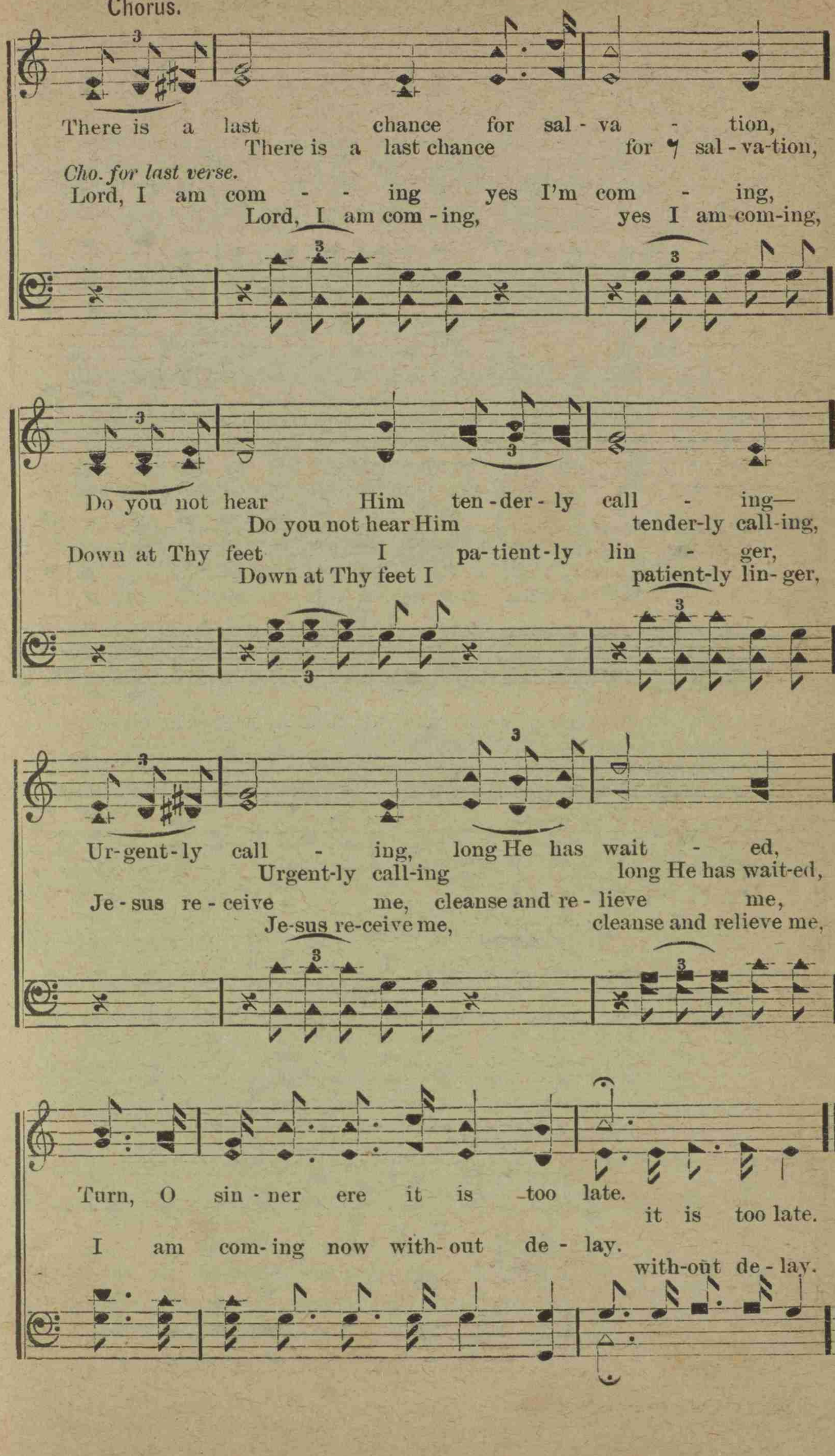
Rev. GEO. A. LECLERE. O. E. MATTOX.



Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

THE LAST CHANCE.—Concluded.

Chorus.



No. 45. SAUL'S JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.

J. A. B. JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

Modera

1. When the peo - ple of God were wor- ship-ing, In Da-mas - cus not far o'er the way; From the blood-thirsty throng at Je - ru - sa- lem
2. Then He said who art thou, Lord I pray, And what wilt thou now have me to do; Then the Lord said to him, a - rise, I say,
3. Then straightway did the chief of sin - ners go To re-ceive God's own word thro' His Son Bless- ed word which is life to the sin - sick soul,
4. Guilt - y sin - ner, the Lord is call - ing thee, Will you hear while the voice still doth cry, Will you take His sal - va - tion so great and free,

Chorus.

Journeyed Saul to bring them a- way.
'Twill be told thee what thou must do.
From the cross to the bright, golden crown.
While e - ter-ni-ties drawing so nigh.

As he journeyed he heard a voice

CHO.—4th. verse.
Will you hear while the voice is calling

say, Saul, oh Saul, why per - se - cu - test me: I am the
now, oh sin - ners, oh wilt thou come to me; I am thy

Lord of heav'n and earth, I am Je - sus who died on the tree.
light and sav - ing pow'r, I am Je - sus who died on the tree.

Copyright, 1895, by J. A. Buchanan Atlanta, Ga.

No. 46. FARTHER ON.

As sung by the colored people of the South.

Dedicated to Bishop L. H. Holsey

Arr. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. Dark and stormy is the des-ert, Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
2. Hark! a voice from E - den stealing, Soft - ly in an un - der-tone;
3. Night and morn it sings the same song, Sings it while I sleep a - lone;
4. At the grave it sings the same song, While my body there in-closed;

Just be-vond this vale of sor-row, Lies the fields of end-less day.

Hark! I hear its gen - tle whisper, It is bet-ter, far-ther on.
Sings it so my soul can hear it, It is bet-ter, far-ther on.
Sings it sweet-ly while I'm sleeping, It is bet-ter, far-ther on.

CHORUS.
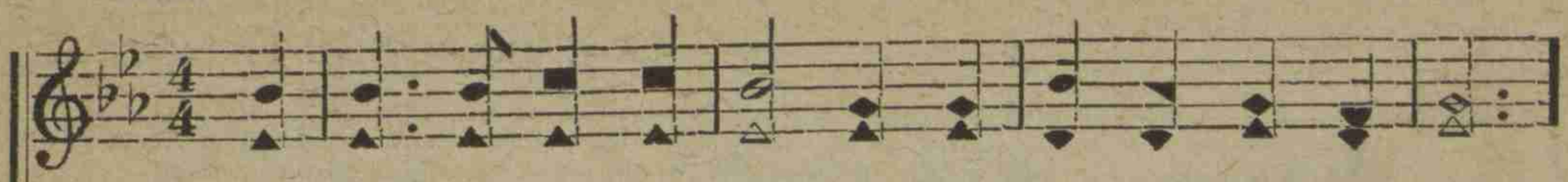
Far - ther on, but how much far-ther, Count the mile stones one by one,

Je - sus will for-sake us nev - er, It is bet-ter far - ther on.
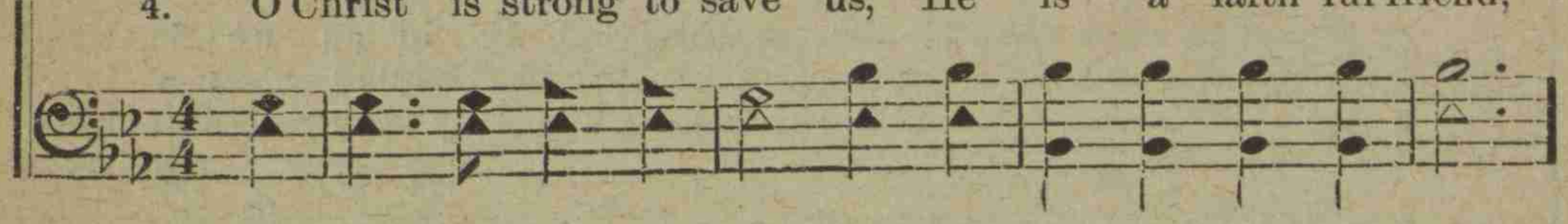
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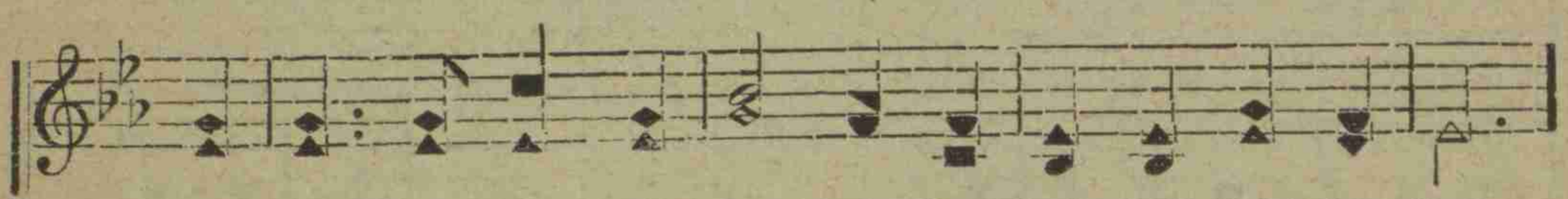
No. 47. TRUST ON.

Anon. HAMP. H. SEWELL, by per.
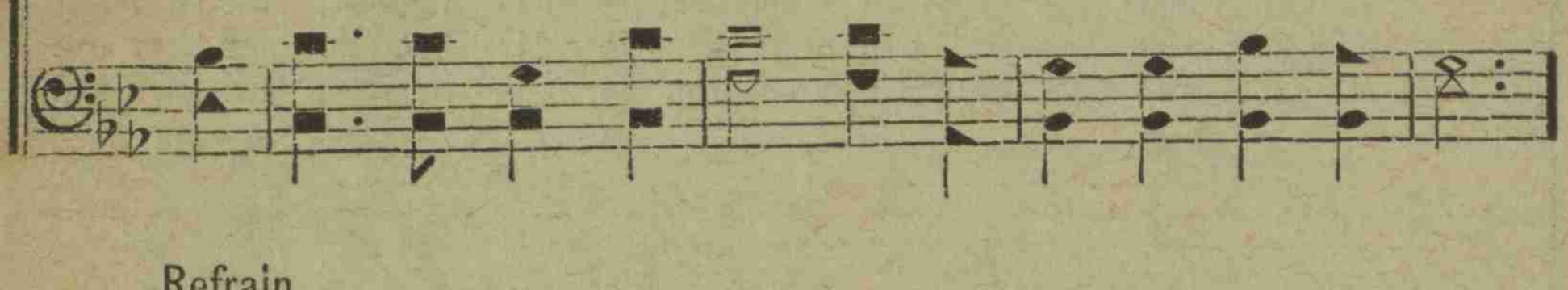


1. Trust on, trust on be - liev - er, Tho' long the con- flict be,
2. Trust on, trust on, thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust,
3. Trust on, the dan- ger press - es, Temp - ta - tion strong is near,
4. O Christ is strong to save us, He is a faith- ful friend,
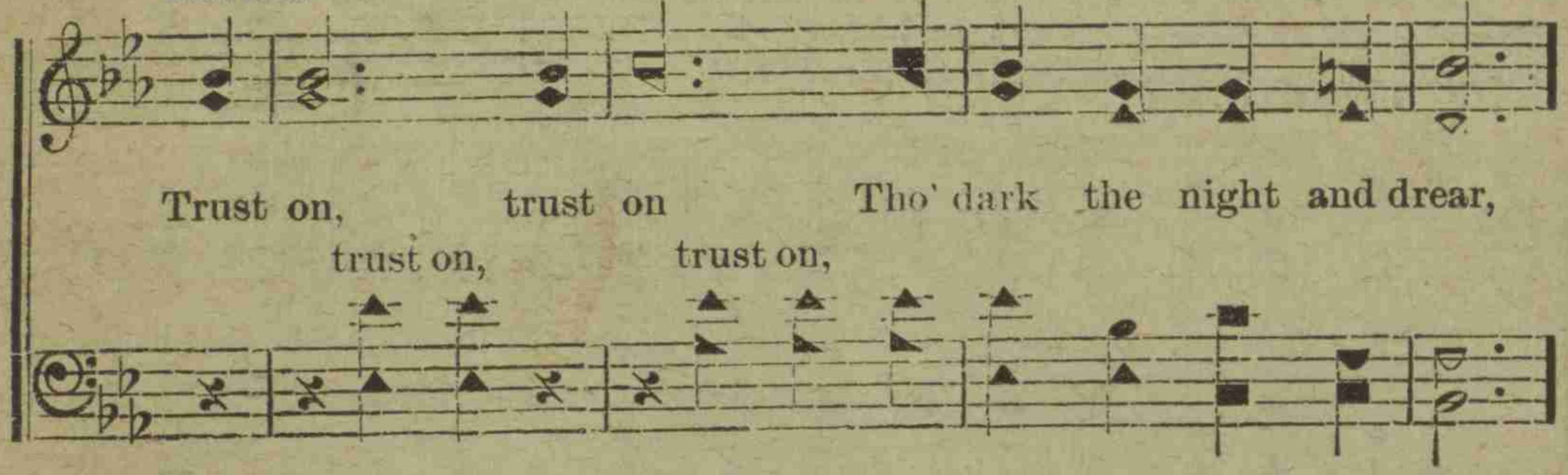




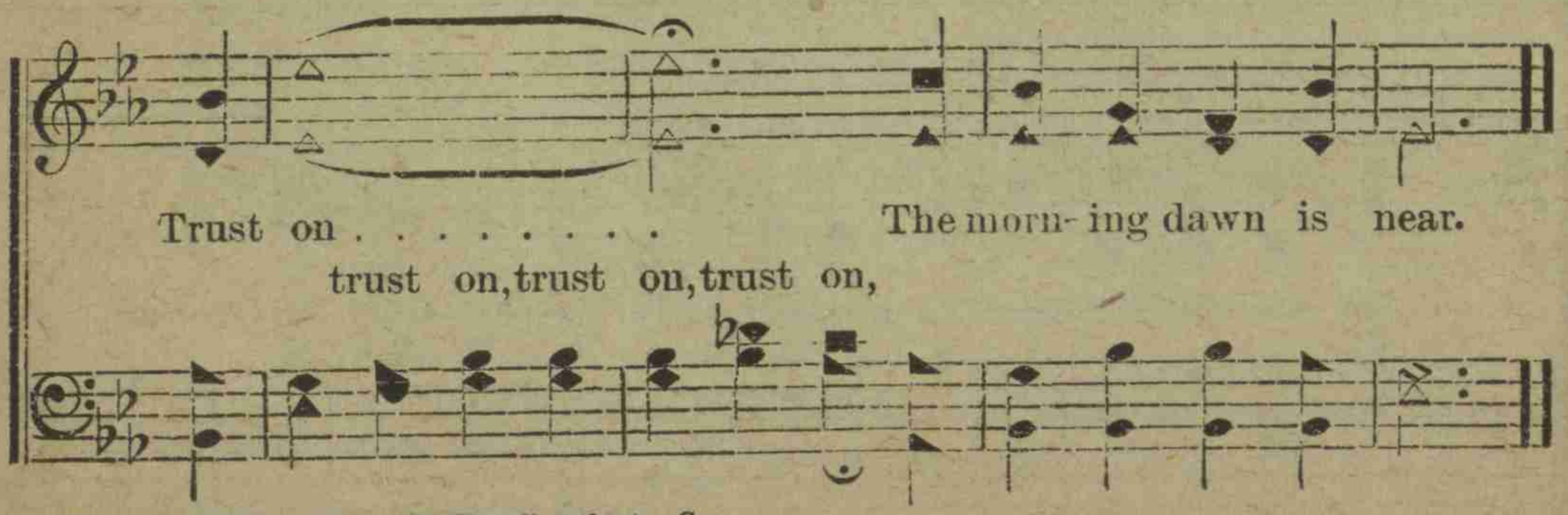
Thou yet shalt prove vic - to - rious, Thy God shall fight for thee.
But in thy deep - est sor - row, O give not up thy trust.
Yet o'er life's dan- g'rous rap - ids, He shall thy pas-sage steer.
Trust on, trust on be - liev - er, O trust Him to the end.



Refrain.



Trust on, trust on Tho' dark the night and drear,
trust on, trust on,



Trust on . . . . . The morn- ing dawn is near.
trust on, trust on, trust on,

Copyright, 1895, by Hamp. H. Sewell, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 48. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. 10 : 23.

F. J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as- sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh what a fore- taste of
2. Per- fect sub-mis- sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap- ture now
3. Per- fect sub-mis- sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav- iour am

glo- ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scending, bring from above, Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with His

Chorus.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis- pers of love.
good-ness, lost in His love.
} This is my sto - ry, this is my

song, Prais-ing my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Saviour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

No. 49. WHITER THAN SNOW.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

Allegro.

1. Re-joice lit- tle ones in the prom - ise di-vine, The Sav - iour has
2. Look up-ward to Je - sus, He's might-y to save; His love like the
3. A - dieu to this world, if you'd fol- low the Lord, For none but the
4. We go not to heav - en, sal - va - tion to know, But Je -sus came
5. Oh, do not dis-hon - or the name of our King, To think that you

willed that His glo - ry be thine; Then walk in white raiment with
o - cean, oh, sink in its wave; Here wash in the blood of the
pure are re-ceived by His word; Un - spot - ted from sin and made
down to make whit - er than snow; He'll wait not death's com-ing as -
can - not be free from all sin; He died to re - deem you, His

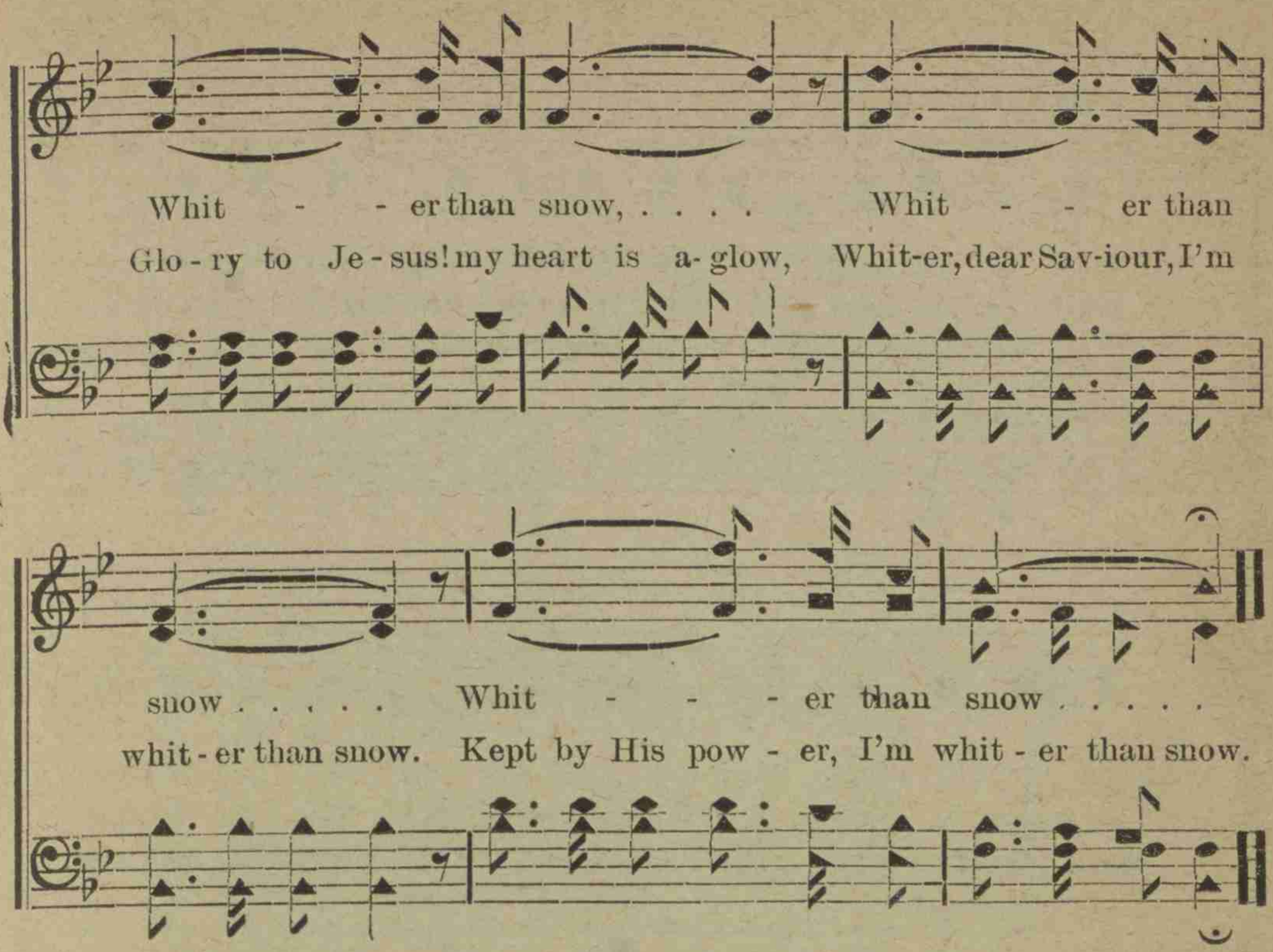
Him here be- low, The sheep of His fold must be whit - er than snow.
cru - ci-fied one, And shout His sal - va - tion in heav- en be- gun.
per - fect in love, As pure in this world as in heav - en a- bove.
sist-ance to lend, But save you just now, and to worlds with-out end.
prom-ise is sure, He'll wash you and keep you e - ter - nal - ly pure.

Chorus.

Whit - - - - - er than snow, ...
Whit - er, dear Sav - iour, I'm whit - er than snow,

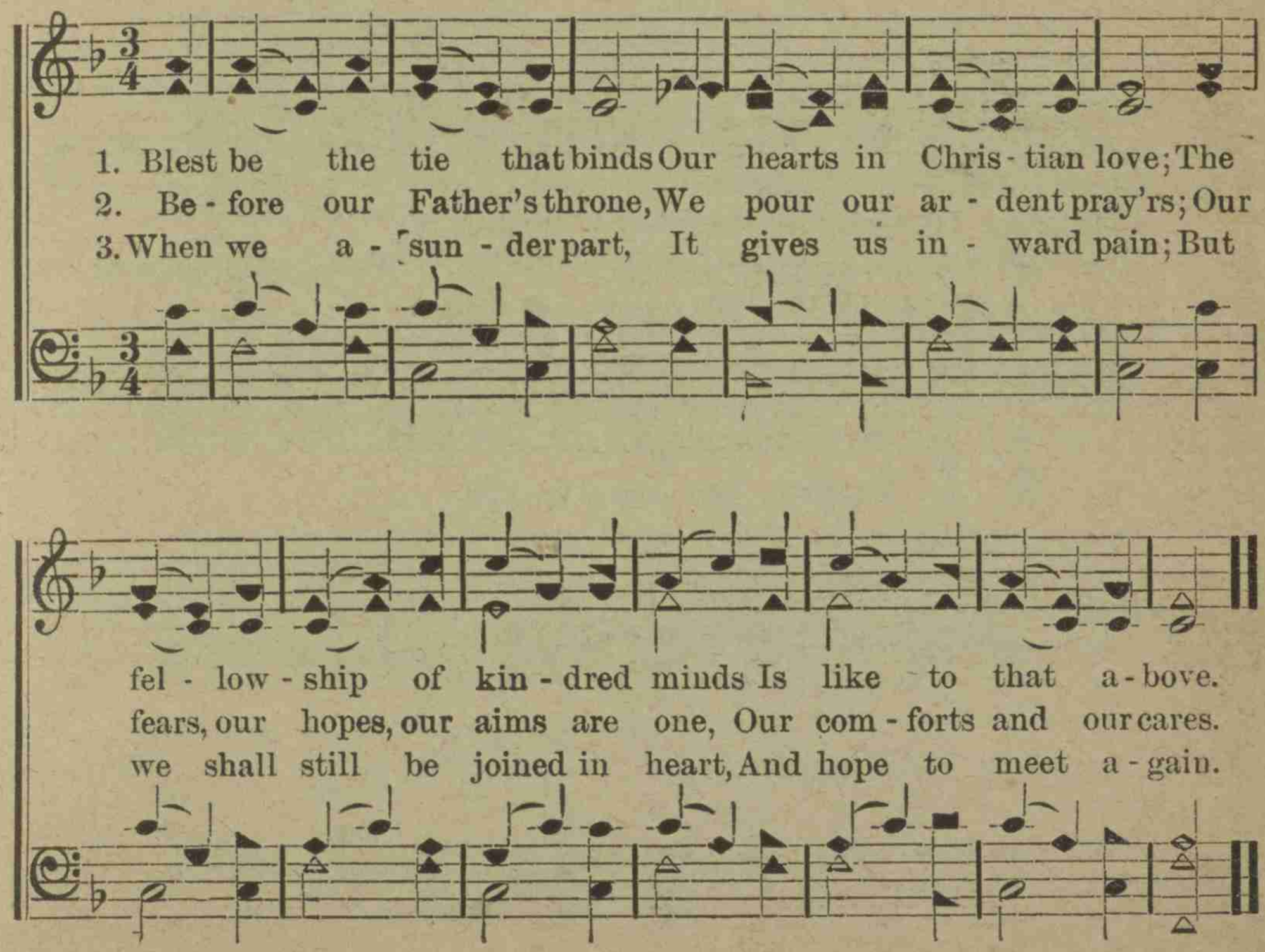
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WHITER THAN SNOW.—Concluded.



No. 50. BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT. GEO. NAEGELI.
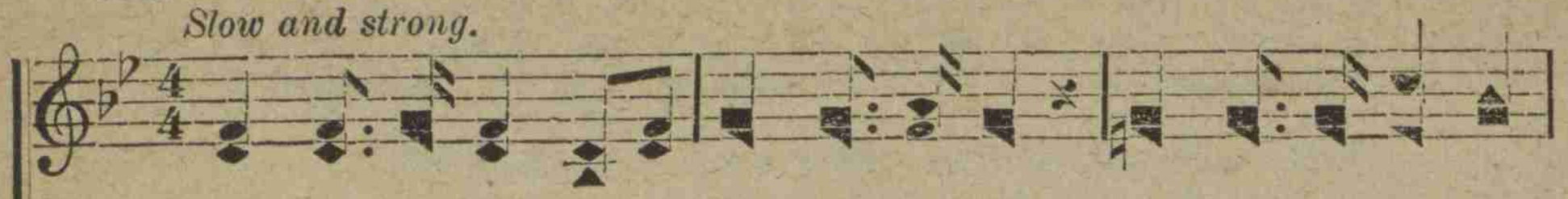


No. 51. WAIT ON THE LORD.
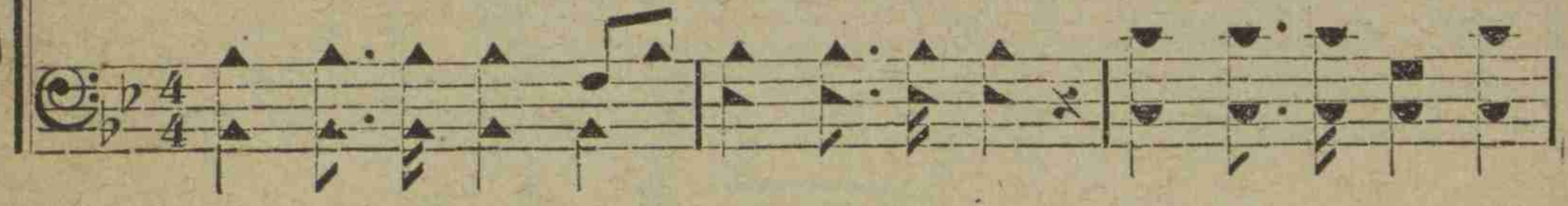
Ps. 37 : 34.
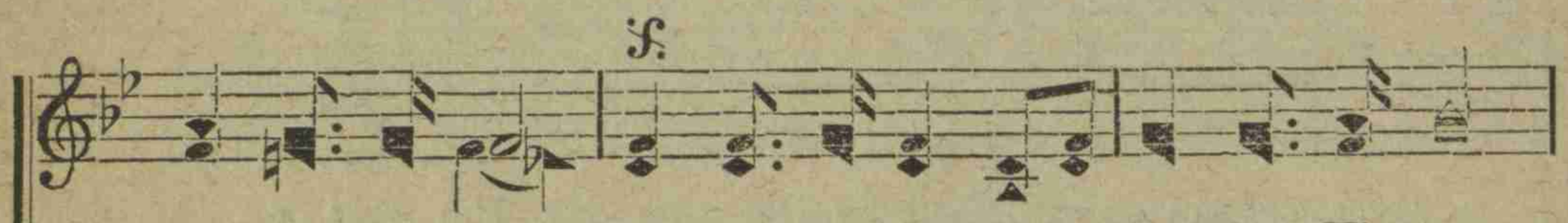
IDA L. REED. W. A. OGDEN.

Slow and strong.
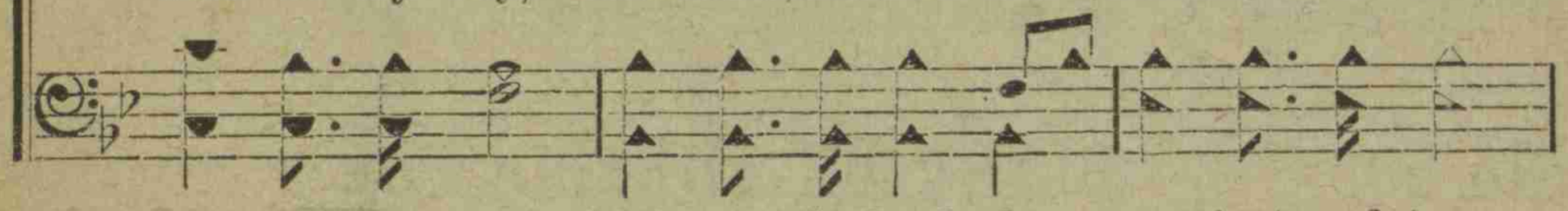


1. Wait on the Lord, thy Sav-iour and King, Trust in His word His
2. Wait on the Lord, and bring Him thy care, Kneel at His throne find
3. Wait on the Lord, for - get not His way, He will re-ward thy
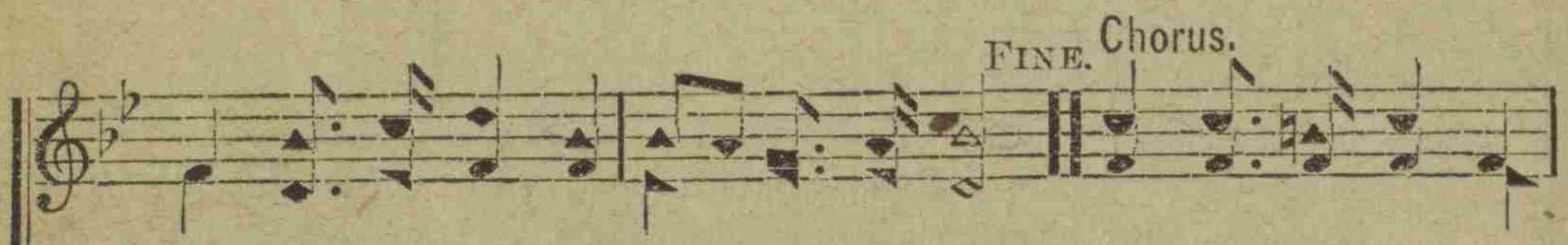




praise ev - er sing; Wait on the Lord and keep thou His way,
ref - uge in prayer, Tell Him thy woes, this Sav-iour of thine,
work ev-ery day, Trust thou, and wait tho' bless-ings be few,

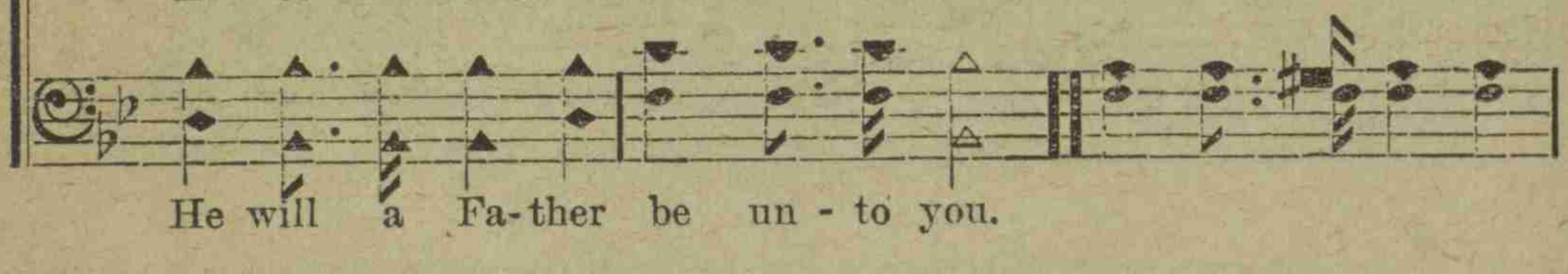


D.S.—Wait on the Lord, be pa-tient and true,
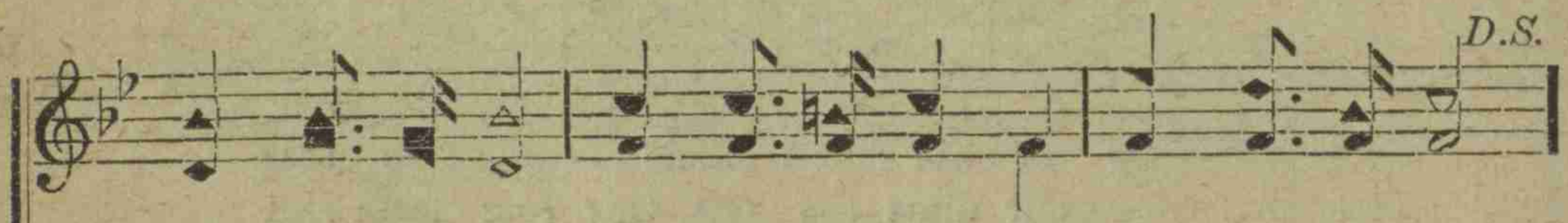


FINE. Chorus.

Pray Him to guard thy foot-steps to-day.
Free - ly e'er flows His pit - y di-vine.
Ev - er He'll aid His fol - low - ers true.
} Wait on the Lord thy
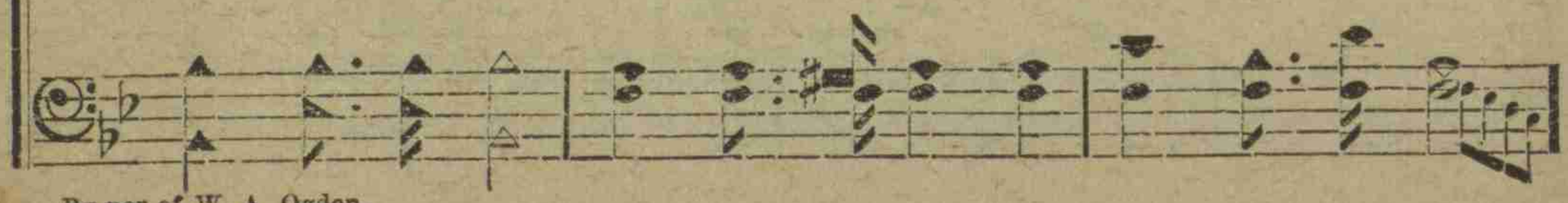


He will a Fa-ther be un - to you.



D.S.

Sav - iour and King, Trust in His word, His praise ev - er sing;



By per of W. A. Ogden.

No. 52. HALLELUJA!

C. D. T.

Melody furnished by the Salvation Army.
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. I now have the Spirit that setteth me free, Hal - le - lu - ja!
2. No long-er I'm doubting His power to save,
3. So glad I can trust Him I cannot but shout,
4. My Saviour is with me each day in the year, Hal-le, hal-le - lu - ja!

My Sav - iour's presence a - bideth with me, Hal - le - lu - ja!
The world - ly pleasures no long-er I crave,
The in-bred cor-ruption is all tak-en out,
A constant companion, I've nothing to fear, Hal-le, hal-le - lu - ja!

Chorus.

Oh, hal - le - lu - ja! hal - le - lu - ja! I am glad to tell,

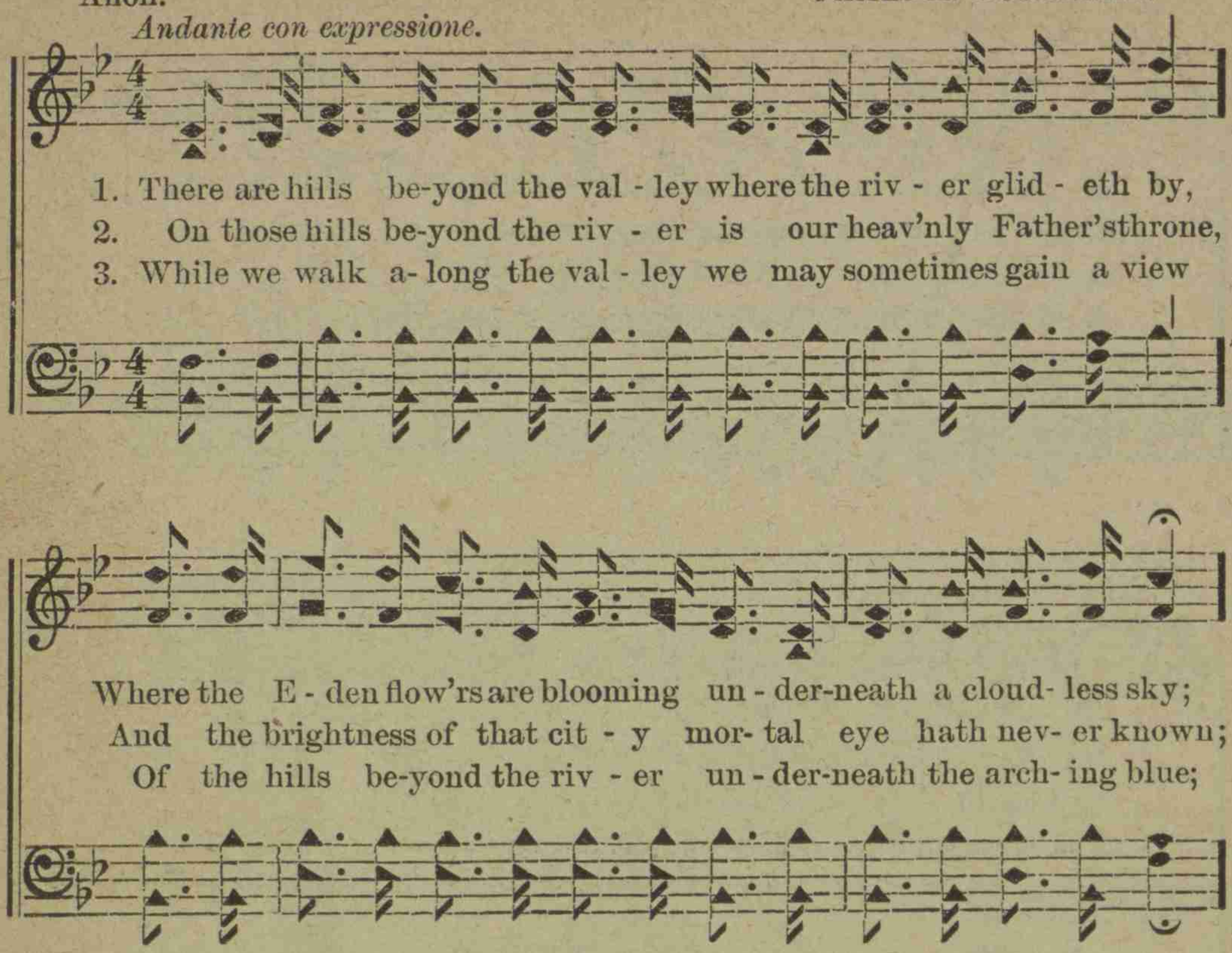
Oh, hal - le - lu - ja! hal - le - lu - ja! With my soul 'tis well.

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No. 53. ON THE HILLS BEYOND THE RIVER.

Anon. JAMES A. BUCHANAN.

Andante con expressione.



Copyright, 1895, by James A. Buchanan, Atlanta, Ga. Charlie D. Tillman, owner.

On the Hills Beyond the River.—Concluded.

Chorus.

On the hills . . . . . beyond the riv - er, state - ly
On the hills beyond the riv - er, on the hills beyond the riv - er, stately

hills, ... ma-jes - tic hills; We shall
hills beyond the riv - er, state - ly hills, ma - jes - tic hills; We shall

rest . . . . . in peace for - ev - er, on those
rest in peace for ev - er, We shall rest in peace on those

hills, ... en-dur-ing hills; We shall rest . . . . . in peace for -
hills, enduring hills, endur - ing hills; We shall rest in peace forever, we shall

ev - er, on the hills, ... en-dur-ing hills.
rest in peace on the hills, enduring hills, enduring hills, enduring hills.

hills.

No. 54. ONCE FOR ALL.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

mf

1. Once for all the Sav-iour His blood hath spilt,
2. Once for all the Fa- ther, His Son hath giv'n,
3. Once for all, O sin- ner, this grace re - ceive,

p

On the cross of Cal - va - ry, On the cross of Cal - va - ry;
Man to res - cue by His grace, Man to res - cue by His grace;
Let the hopes of heav'n be thine, Let the hopes of heav'n be thine;

mf

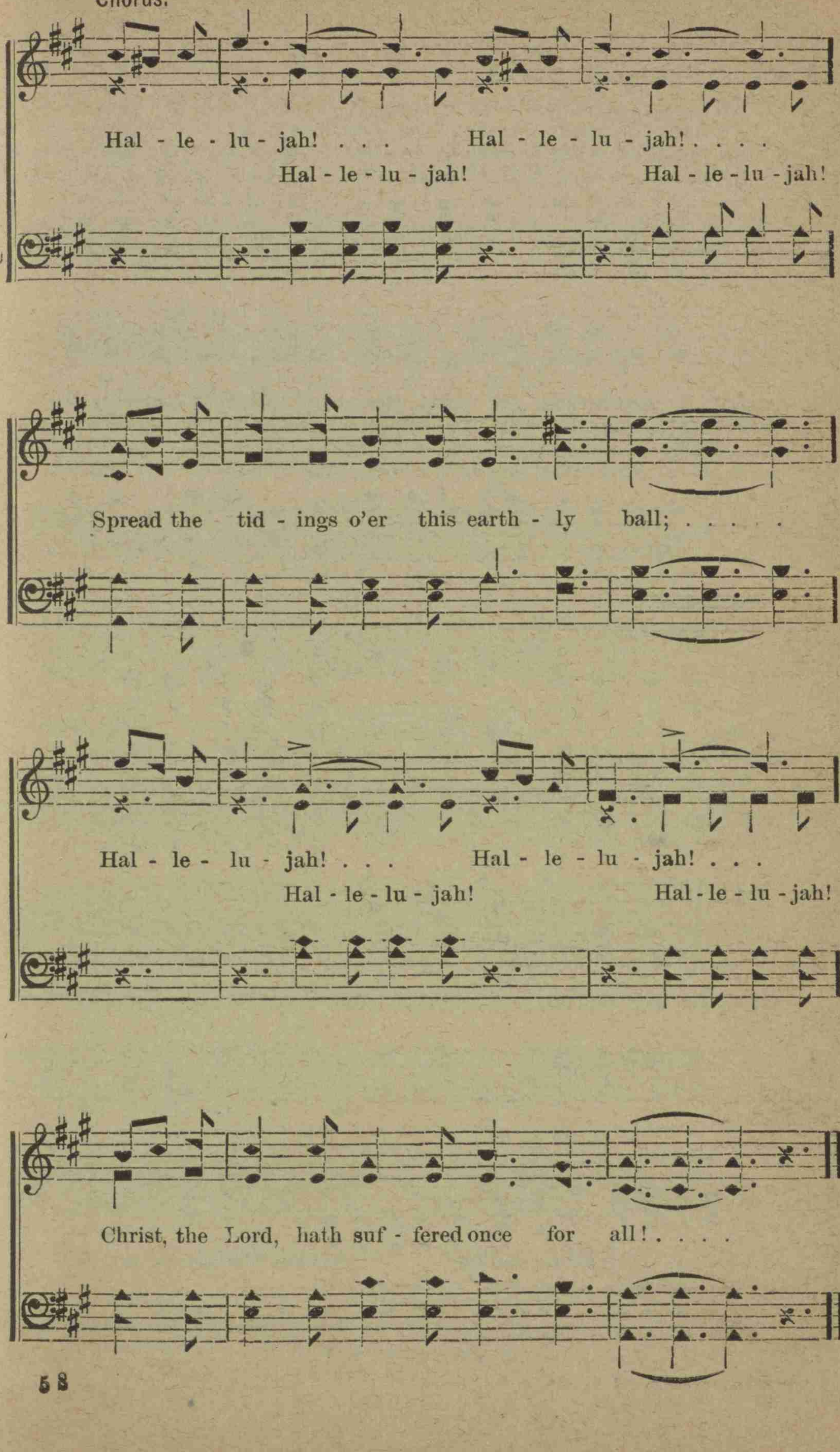
There the sac - ri - fice that He made for guilt,
Pur - chase for the err - ing, a home in heav'n,
Has - ten now to Je - sus, His word be - lieve,

Makes the sin - ner pure and free. . . . . .
There to see His smil - ing face. . . . . .
Safe - ly rest in arms di - vine. . . . . .

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ONCE FOR ALL.—Concluded.

Chorus.



No. 55. COME TO THE FEAST.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the ta- ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye weary, come, And thou shalt be richly fed.
2. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o- pen wide; A place of hon- or is reserv'd For you at the Master's side.
3. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to welcome thee; De- lay not while this day is thine, To-morrow may nev-er be.
4. "All things are ready," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and worldly strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last- ing life.

CHORUS.

Hear . . . . . the in - vi - ta - - tion, Come,
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will,"
"who - - - so - ev - er will:" . . . . . Praise
Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise
God . . . . . for full sal- va - - tion For "whoso-ev- er will."
God for full salva - tion For "whosoever will."

Copyright, 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 56. WHEN THE LORD SHALL CALL.

A. P. COBB. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. There is a time, ... a hap- py time, ... When the
2. Like fer- tile seed, ... each lov- ing deed, ... When the
3. What heav'nly grace, ... on ev- 'ry face . . . . When the

Lord shall call His own ; Then all shall sing, ... and praise their
Lord shall call His own ; Tho' lost to view, ... shall spring a -
Lord shall call His own ; As to each one . . . . He says "well

CHORUS.

King, . . . When the Lord shall call His own.
new, . . . When the Lord shall call His own.
done," . . When the Lord shall call His own.

O an-gel song ! O hap- py, happy throng ! When the Lord shall call His own ; Shall I be there, . . . your bliss to share ! . . When the Lord shall call His own.

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 57. WHY I LOVE JESUS.

Arranged. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
5. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis be-cause my bless- ed Sav- iour From my sins hath set me free.
'Tis be-cause the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleans-es me.
'Tis be-cause, a - mid tempta - tion, He supports and strengthens me.
'Tis be-cause, in ev - 'ry con - flict, Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
'Tis be-cause, my Friend and Saviour He will ev - er, ev - er be.

Chorus.

This is why..... Yes, why I love Him, This is
This is why I love my Je - sus, Why I love Him, This is

why..... I love Him so; He has par - -
why I love my Je- sus, Why I love Him so; He has pardon'd, He has

don'd my trans-gres-sions, He has wash'd me white as snow.
par-don'd my trans-gres-sions,
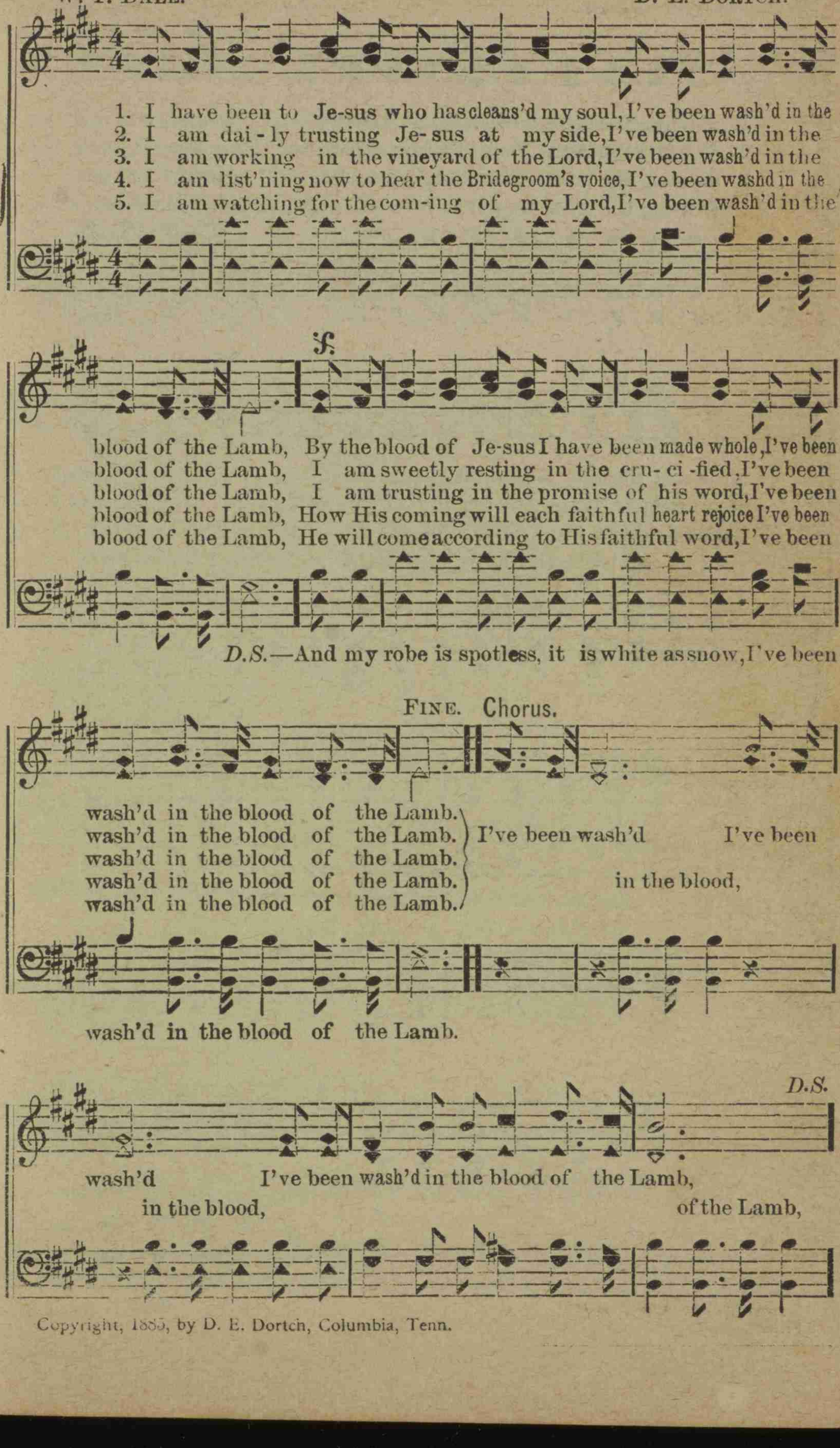
rit.

Copyright, 1894. by E. O. Excell.

No. 58. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

Answer to "Are You Washed in the Blood?"

W. T. DALE. D. E. DORTCH.
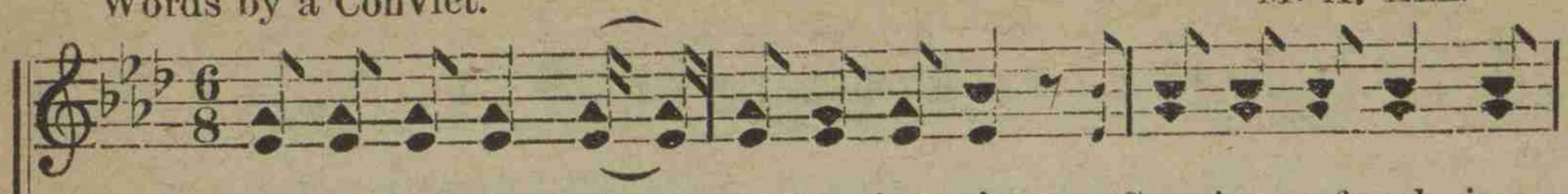


Copyright, 1885, by D. E. Dortch, Columbia, Tenn.
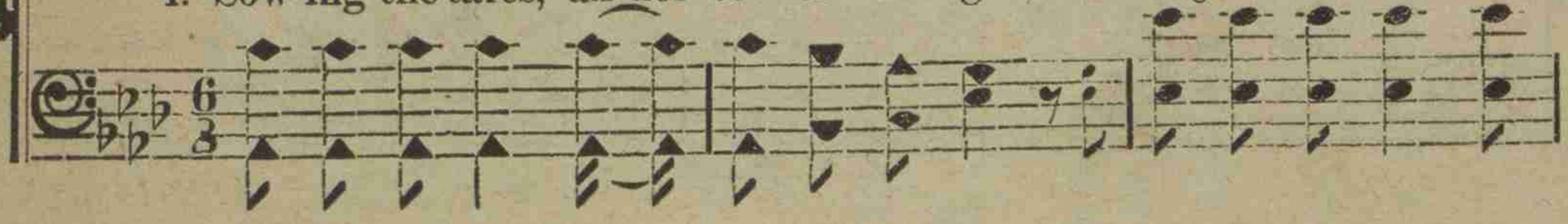
No. 59. SOWING THE TARES.

Dedicated to "Brother Will." M. Ceil 1069.

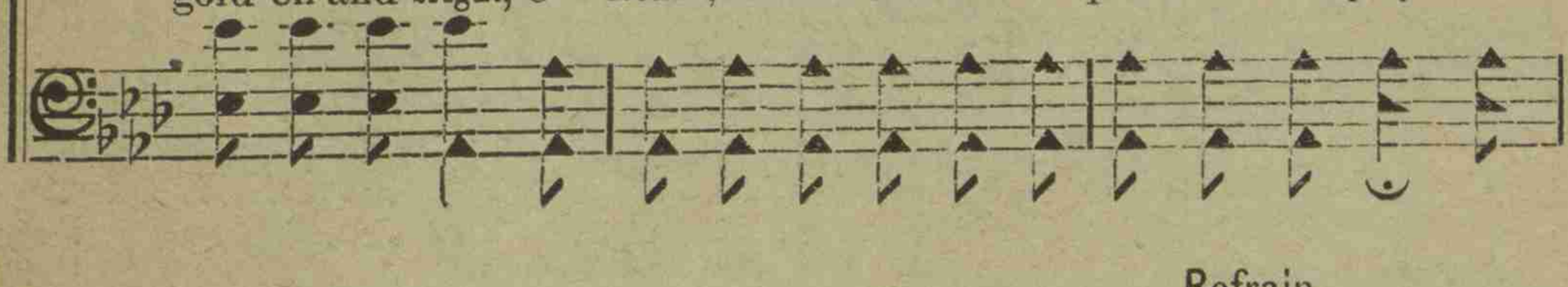
Words by a Convict. M. A. LEE.
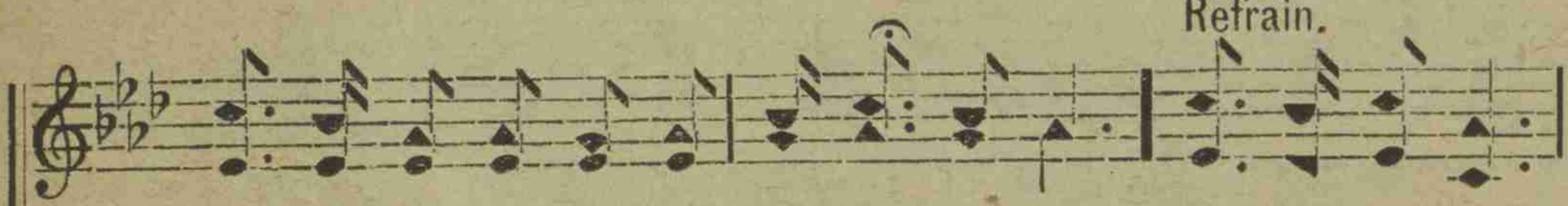


1. Sow-ing the tares, when it might have been wheat, Sow-ing of mal - ice.
2. Sow-ing the tares, how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with
3. Sow-ing the tares, that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sow-ing the tares, un-der cov- er of night, Which might have been wheat all



spite, and de-ceit, We might have sown roses a - mid life's sad cares, While
life's sweetest hymn, And heeding no anguish, no pit - eous pray'rs, While
life's fair-est crown; And turning to sil-ver the once gold- en hairs, Grown
gold-en and bright; O heart, turn to God with repentance and pray'r And
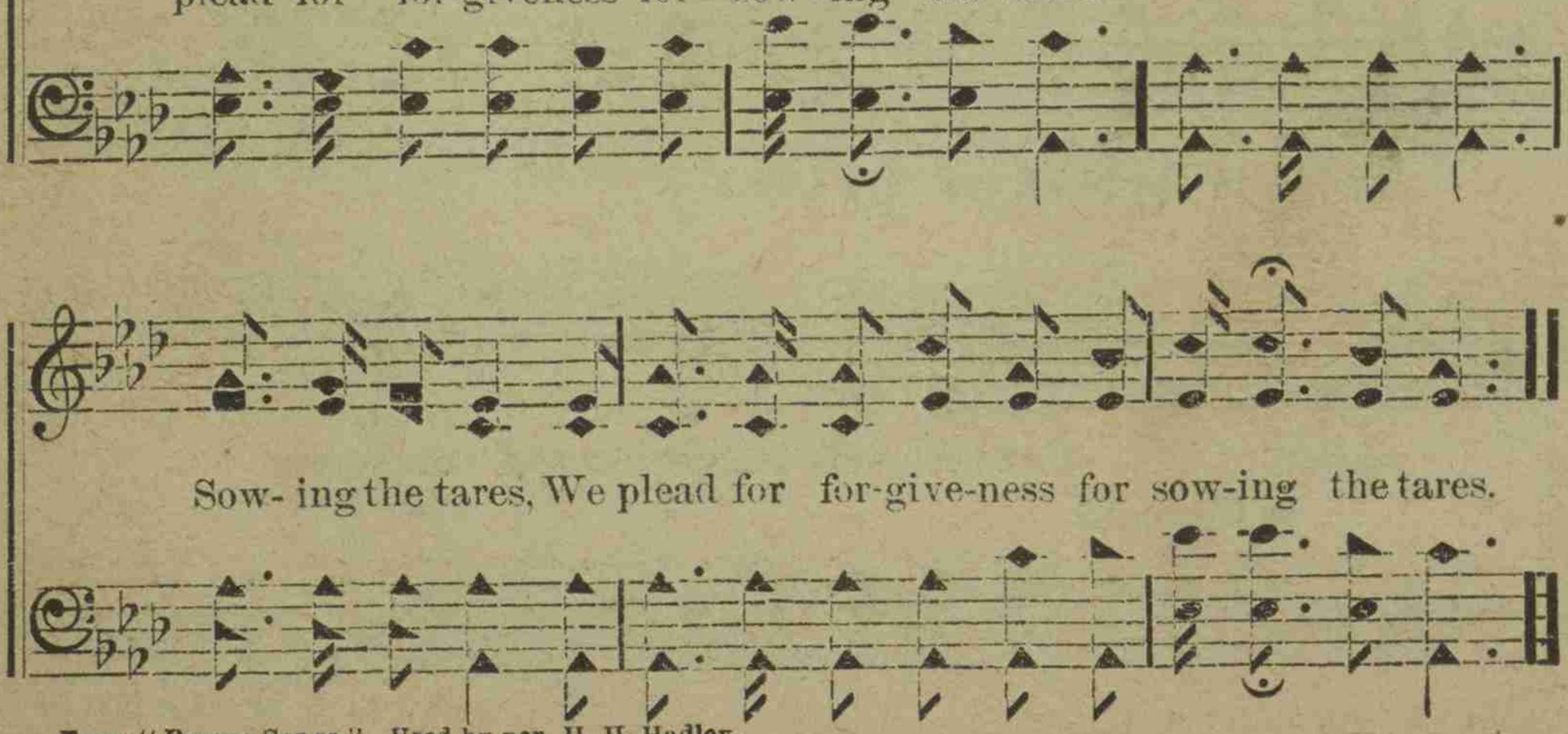


Refrain.



we were so cru - el - ly sow- ing the tares.
we were so cru - el - ly sow- ing the tares.
whit - er and whit-er as we sowed the tares.
plead for for-giveness for sow- ing the tares.

} Sow - ing the tares,
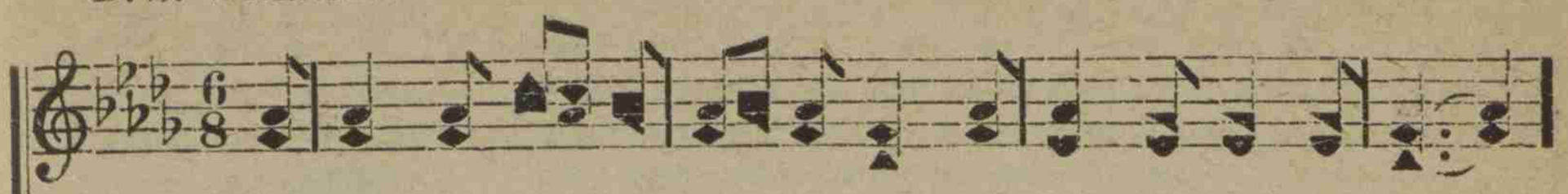


Sow- ing the tares, We plead for for-give-ness for sow-ing the tares.

From "Rescue Songs." Used by per. H. H. Hadley.
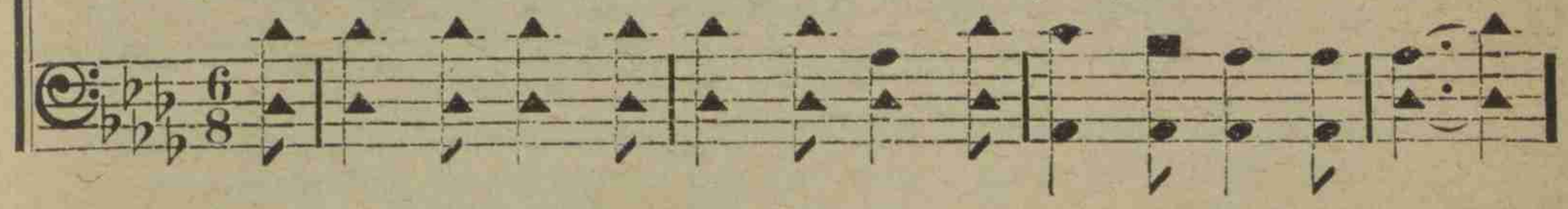
No. 60. HIS YOKE IS EASY.
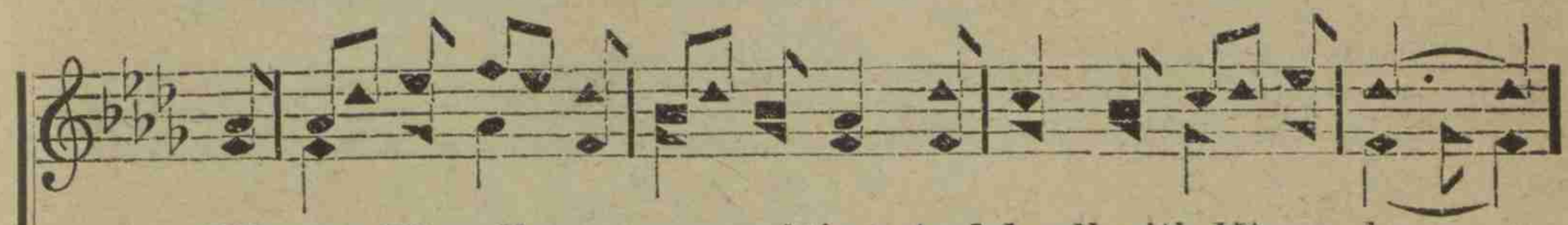
"My yoke is easy and my burden is light."—MATT. 11 : 30.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

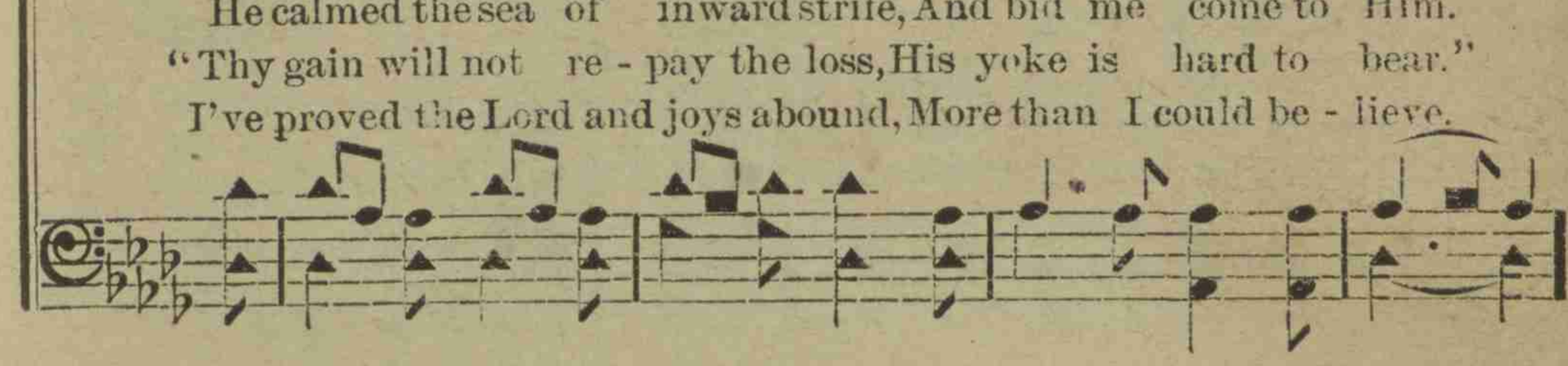


I. I've found my Lord and He is mine, He won me by His love;
2. No oth - er Lord but Christ I know, I walk with Him a - lone;
3. He's dear-er to my heart than life, He found me lost in sin;
4. My flesh re-coiled be - fore the cross, And Sa- tan whispered there,
5. I've tried the road of sin and found Its prospects all de - ceive;
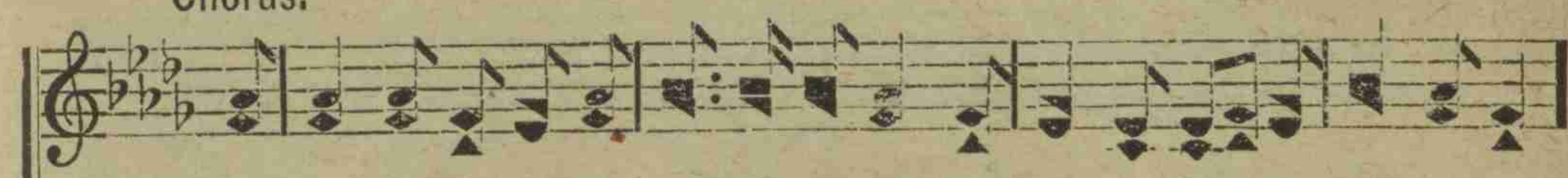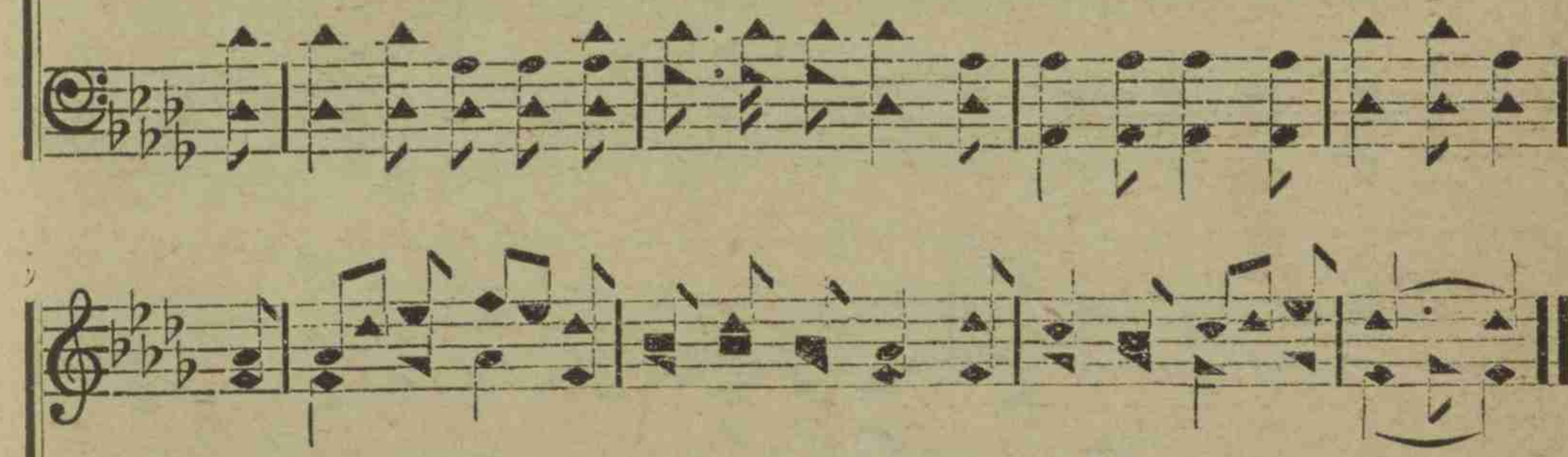




I'll serve Him all my years of time, And dwell with Him a - bove.
His streams of love for - ev - er flow, With- in my heart, His throne.
He calmed the sea of inward strife, And bid me come to Him.
"Thy gain will not re - pay the loss, His yoke is hard to bear."
I've proved the Lord and joys abound, More than I could be - lieve.
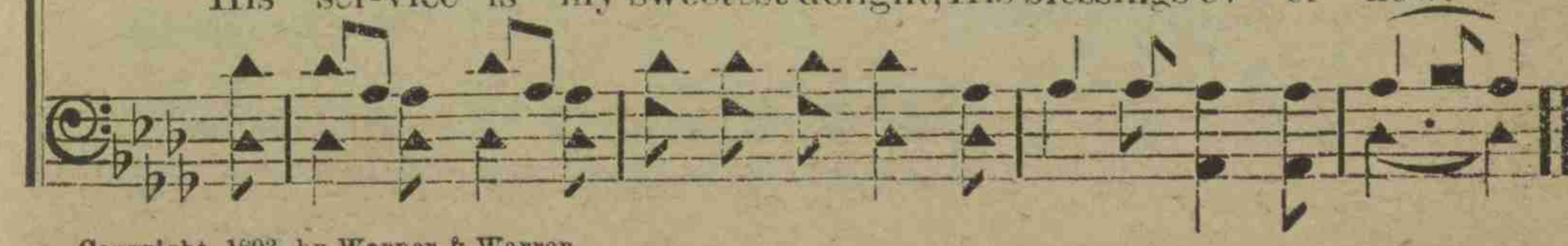


Chorus.



His yoke is ea- sy, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so :



His ser-vice is my sweetest delight, His blessings ev - er flow.



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No. 61. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way-side, Scat-ter-ing precious
2. Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter-ing precious
3. Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing precious

seed by the hill-side; Scat-ter- ing precious seed o'er the field, wide,
seed, free-ly sow - ing; Scat-ter- ing precious seed, trusting, knowing,
seed, trusting ev - er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r and en-deav-or,

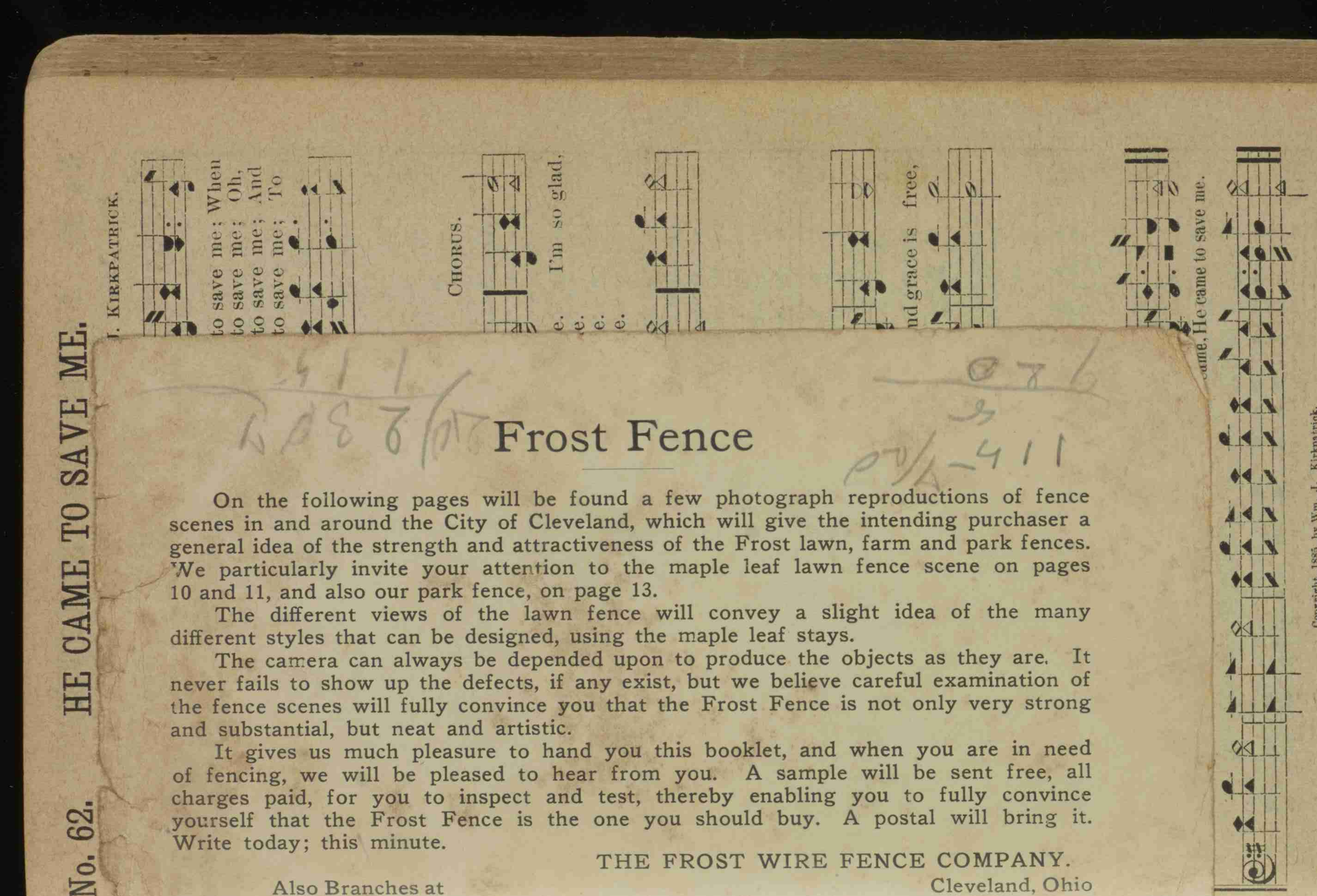
Chorus.

Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way. } Sow - - ing in the
Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. } Sow - - ing in the
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. } Sowing the precious seed,

morn - - - ing, Sow - - - ing at the
ev - - - 'ning,
Sow- ing the pre-cious seed, Sow- ing the seed at noon-tide,

noon - - tide; Sow-ing the precious seed by the way . . .
Sowing the precious seed; by the way.

By per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright.



Frost Fence

On the following pages will be found a few photograph reproductions of fence scenes in and around the City of Cleveland, which will give the intending purchaser a general idea of the strength and attractiveness of the Frost lawn, farm and park fences. We particularly invite your attention to the maple leaf lawn fence scene on pages 10 and 11, and also our park fence, on page 13.

The different views of the lawn fence will convey a slight idea of the many different styles that can be designed, using the maple leaf stays.

The camera can always be depended upon to produce the objects as they are. It never fails to show up the defects, if any exist, but we believe careful examination of the fence scenes will fully convince you that the Frost Fence is not only very strong and substantial, but neat and artistic.

It gives us much pleasure to hand you this booklet, and when you are in need of fencing, we will be pleased to hear from you. A sample will be sent free, all charges paid, for you to inspect and test, thereby enabling you to fully convince yourself that the Frost Fence is the one you should buy. A postal will bring it. Write today; this minute.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE COMPANY.

Cleveland, Ohio

Also Branches at
Hamilton, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

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The **Frost Coiled Wire** is the original and only genuine article.

The fact that so many of our competitors try to imitate our coiled wire, is ample proof of its superiority.

Every coil of **Frost Wire** contains our private tag, which guarantees the quality.

Any coiled wire will expand, but the genuine only, will contract, keeping your fence always taut.

In the imitations will be found the kink, the crimp, and the curve, but if you want a tight fence, buy only the **Frost Coiled.**

No. 62. HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid his crown a - side, He came to save me; When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; Oh, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me.
3. With gen - tle hand he leads me still, He came to save me; And trust-ing him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
4. To him my faith with rap- ture clings, He came to save me; To him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Je-sus came, He came to save me.

Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 63. I AM GOING TO A CITY.

(OR THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Rev. W. S. McKenzie, D. D. Rev. F. M. Lamb.

1. I am go- ing to a cit - y, Where my Lord has gone be - fore,
2. I am go- ing to a cit - y, Where my faith will change to sight,
3. I am go- ing to a cit - y, Where the streets are paved with gold,

And a man- sion is pre - par - ing there for me: I will serve Him and a - dore Him, I will love Him more and more, When the val - ley I am tread-ing, But my Sav- iour is my light, And no gleam-ing walls of jas- per! Oh, the splendors man - i - fold! I am
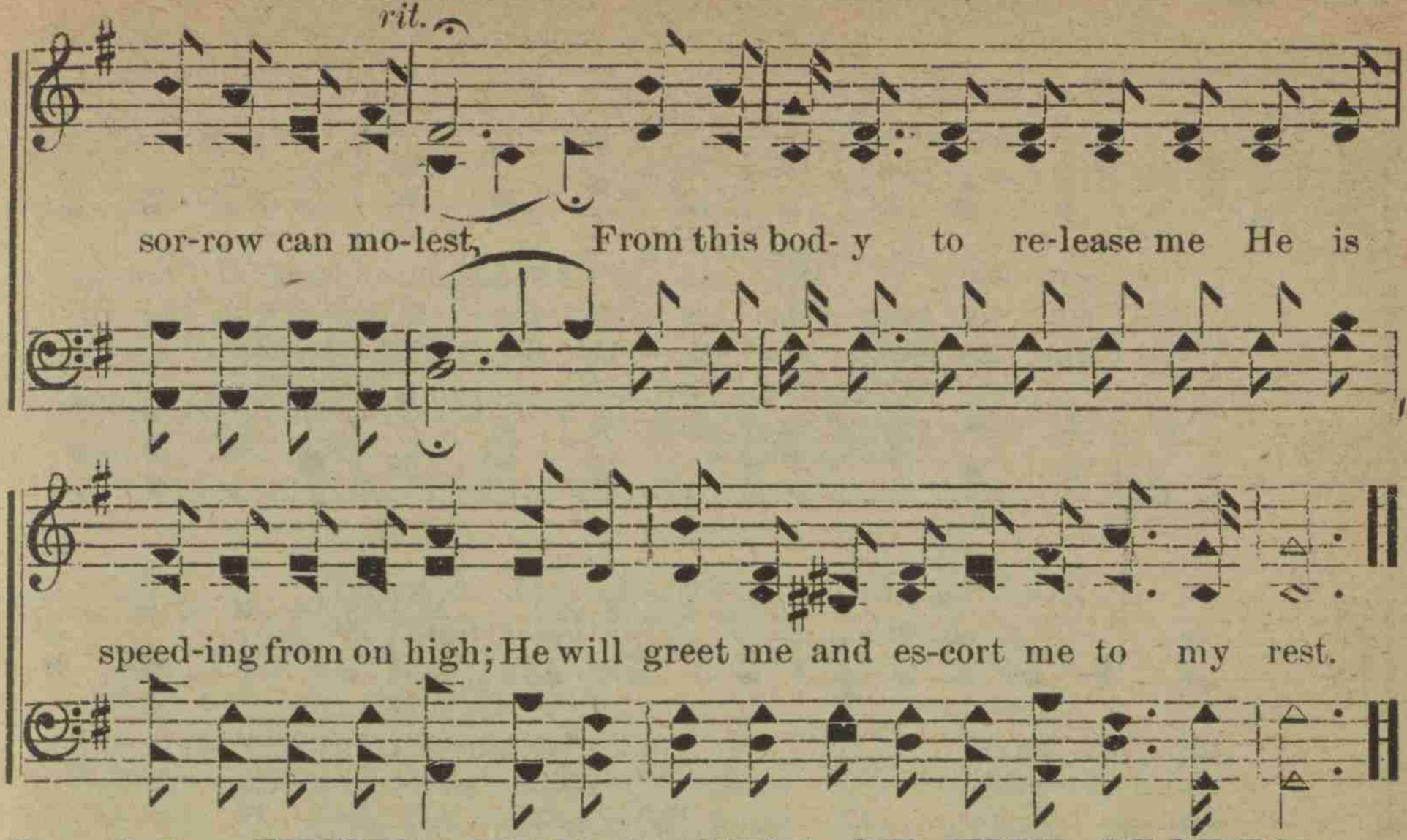
Out of dark-ness I am pass- ing in to - day; Thro' the rich-es of His glo- ry I shall see.
Where the beau- ties are so bril- liant and so rare! Oh, the e - vil shall be-fall me on the way.
long-ing, I am sigh-ing to be there.

Chorus.

I am go- ing to a cit - y, Where the liv- ing nev - er die, Where no sick-ness and no
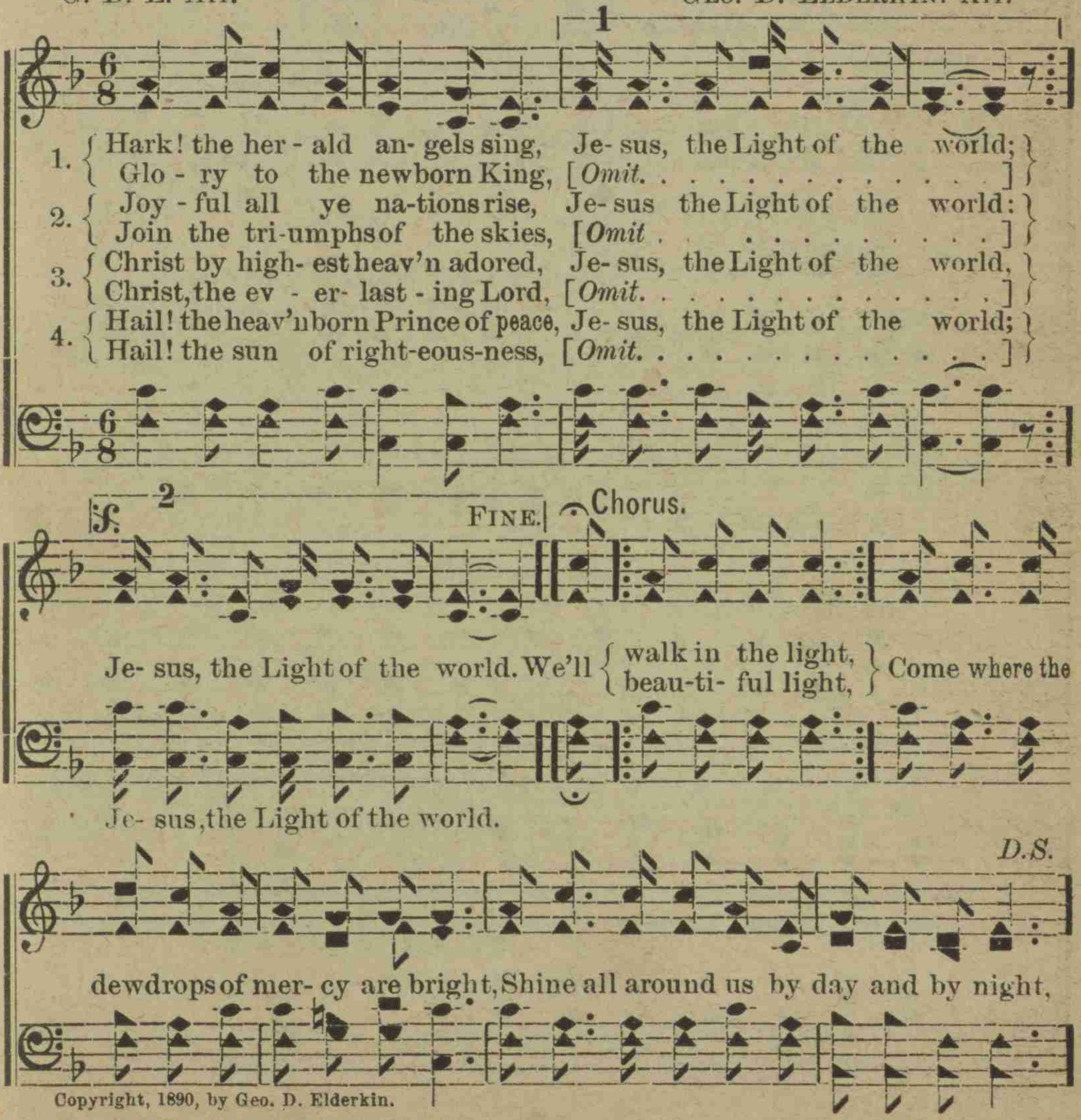
Copyright, 1891, by F. M. Lamb.

I AM GOING TO A CITY.—Concluded.



No. 64. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

G. D. E. Arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN. Arr.



Copyright, 1890, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

No. 65. PRAISE HIS NAME.

H. H. S. HAMP. H. SEWELL.

1. The Sav - iour is the sin - ner's friend, His blood a ran-som
2. O sin - ner hear His lov - ing voice, It speaks to thee and
3. He came to earth a sac - ri - fice That He might sin-ners

for He came . . To die that we might through Him live, And
pleads thy soul . . . Go wash in that soul cleans-ing blood, And
here re - claim . Oh trust Him now, re - pent, be - lieve, And
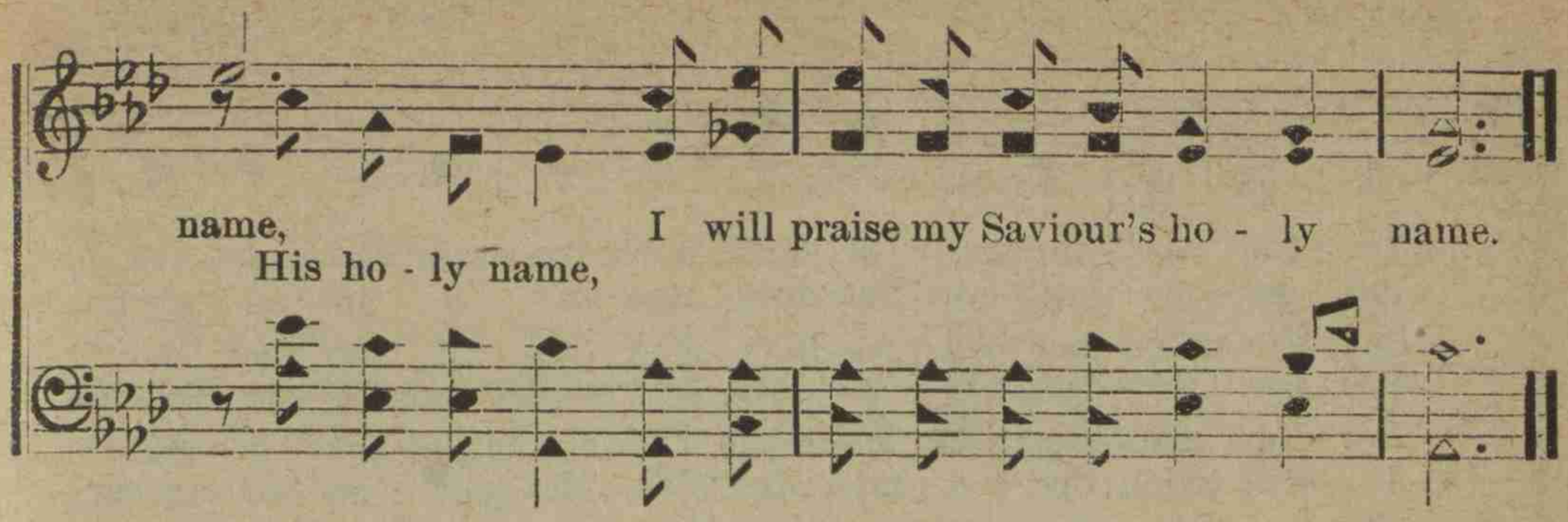
I will praise His ho - ly name. } I will praise, ... His ho - ly
thou shalt then be ful - ly whole. }
praise the Saviour's ho - ly name. } I will praise His holy name,

name For His own un-ceas - ing love and His
His ho - ly name

mer - cy from a - bove, I will praise . . . . . His ho - ly
I will praise His holy name

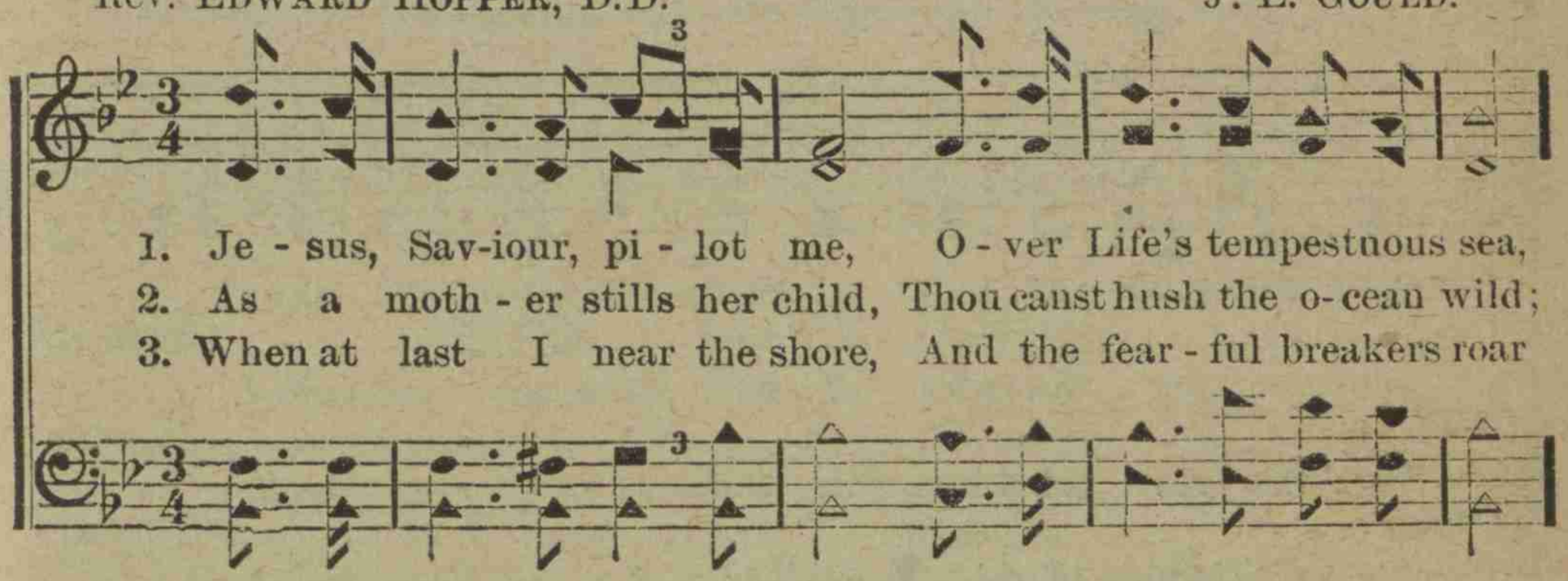
Copyright, 1895, by Hamp. H. Sewell, Atlanta, Ga.

PRAISE HIS NAME. Concluded.



No. 66. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D.D. J. E. GOULD.



No. 67. THE DISPENSATION DAY.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. { In the aw - ful age of night, When the earth was struck with blight,
   { Per - se - cu- tion's fire and flood, Rag - ing in an an - gry flood,

2. { But she raised her ban - ner high, And did all her foes de - fy,
   { For her for - ces mul - ti- plied, Not- with-stand- ing those who died,

3. { Now the eve -'ning time has come, When the bright-ness of the sun,
   { It will reach the dis - tant isles, Where the gold - en har-vest smiles,

4. { We are in the eve-'ning light, Shin - ing in the morn-ing light,
   { In the con-quest we are strong, Sing - ing as we march a - long,

1. 2.

And the clouds of pap - al dark- ness filled the sky.
(*Omit.*) . . . . . Failed to
O - ver her the gates of hell have not pre-vailed.
(*Omit.*) . . . . . In the
Thro' the gos - pel shines in the re - mot - est land.
(*Omit.*) . . . . . To be
And the clouds of thick ob- scur - i - ty are passed.
(*Omit.*) . . . . . And we're
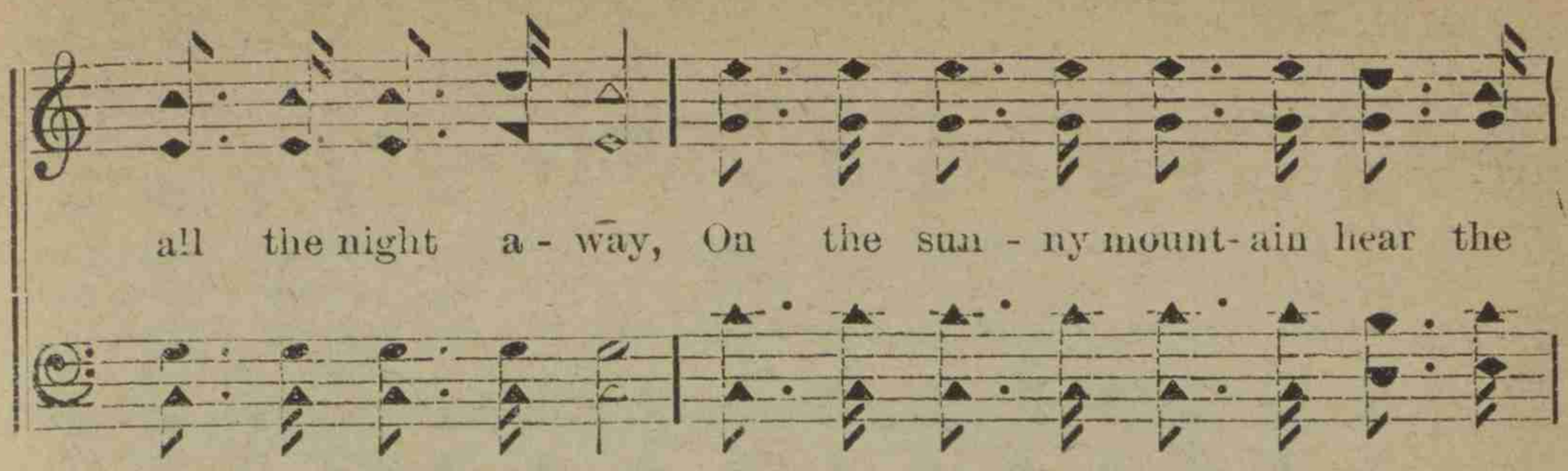
Chorus.
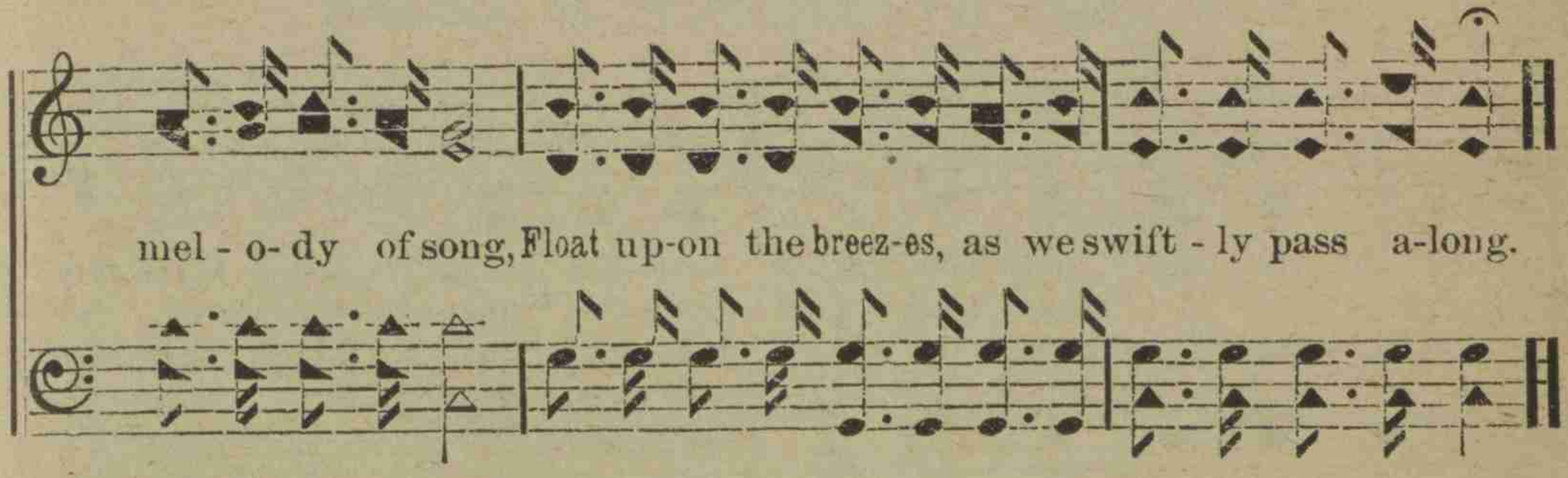
crush the Church, sustained by God on high.
martyr's flames her glo- ry was revealed.
gathered while the Saviour's near at hand.
read - y for the fi-nal trumpet's blast.
} We are in the evening of the

dis - pen - sa - tion day, And the gos - pel light has scat-tered

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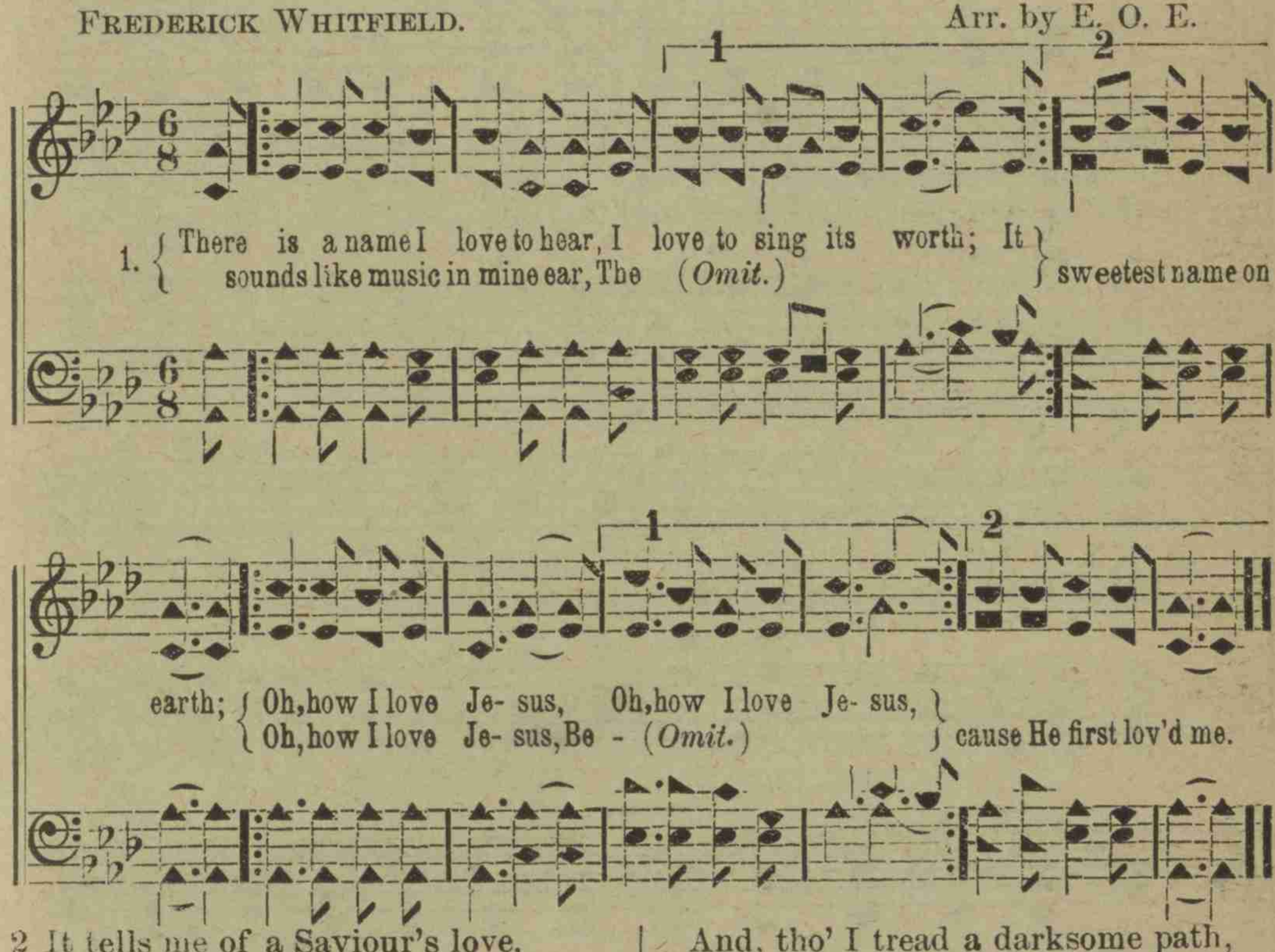
THE DISPENSATION DAY—Concluded.





No. 68. HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. Arr. by E. O. E.



2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 69. CHILDREN'S SONG.

M. B. J. J. R. B.

1. Lit-tle [1]hands to [2]work in the [3]Mas-ter's [4]vineyard, Lit- tle [5]feet to
2. Lit-tle will [11]that ev - er will keep me [12]do - ing, Lit-tle [13]eyes to
3. Lit-tle [20]knees to bow at the bless - ed al - tar, Lit-tle [21]lips to

[6]walk in the bless - ed [7]way; Lit - tle [8]heart with life from the
[14]see lest I [15]faint and [16]fall; Lit - tle [17]mind to [18]learn of the
smile when His face I [22]see; Lit - tle [23]ears to [24]hear when He

[9]lov - ing Sav- iour, Lit - tle [10]tongue to speak of His love each day.
Saviour's [19]precepts, Lit - tle voice to sing forth His prais - es all.
speaks so ten - der, Lit - tle [25]soul to save for e - ter - ni - ty.
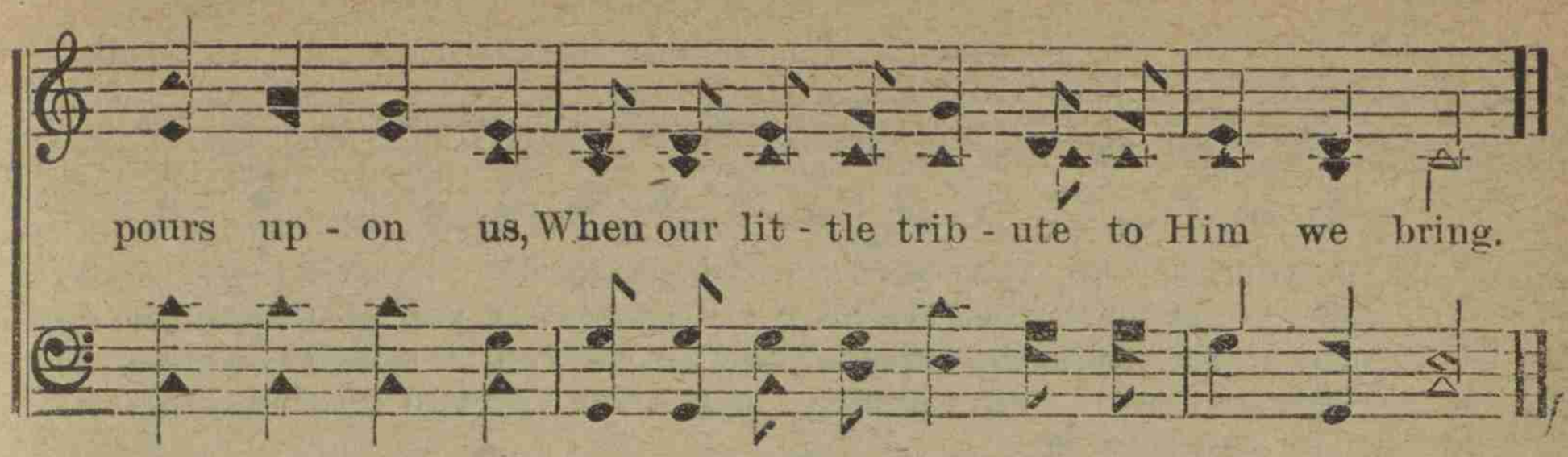
Chorus.

Oh, the lit - tle deeds can be done for Je - sus, Oh, the lit - tle

songs we can al - ways sing; Oh, the pre-cious love that He

Copyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHILDREN'S SONG.—Concluded.



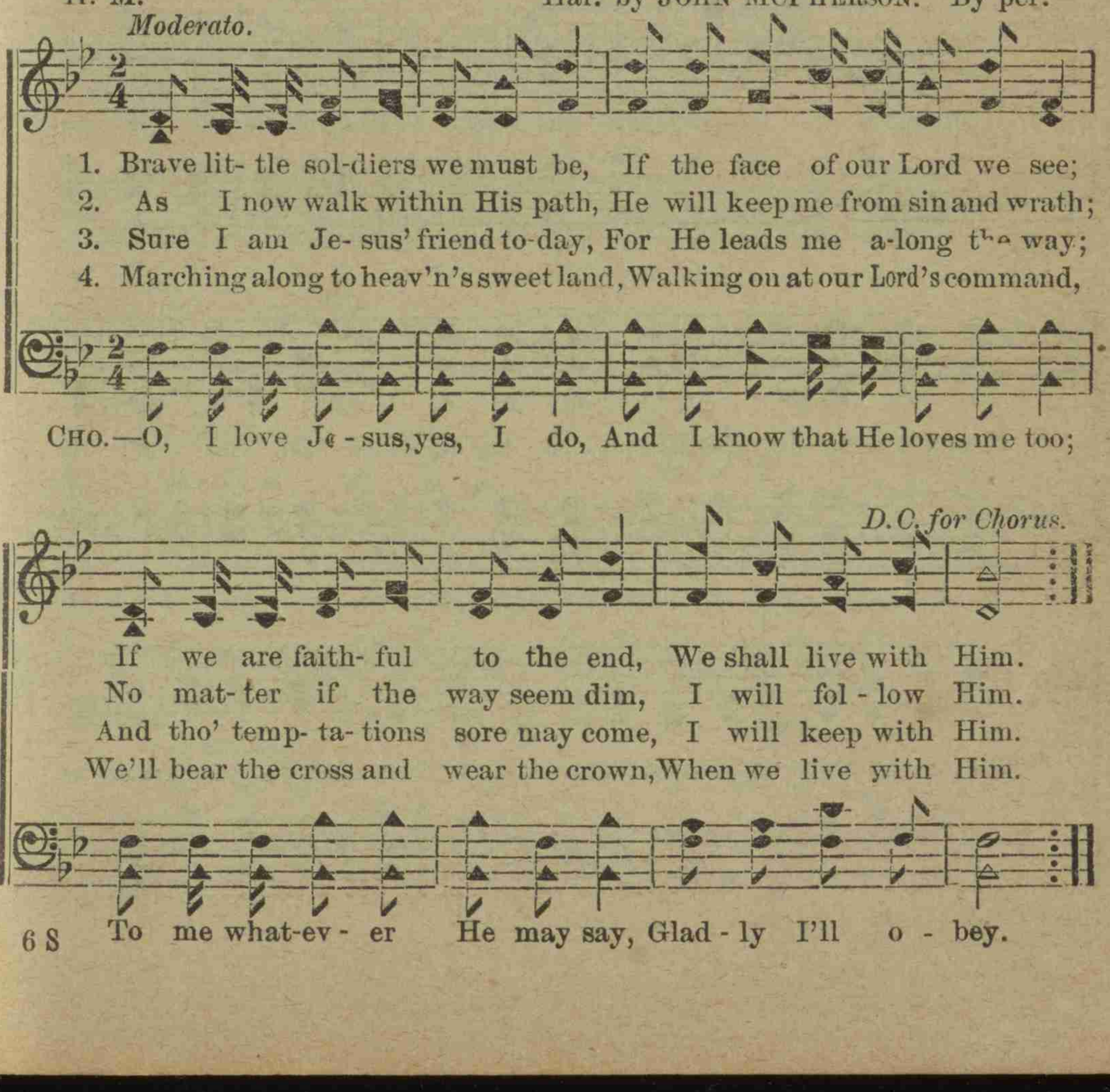
Gestures to "CHILDREN'S SONG."

1. Extending hands.
2. Striking with both hands.
3. Left hand raised, right, extended,
4. Right pointing to the right.
5 & 6. Two steps forward placing even again.
7. Motioning right hand forward.
8. Right hand to heart.
9. Both hands raised beckoning.
10. Left forefinger to lips.
11. Showing both palms.
12. Motioning both hands to the left.
13. Covering eyes with left hand.
14. Peering forward.
15. Swaying body forward.
16. Casting both hands to left, downward.
17. Left hand clasping forehead.
18. Both hands raised, thrown out in opposite directions.
19. Both hands thrown out.
20. Kneeling down.
21. Left hand to lips.
22. Peering upward.
23. Left hand to ear turning face a little to the right.
24. Folding arms.

No. 70. LITTLE SOLDIERS.

H. M.

HAZEL MITCHELL, age 10 years.
Har. by JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.



No. 71. KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.

J. L. JOHN LANE, by per. 1892.

1. When you start for the land of heav-en - ly rest, Keep close to
2. Nev- er mind the storms or tri- als as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heav-en by and by, Keep close to

Je- sus all the way; For He is the Guide, and He knows the way best,
Je- sus all the way; 'Tis a comfort and joy, His fa- vor to know,
Je- sus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the vict'ry is won,
Je- sus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

Chorus.

Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,

Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By

day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

Copyright, 1892, 1893, by John J. Hood.

No. 72. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN. J. G. F.

1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus can save, As He has prom-ised,
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject-ed,
4. O. what com-pas-sion, oh bound-less love! Je-sus hath pow-er,

paid all His due; All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear,
so will He do; Oh, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word,
who have refused? Oh, sin-ner, has-ten, let Je-sus in,
Je-sus is true; All who be-lieve are safe from the storm,

Chorus.

Yes, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
Oh, He will pass, will pass o-ver you.
} When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

rit.

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

By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

No. 73. SPEAK JUST A WORD.

L. R. M.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. Speak just a word for your Mas-ter and your Lord, Speak just a word,
2. Speak just a word when a-bout your dai- ly task, Speak just a word,
3. Speak just a word, for wher-ev - er you may go, Speak just a word,
4. Speak just a word, if a "cross" it seems to be, Speak just a word,

REF.—Speak just a word, He will teach you what to say, Speak just a word,

speak just a word; Stand in His name, let your loy- al voice be heard;
speak just a word; He giv - eth grace un - to all who tru - ly ask,
speak just a word; Sad hearts are long-ing the way of life to know,
speak just a word; Think of the *true* cross upraised on Cal - va - ry,

speak just a word; His the re-sult, ours is on- ly to o- bey,

FINE.

Speak just a word for Je - sus. Speak just a word, oh, con -
Speak just a word for Je - sus. He calls you friend, oh, the
Speak just a word for Je - sus. Some lit - tle word He may
Speak just a word for Je - sus. Lift up the ban - ner of
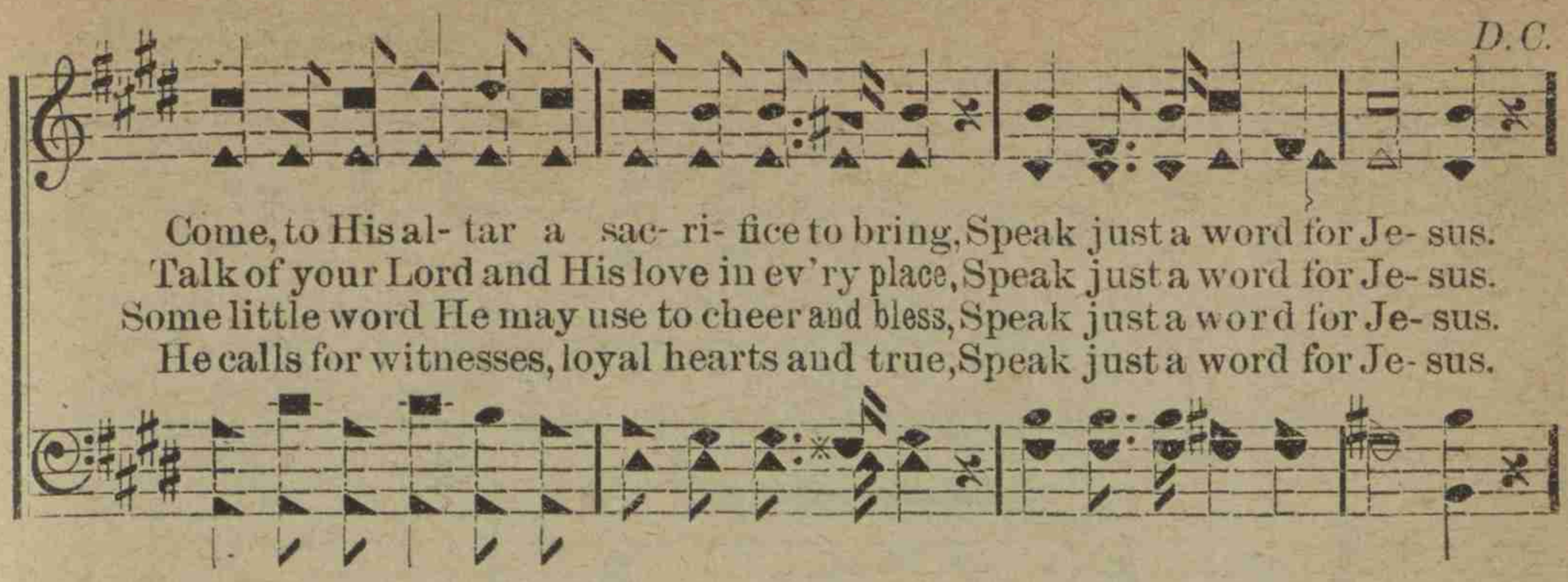
Speak just a word for Je - sus.

pp *ff*

fess your Saviour King; He list-ens, listens near; Oh, nev-er, nev - er fear;
wonders of His grace! He list-ens, listens near; Oh, nev-er, nev - er fear;
use to cheer and bless, He list-ens, listens near; Oh, nev-er, nev - er fear;
Him who died for you, He list-ens, listens near; Oh, nev-er, nev - er fear;

Copyright, 1894, by Geo. D. Elderkin.

SPEAK JUST A WORD.—Concluded.

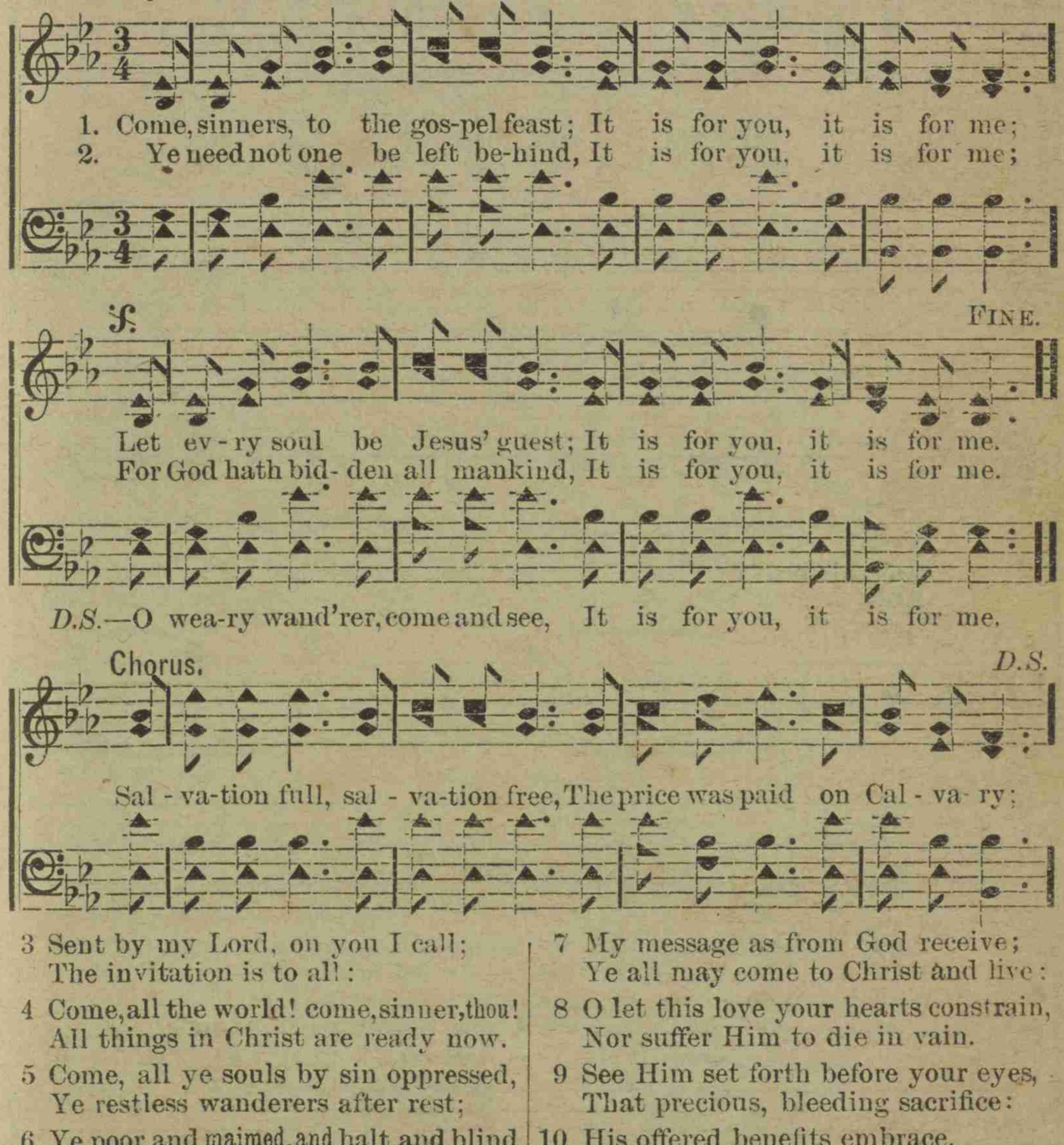


No. 74. THE GOSPEL FEAST.

"Come, for all things are ready."—LUKE 14 : 16.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.



FINE.

3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

9 See Him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

Copyright, 1889, by H. L. Gilmour.

No. 75. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' its worn and fa - ded now,
2. As she read the sto - ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old,
3. Then she read of Je - sus, love, As he blest the chil-dren dear,
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lin - gers still,
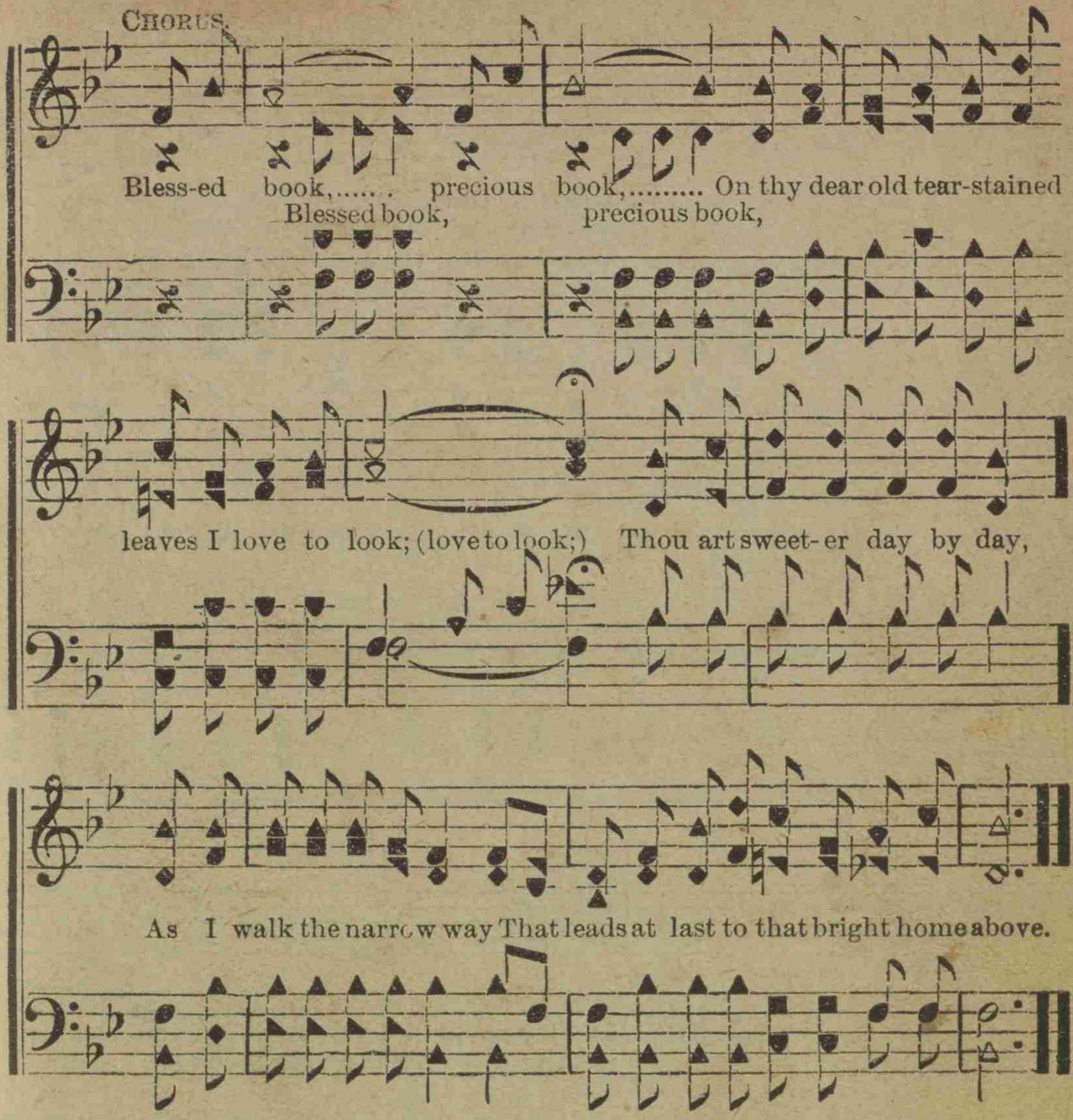
Which re - calls those hap - py days of long a - go;
Of Jos - eph and of Dan - iel and their trials;
How he suf - fered, bled and died up - on the tree;
And the dear old Book each day has been my guide;

When I stood at moth-er's knee, With her hand up - on my brow,
Of lit - tle Da - vid bold, Who be - came a king at last;
Of his heav - y load of care, Then she dried my flow - ing tears
And I seek to do his will, As my mo - ther taught me then,

And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
Of Sa - tan with his ma - ny wick - ed wiles.
With her kiss - es as she said it was for me.
And ev - er in my heart His words a - bide.

Copyright, 1893, by Charlie D. Tillman.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.—Concluded.



No. 76. *Key of F.*

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

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

No. 77. *Key of F.*

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

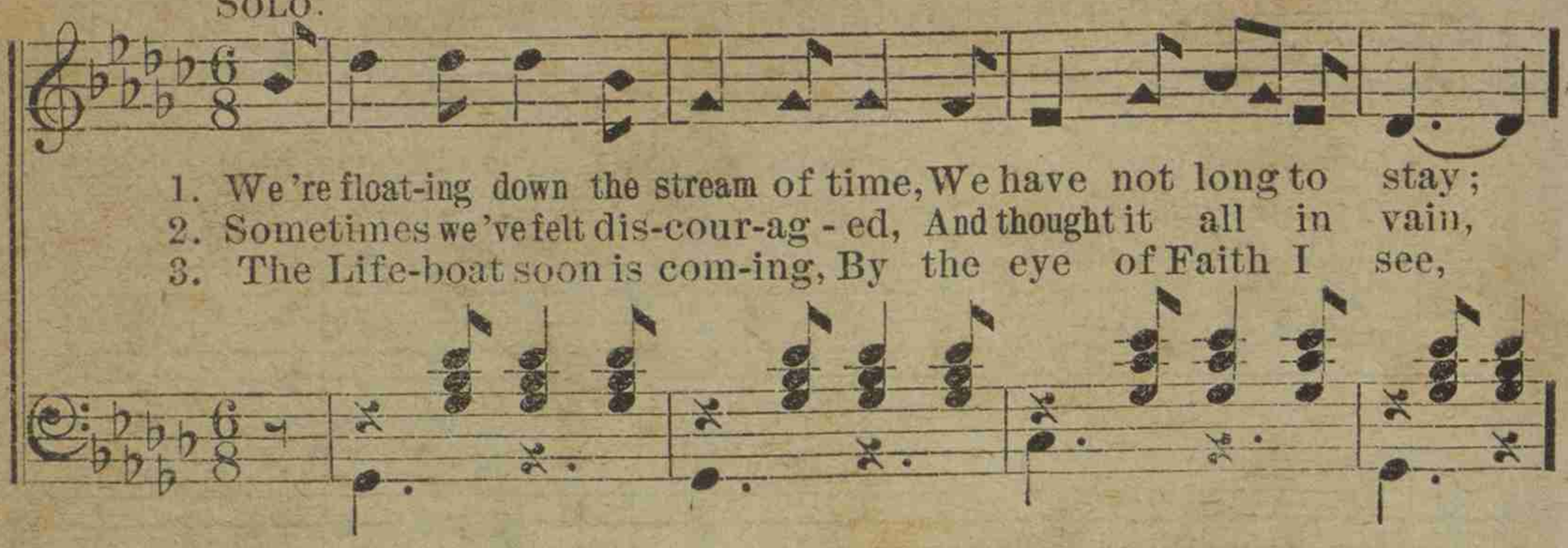
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

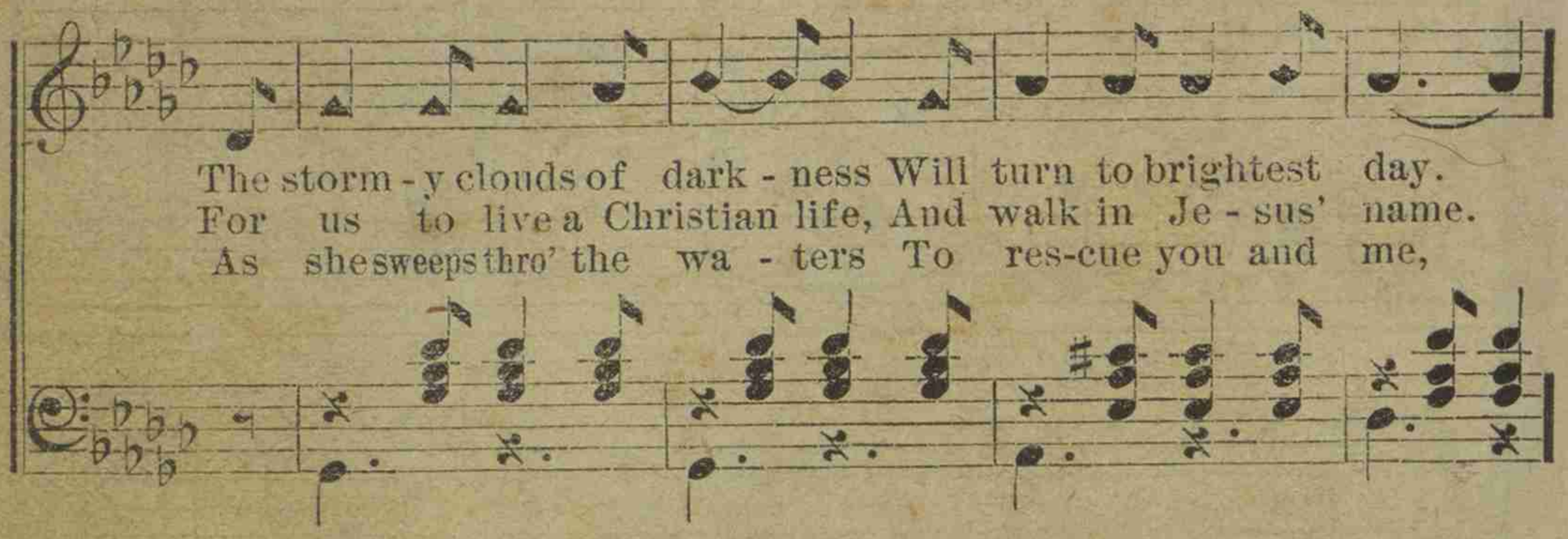
No. 78. THE LIFE-BOAT.

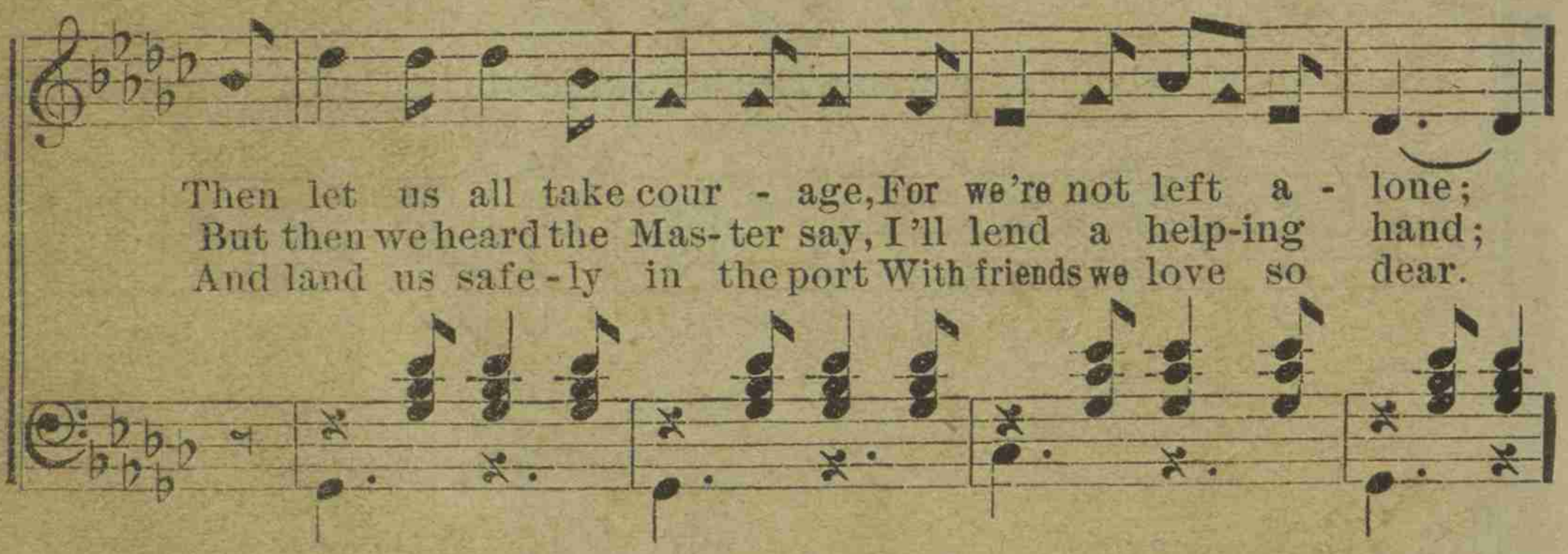
First 3 verses ANON.
Last 4 by Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.
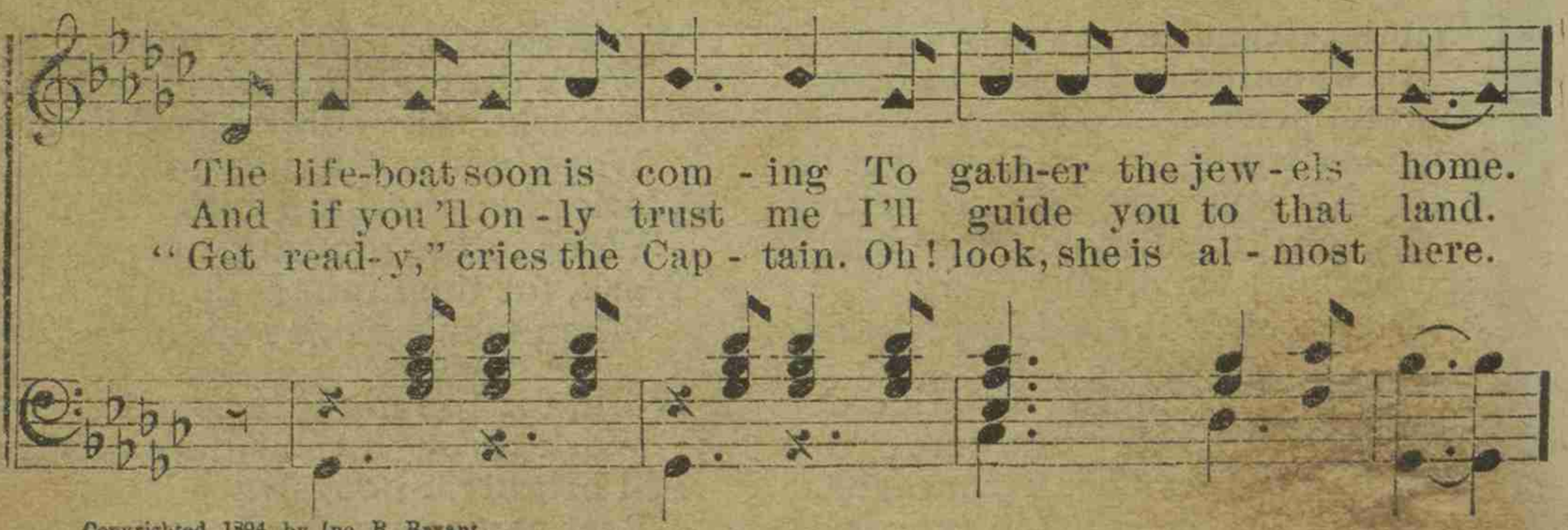
ARR. by JNO. R. BRYANT.

SOLO.





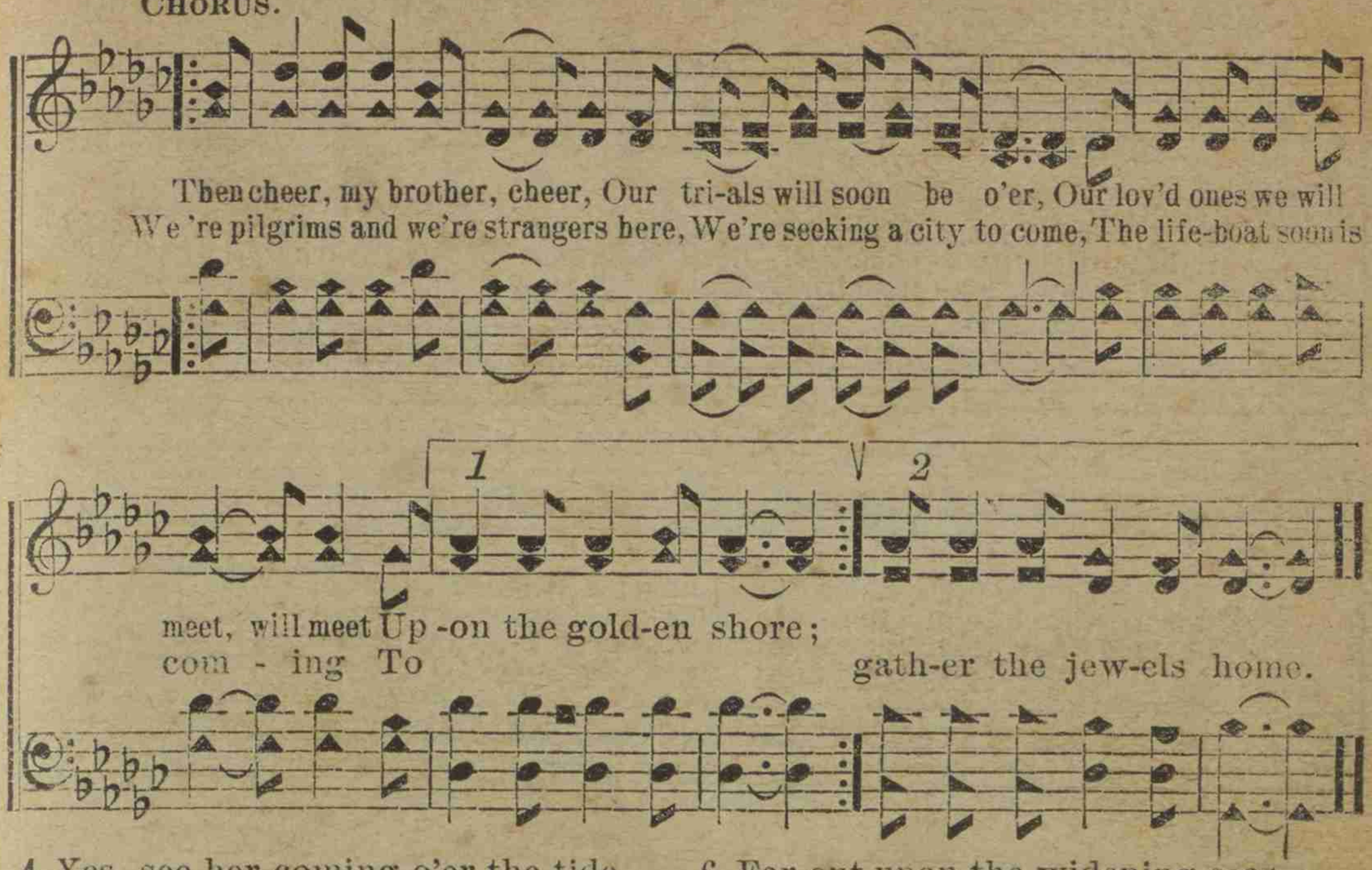




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THE LIFE-BOAT.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



4 Yes, see her coming o'er the tide
With banners all unfurled;
She comes from heavenly ports afar,
To take us from this world.
"Aboard, aboard," the Captain cries,
Let every pilgrim come,
And once upon the Life-boat,
I'll bear you safely home."

5 Behold all things are ready now,
The bells begin to ring,
The Captain stands upon the prow,
And all the pilgrims sing.
The breezes fill the canvas,
The waters rush and foam,
For we 're upon the Life-boat,
And on our journey home.

6 Far out upon the widening seas
Our Captain steers the way,
And yonder in the eastern skies
We see the gleaming day.
Oh, yes, we see the distant shore,
We hear the ransomed sing,
And every breeze that comes this way
The sweetest odors bring.

7 Oh, wondrous joy we're home at last,
We've reached the golden shore!
And here we'll live, and sing, and praise,
And shout forever more.
We 're welcomed by our Saviour here
And friends and loved ones come;
While angel throngs and ransomed saints
All bid us welcome home!

No. 79. Sinners, Turn; Why Will Ye Die?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands:
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

No. 80. SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.

GRACE W. HINSDALE. W. A. OGDEN. By per.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I have some-thing Je - sus gave me for my own (my own);
2. Like His pres - ence it doth bring me peace di - vine (di - vine);
3. If my hu - man hands had found it, I should grieve (should grieve);

It is some-thing which He sent me from His throne (from His throne);
'T is His sweet and ten - der whis - per, thou art Mine (thou art mine);
But my Sav - iour gave it to me, I be-lieve (I be - lieve);

It is some-thing which I car - ry in my heart (my heart);
What's the gift I clasp so fond - ly, would'st thou see (thou see)?
Oh, how sweet it is to bear it as His gift (His gift),
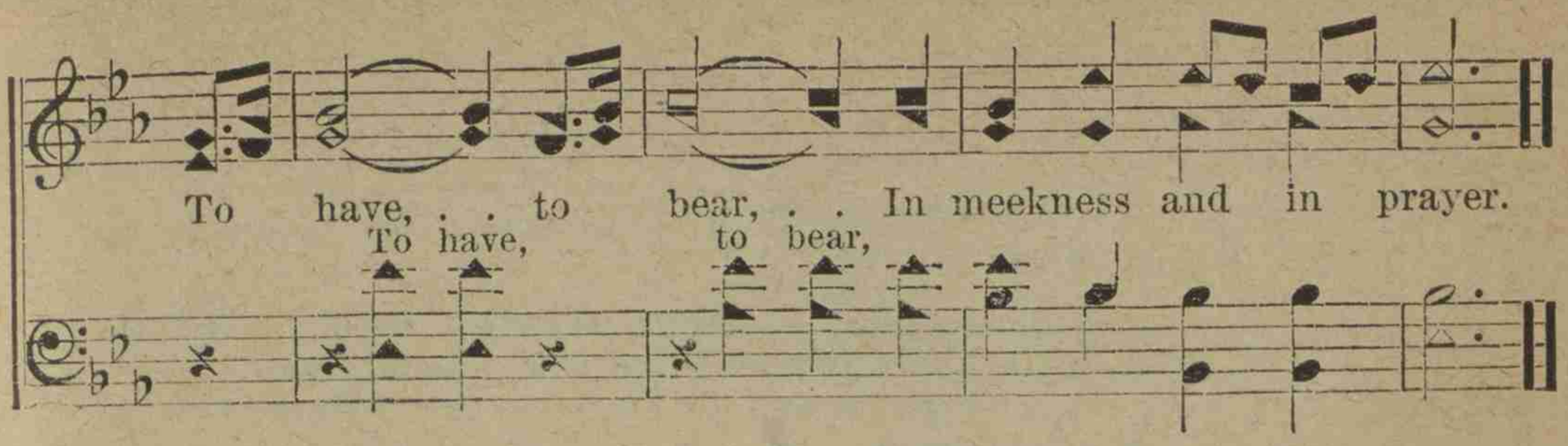
It is safe till Je - sus bids me from it part (it part).
'T is a cross which Christ, my Mas - ter, gave to me (to me).
While the bur - den of my sor - row Christ doth lift (doth lift).

REFRAIN.

'T is a cross . . He gave me, All in love . . . He gave me,
A cross yes, In love

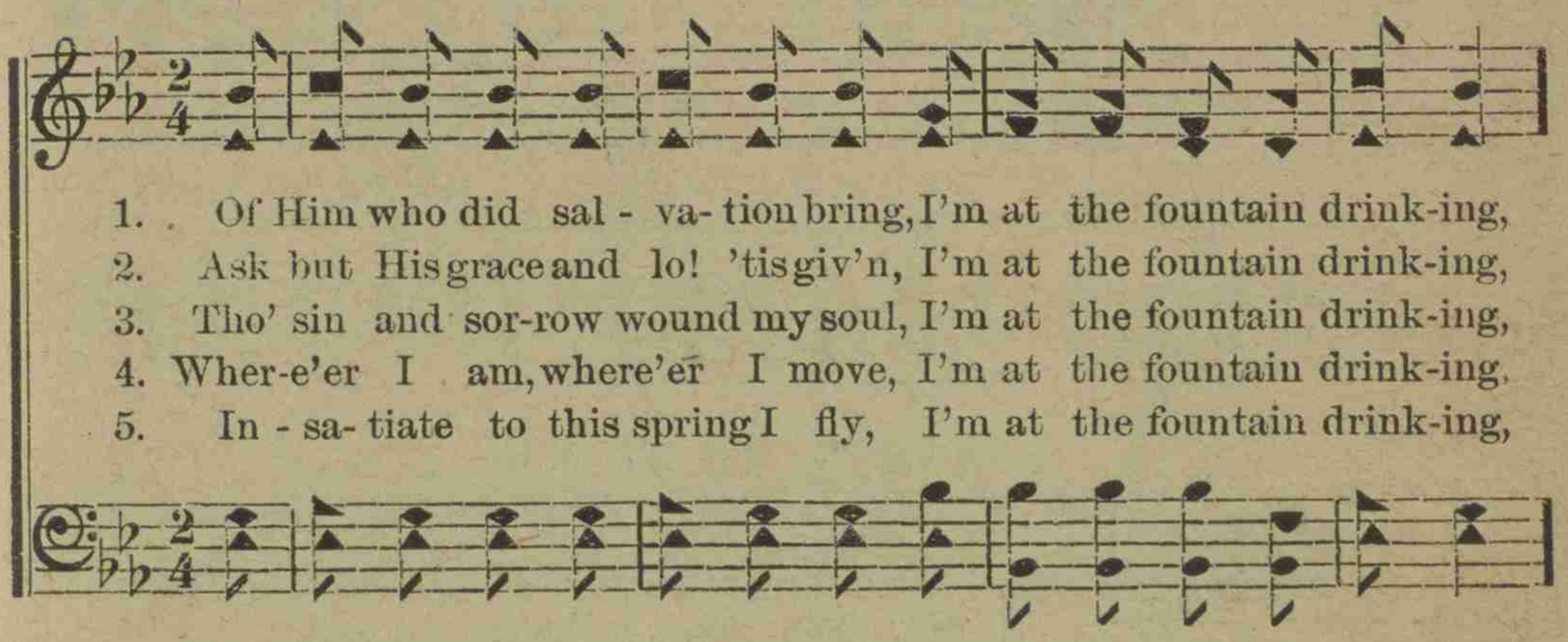
By per. R. M. McIntosh, owner of copyright.

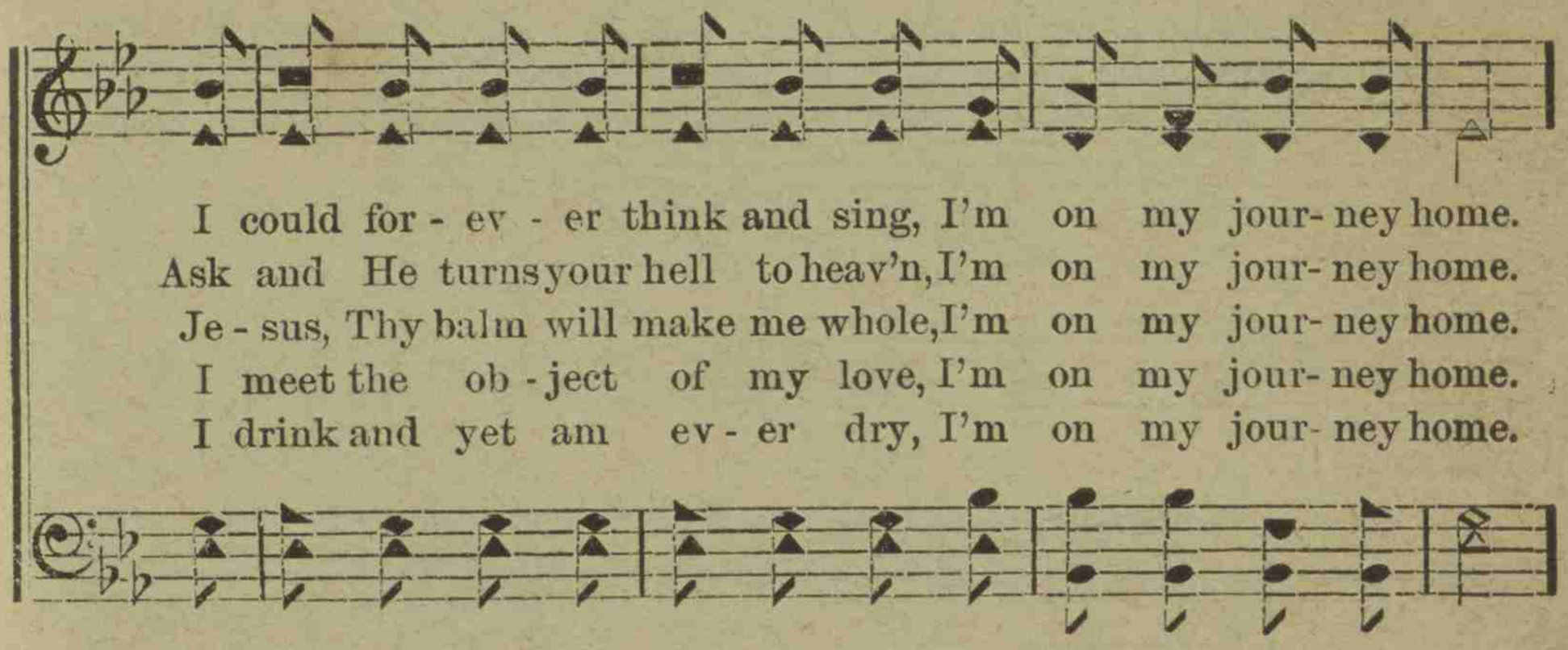
SOMETHING JESUS GAVE ME.—Concluded.



No. 81. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Old Melody.





No. 82. MY FEET ARE ON THE HIGHWAY.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.
Arr. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. My feet are on the highway I am marching on to-day, Hal - le -
2. My feet are on the highway where the rays of glo- ry shine,
3. My feet are on the highway and the Saviour's love I know, Hal - le -

lu - - iah! Hal - le - lu - iah! I have found the Saviour
All the way my steps are
lu-iah! Praise His name, Halleluiah! Praise His name, I am walking where He

precious since He wash'd my sins away, Hal- le - lu - iah! praise His name.
guid-ed by a pow'r that is di-vine, Hal- le - lu - iah! praise His name.
leads me, and re-joic- ing as I go, Hal- le - lu - iah! praise His name.
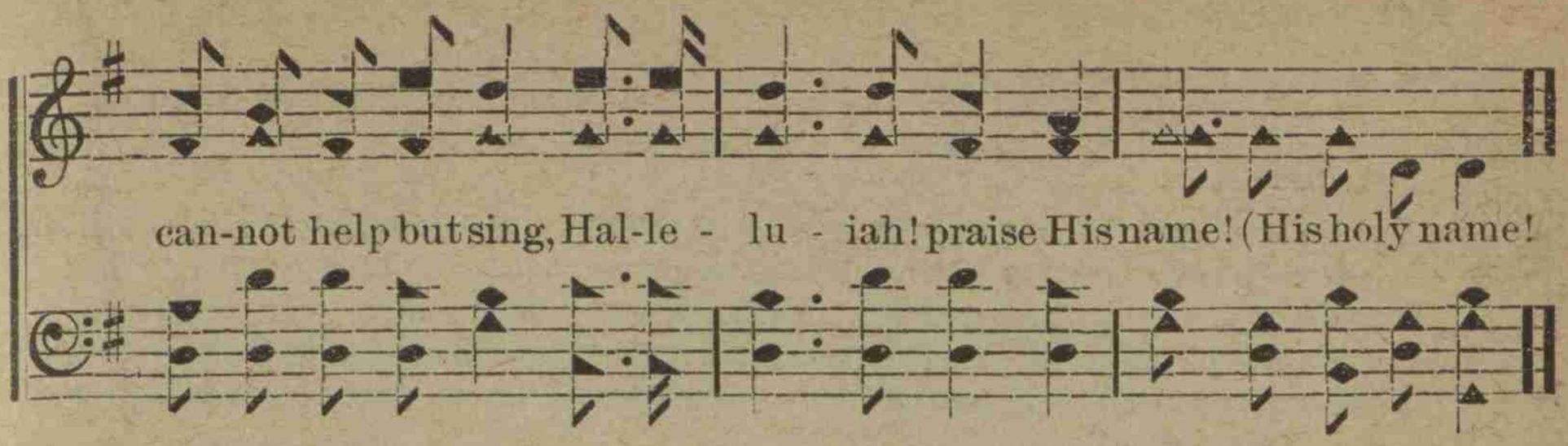
Chorus.

Hal- le - lu - - iah! Hal- le - lu - - iah! My feet are on the
Hal - le - lu-iah! Hal- le -lu-iah!

highway of the King, I am hap- py in His ser-vice and I
of the King,

Copyyright, 1895, by Charlie D. Tillman.

MY FEET ARE ON THE HIGHWAY.—Concluded.



No. 83. I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. SIGISMUND THALBERG.

Andante.

No. 84. THE *NEW CAMP GROUND.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, And our hearts, O God o'erflow,
2. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, And our shouts of glory ring;
3. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, Oh, the fellowship so sweet!
4. We have met to-day on the new camp ground, And we come in Je-sus' name:
5. We have met to-day on the new camp ground. And we come to work and pray,

With our songs of joy, and a stream of thanks, For the love Thou dost bestow.
There's a might-y stir as the Lord comes down, And the saints of God pour in.
As the pure in heart all to-geth- er flow, In the bonds of love complete.
Here, oh, mighty God, let Thy thunder sound, And Thy aw-ful Spir-it flame.
Here, redeem, dear Lord, even in multitudes, At Thy al - tars day by day.

Chorus.

We will sing, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord; Let the praise the Lord,
joy - ful mu - sic roll; We will strike the hap - py key,
hal - le - lu - jah I am free! We will sing in sweet ac- cord.

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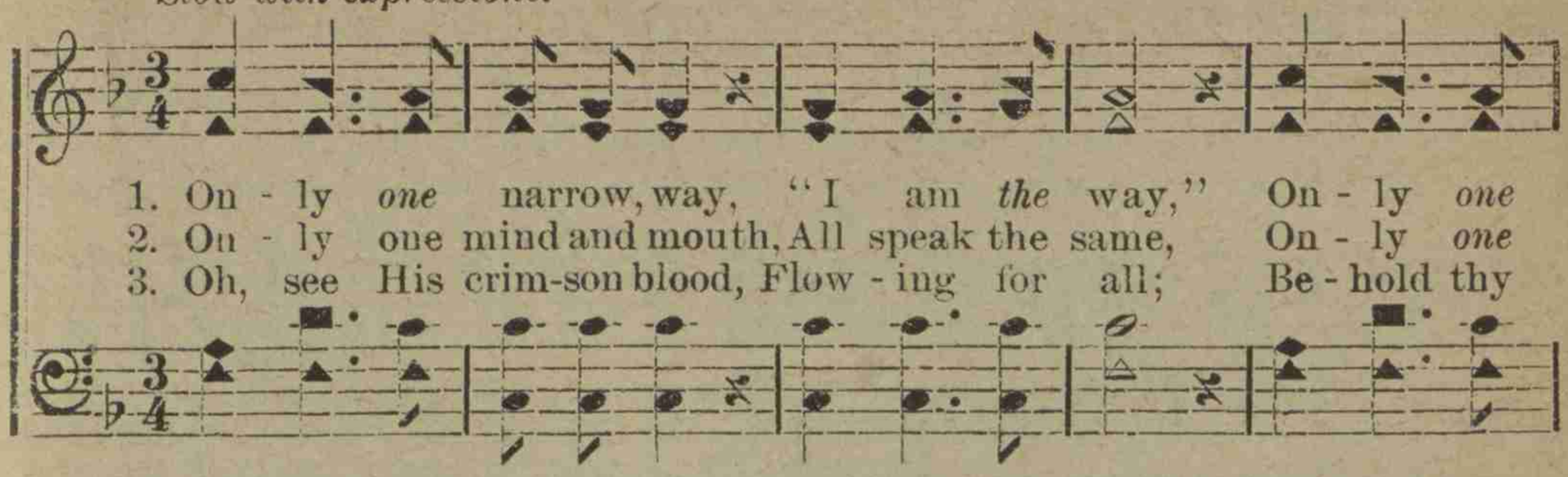
* Old can be used instead of new.
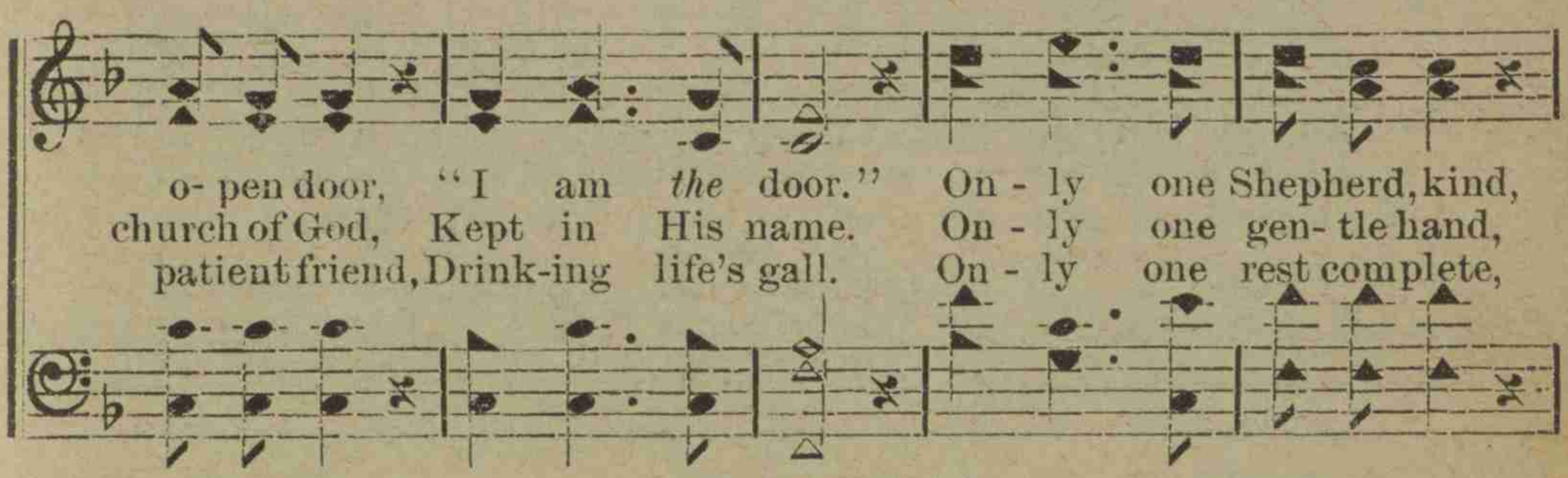
No. 85. ONE NARROW WAY.
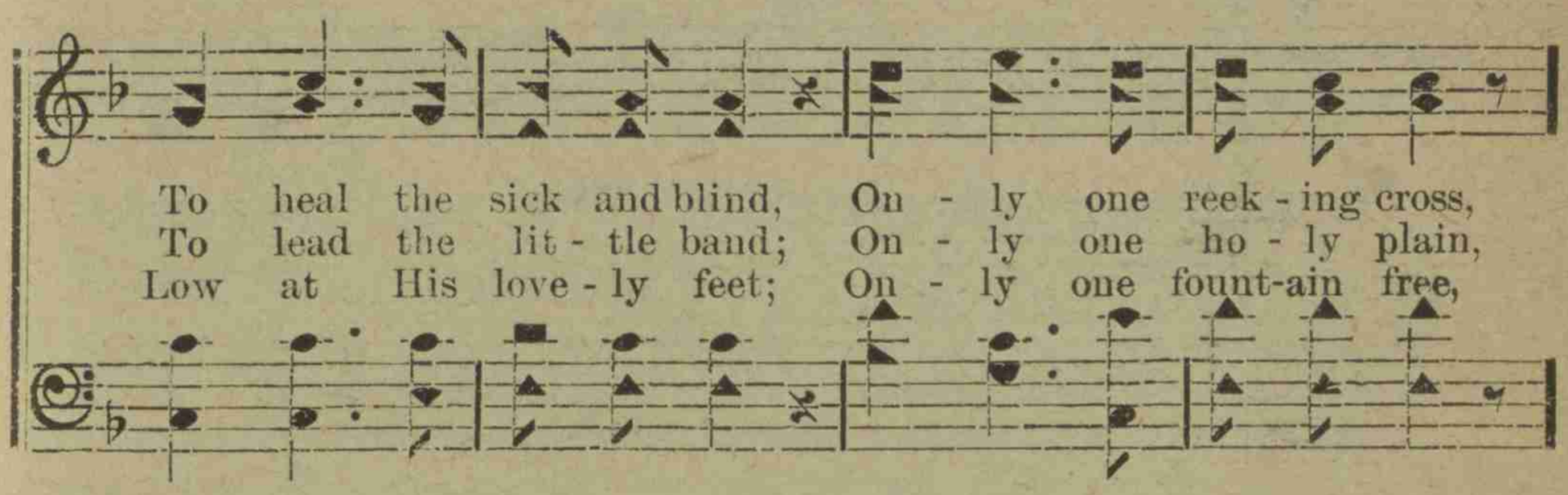
JOHN 14 : 6; 10 : 9.

B. E. F. BIRDIE E. FINK.
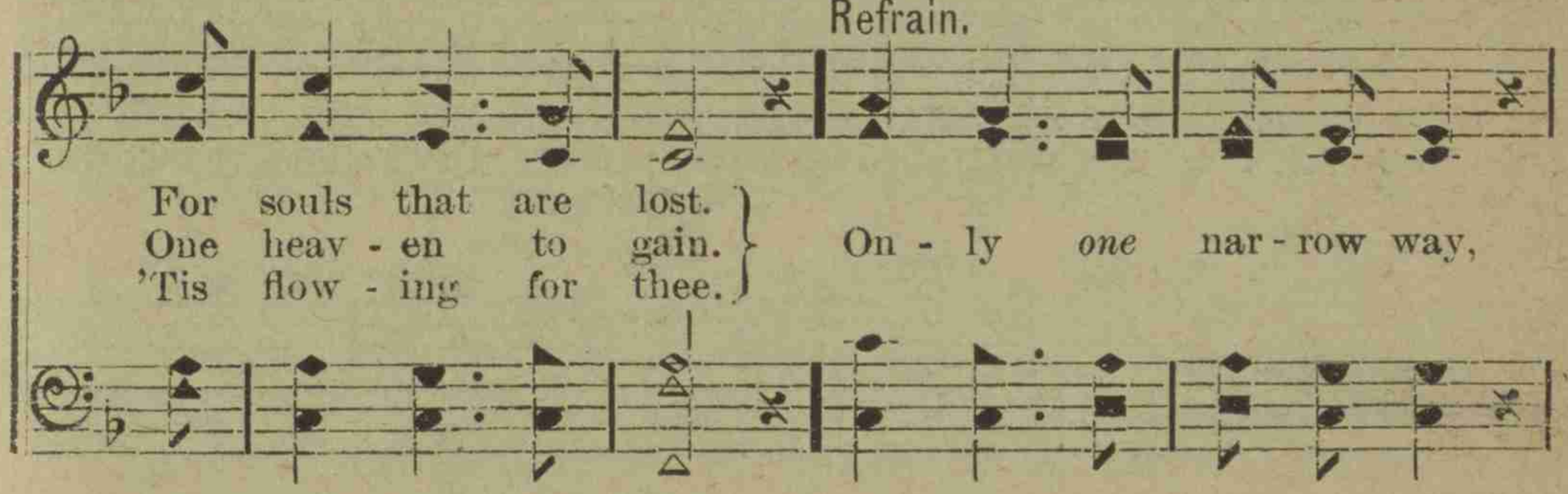
Slow with expressione.

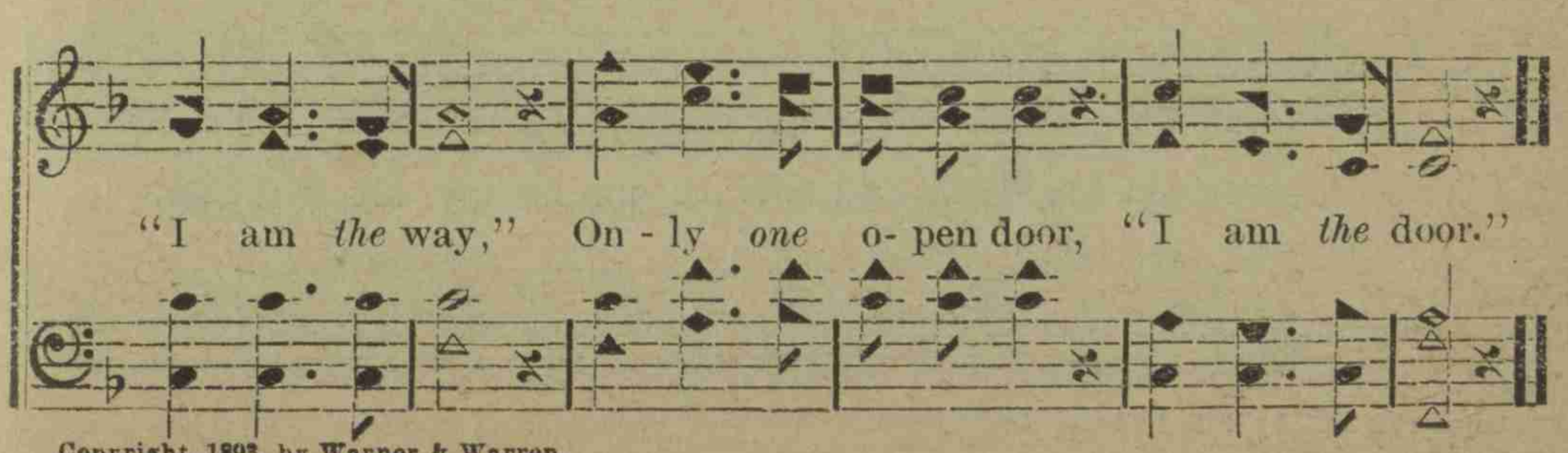






Refrain.





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No. 86. AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov-ereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de-gree!
Here Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way— It was there by faith rolled away,

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

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson. Used by per.

No. 87. WE SHALL RUN AND NOT BE WEARY.

Is. 40 : 31.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. I now am running in the Christian race, To gain the promised prize;
2. We'll run and nev - er fal - ter by the way, For Je- sus' word is true;
3. I'll stand up- on His word and prove His pow'r, The Rock of A - ges past;
4. The heav - y weights of sin are laid a-side, My heart is free and light;
5. When life is o'er and la - bor here is done, Can we thus say with Paul?-

Through Je- sus' matchless, saving, keeping grace, We'll crown Him in the skies.
He's promised if we ev - er will o - bey, To bring us safe - ly through.
I know He'll keep me, trusting ev -'ry hour, While life on earth shall last.
There's nothing we may fear which can be-tide Our hope is clear and bright.
"I've fought the fight and there's a starry crown," That's waiting for us all.

Chorus.

We shall run . . . . . and not be wea - ry,
We shall run and not be wea - ry we shall walk and nev-er faint;

We shall walk . . . . . and nev- er faint . . . . . We're
We shall run and not be wea - ry, we shall walk and nev - er faint;

trav'ling to our hap-py home, We'll walk and nev-er faint, (never faint.)

7 S Copyright, 1893, by Warner and Warren.

No. 88. JESUS IS PLEADING FOR THEE.

B. E. W. B. E. WARREN.

1. Hear the gen - tle spir - it's call, Je- sus is pleading for thee;
2. Sin - ner, will you come to- day? Je- sus is pleading for thee;
3. Oh! He drank that bit - ter cup, Je- sus is pleading for thee;
4. He will wash your garments white, Je- sus is pleading for thee;
5. He will sweep your guilt a- way, Je- sus is pleading for thee;
6. He will give you joy and peace, Je- sus is pleading for thee;

There is par - don free for all, Je- sus is plead-ing for thee.
Leave that dark and drear - y way, Je- sus is plead-ing for thee.
And this world you must give up, Je- sus is plead-ing for thee.
Turn your darkness in - to light, Je- sus is plead-ing for thee.
Make thy soul as clear as day, Je- sus is plead-ing for thee.
Glo - ry that will nev - er cease, Je- sus is plead-ing for thee.

Chorus.

Wash in the blood, . . Wash in the blood of Je - sus;
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide,

Wash in the blood, Wash in the blood of the Lamb. . .
Wash in the blood of the cleansing tide, of the Lamb.

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No. 89. STEP IN THE LIFE-BOAT.

PERLA E. HIGGINS. D. E. DORTCH.

1. The life- boat is launch'd on the wild, storm-y sea, To res- cue the
2. The life- boat is launch'd, it is now at your side; Christ's hands are out-
3. The life- boat is launch'd, she is tak - ing us home, While thousands are

lost who are drift- ing a - way; For Sa - tan is striv-ing their
stretch'd to af - ford you re- lief; Ac - cept the kind aid and be
drift-ing to end - less de-spair; O, broth- er, come with us, sal-

souls to obtain, While Je - sus is call-ing, "I'll save you to-day."
rescued from death; Re - ject-ing is choosing your soul's endless grief.
va-tion is free; The Sav-iour will par-don, sub - mit to His care.

Rit.

Chorus.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus invites you no long-er de-lay;

Rit.

Step in the life-boat, step in the life-boat, Jesus is calling, "I'll save you to-day."

Controlled by D. E. Dortch, Columbia, Tenn.

No. 90. GLORY TO JESUS.

"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. F. MYERS.

Moderato.

1. If you want pardon, if you want peace, If you want sor-row and
2. Living beneath the shade of the cross, Counting the jew-els of
3. If you want boldness, take part in the fight; If you want pu - ri - ty,
4. If you want Jesus to reign in your soul, Plunge in the fountain and

sighing to cease, Look to the Saviour who died on the tree, Je-sus can
earth all as dross, Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side, Je-sus can
walk in the light, If you want lib-er-ty, shout and be free, Je-sus can
you shall be whole, Wash'd in the blood of the cru-cified, He, Je-sus can

Chorus.

save you, for He saved me.
save you, for you He died. Glo-ry to Je - sus, He sat - is-fies me,
cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.
cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.

Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm free, I am free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll

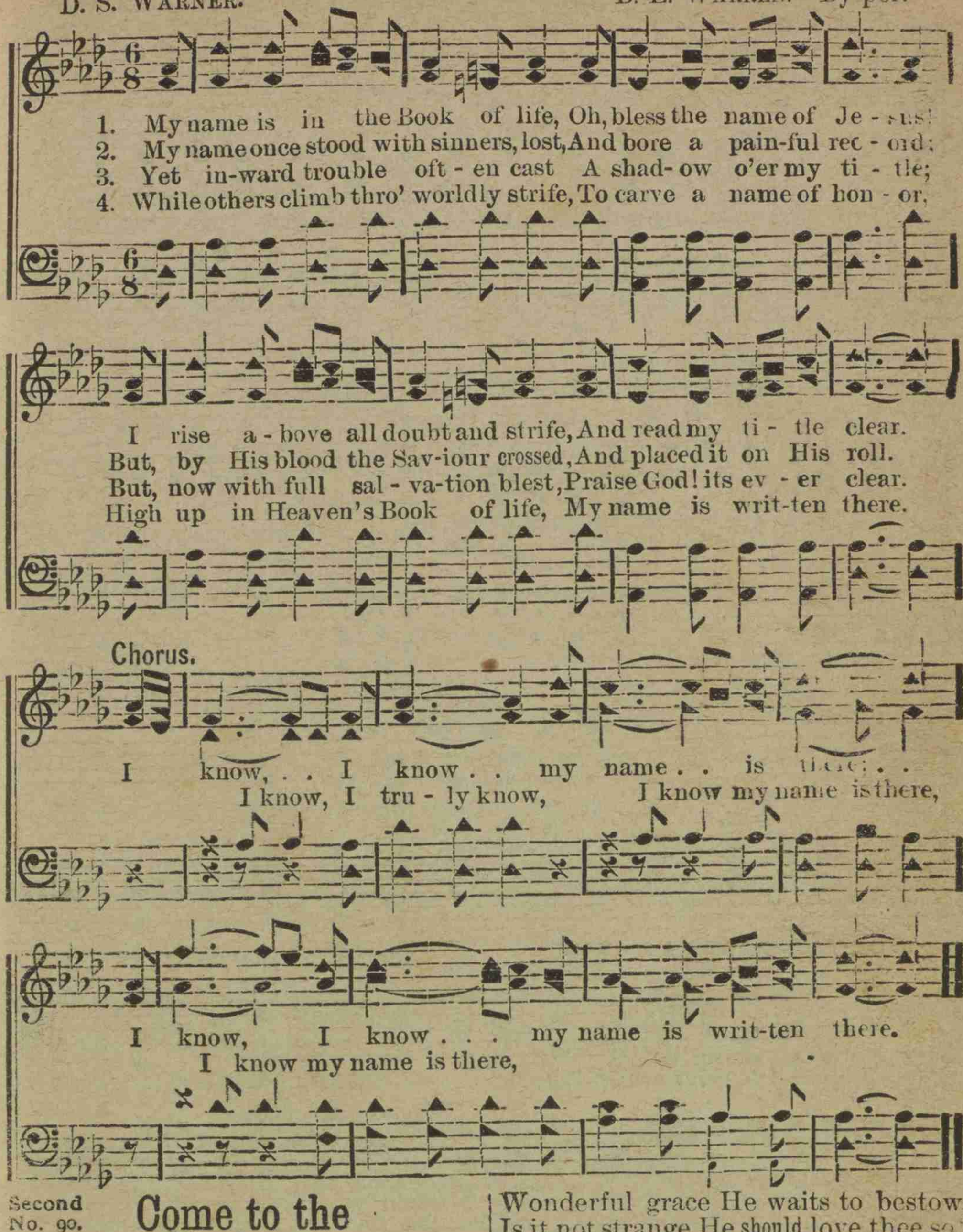
shout it, I will, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I can - not keep still.

From "The Life Line," by per.

No. 91. I KNOW MY NAME IS THERE.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10 : 20.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN. By per.



Second No. 90.

Come to the Saviour.

Music on opposite page.

1 Jesus is calling, calling for thee,
Hearest thou not his importunate plea?
Oh, by the spear-wound pierced in His side,
Haste to be saved by the crucified.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD CHORUS.

Come to the Saviour, no longer delay,
Trust in His love and accept Him to-day;
Tenderly, lovingly calls He to thee,
List to His pleading, believe and be free.

2 Jesus is pleading, pleading with thee,
Was ever mercy so rich and so free?
Wonderful grace He waits to bestow,
Is it not strange He should love thee so?

3 Jesus is waiting, waiting for thee,
Love could not purer and holier be.
Oh, for the blood poured out for thy soul,
Come to this Saviour and be made whole.

4 Jesus is here, but soon He may go,
Shall He bear with Him thy sins and thy woe?
Oh, then entreat Him, ere He depart,
Freely to pardon and cleanse thy heart.

LAST CHORUS.

Wonderful grace! how it satisfies me,
Wonderful mercy! so rich and so free;
Would you a child of the covenant be?
Jesus can save you—He sweetly saved me.

No. 92. THE MASTER CALLS FOR REAPERS.

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

1. { Hark! the Mas - - ter calls for reap - - - ers; Rich and
{ I - dle not, ... but quick-ly fly - - - ing, An-swer,

1. { Hark! the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers, calls for reap-ers;
{ I - dle not, but quick-ly fly - ing, quick-ly fly - ing,

ripe . . . the harvest, see. . . . . }
Lord, . . send me, send me. . . . . }

CHORUS.

Rich and ripe the harvest, see, the harvest, see;
Answer, Lord, send me, send me, O Lord, send me. }

Spread the gospel in - vi-

Spread the gos - - pel in - vi-

ta - tion, Speak a warn - ing, breathe a prayer;

ta - tion, Speak a warn - - ing, breathe a prayer, All a-

All around you men are dy - ing, You can find them ev'ry where.

round . . you men are dy - ing, You can find . . . them ev-'ry-where.

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

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

4 Rich reward is for thee waiting,
If but faithful thou wilt prove;
Christ will say, "Well done, thou faithful,"
In His kingdom bright above.

5 But if thou shouldst falsely linger,
Proving thus to Him untrue,
Fearful, then, will be the reckoning
At the Judgment waiting you.

6 Jesus shed His blood so precious,
On the cross for thee didst die;
Therefore heed His call so earnest,
Swiftly to the harvest fly.

No. 93. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

Rev. E. S. UFFORD. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong, Why do you tar - ry, my
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
4. Soon will this sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon we shall go to the

some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth- er, O who then will dare
broth- er, so long? See, he is sink - ing, O has - ten to - day,
we've nev - er been; Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe,
fair E - den shore; Then in the dark hour of death may it be,

CHORUS.

To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share? Throw out the Life-Line!
And out with the life-boat, a - way, then, a - way.
Will soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
That Je - sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.

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

Life-Line! throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

Copyright, 1888, by Rev. E. S. Ufford. By permission.

No. 94. THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME.

"Sing for the honor of His Name."– Ps. 66 : 2.

D. S. WARNER. B. E. WARREN.

1. Who can sing the wondrous love of the Son Di - vine? Oh! my
2. Tune your hearts, ye ransomed throng, and ex - tol the Christ: Sing the
3. Oh! let saints and an - gels join in tri-umph-ant song; Let the

Lord, there's none so dear to me, As the One who bore the
name that o- pened mer - cy's door, Oh! 'tis mu - sic, sweet - est
mu - sic of all worlds ac - cord, And in ho - ly an-thems

bur - den of all my sin, And so free - ly died to set me free.
mu - sic to sin - ners lost, Sweet-est to the saints for - ev - er - more.
high o - ver all, pro-claim, Glo - ry be to Je - sus Christ the Lord.

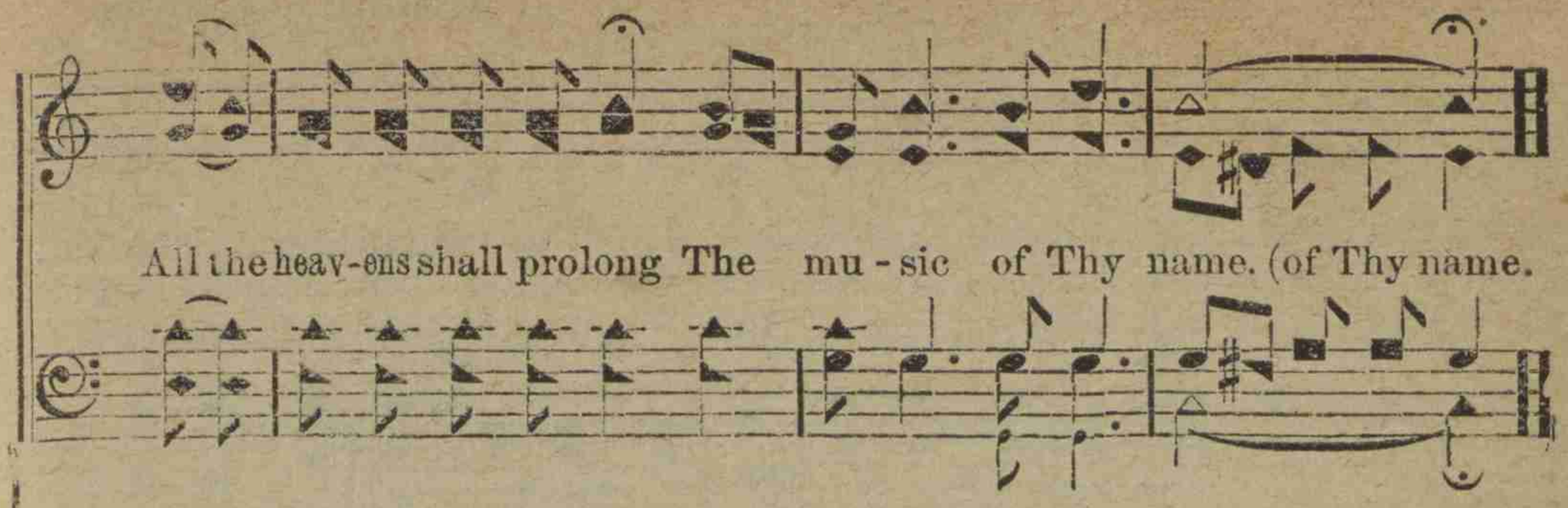
Chorus.

Oh, the pre-cious mu - sic of Je - sus' name!
Oh, the pre-cious, pre-cious mu - sic of Je - sus' ho - ly name!

Glo- ry to the Lamb! Oh, sweetest name in song!
Glo- ry glo-ry to the precious Lamb, precious Lamb.

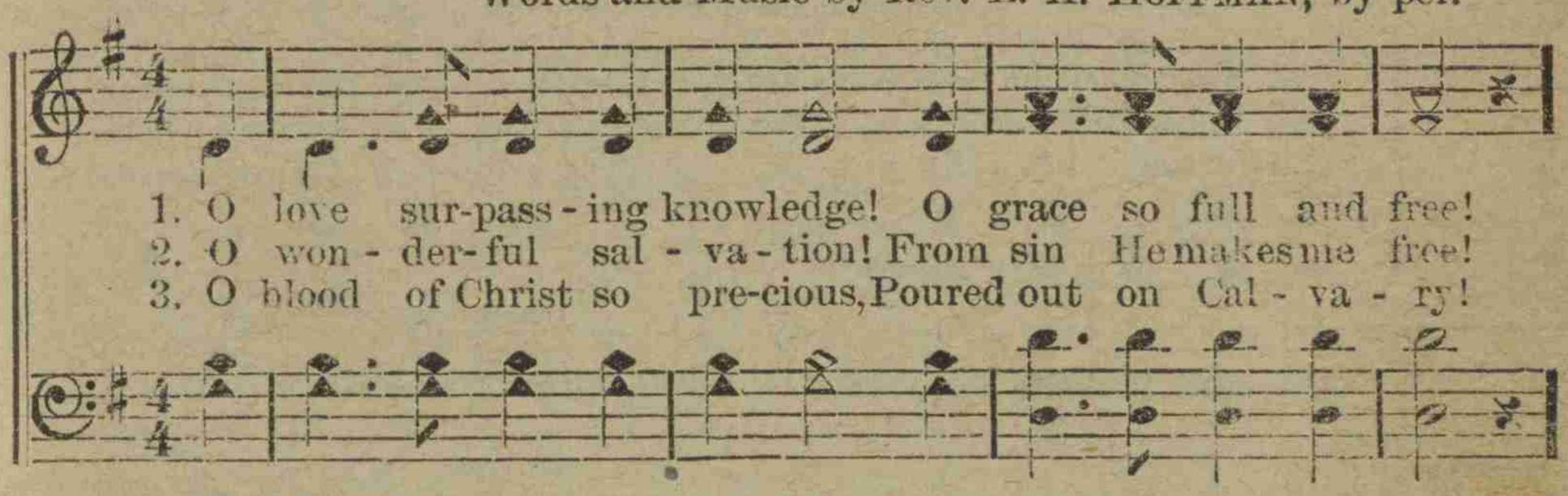
Copyright, 1893. by Warner and Warren.

THE MUSIC OF HIS NAME.—Concluded.



No. 95. ENOUGH FOR ME.

Words and Music by Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.



4 Oh, wondrous love of Jesus,
He tasted death for me;
He lives my King forever,
And that's enough for me.

5 His blessed Holy Spirit
With mine doth now agree;
He tells me—I'm adopted;
And that's enough for me.
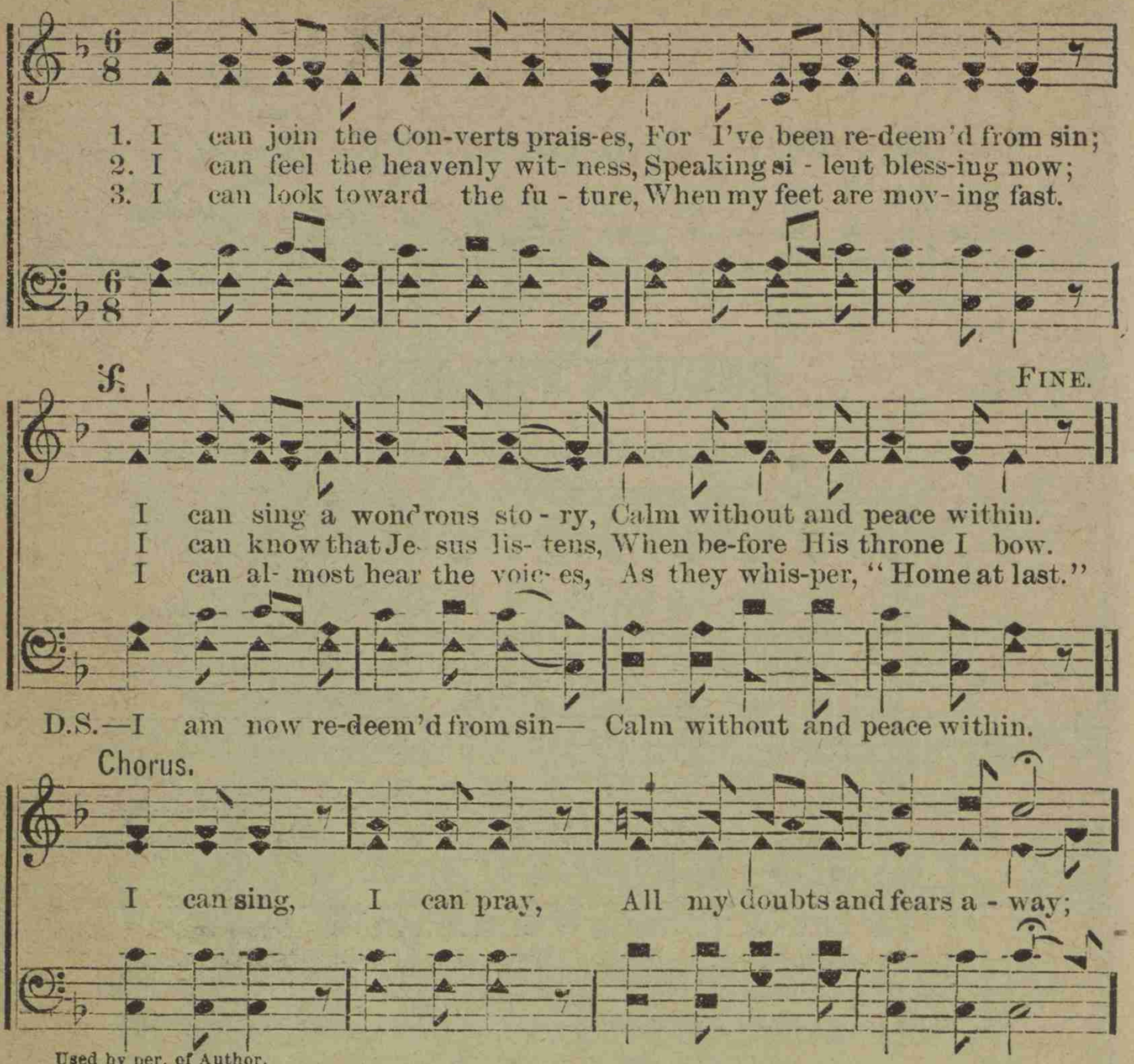
6 I have His sweet communion,
He walks—and talks with me,
And fills my life with gladness—
And that's enough for me.

7 His grace will be sufficient,
Till I His glory see,
Then safe at home forever—
And that's enough for me.

No. 96. CONVERTS PRAISES.

E. S. U.

EDWARD S. UFFORD.



Used by per. of Author.

No. 97. PRAYS FOR HER BOY.

TUNE—"*Old Oaken Bucket.*"

1 Oh, who can forget the kind care of a mother?
A Mother who kneels down and prays for her boy,
Who weeps at the altar and pleads as no other,
For one gone astray who has blighted her joy.
How anxious she watches when late home returning,
To see if the tempter was leading astray;
She's fearing and dreading her loving heart yearning,
Oh, what more can she do, but kneel there and pray.

REFRAIN.—O she prays for her darling; with heart almost breaking;
A mother who prays for her own precious boy.

2 How pale was her face, when her boy would come reeling,
With his wild foolish talking, that chilled her dear heart,
How little he thinks of her poor wounded feelings,
Struggling to keep back the tears that do start.
She even could wish the death-angel had taken,
When safely to heaven he could have been borne;
She sees her kind teachings, he has now forsaken,
He thoughtlessly leaves her to pray and to mourn.

LAST REFRAIN.—Come now to mother's Saviour and He will receive you;
If you come repentant he'll cleanse you from sin..

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN from G. W PAYNE.

No. 98. DARE TO BE A PAUL.

To T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. whose few words of personal encouragement have not been lost nor forgotten. This hymn is respectfully dedicated by the author.

Words and music by Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. See that lonely pris-on- er, There in Fe - lix's hall, Hear him tell the sto- ry true, Hear him tell it all, Heav - y chains are bind- ing him,
2. See that no-ble pris-on- er, Stand-ing there a - lone, Pleading in his Mas-ter's name, To the Ro-man throne; Pomp and pow'r on ev - 'ry hand,
3. See that hap-py pris-on- er, Full of peace and trust, All his en - e- mies may scorn, Yet per-ish in the dust; But His words of truth and pow'r,

In the court-room proud, But he does not fear the gaze Of the Grecian crowd.
But he does not quail, Speaking, for the cause of truth, Not a word shall fail.
Down the a- ges fall, "Dare to tell the sto- ry true, Dare to tell it all."

Chorus.

Dare to be a Paul, Dare to be a Paul, Dare to tell the sto - ry true and dare to tell it all: dare to tell it all.

Used by per. of Author.

No. 99. SHALL I TURN BACK?

E. E. HEWITT. Arr. by JNO. J. HOOD.

1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je-sus in love, sought and res-cued me there, He saved me from wand'ring, He
2. My days, swiftly pass-ing, have brought from above, So many bright tok-ens of mer-cy and love; "More grace" He has giv-en, and
3. How well I re-member, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of His word shed its beau-ti-ful light, And sweet was the voice of the
4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je-ru-sa-lem rise, Each day I am near-ing my home in the skies; My Sav-iour a man-sion of

gave me re-lease, And led me to pathways of bless-ing and peace.
bur-dens removed, Yes, o-ver and o-ver, His good-ness I've prov'd.
Com-fort-er then, A-waking new praises a-gain and a-gain.
joy will prepare, And loved ones are waiting to wel-come me there.

Chorus.
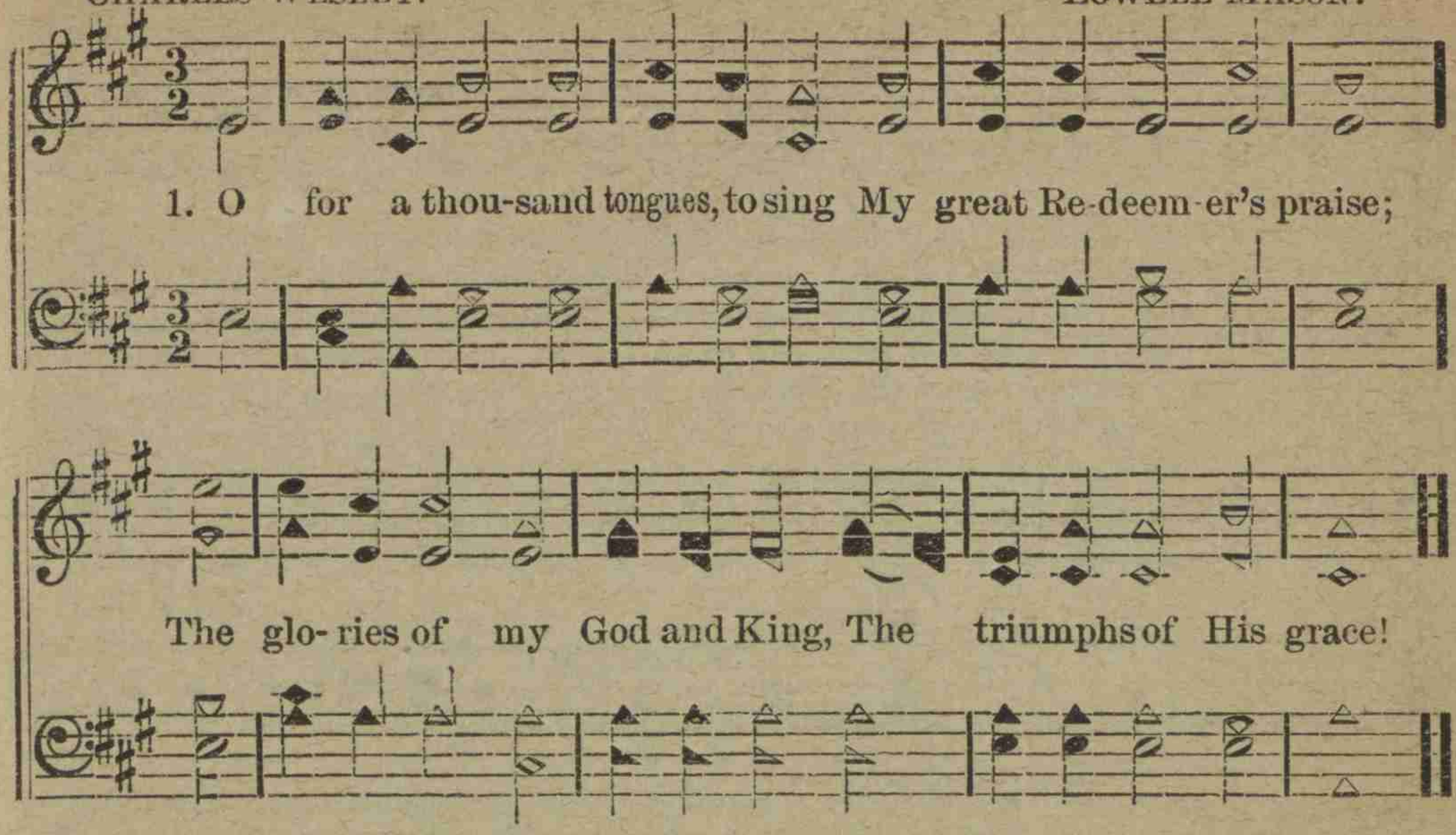
And shall I turn back in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!
And shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no, not I!

Jno. J. Hood, owner of copyright. Used by per.

No. 100. O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

AZMON. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 101. *See music above.*

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears?
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee all praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

John Newton.

No. 102. *See music above.*

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Charles Wesley.

No. 103. *See music above.*

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

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

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

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

Isaac Watts.

No. 104. CHRIST IS ALL.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PET. 2: 7.

To the memory of the late S. T. Gordon.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos- pel her - ald go,—To Af - ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dream'd that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir- it say,

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lone- ly mother whence Her helpless
Wait - ing for Je-sus' call; I mark'd His smile 'twas sweet as May, And as His
Nor death his soul appall, I ask'd Him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri-
To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he counted dear 'Midst wants and
A fire dis-solved this ball, I saw the churche's ransom'd throng, I heard the
The Bride repeats the call, For He will cleanse your guilty stains His love will

Chorus.

wid-ow hood's defense, She told me "Christ was all," } Christ is all, all in
spir- it passed away, He whispered, "Christ is all." }
umphantly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all." } Christ is all, all in
perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all." }
burden of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." }
soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." }

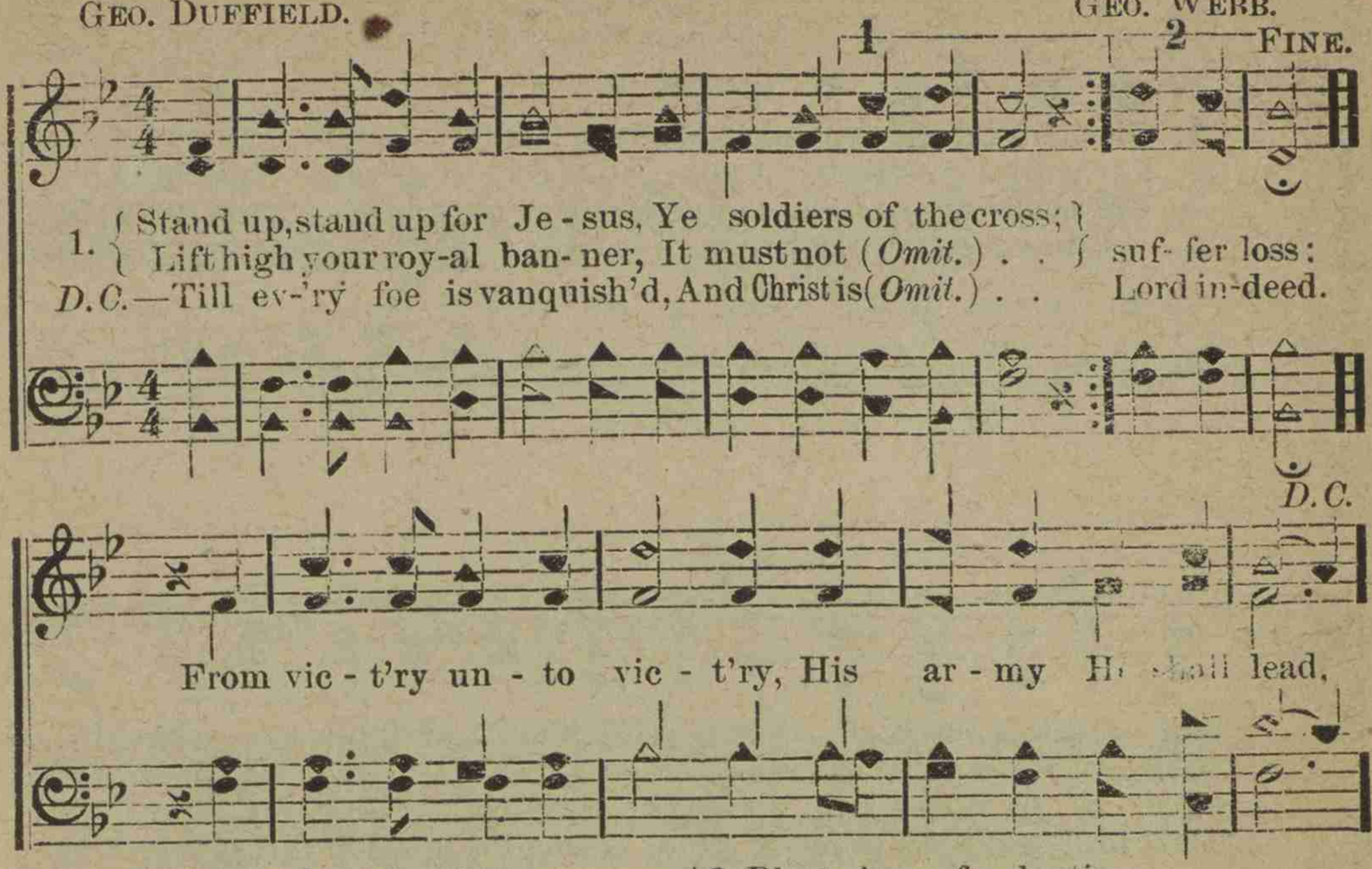
all, yes, Christ is all in all,
all, (*Omit.*) . . . . . Yes, Christ is all in all.

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No. 105. STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS.

WEBB. 7s. 6s.

GEO. DUFFIELD. GEO. 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.

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

No. 106. *(See music above.)*

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking,
To penetential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar;
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

No. 107. *(See music above.)*

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alchohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

No. 108. COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. Oh, bless-ed fel- low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walking close to Je-sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on his loving breast, A-long life's wea-ry way; My
4. I know his shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And

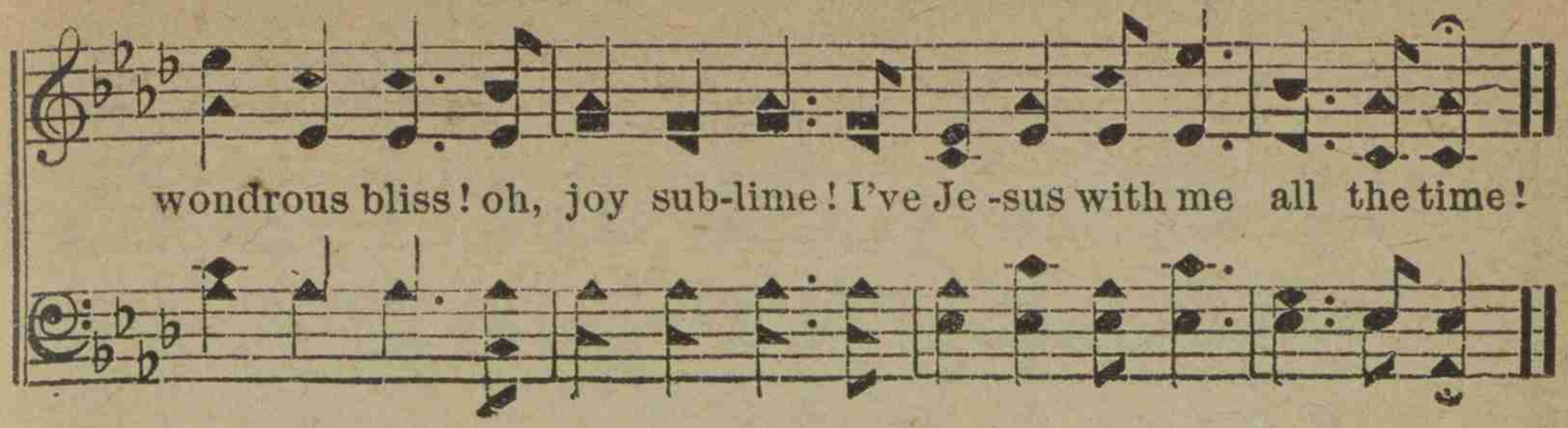
pan - ionship with Je - sus here, Makes life with bliss re - plete: In
soft - est whis-pers of his love In fel - lowship so dear, And
path, il - lu-mined by his smiles, Grows brighter, day by day: No
tho' the storms may fierce-ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My

un - ion with the pur - est one, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
feel his great Almigh - ty hand Pro-tects me in this hos-tile land.
foes, no woes, my heart can fear, With my Almigh - ty Friend so near.
peace-ful spir - it ev - er sings, "I'll trust the cov - ert of thy wings."
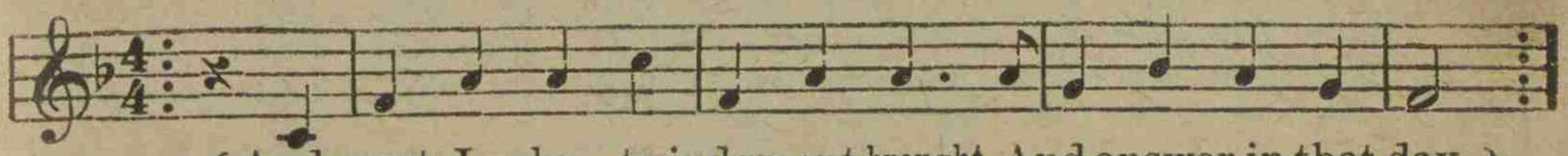
REFRAIN.
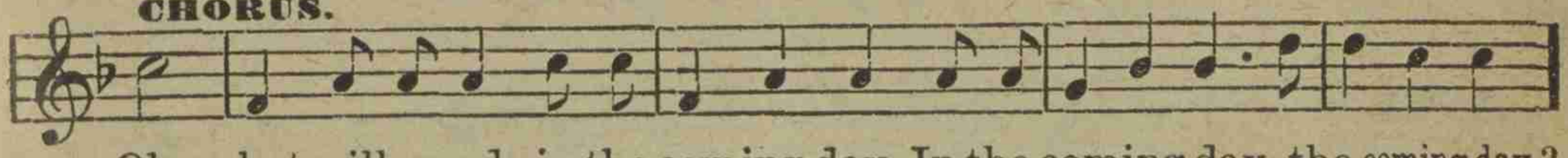
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je-sus with me all the time! Oh,
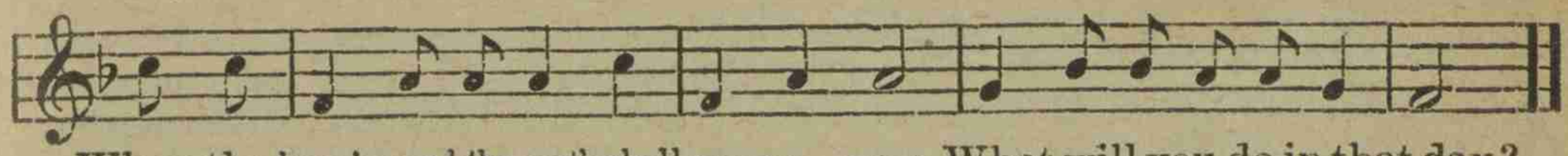
COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS. Concluded.



No. 109. THE COMING DAY.







2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.—Cho.

3 How careful then ought I to live,
With that religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.—Cho.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,—
To all I speak or do.—Cho.

5 If now Thou standest at the door,
Oh, let me feel Thee near;
And make my peace with God, before
I at Thy bar appear.—Cho.

No. 110. *Music No. 143.*

1 See Jesus Thy disciples see.
The promised blessing give,
Within Thy name we look to Thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect our faithful Lord
Who in Thy name are joined;
We wait according to Thy Word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us Thou art assembled here,
But, oh, Thyself reveal!
Son of the living God appear
Let us Thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live,
Speak peace into our hearts and say
The Holy Ghost receive.

No. 111. WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

"Tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee."—MARK 5: 9.

TABOR. G. TABOR THOMPSON.

1. Are you walk - ing with the Lord? Tell it out! Tell it out!
2. Does your heart beat hot with - in? Tell it out! Tell it out!
3. Do you love this sa - cred hour? Tell it out! Tell it out!
4. Is your hope of glo - ry bright? Tell it out! Tell it out!

Speak for Him a lov - ing word. Tell it out! Tell it out!
Are you saved from in - bred sin? Tell it out! Tell it out!
Have you sanc - ti - fy - ing power? Tell it out! Tell it out!
Are you liv - ing in the light? Tell it out! Tell it out!

He will all your be - ing fill, While you do His ho - ly will,
Does the bless - ing o - ver - flow? Then let all the peo - ple know;
Are you ev - 'ry whit made whole? Does He wit-ness with your soul?
Christ will then con - fess for you, In that land be - yond the blue!

Tho' you're tempted to keep still, Tell it out! Tell it out!
Wit - ness - es for Christ be - low, Tell it out! Tell it out!
Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Tell it out! Tell it out!
'Tis your turn, what will you do, Tell it out! Tell it out!

Chorus.

Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
Tell it out! Tell it out!

Copyright, 1892, by G. Tabor Thompson.

WITNESS FOR CHRIST.—Concluded.

old, old sto - ry, Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it
Tell it out!

out! Tell the old, old sto - ry, Tell it out!
Tell it out! Tell it out!

No. 112. CORONATION.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an- gels prostrate fall;
2. Sin- ners whose love can ne'er for - get, The wormwood and the gall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
4. Oh, that with yon - der sa- cred throng, We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all ma - jes - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all ma - jes - ty as- cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er- last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 113. THE LOYAL ARMY.

"Out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight."—Heb. 11: 34.

W. C. Brown, Arr. by W. A. O. A. B. Kaufman, Arr. by W. A. O.

1. We've en- list - ed in the ar - my, in the ar - my of the Lord,
2. In this grand and glorious ar - my there is room for ev - 'ry one,
3. Let us march a-long to-geth - er, com-rades, fear- less-ly and bold,

We will la - bor in His ser- vice and o - bey His ho - ly word;
Who will wear the gos - pel ar - mor and go march-ing bravely on;
Loy - al sol- diers of the le - gion like the pa - tri-archs of old;

We will gath - er up the fragment here that noth-ing may be lost,
If you can- not preach the gos- pel, you a word for Christ can say
Let us swell the joy - ful cho- rus in a song of loud acclaim,
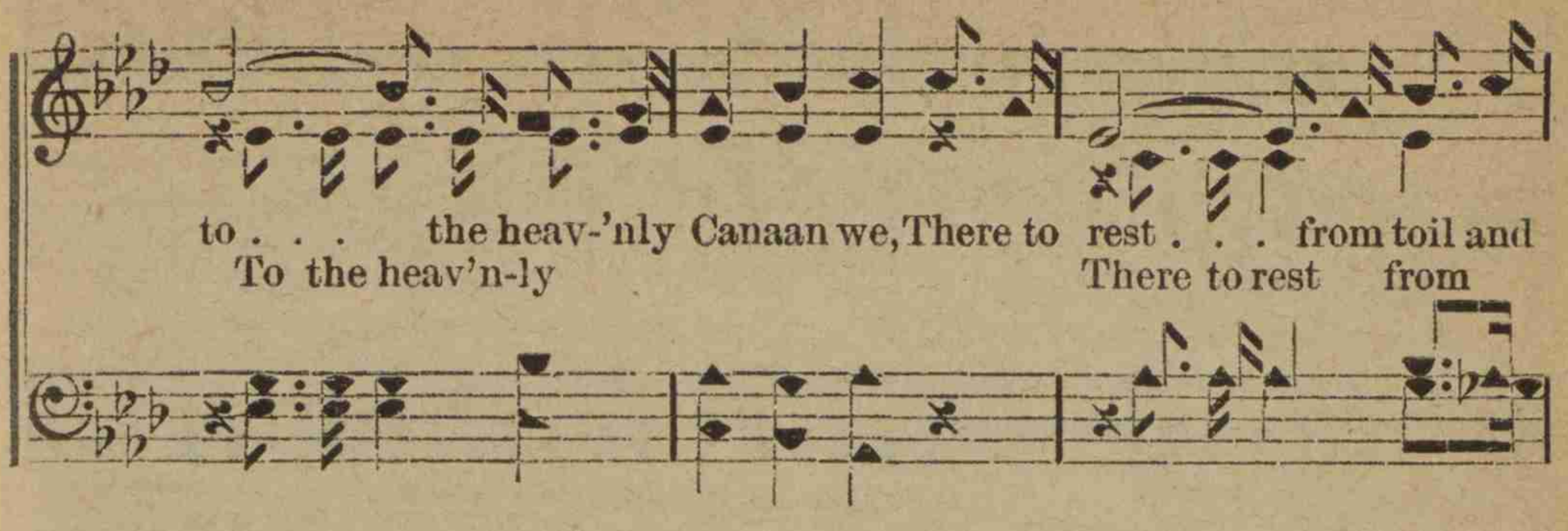
For the pre-cious blood of Je - sus paid the fear - ful cost.
To en - cour- age lit - tle sol- diers now up - on the way.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah to the Sav - iour's name.

Chorus.
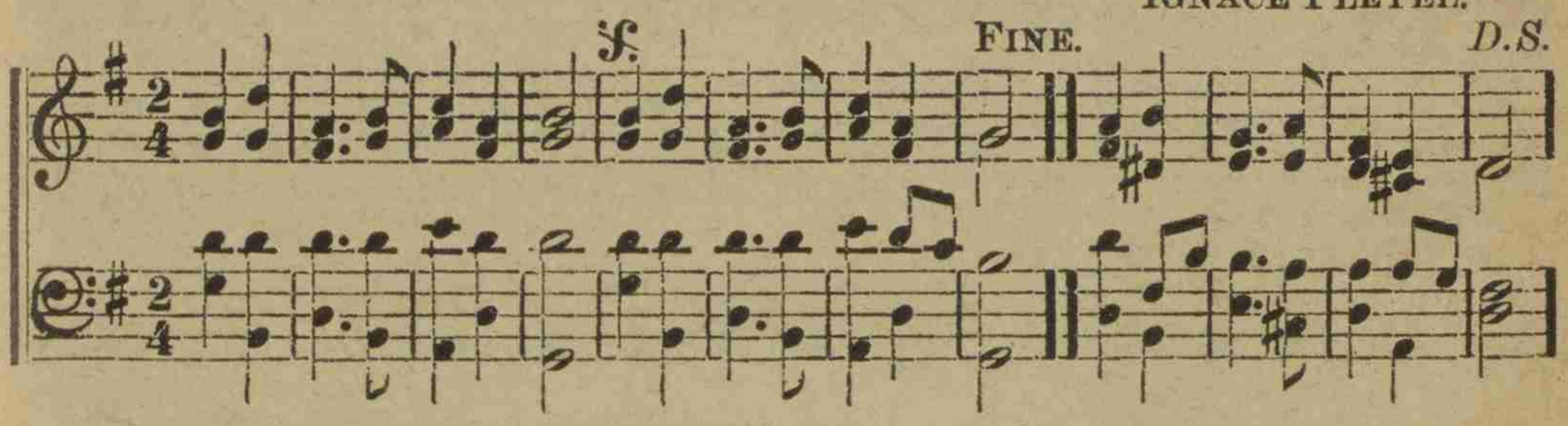
March - ing on . . . . . so glad and free, . . . March- ing
March-ing on so glad and free,

By permission.

THE LOYAL ARMY.—Concluded.



No. 114. PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



No. 115. Gracious Spirit, Love Divine.

See music above.

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let Thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

J. STOCKER.

No. 116. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

See music above.

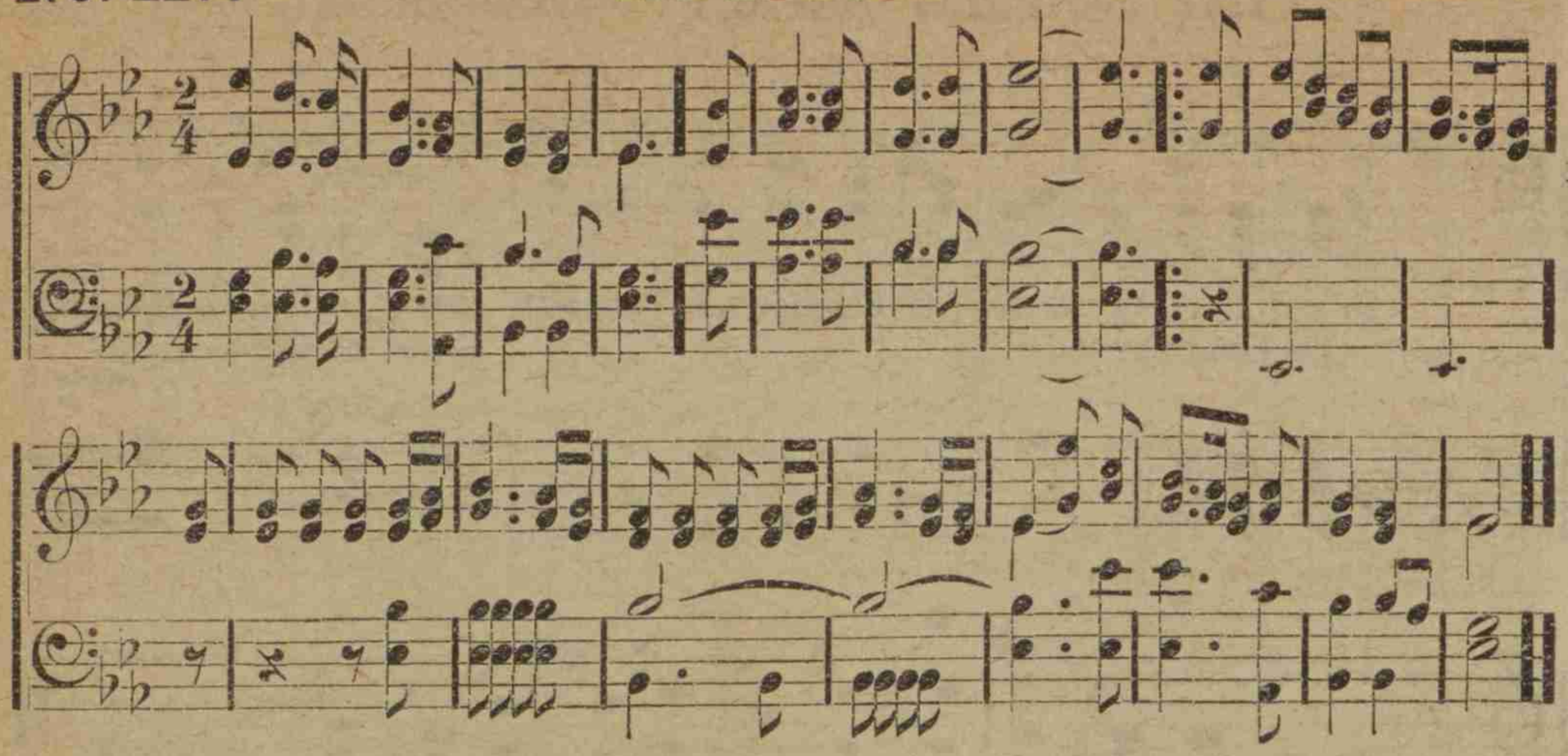
1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

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

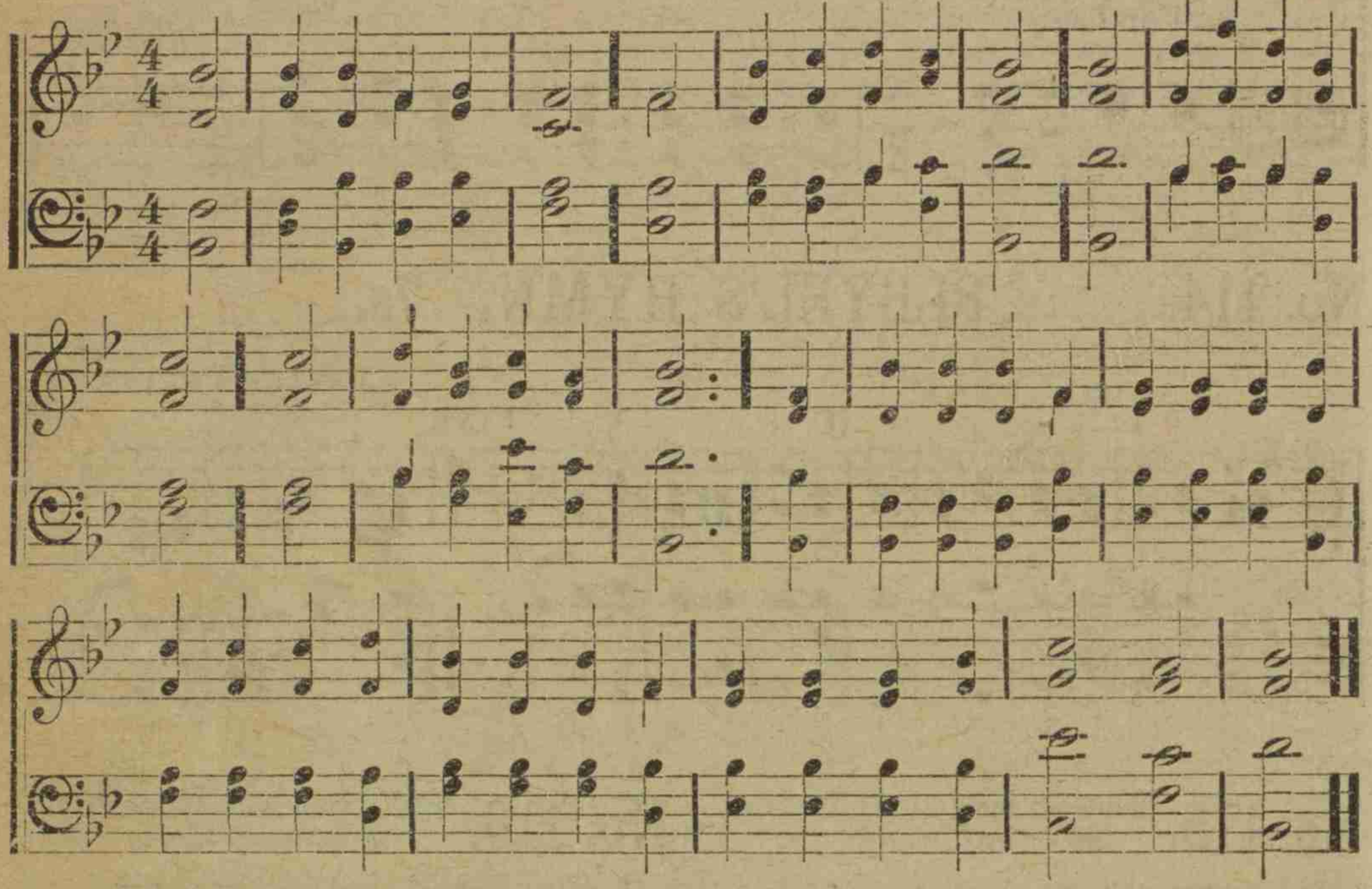
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone,

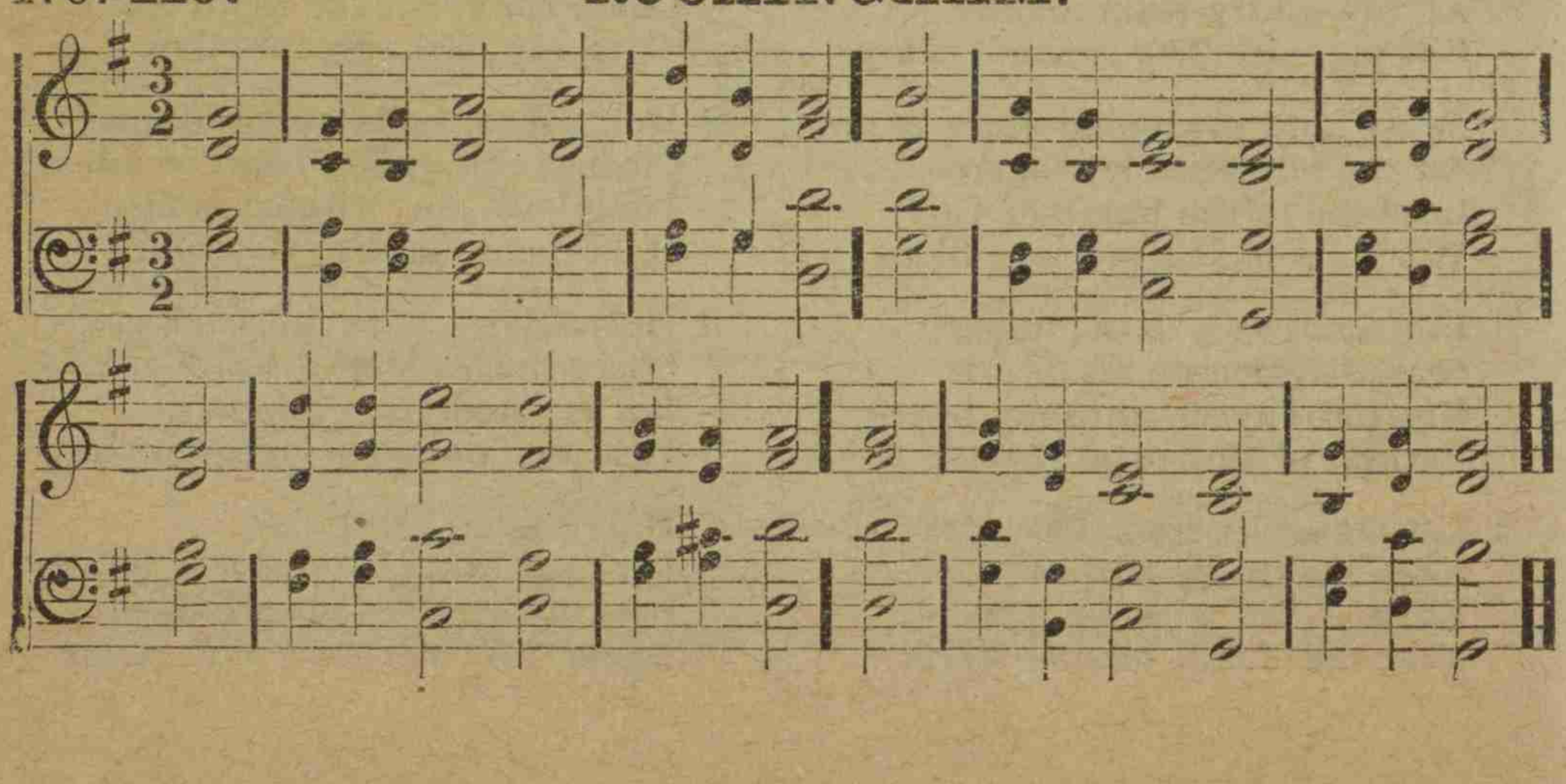
No. 117. ANTIOCH.



No. 118. LENOX.



No. 119. ROCKINGHAM.



No. 120. *Music No. 117.*

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 121. *Music No. 118.*

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear annointed one;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 122. *Music No. 118.*

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 123. *Music No. 119.*

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on times' most rapid wing,
Shall death demand you to the grave,
Before His bar your spirit bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

No. 124. BEYOND THE GRAVE.

(*Can be sung to tune, 'Flowers from Angel Mother's Grave.'*)

1 In the days long gone by when your childish play was done,
And you knelt down beside mother's chair,
Little did you think that in days that soon would come
You would leave mother's God and mother's prayer.
But you left your home, and mother's heart was broken when you fell,
When she saw the demons chain you; as a slave
And the lips that kissed her darling when the evening prayers were said;
For long years have been mouldering in the grave.
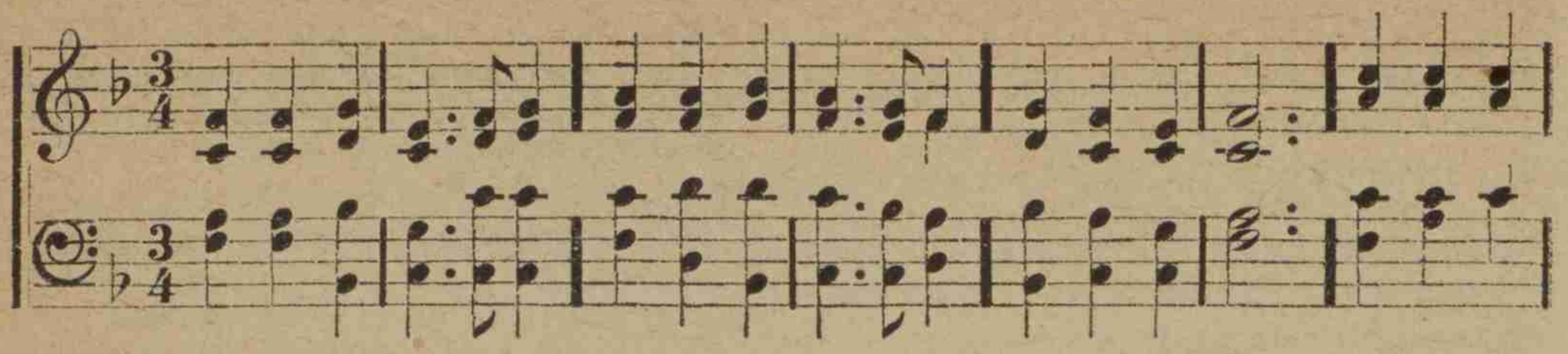
CHORUS.

Onward you are drifting, drifting day by day,
Soon, you will sink beneath the wave,
Will you meet those gone before,
On that happy golden shore,
Or be banished from their home, beyond the grave?

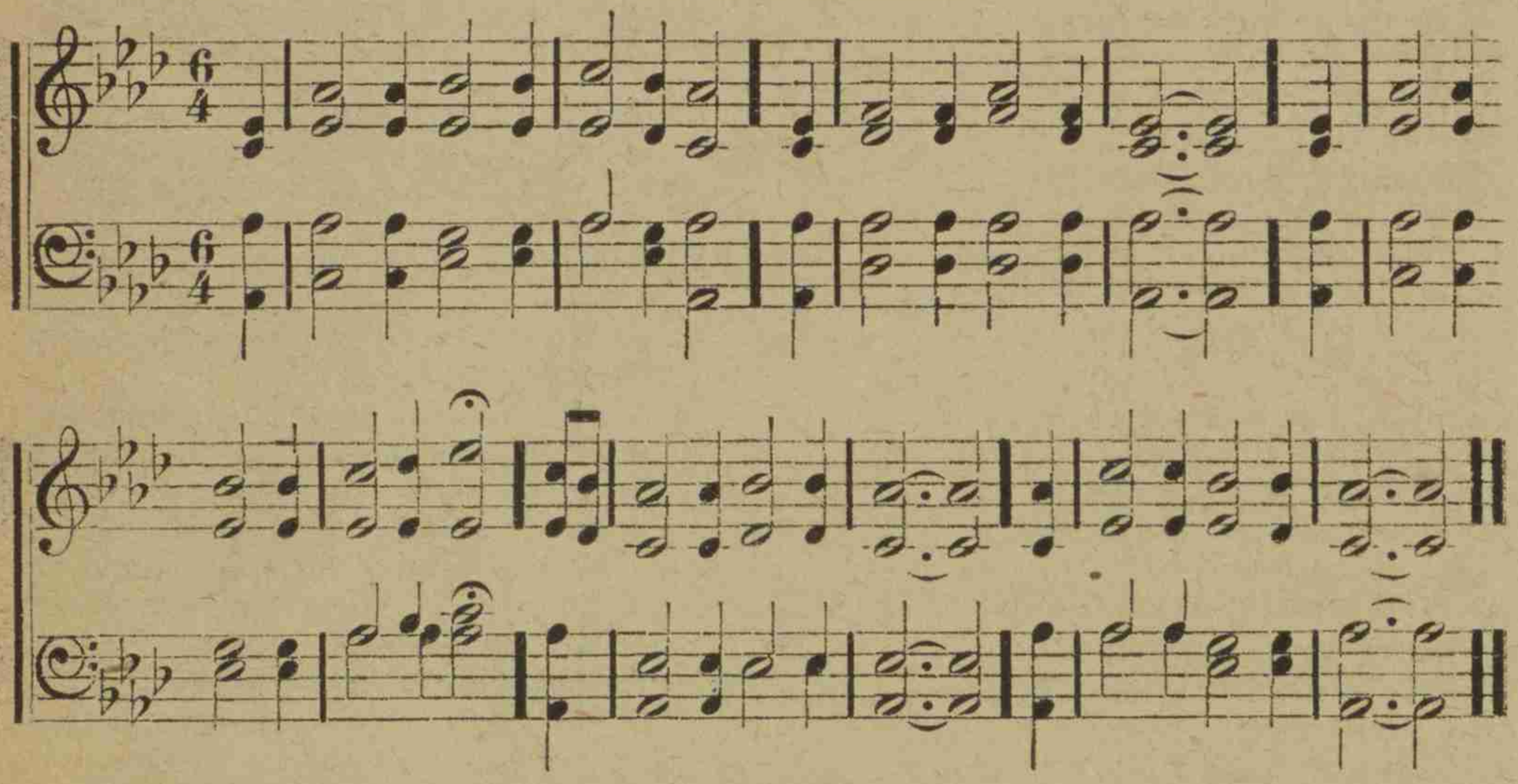
2 As they knelt by her side there to hear the last good-bye
From the lips that once kissed away your care,
Came the last whispering words as she pointed toward the sky:
"Tell my loved ones to meet me over there."
Death's cold waters rose around her as the life stream ebbed away,
Then the Boatman came and took her 'cross the wave;
Though the mists now hide her from you, still she's waiting over there,
Will you meet her again beyond the grave.

No. 125. AMERICA.

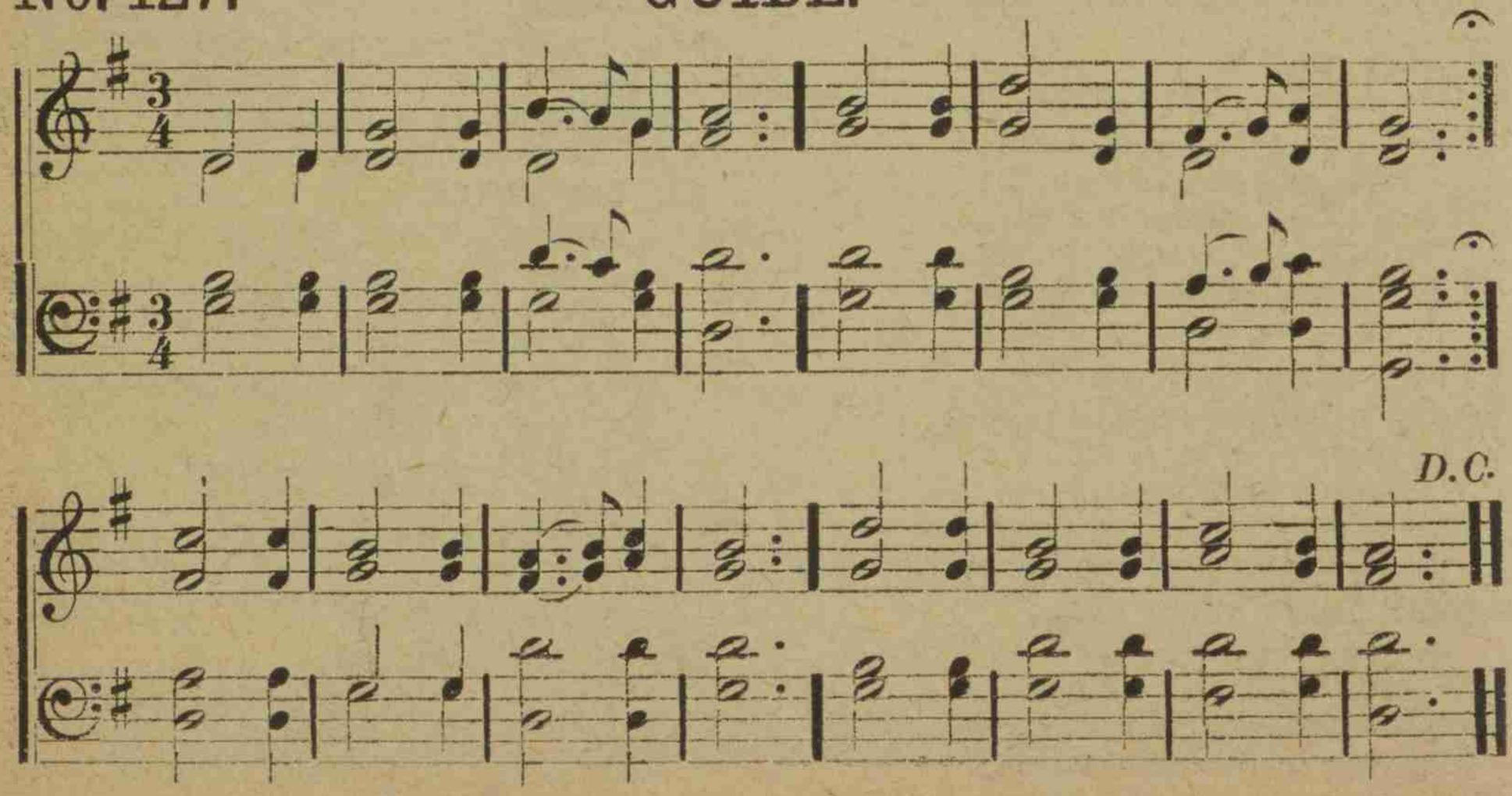
HENRY CAREY.



No. 126. ORTONVILLE.



No. 127. GUIDE.



D.C.

No. 128. *Music No. 125.*

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

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

No. 129. *Music No. 125.*

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

No. 130. *Music No. 127.*

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 131. *Music No. 126.*

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

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

No. 132. *Music No. 126.*

1 Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—

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

3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till lifes last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

No. 133. *Music No. 126.*

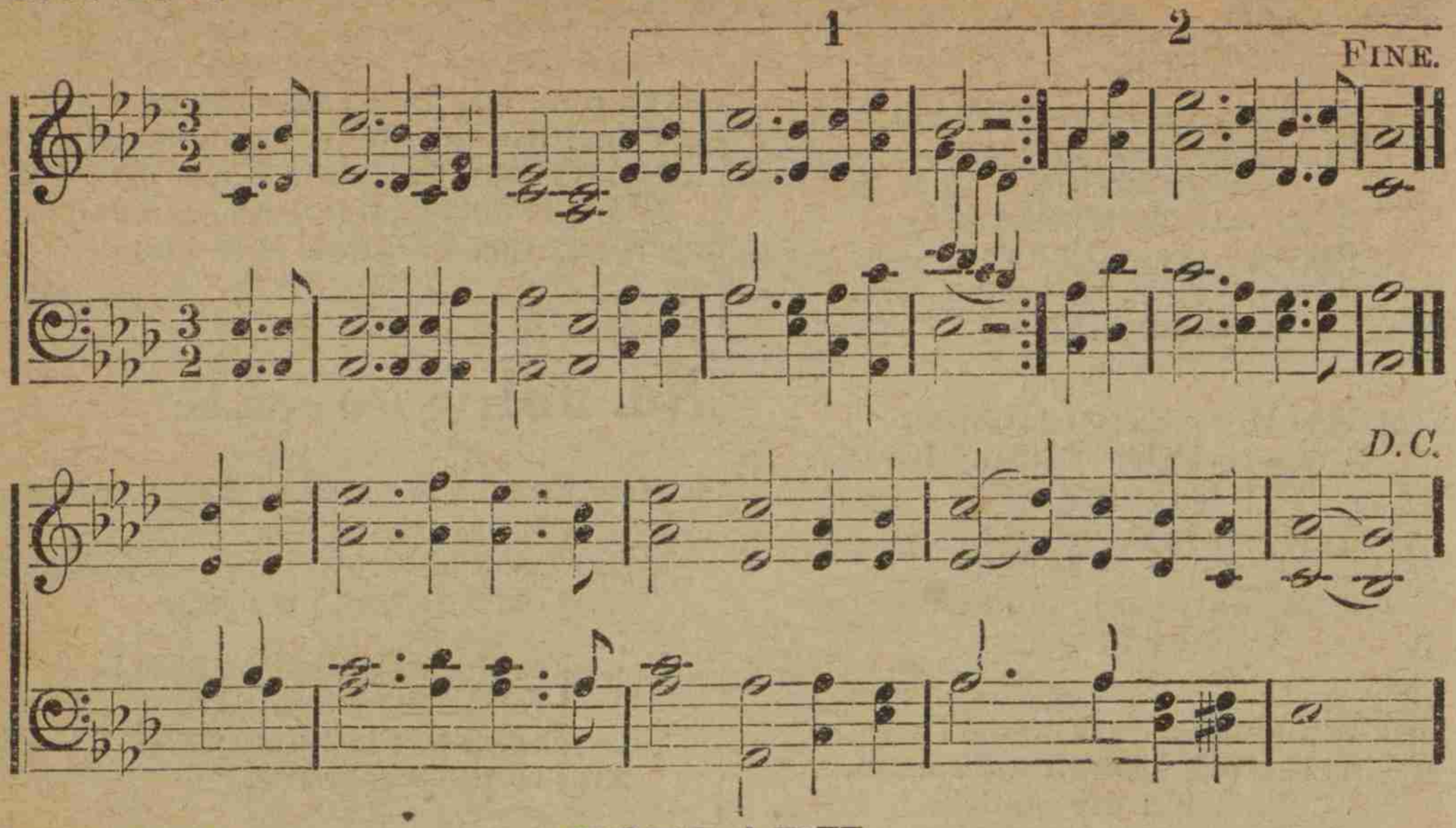
1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

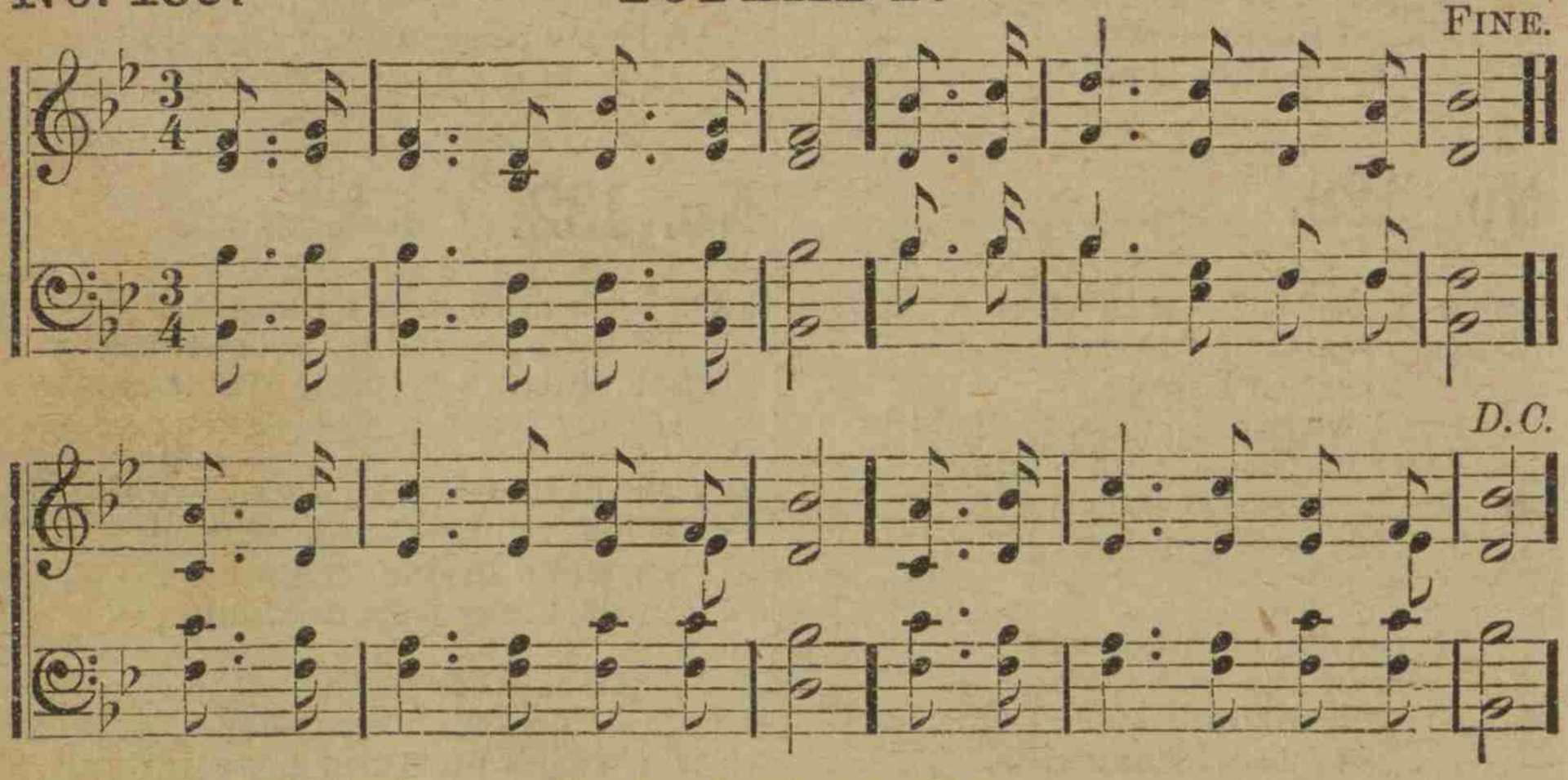
3 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be.
Help me to tear it from my throne,
And worship only Thee.

No. 134. AUTUMN.
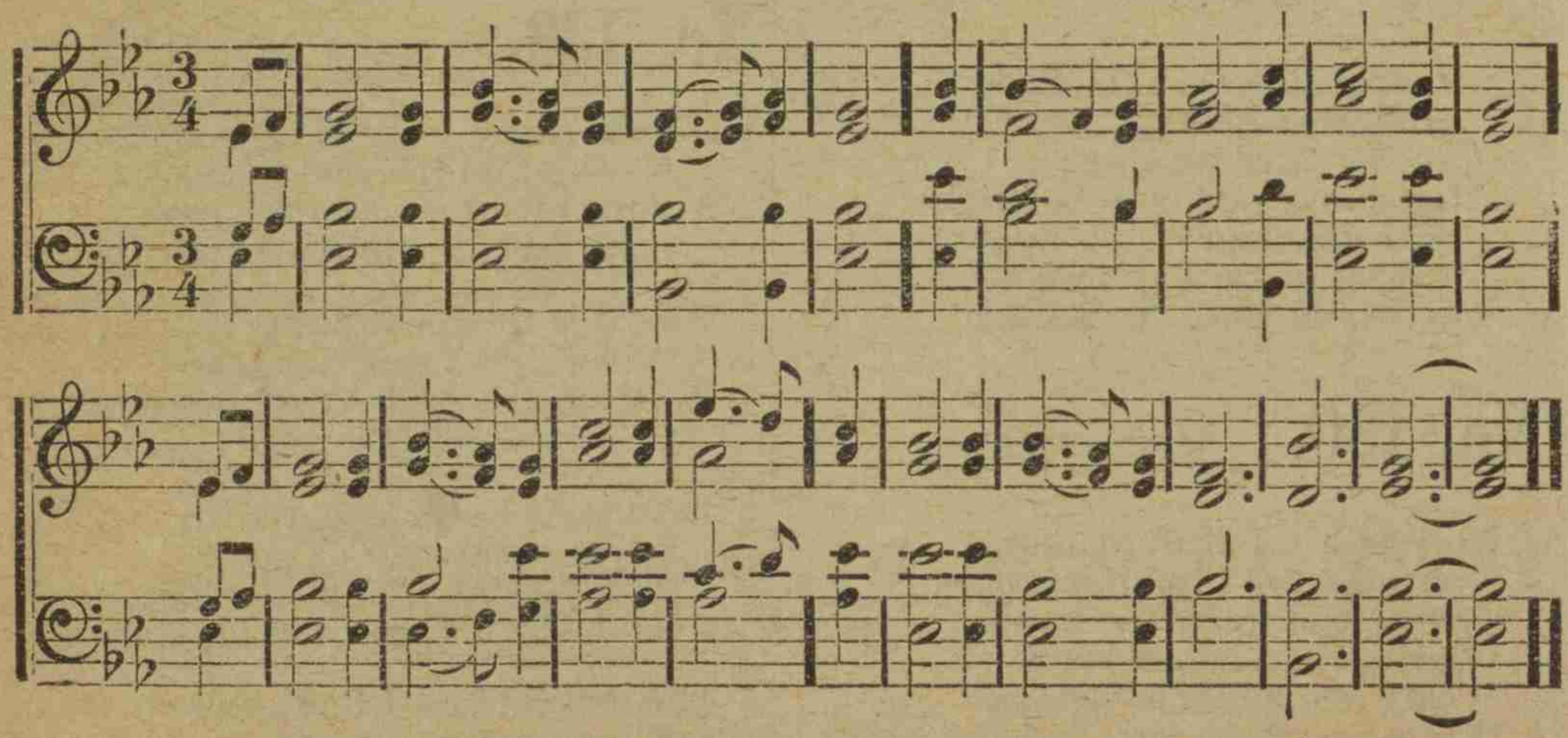


No. 135. TOPLADY.



No. 136. WOODWORTH.

W. B. BRADBURY.



No. 137. *Music No. 134.*

1 Hark, the voice of Jesus crying,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and strong the Master calleth;
Rich reward He offers thee;
Who will answer gladly saying,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly;
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, send, me, send me!"

No. 138. *Music No. 135.*

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

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

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

No. 139. Down at the Saviour's Feet.

Tune—Down by the Old Mill Stream.

1 I'm glad I ever heard the blessed story
Of love so full and free,
That gave up all of Heaven and its glory,
And bore all the sufferings for me;
I'm glad that ere with broken heart
I sought the mercy seat,
And found relief from my load of sin and grief,
While kneeling at the Saviour's feet.
Praise the Lord,

CHORUS.

Down at the Saviour's feet,
Love finds its heaven all complete;
Burdens roll away—
Darkness turns to day,
While kneeling at the Saviour's feet.

2 The world with all its joys no longer charms me,
For purer bliss is mine;
The tempter with his darts no longer harms me,
While kept by the power that's divine,
From inward strife and fear set free;
My victory is complete,
In joy or pain, in earthly loss or gain,
I have heaven at the Saviour's feet.
Praise the Lord, etc.

No. 140. *Music No. 136.*

1 Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was, shed for me.
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 141. *Music No. 136.*

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine
With full consent Thine I would be
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at the cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all,

No. 142. *Music No. 134.*

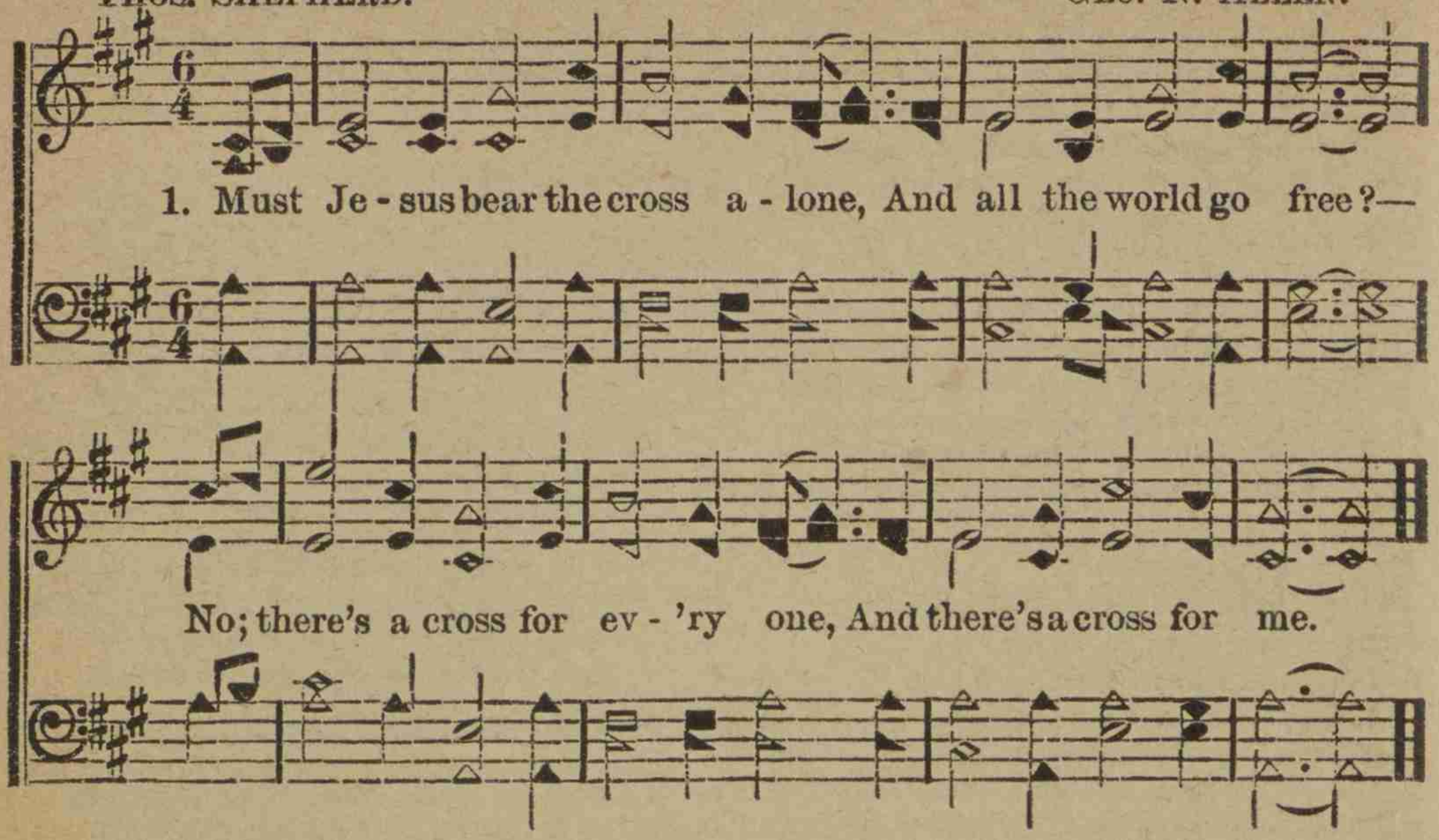
1 Love divine all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus Thou art all compassion,—
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing
Glory in Thy perfect love.

No. 143. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD. GEO. N. ALLEN.



2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' piercèd feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

No. 144. *See music above.*

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

No. 145. *See music above,*

1 Jesus commands us to forgive
If we would be forgiven;
And Christians be while here on earth
Or reign with Him in heaven.

CHO.—I must forgive, I do forgive
My every enemy;
For Jesus shed His precious blood
That He might pardon me.

2 Tho' deeply wronged we may have been,
Our wrongs do not exceed
The insults we have heaped on Him
Who for our sins did bleed.

3 He for His foes did suffer death,
And freely all forgave;
And perished on the cruel cross
That He their souls might save.

4 For those who pierced His hands and feet,
Our Saviour prayed "Forgive;"
His spirit we must all possess
If we with Him would live.

5 O God, Thy Spirit now impart,
That I Thine own may be;
That all my foes I may forgive
As Thou forgivest me.

M. W. Knapp. Used by per.

No. 146. *See music above.*

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found
Was blind but now I see.
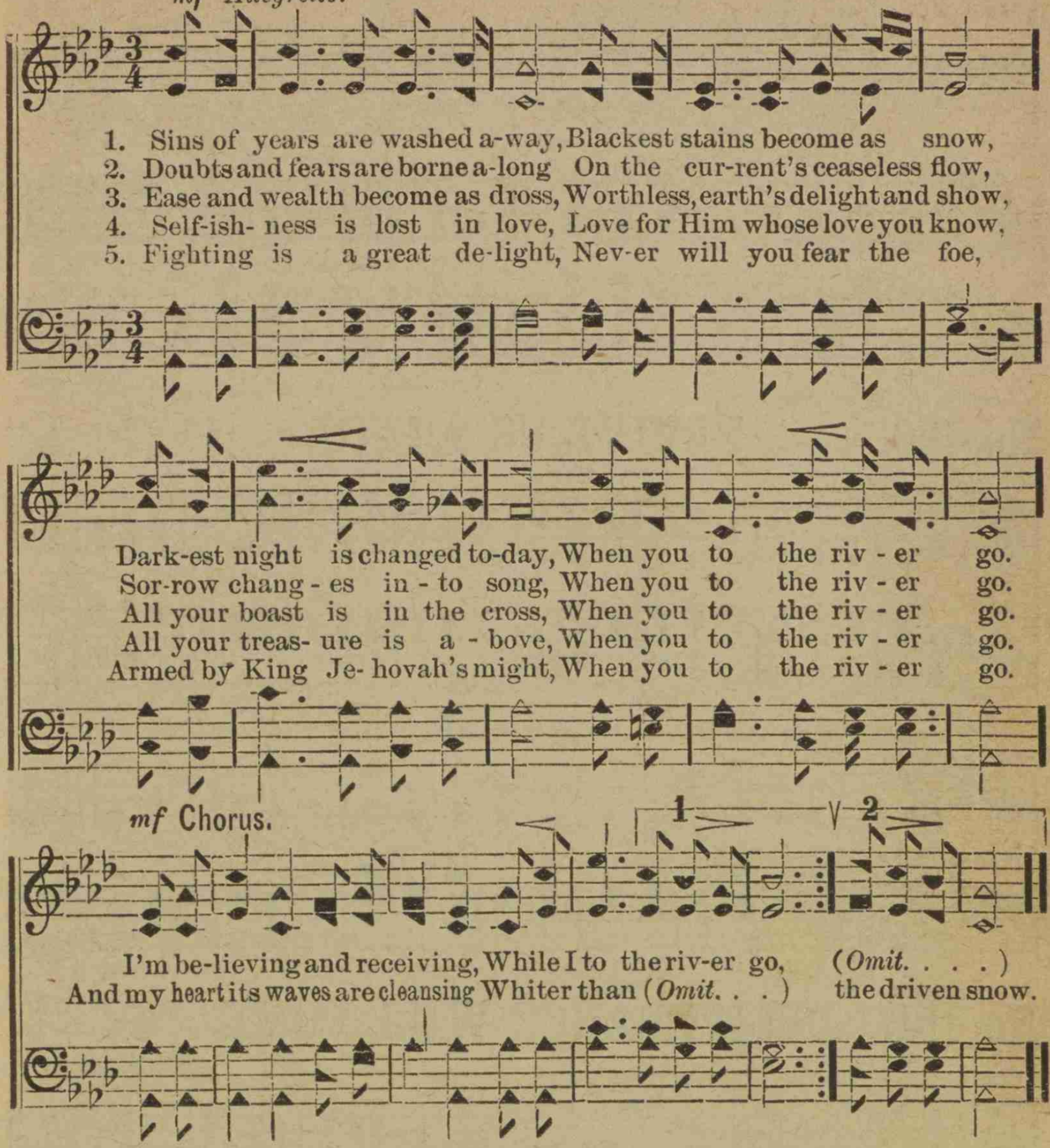
2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

No. 147. I'M BELIEVING AND RECEIVING.

"Believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable."—1 PET. 1: 8.

H. H. R. Commandant HERBERT BOOTH, by per.



No. 148. HOW I LOVE THEE.

TUNE.—"*What a Friend we have in Jesus.*"

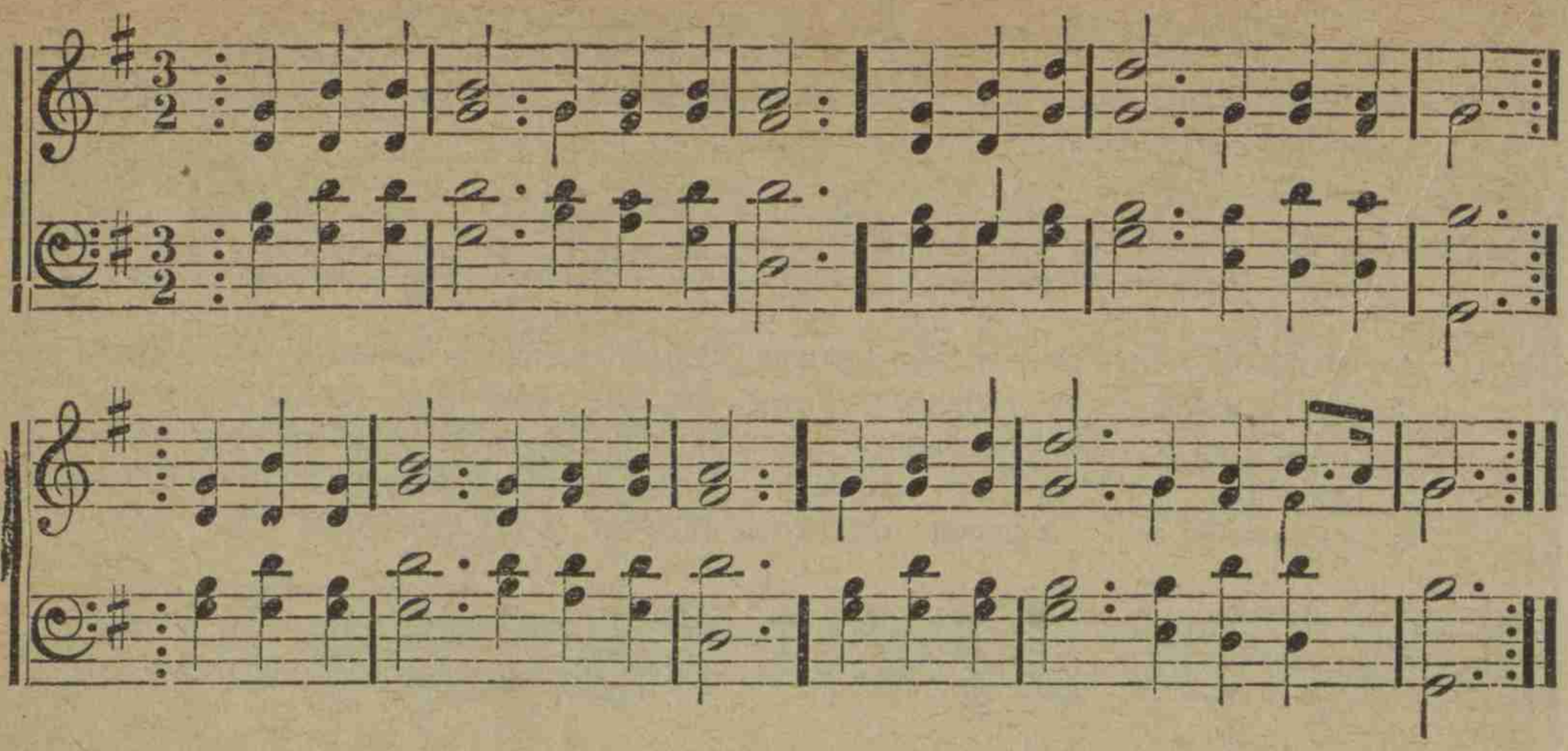
1 Precious Jesus, how I love Thee,
Thou hast done so much for me,
Thou hast pardoned my transgressions,
Thou hast given liberty.
Precious Jesus, I will trust Thee,
When I'm tempted and oppressed,
Thy great hand will keep me safely,
Till the storm has o'er me passed.

2 Precious Jesus, Thou hast bought me—
Bought me with Thy precious blood;
I belong to Thee, dear Saviour,
I belong to Thee, my God.
I am Thine to do Thy bidding,
Thine to go where Thou dost send,
Thine to tell to those in darkness,
Thou art every sinner's friend.

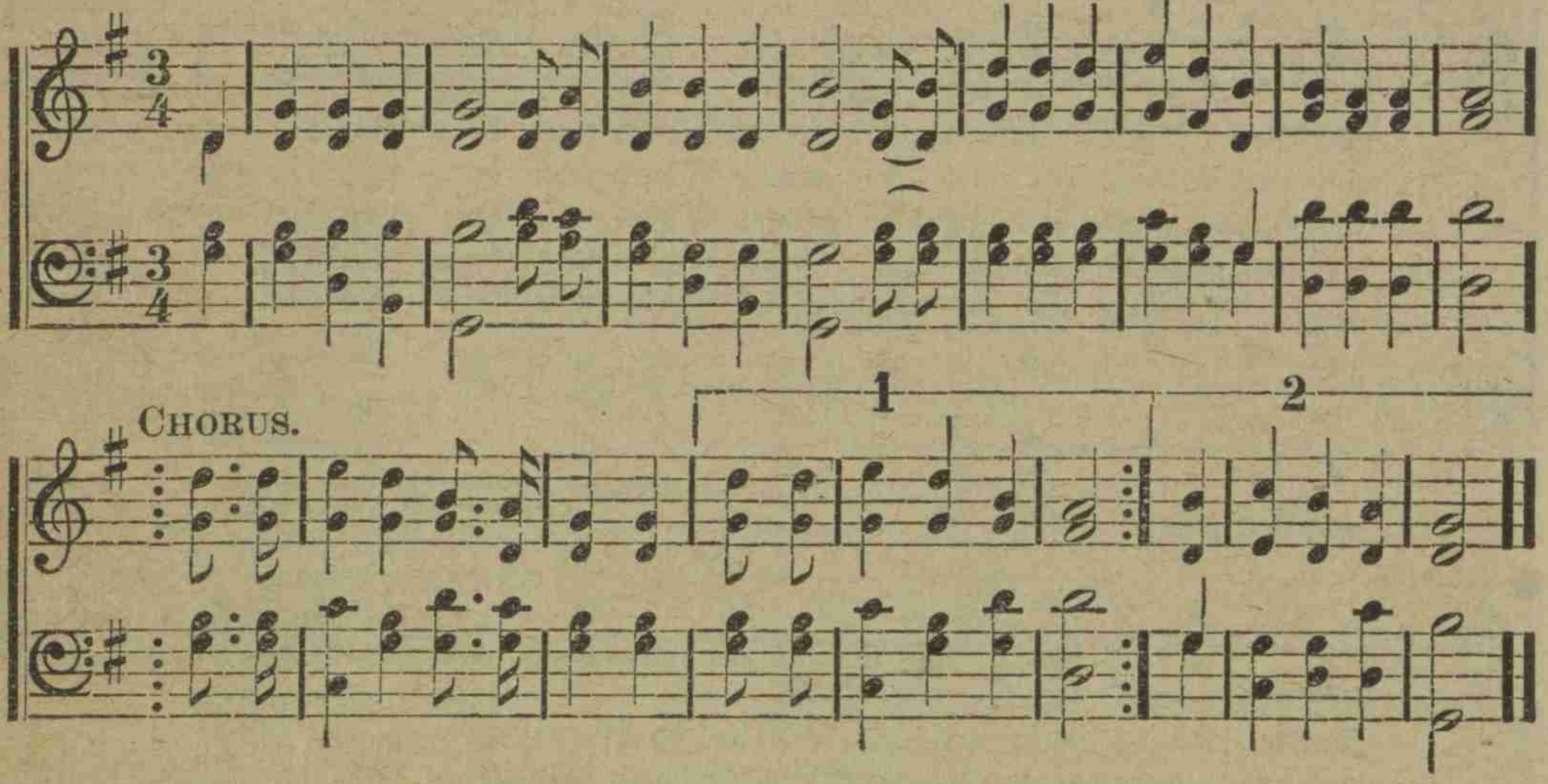
3 Light is found alone in Jesus;
Christ, our Everlasting Light,
Shine into these hearts, oh, Saviour,
Turning darkness into light.
Help us, Lord, to be more watchful
O'er our thoughts and actions too.
While we keep our eyes on Jesus
He will keep us ever true.

By M. LOUISA MILLS, New York.

No. 149. GOING HOME.
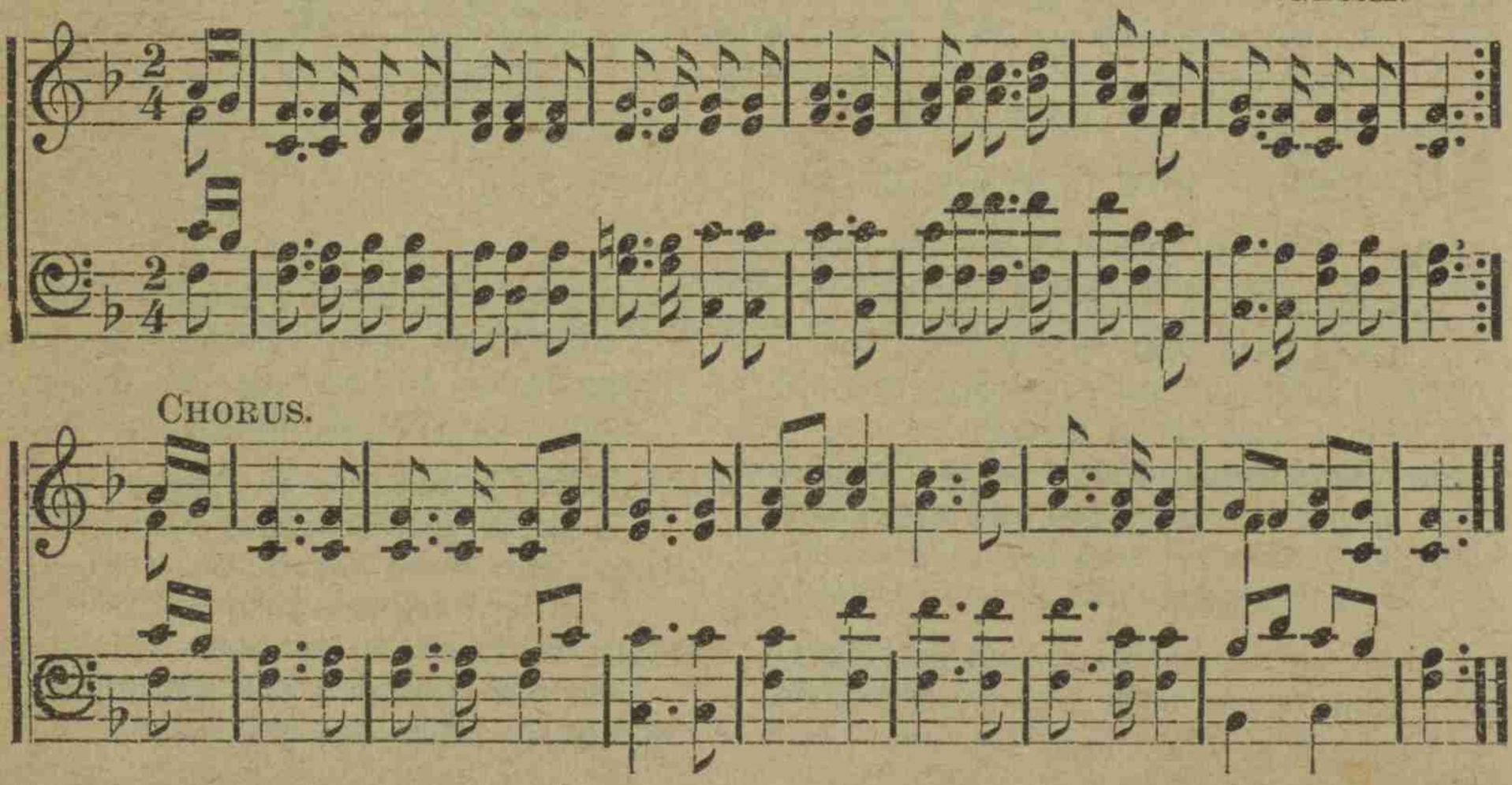


No. 150. REVIVE US AGAIN.



No. 151. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

ENGLISH.



No. 152. *Music No. 149.*

1 My heavenly home is bright and fair:
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHORUS.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky.
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here a stranger far from home,
Afflictions waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

No. 153. *Music No. 150.*

1 We praise Thee, O God!
For the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died,
And is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God!
For Thy spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour,
And scatter'd our night.

3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins
And has cleans'd ev'ry stain.

4 Revive us again;
Fill each heart with Thy love,
May each soul be rekindled
With fire from above.

No. 154. *Music No. 151.*

1 I saw a happy pilgrim,
In shining garments clad,
While traveling up the mountain,
His countenance was glad;
He had no cares nor burdens,
He'd laid them at the cross,
The blood of Christ, his Saviour,
Had cleansed him from all dross.

CHORUS.

Then palms of victory,
Crowns of glory,
Palms of victory,
We shall wear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow,
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home;
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come:

3 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain;
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosannah!
Deliverance will come.

No. 155. LOST AFTER ALL.

(*Can be sung to tune "After the Ball."*)

1 A little child is kneeling by his mother's chair,
Softly repeating sweet words of prayer
"Dear Loving Jesus, Gentle and Mild
Look down, and bless me, thy little child."
Long kneels the Mother, praying that night,
"God bless my treasure, guide him aright"
List to his story, weep o'er his fall,
Through his own madness, lost after all.

REFRAIN.

After the days of childhood;
After a Mother's prayer,
After the years of manhood,
Freighted with joys and cares;
After a thousand chances,
After the final call,
Bitter the wail of a spirit;
Lost after all.
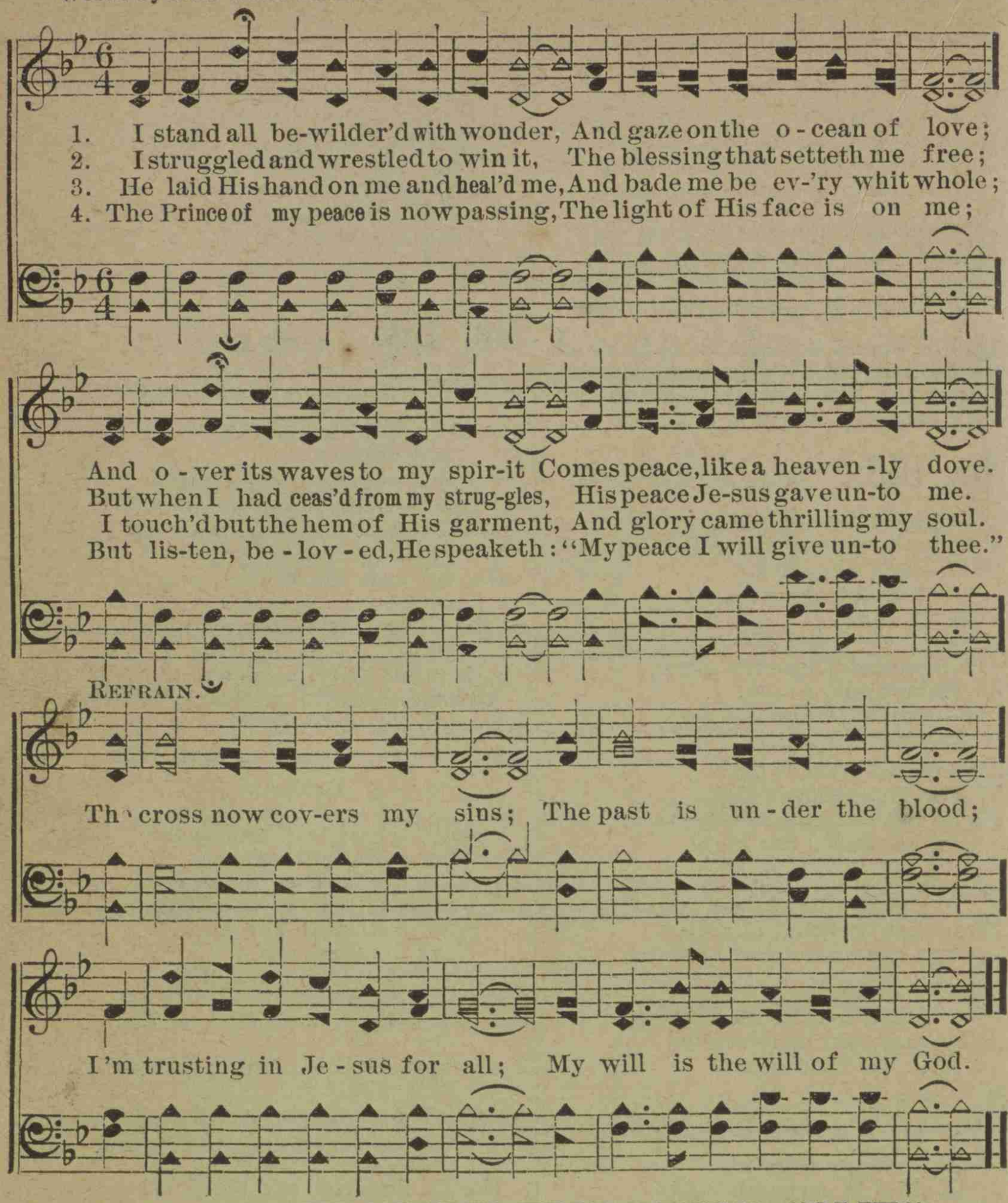
2 Changed is the picture, years have swiftly flown,
Sadly the mother waits all alone.
Waits for her darling where does he roam,
Has he forgotten mother and home?
Hark, there's a footstep, surely, 'tis he,
Oh Heaven help her what does she see?
Inside he staggers, one groan, a fall;
Wrecked by the wine cup, lost after all.

3 Farther and farther from his Mother's God,
Wanders he on in sins road so broad,
Till by the window one stormy night,
He finds her waiting lifeless and white;
Vainly the spirit strives for his soul,
Spurning his God he turns to the bowl
Angels in Heaven, weep o'er his fall,
Still unrepentant, lost after all.

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No. 156. THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

Words by Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. Music by W. G. FISCHER. By per.



No. 157. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Chorus.—
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we 'll be gather'd home.

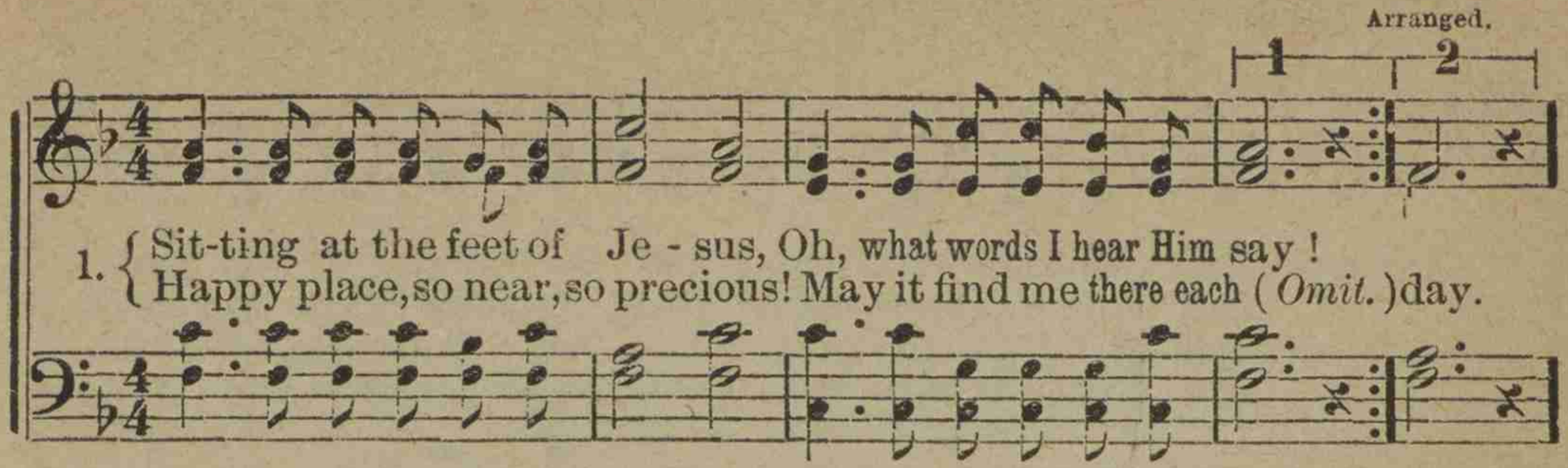
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

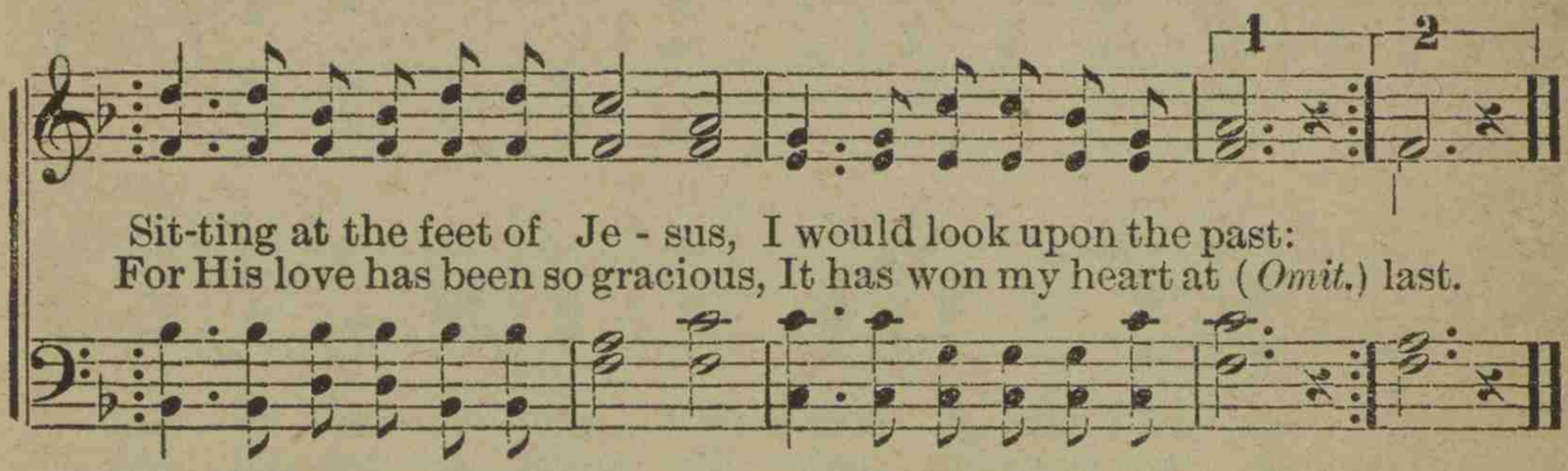
4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No. 158. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

Arranged.



1. { Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear Him say !
Happy place, so near, so precious! May it find me there each (*Omit.*) day.

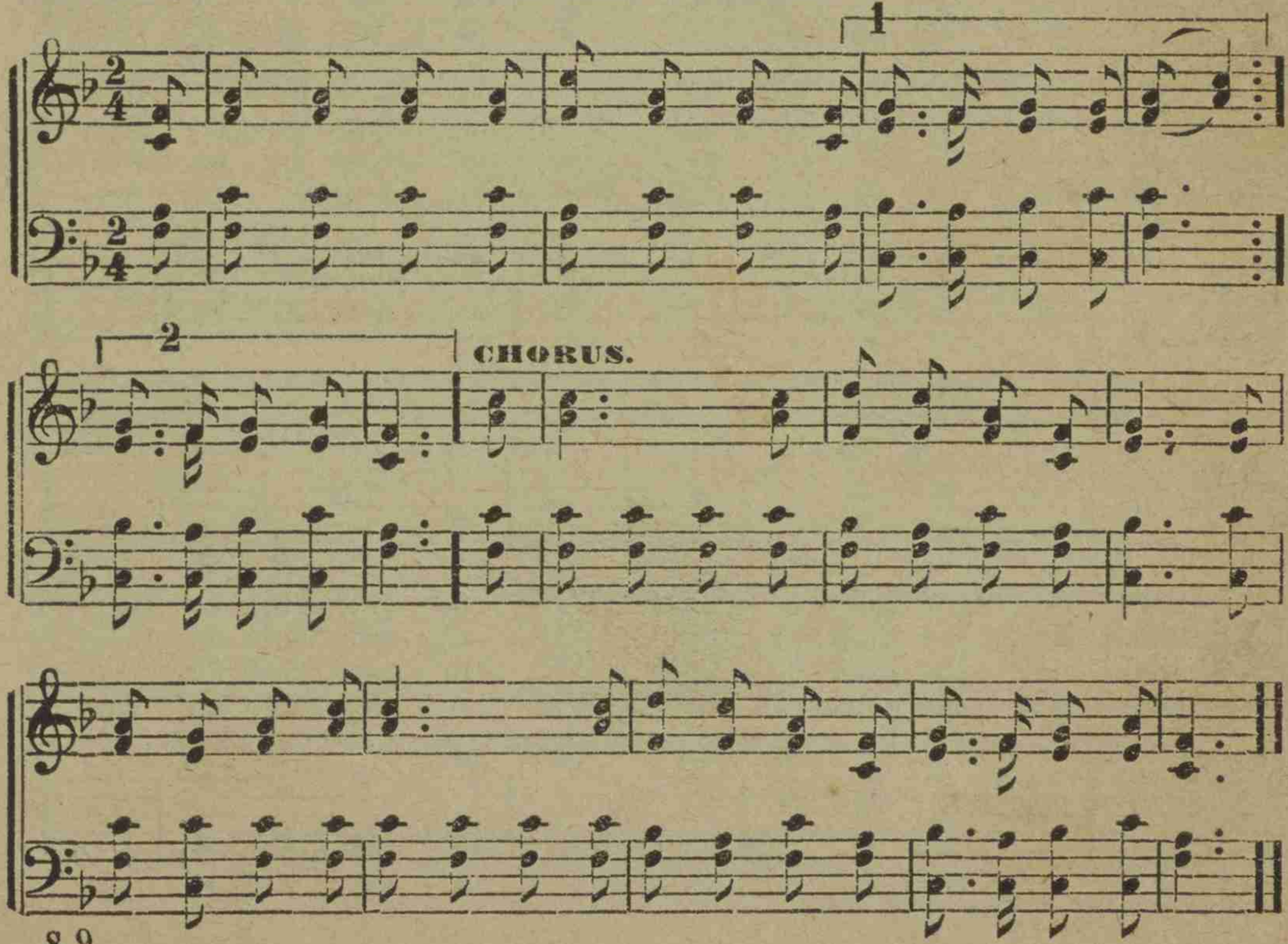


Sit-ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look upon the past:
For His love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at (*Omit.*) last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from His fullness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O, my Saviour, bless me,
As I sit low at Thy feet,
Oh, look down in love upon me,
Let me see Thy face so sweet;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus,
Make me holy as He is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness.

No. 159. WE'LL WORK.



No. 160. THE GATES OF LIGHT SHALL OPEN.

IDA L. REED. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Fear not thou care-worn one, Be pa - tient to the last,
2. Let this thy sad heart cheer, When by earth's cares op-pressed.
3. Tho' rough the way ap - pear, Be not dis-courag-ed, friend;
4. Let not thy cour - age fail, Though dark the path may be,

The tem - pest's heav - y frown Will van - ish—soon be past;
Thy feet are press-ing near The sweet e - ter - nal rest,
For God Him - self is near To suc - cor and de - fend,
Trust Him who said "my strength Suf - fi - cient is for thee."
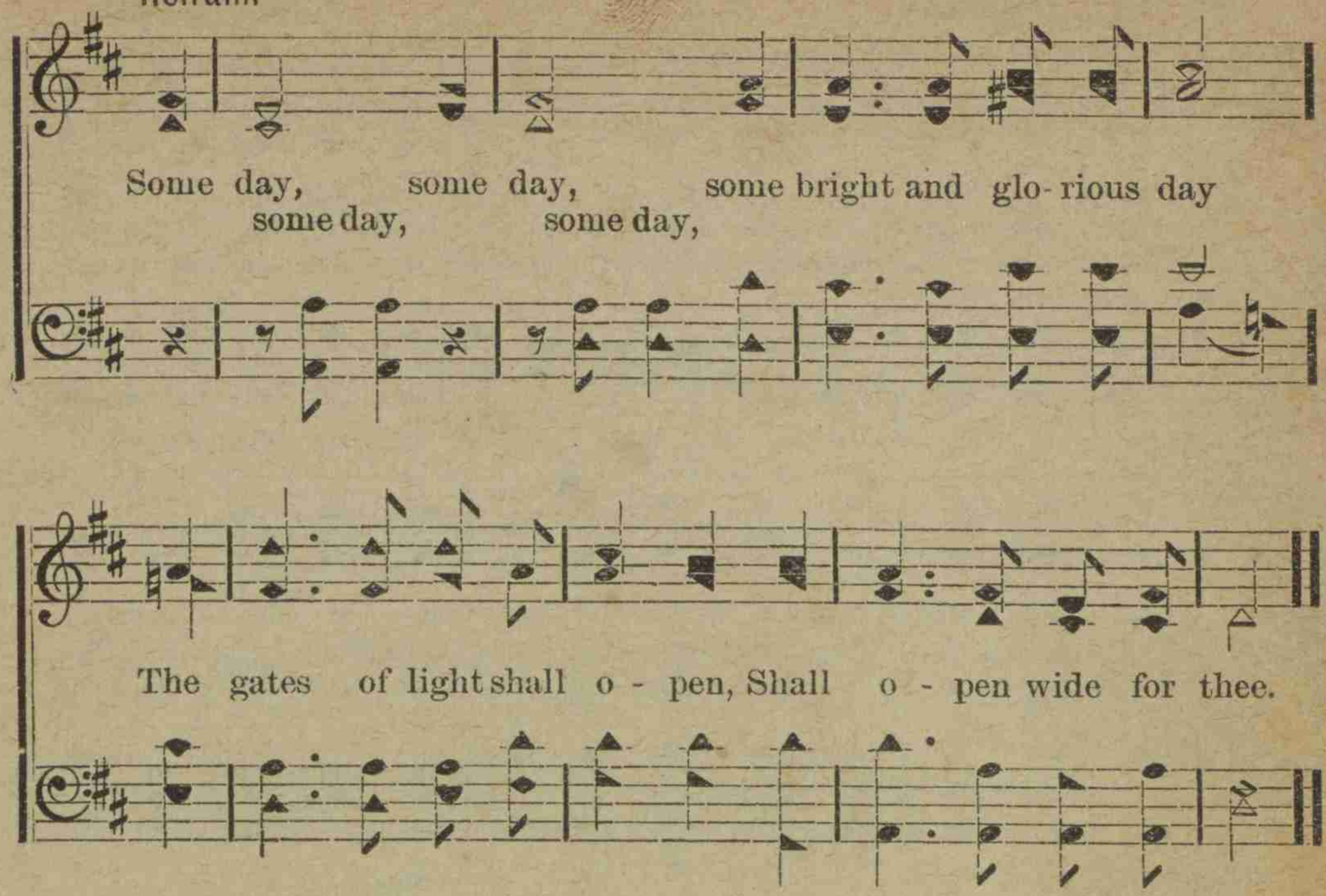
Be - yond thy fee - ble sight, Where day reigns ev - er free,
Be - yond thy fee - ble sight, Where day reigns ev - er free,
Be - yond thy fee - ble sight, Where day reigns ev - er free,
Be - yond thy fee - ble sight, Where day reigns ev - er free,

Some day the gates of light, Will o - pen wide for thee.
Some day the gates of light, Will o - pen wide for thee.
Some day the gates of light, Will o - pen wide for thee.
Some day the gates of light, Will o - pen wide for thee.

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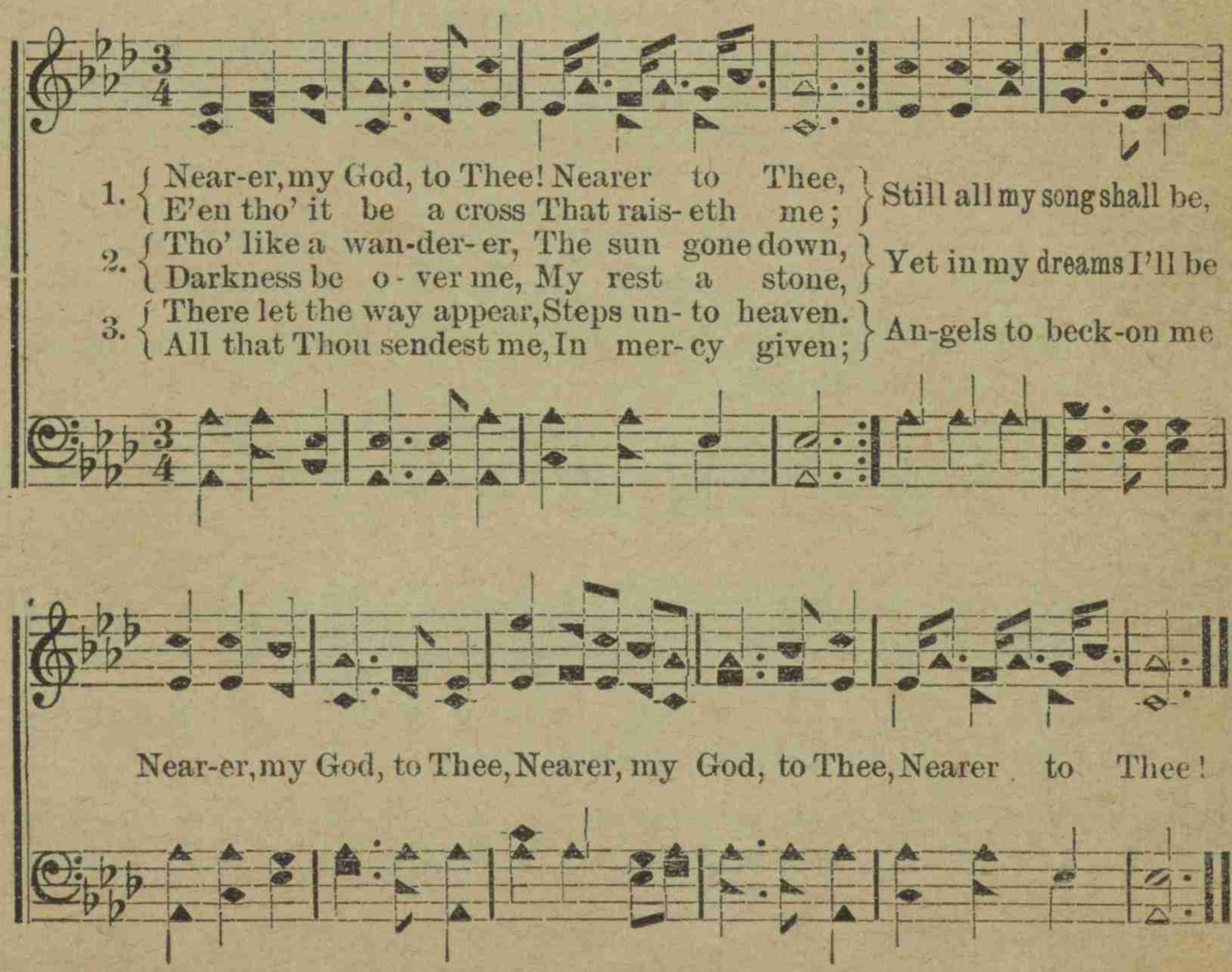
The Gates of Light Shall Open.—Concluded.

Refrain.



No. 161. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. Scotch Air.



No. 162. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

Refrain.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - ing
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean- ing on Je - sus,
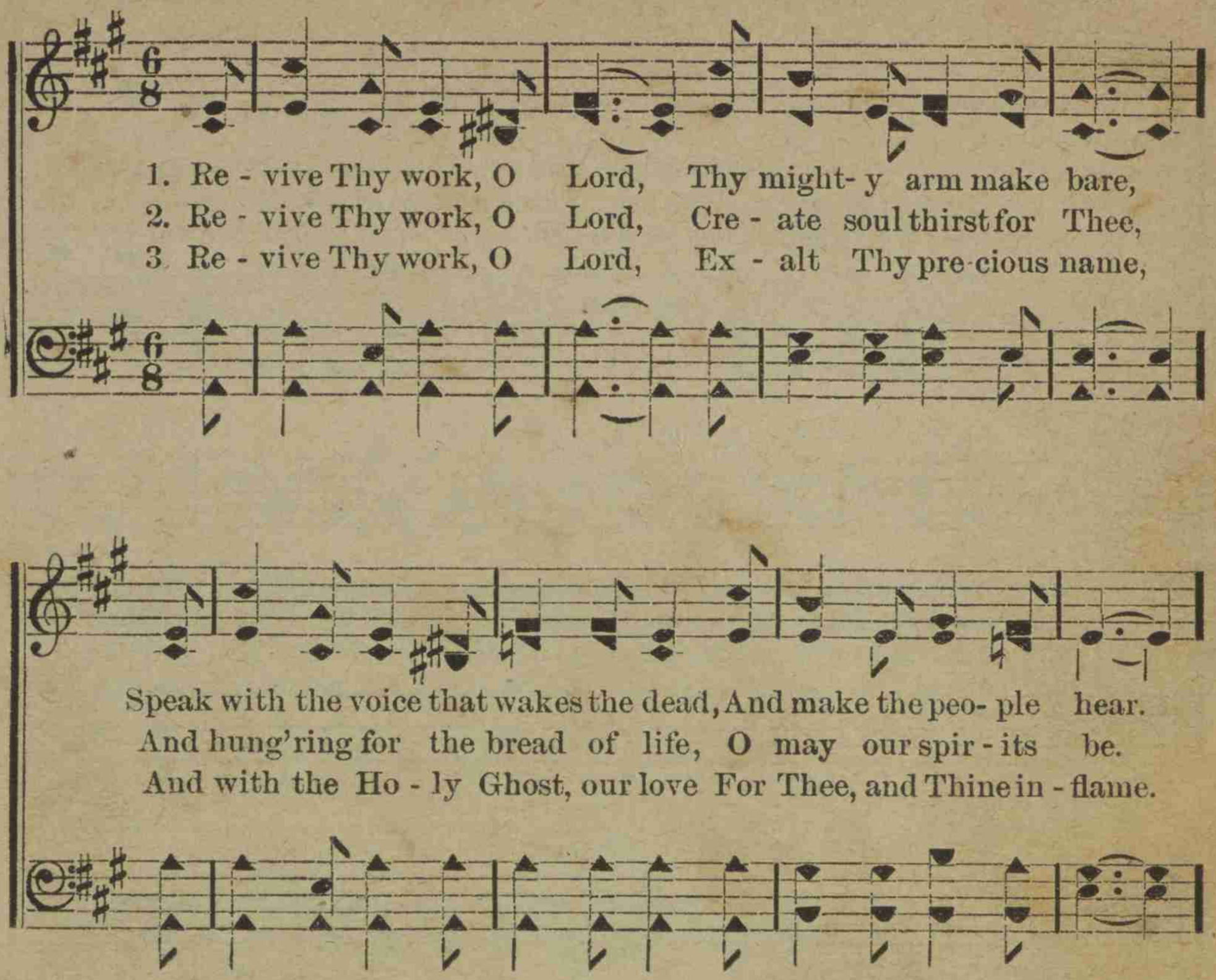
lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev- er- last-ing arms.
Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,
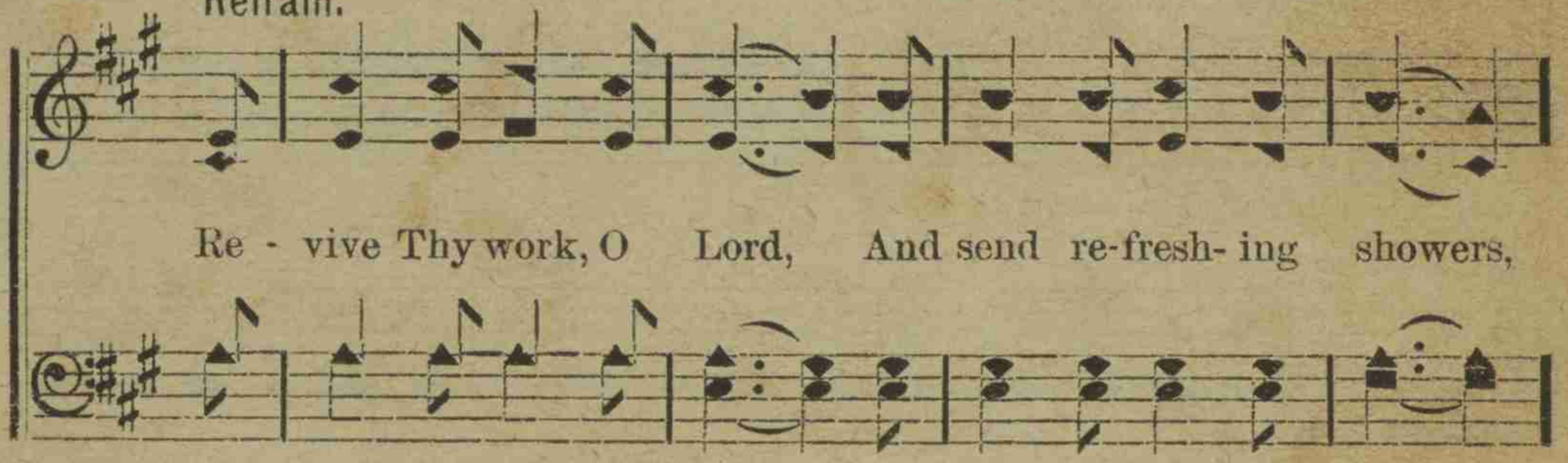
Copyright, by A. J. Showalter. By per.

No. 163. REVIVE THY WORK, O LORD.

W. A. OGDEN.



Refrain.



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No. 164 LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

JENNIE WILSON. JAMES L. ORR.

1. O - ver sins mountains like sheep a-stray, Pre-cious souls wan-der far,
2. "Lost on the mountains," oh hear the cry, Quick to the res - cue, oh,
3. Climb the wild pathway so wild and steep, Search thro' the val-ley so

far a - way; Christ the Good Shepherd so patient and kind, Call-eth for
chris-tian fly! Help the Good Shepherd to gather the lost, Save them that
dark and deep, Seek for the straying ones thro' the dark night, Lov-ing- ly

Chorus.

help-ers the lost to find.
wan-der what-e'er the cost.
lead them to Christ, the Light.
} Ev - er in glo - ry the an - gel-songs roll,

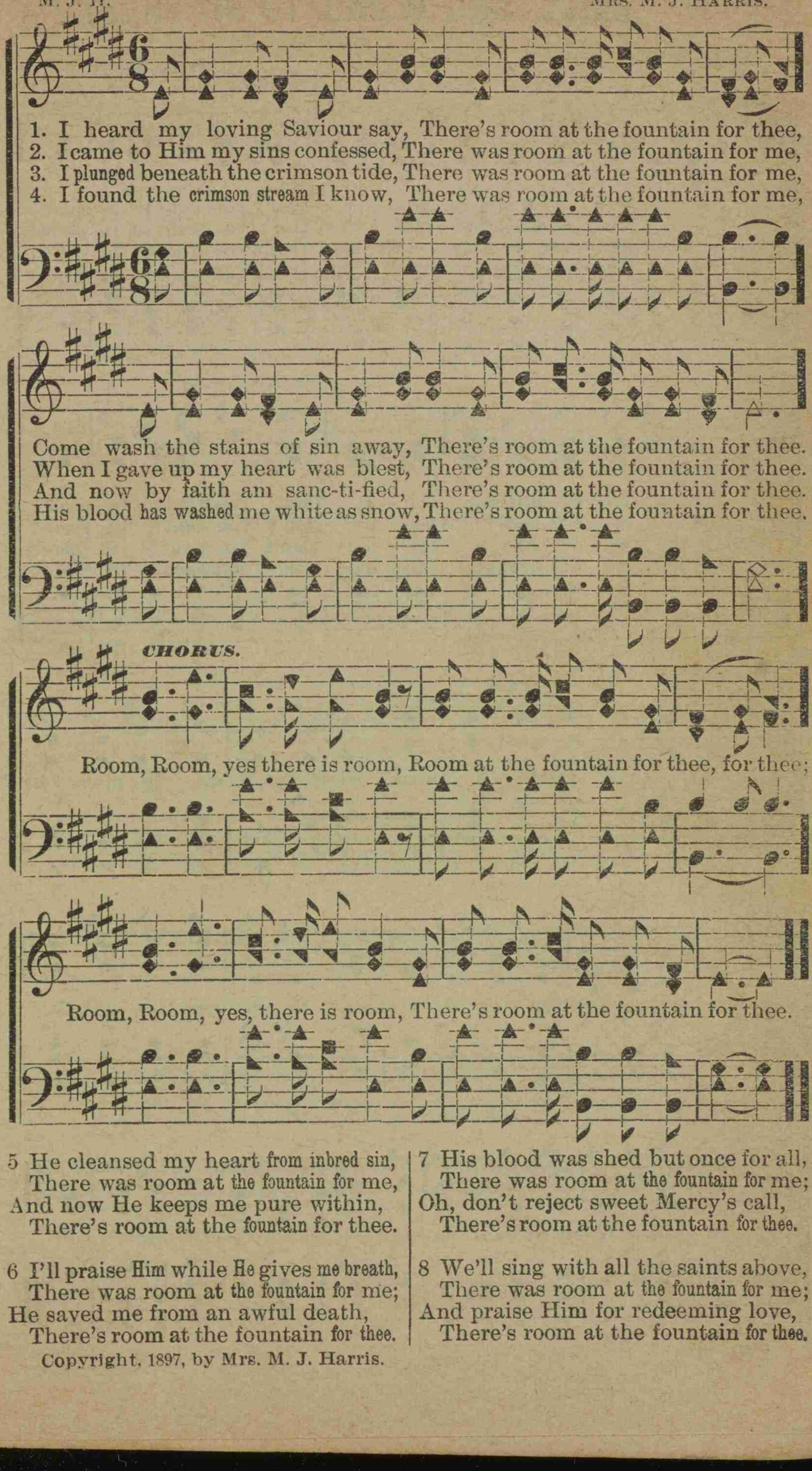
When to the Sav - iour we bring a lost soul, Sweeter and louder they

swell the glad sound, Tell-ing in glo - ry a lost one is found.

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No. 165. ROOM AT THE FOUNTAIN.

M. J. H. MRS. M. J. HARRIS.



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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 166. DON'T YOU WANT TO BE THERE?

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. BRYANT.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. There's a land of wondrous beau - ty! Don't you want to be there?
2. There's a land of death-less pleas - ure, Don't you want to be there?
3. There's a land with cli- mate ver - nal! Don't you want to be there?
4. There's a land where saints are dwell - ing, Don't you want to be there?

SEMI-CHORUS.

'Tis the price of Christ-ian du - ty— Don't you want to be there?
And of ev - er - last- ing treas - ure—Don't you want to be there?
'Tis the realm of life e - ter - nal— Don't you want to be there?
They the love of Christ are tell - ing! Don't you want to be there?

Chorus.

How sweet 'twill be a - round His throne, To sing His praise with

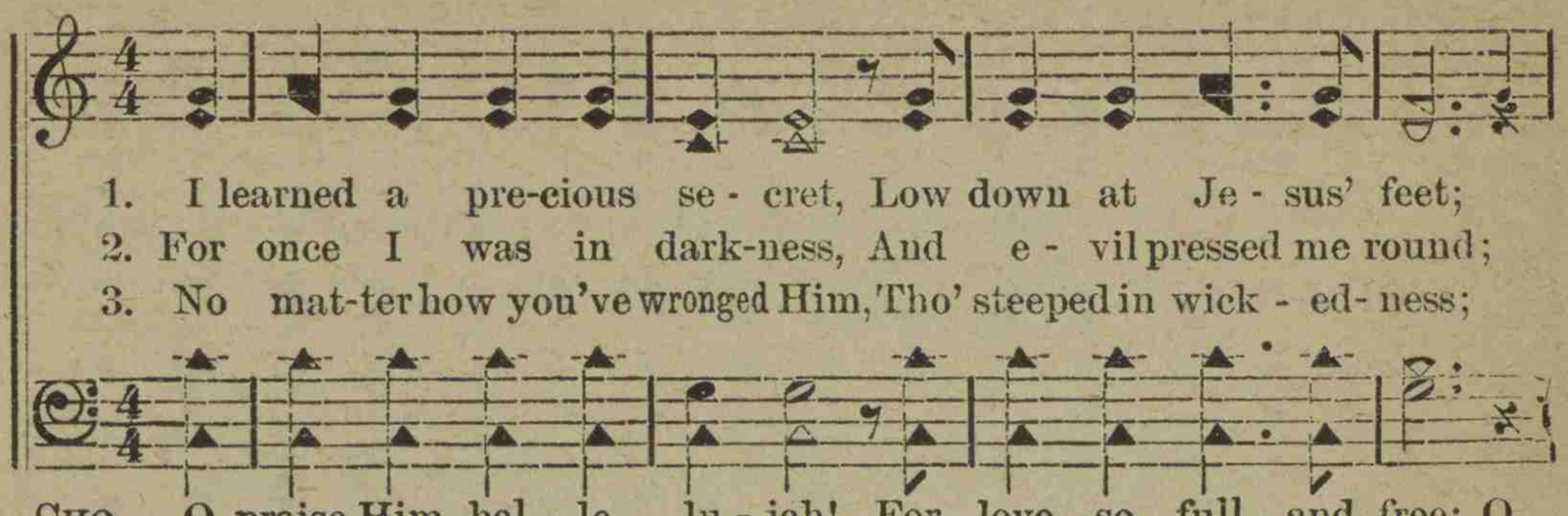
loved ones gone For-ev - er to a- bide, In the heav- en - ly Je -

ru - sa-lem Where we shall know as we are known, Upon the other side.

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No. 167. PRAISE HIM, HALLELUJAH!

Mrs. Adaline H. Beery. Arr. by F. McD. H.



Copyright, 1892, by F. McD. Hunter.

No. 168. ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON. L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. I have learn'd the wondrous se-cret Of a-bid-ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up-on Him, And He bears them all a-way;
4. For my words I take His wis-dom, For my works His Spir-it's power,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con-fid-ing in His word;
I have ceas'd from all my struggling, 'T is no lon-ger I, but He;
All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day.
For my ways His gra-cious Presence Guards and guides me ev-'ry hour,

I have tast-ed life's pure fountain, I am drink-ing of His blood,
All my will is yield-ed to Him, And His Spir-it reigns with-in,
All my strength I draw from Je-sus, By His breath I live and move;
Of my heart He is the Por-tion, Of my joy the cease-less Spring;

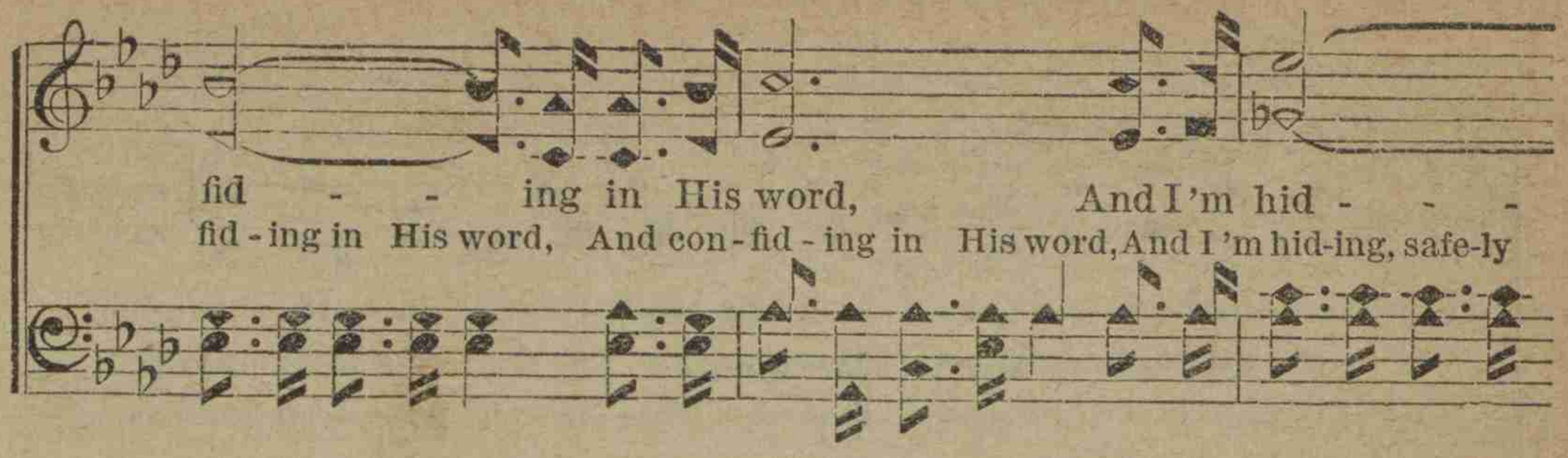
I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in-to God.
And His pre-cious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en His ver-y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc-ti-fi-er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com-ing King.
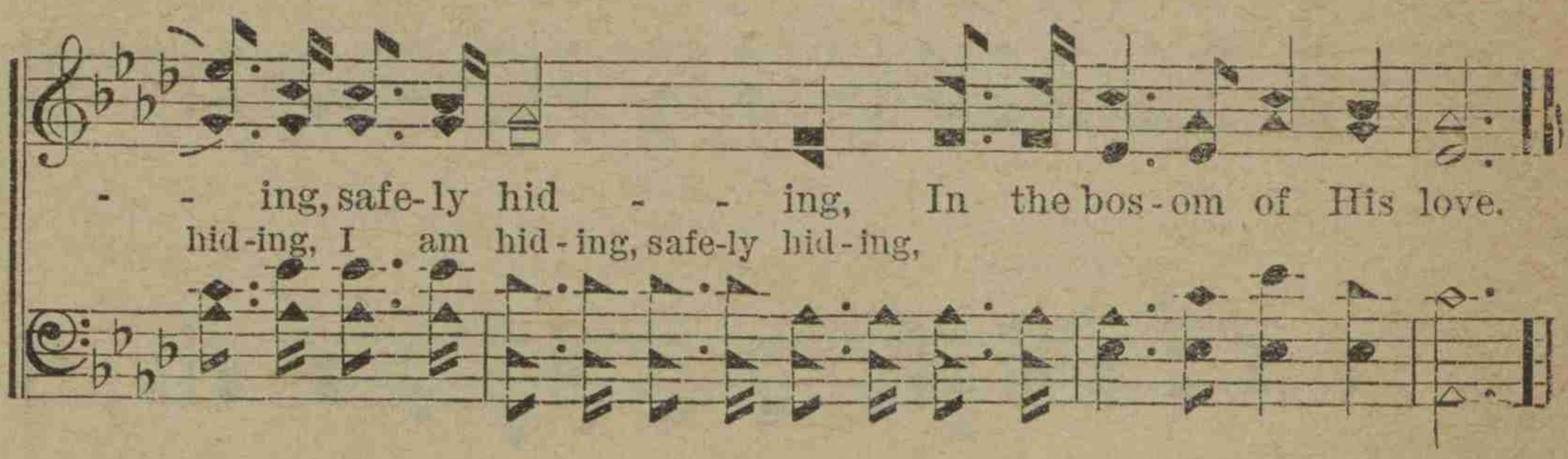
CHORUS.

I'm a-bid - - - - ing in the Lord, And con-
I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, I'm a-bid-ing in the Lord, And con-

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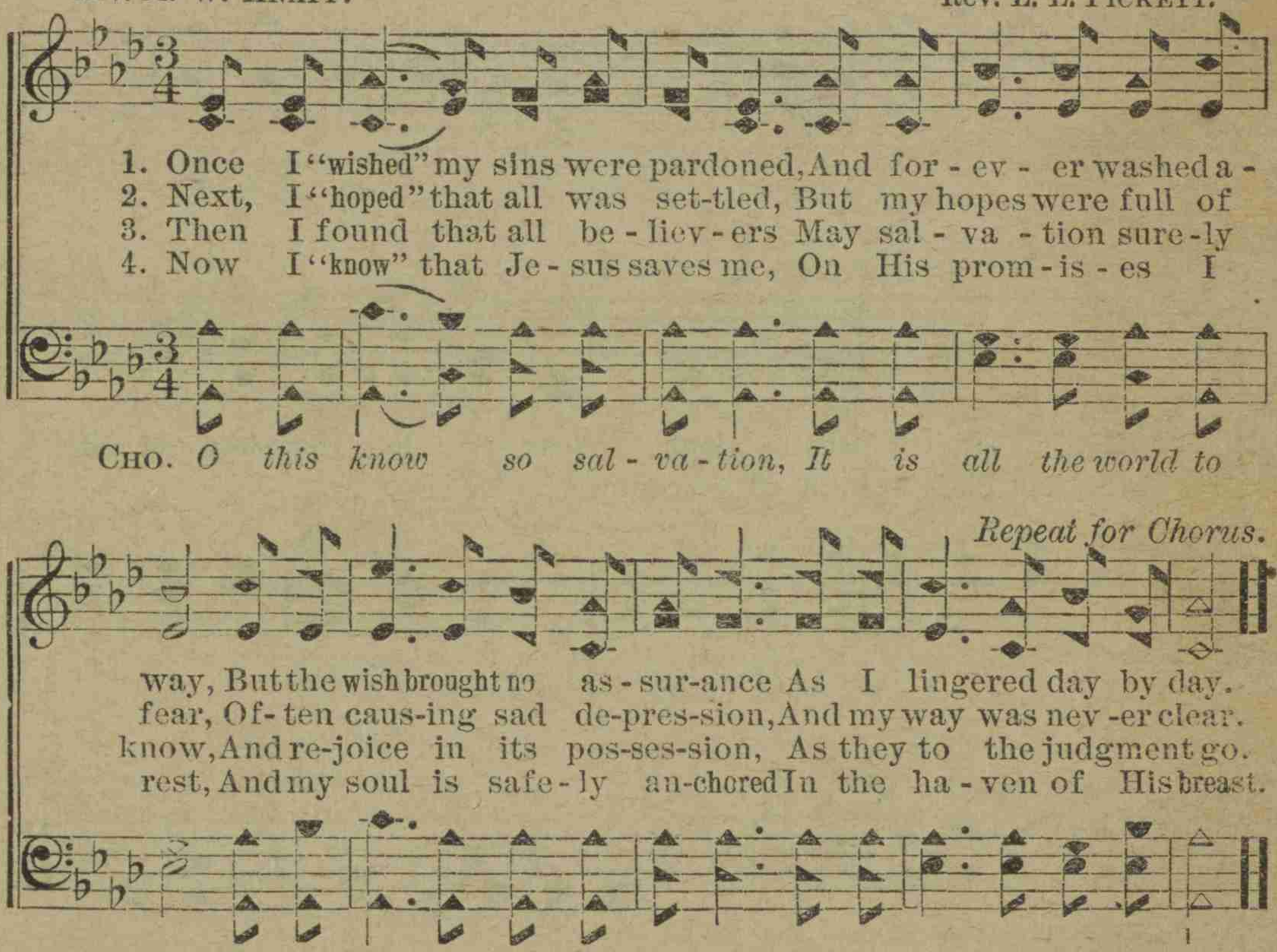
ABIDING AND CONFIDING.—Concluded.





No. 169. KNOWING.

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

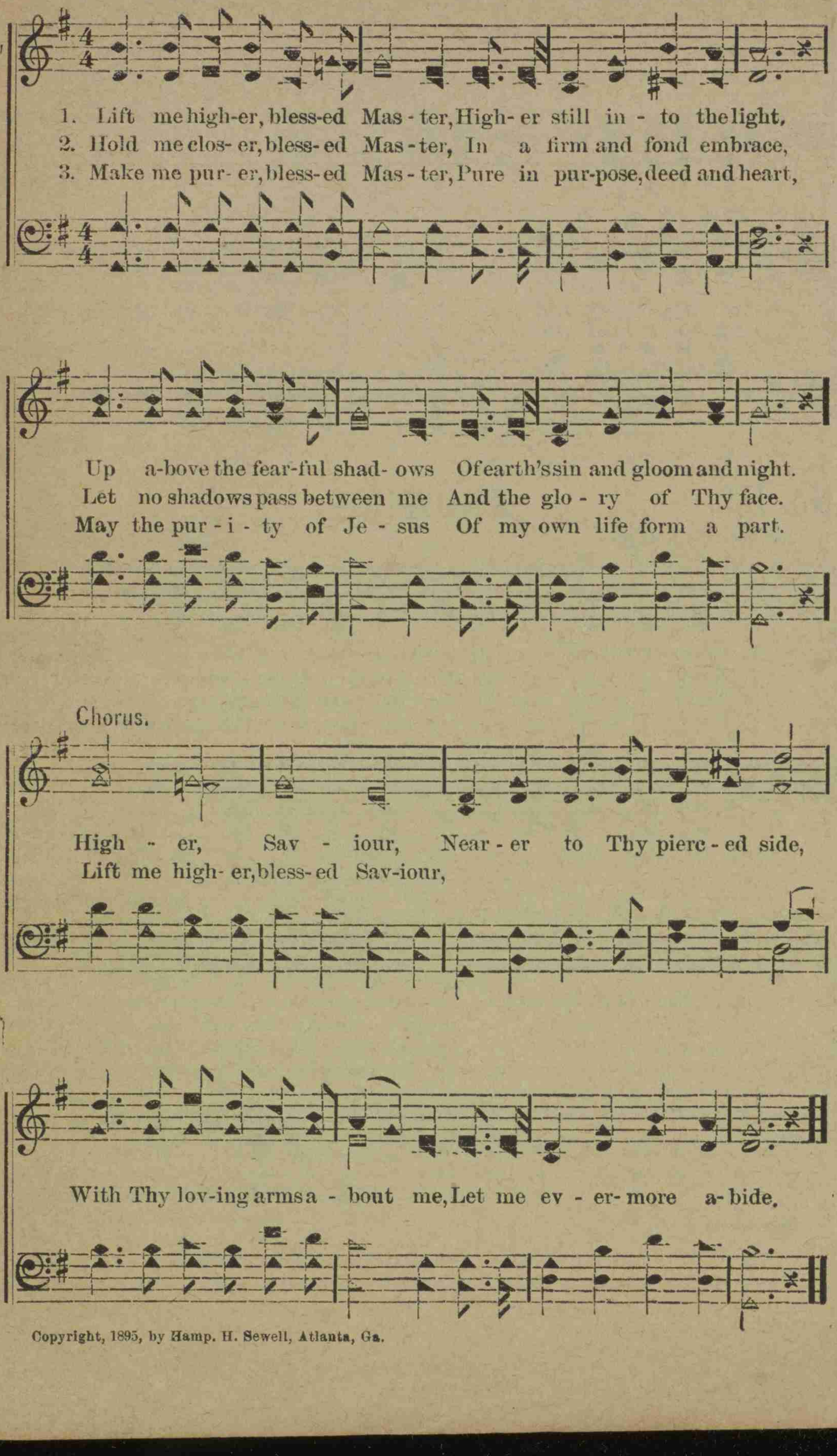


Repeat for Chorus.

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No. 170. LIFT ME HIGHER.

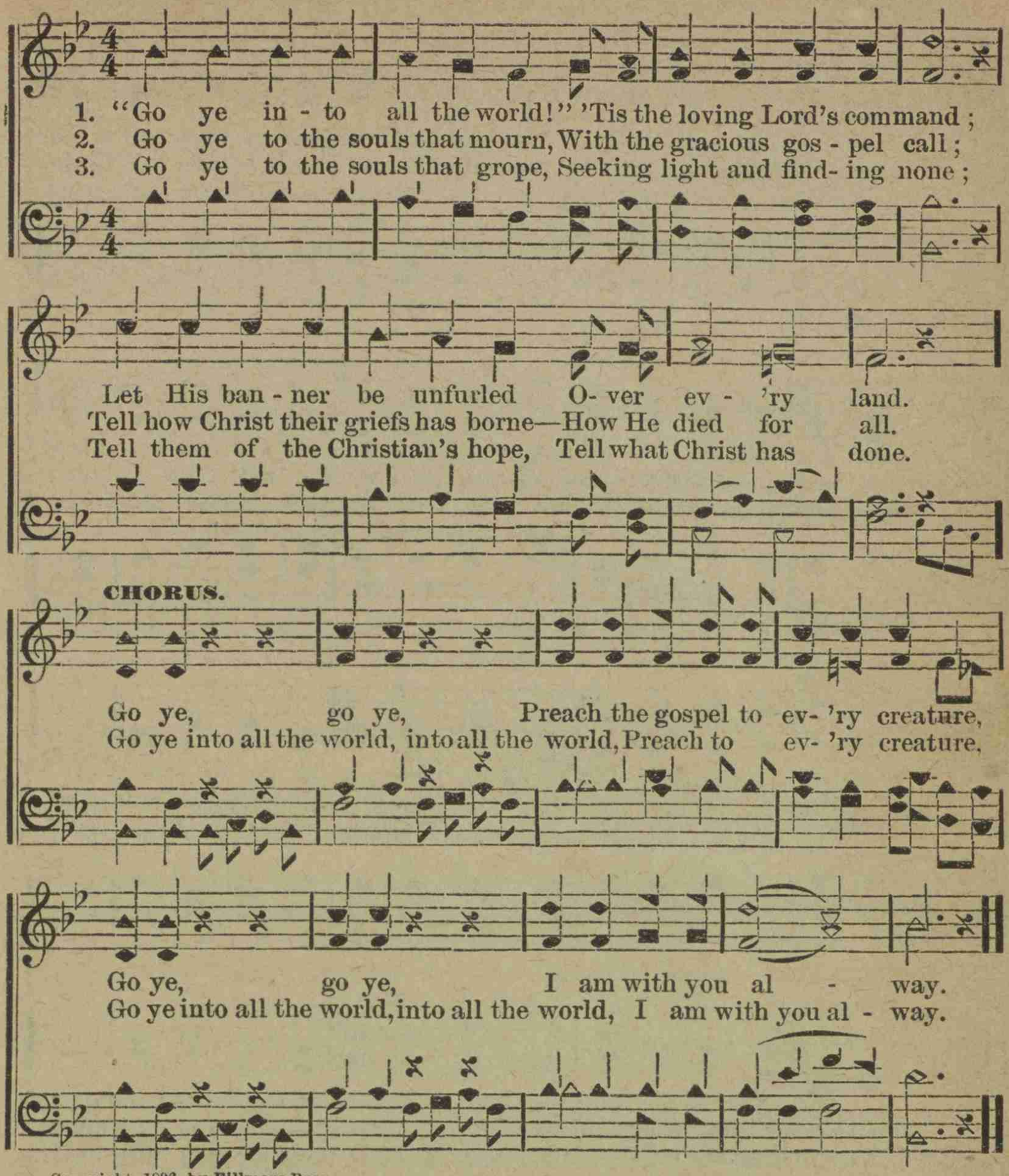
MAY CORNWELL. HAMP. H. SEWELL.



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No. 171. GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. FILLMORE.



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No. 172. JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

See 44, in The Revival, No. 1, for Music and Chorus.

1 Have you ever heard the story
How our Lord before he died
Laid His blessed hands in healing
Upon all who to Him cried,
How the sick and all oppressed ones
He rejoicing sent away?
This He claims to do, beloved,
And He's just the same to-day.

2 Have you ever heard the story
Of the Pentecostal day,
When the Holy Ghost descended,
How He had the right of way?
And with cloven tongues of fire
Inbred sin was swept away?
Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you
He is just the same to-day.

3 Have you ever heard the promise
That our risen Lord should come
Down to earth again and gather
All His chosen people home?
Oh, He says He's surely coming,
We must watch as well as pray;
God declares His word unchanging,
He is just the same to-day.

No. 173. WAITING FOR HIS COMING.

Arranged. HAMP. H. SEWELL, by per.

1. Oh so oft - en we are wea - ry 'Mid the hur- ry care and strife;
2. Like a bridegroom He is com - ing, Rescued souls will be His bride;
3. No more go - ing out for - ev - er, No more sor-row, no more tears,

And our souls are ev - er long - ing For the high - er bet- ter life;
Are our lamps all trimm'd and burning That we may with Him a - bide?
Death and pain can harm us nev - er, Thro' the glad e - ter- nal years.

When the tempest gath- ers 'round us, Oft, we lift our hearts and say:
In the ma- ny man-sions ho - ly Jeweled walls and streets of gold,
In the glo- ry of his pres - ence, Which now lights the Jasper sea;
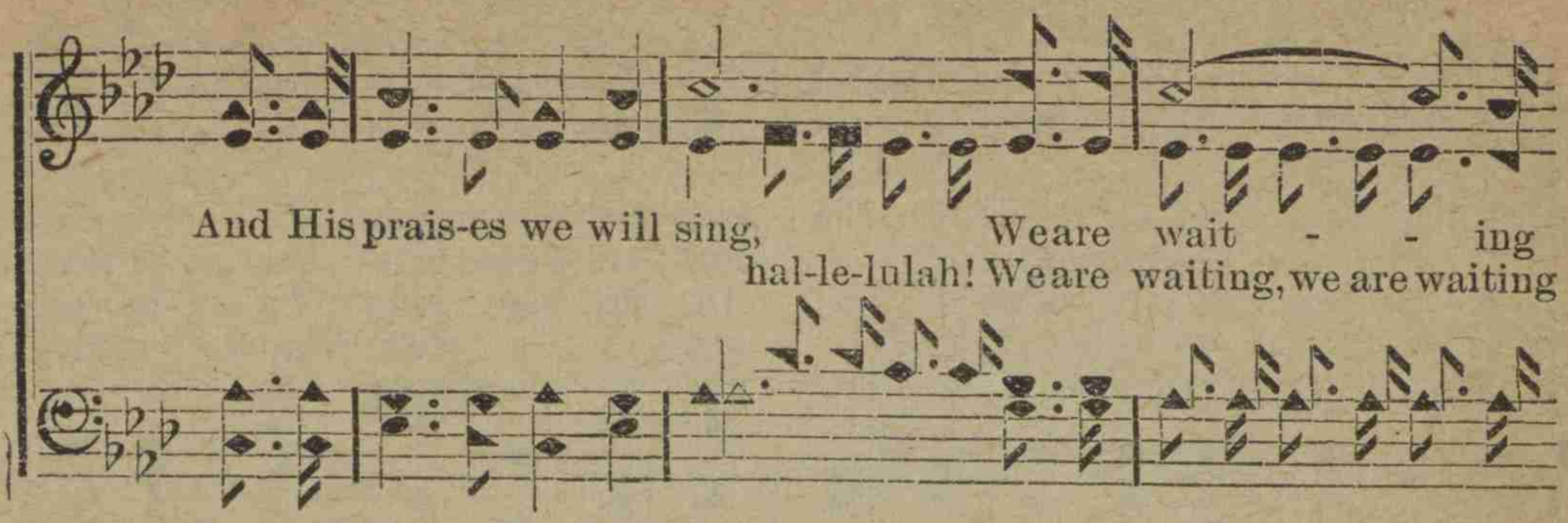
I am wait-ing for Thy com - ing Bless-ed Je - sus night and day.
Gathered with the meek and low - ly, Safe for - ev - er in His fold.
We will meet the long-lost dear ones Waiting there for you and me.
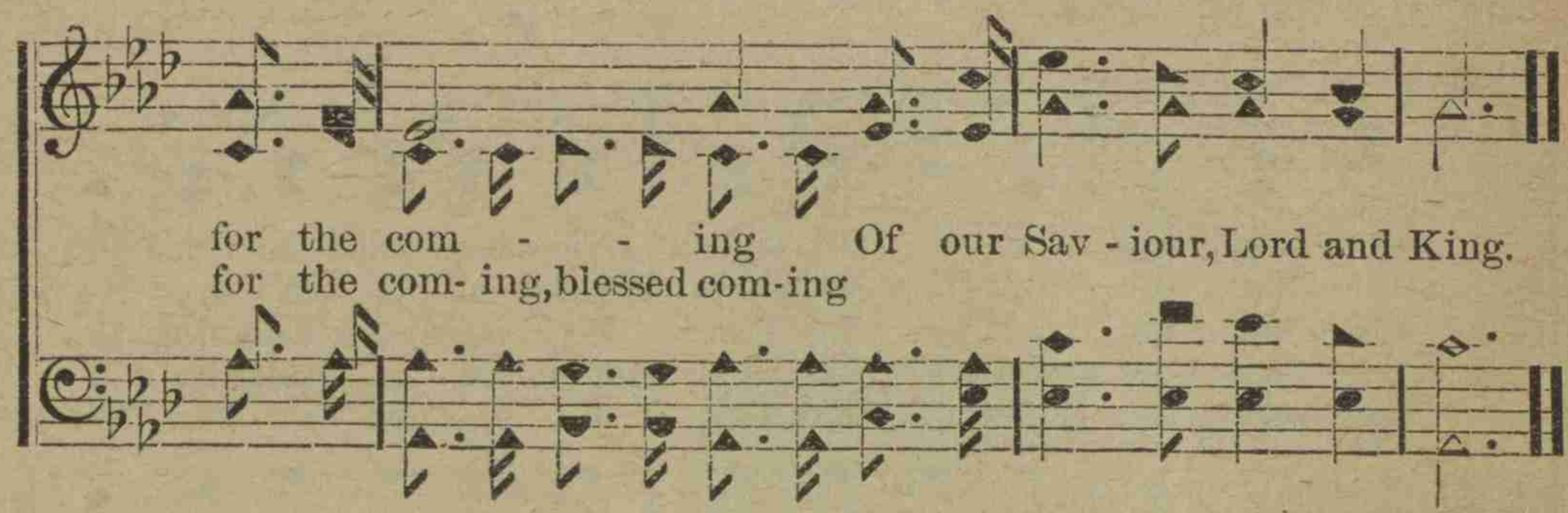
Refrain.

We are wait - - - ing for His com - - ing,
We are wait-ing, we are waiting for His com- ing, blessed com- ing,

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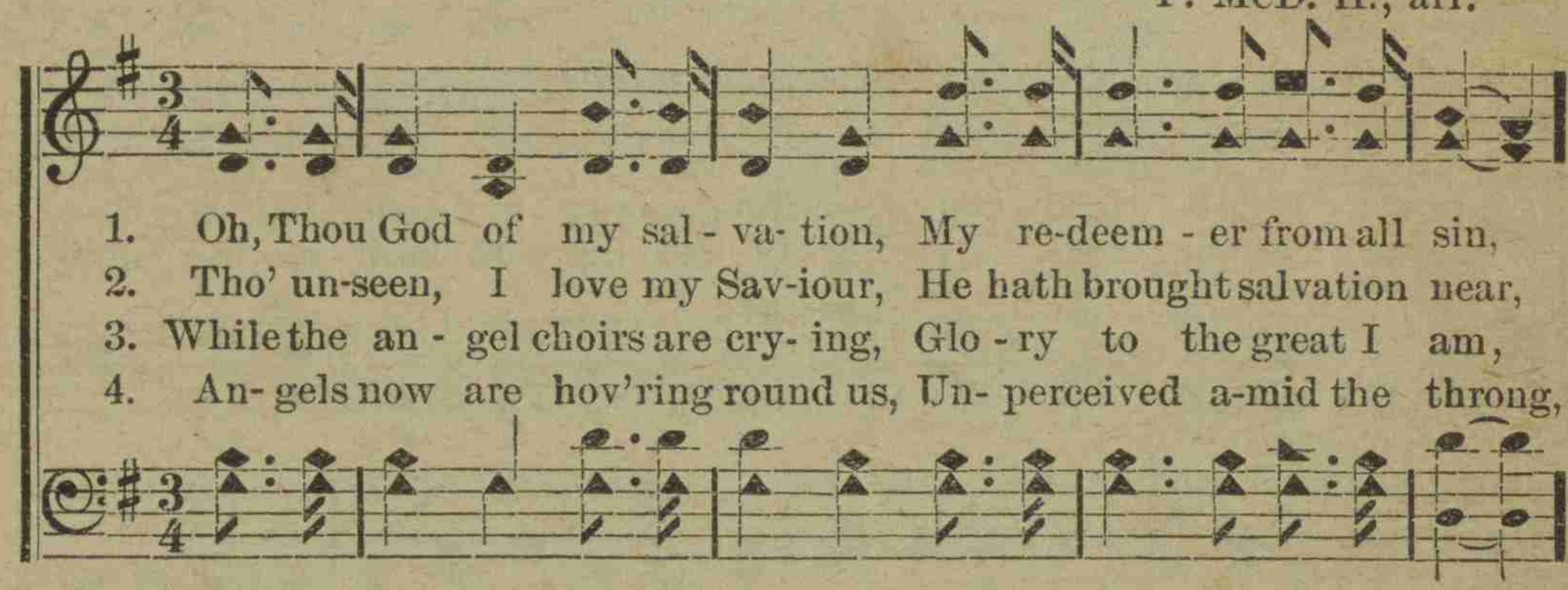
WAITING FOR HIS COMING.—Concluded.

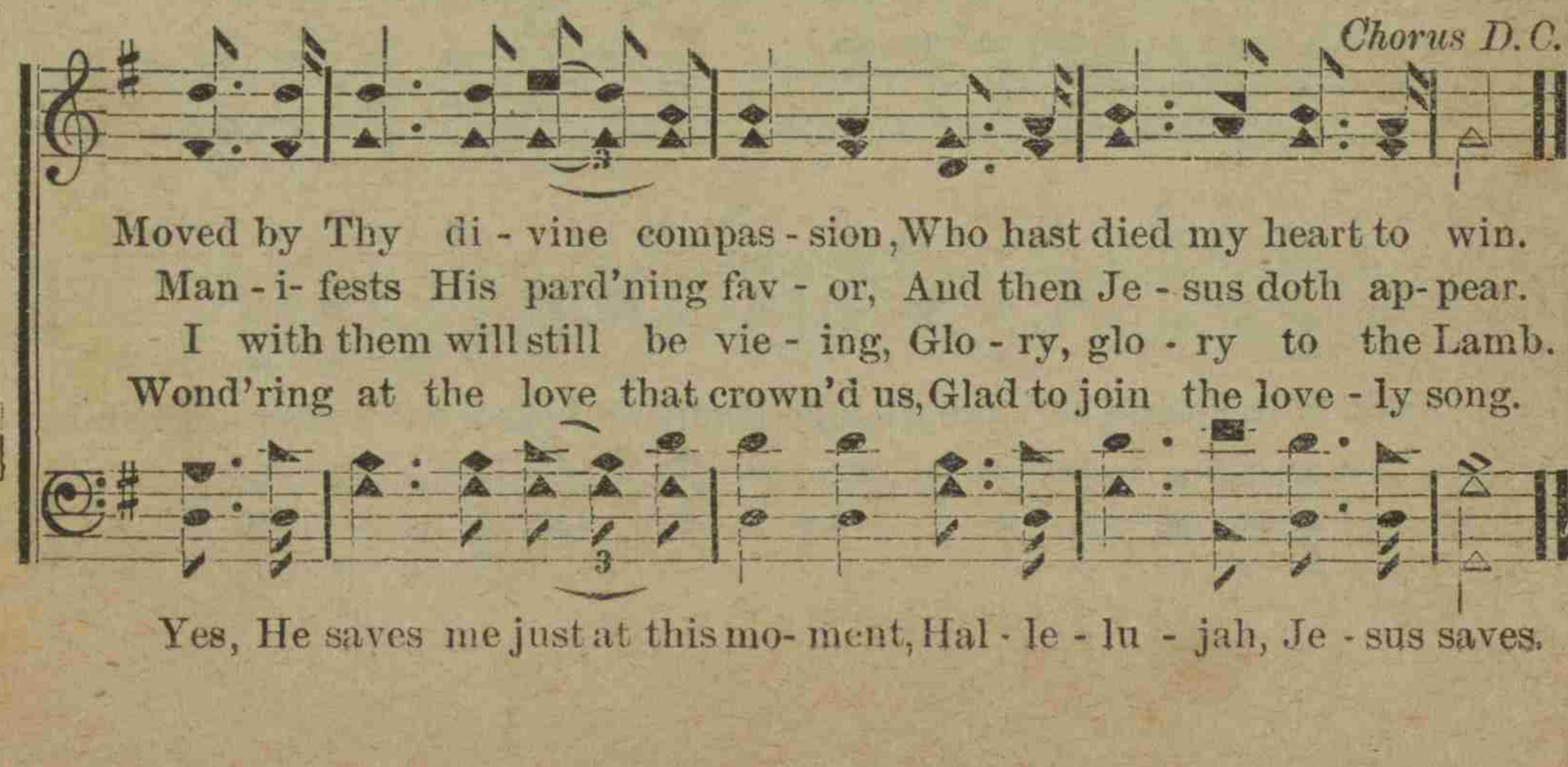




No. 174. HE SAVES.

F. McD. H., arr.





No. 175. BEAUTIFUL BECKONING HANDS.

C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER.

1. Beau - ti - ful hands at the gate-way to-night, Fa - ces all
2. Beck - on- ing hands of a moth- er whose love Sac - ri-ficed
3. Beau - ti - ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba - by voice
4. Beck - on- ing hands of a hus-band, a wife; Watch - ing and
5. Bright- est and best of that glo - ri - ous throng, Cen - ter of

shin - ing with ra - di - ant light; Eyes look-ing down from yon
life her de - vo - tion to prove; Hands of a fa - ther to
call - ing oh, moth- er, for thee; Ro - sy-cheek'd darling, the
wait - ing the loved one of life; Hands of a broth-er, a
all and the theme of their song, Je - sus, our Sav - iour, the

heav - en - ly home, Beau - ti - ful hands they are beck - on- ing "come."
mem - o - ry dear, Beck - on up high - er the wait- ing ones here.
light of the home, Tak - en so ear - ly, is beck - on- ing "come."
sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gateway to - night they ex - tend.
pierc - ed one stands, Lov - ing - ly call- ing with beck - on- ing hands.

Refrain.
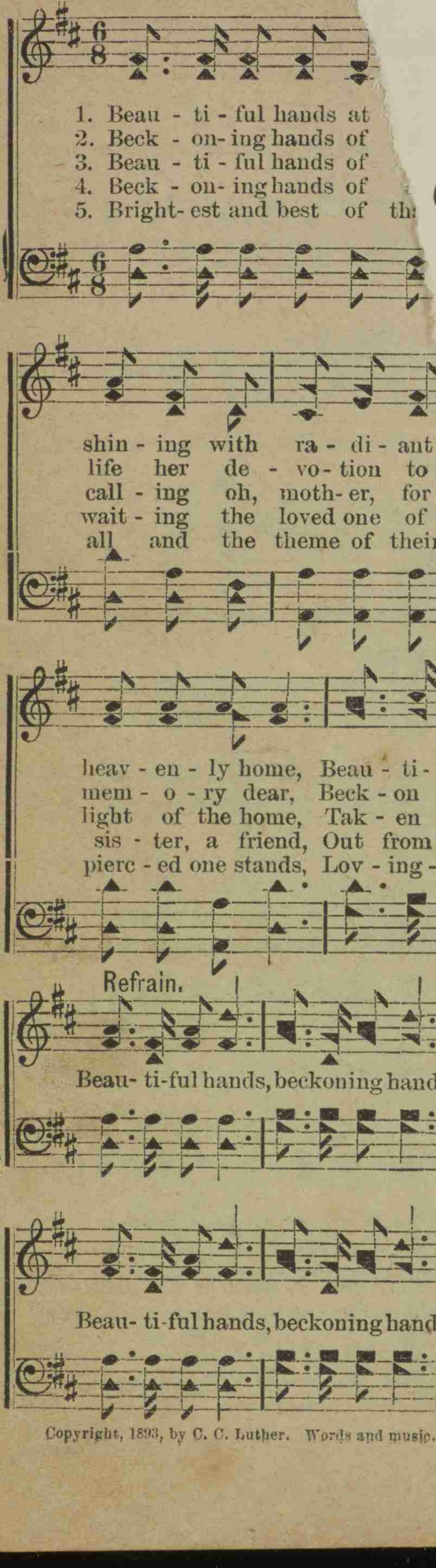
Beau- ti-ful hands, beckoning hands, Calling the dear ones to heaven-ly lands;

Beau- ti-ful hands, beckoning hands, Beautiful, beauti-ful beckon-ing hands.

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No. 175. BEAUTI

C. C. L.



Stewardship and G
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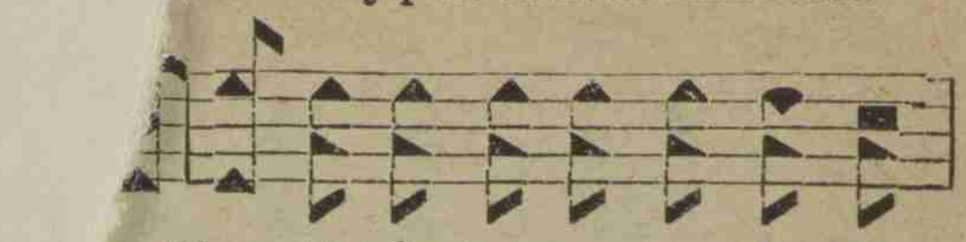
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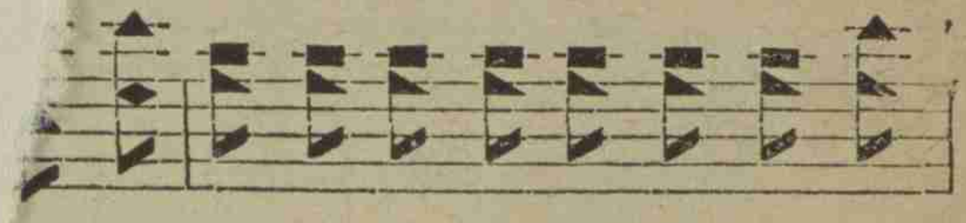
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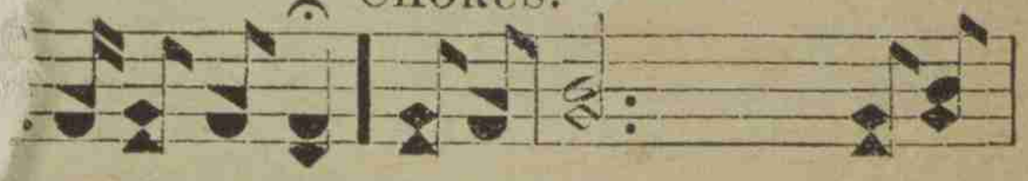
...EET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.
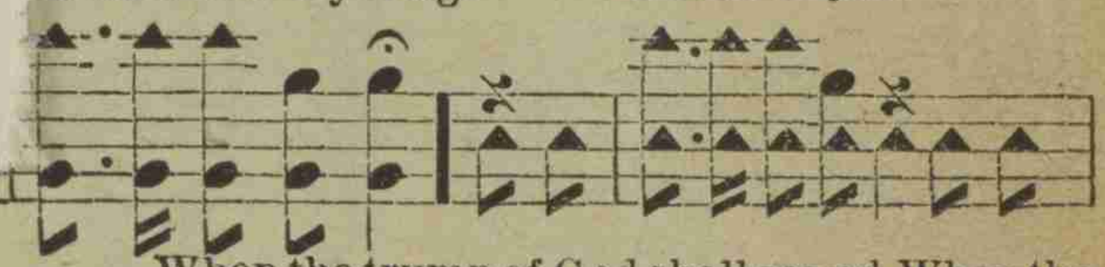


...will see the Saviour coming, And the
...e the vision seems to tar-ry, We will
...t our warfare 'll soon be ov - er, And we 'll
...n we meet our friends in glo-ry, And we 'll
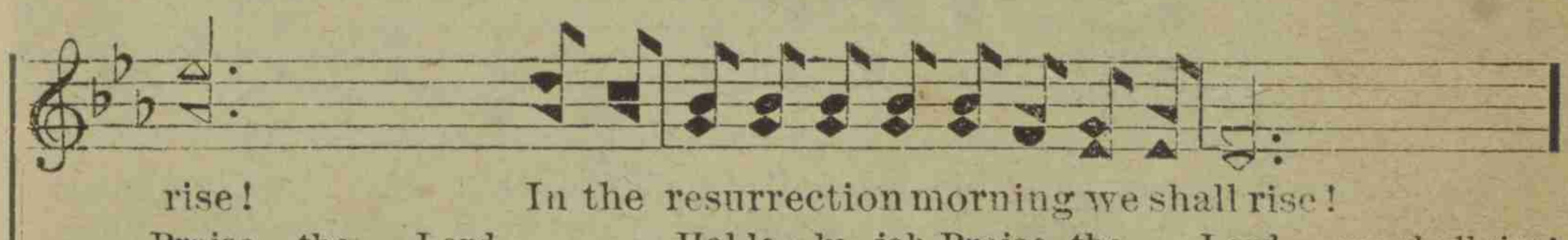


CHORUS.



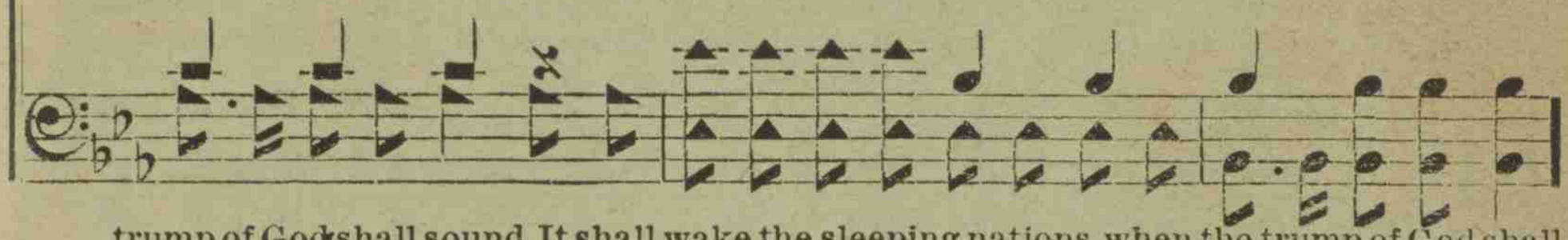
...gdom of the Lord. We shall rise, we shall
...rds of Ho-ly Writ.
...heaven's hap-py shore.
...ail the heav'nly King. Hal-le-lu-jah!



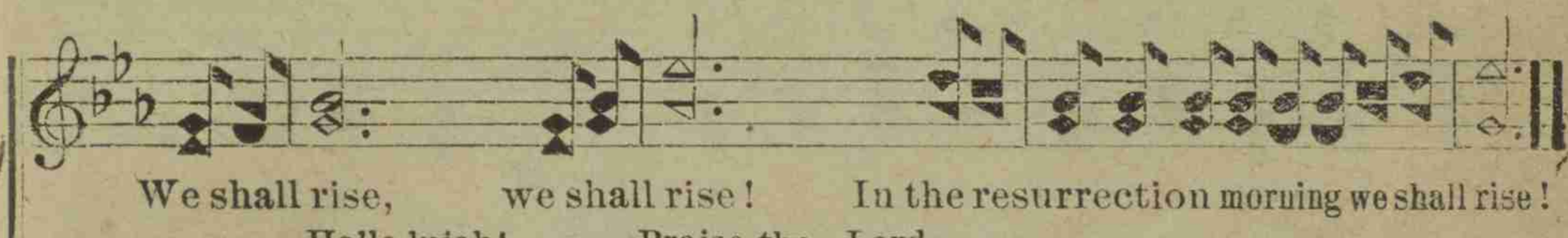
When the trump of God shall sound, When the
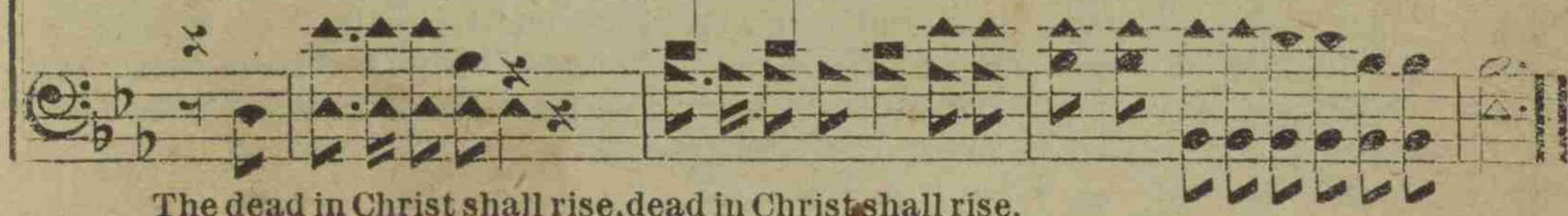


rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Praise the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord, we shall rise!



trump of God shall sound, It shall wake the sleeping nations, when the trump of God shall sound,



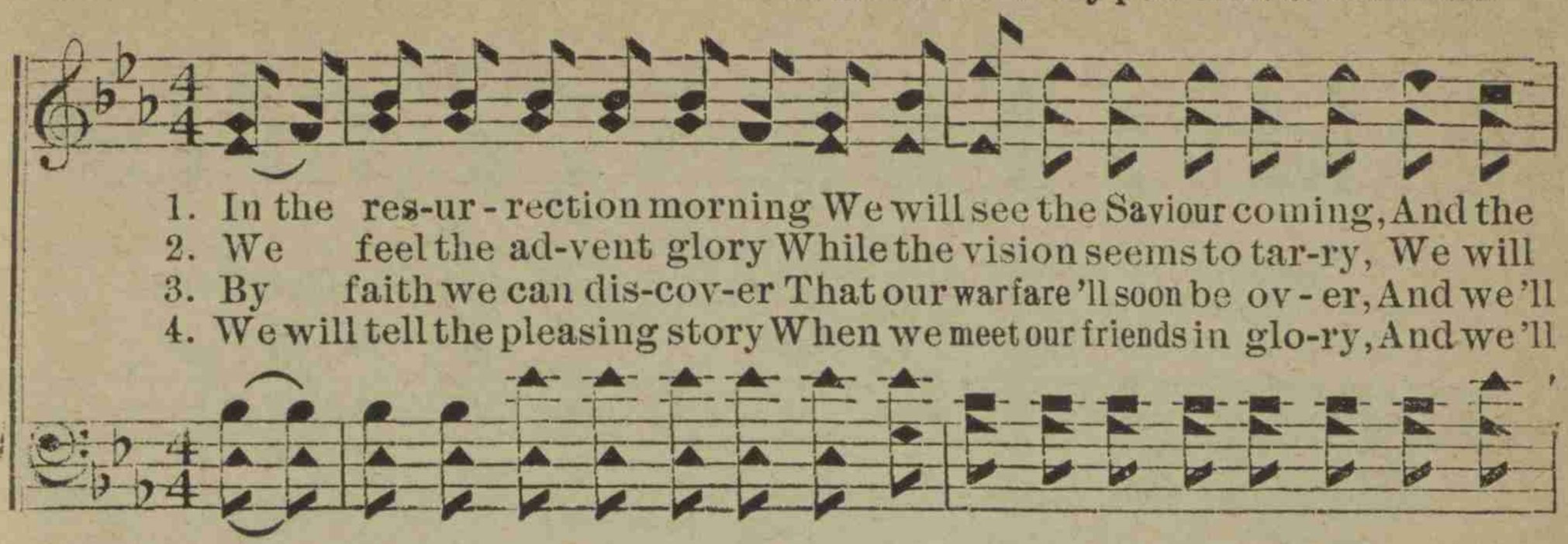
We shall rise, we shall rise! In the resurrection morning we shall rise!
Halle-lujah! Praise the Lord,
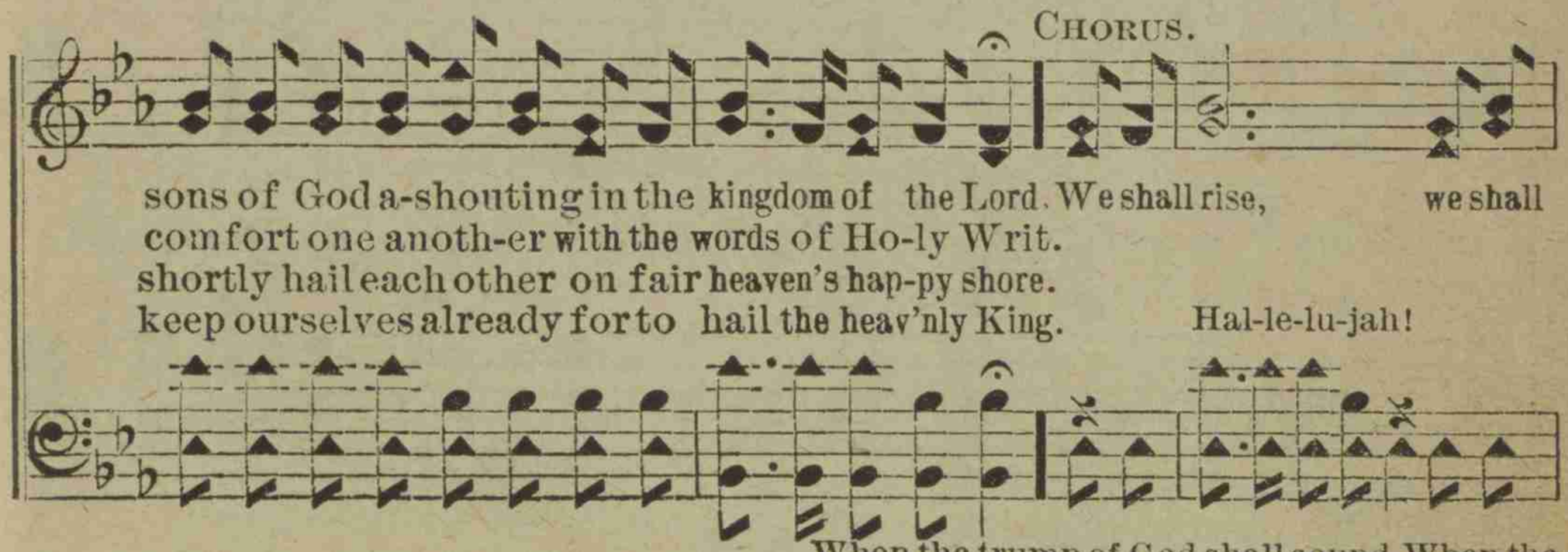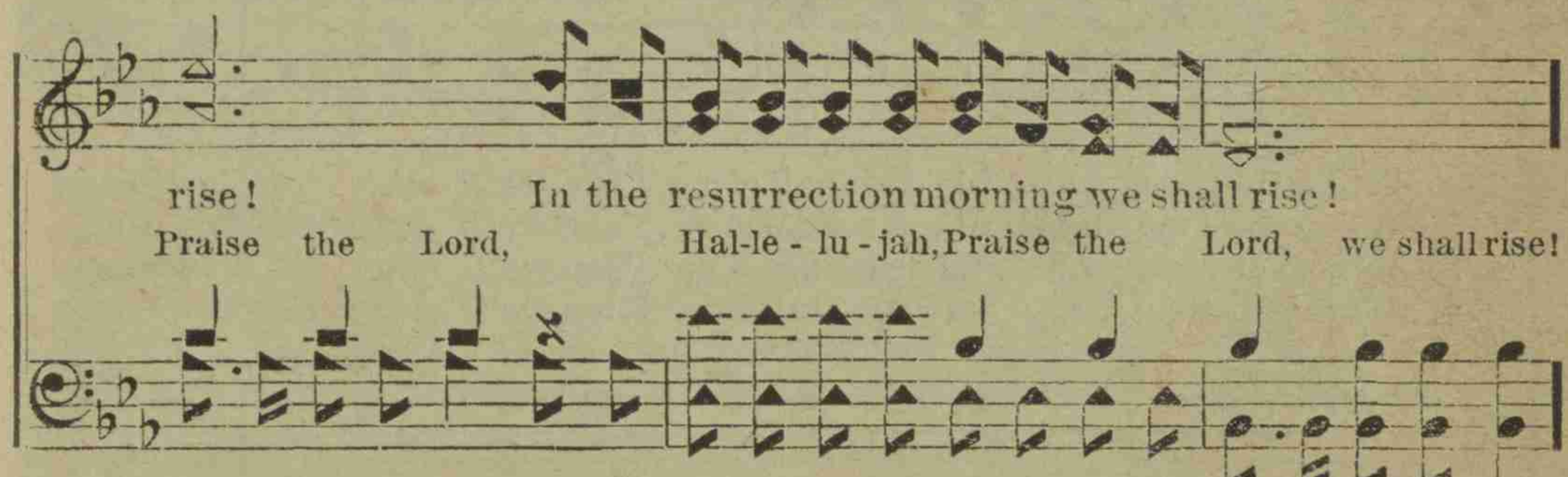


The dead in Christ shall rise, dead in Christ shall rise,
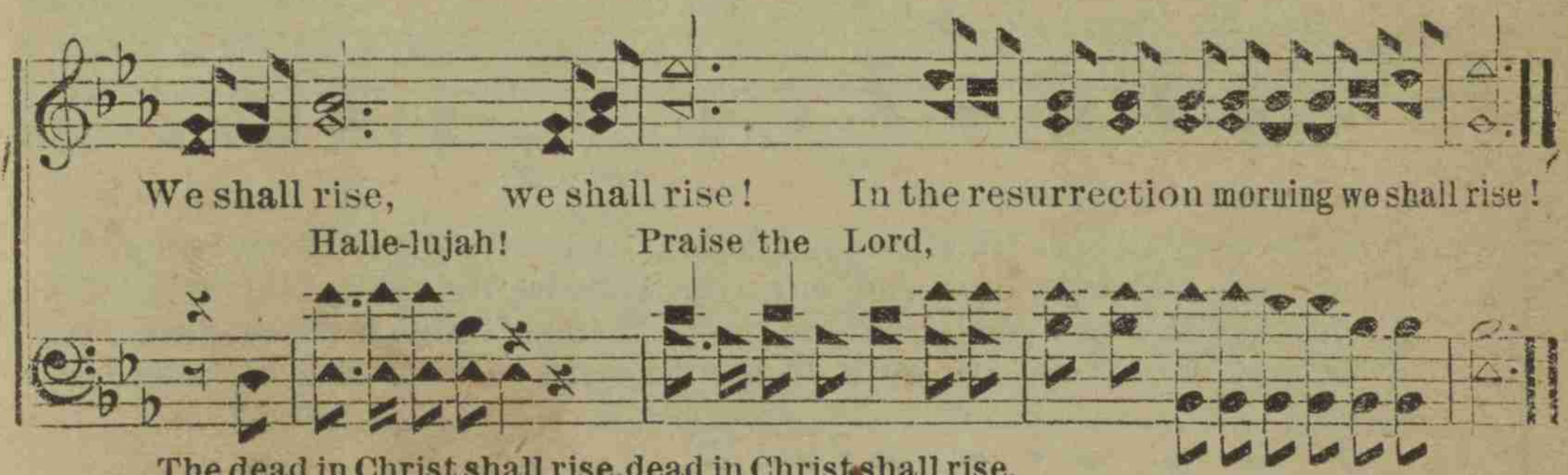
No. 176. THE RESURRECTION.

G. R. STREET. By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.
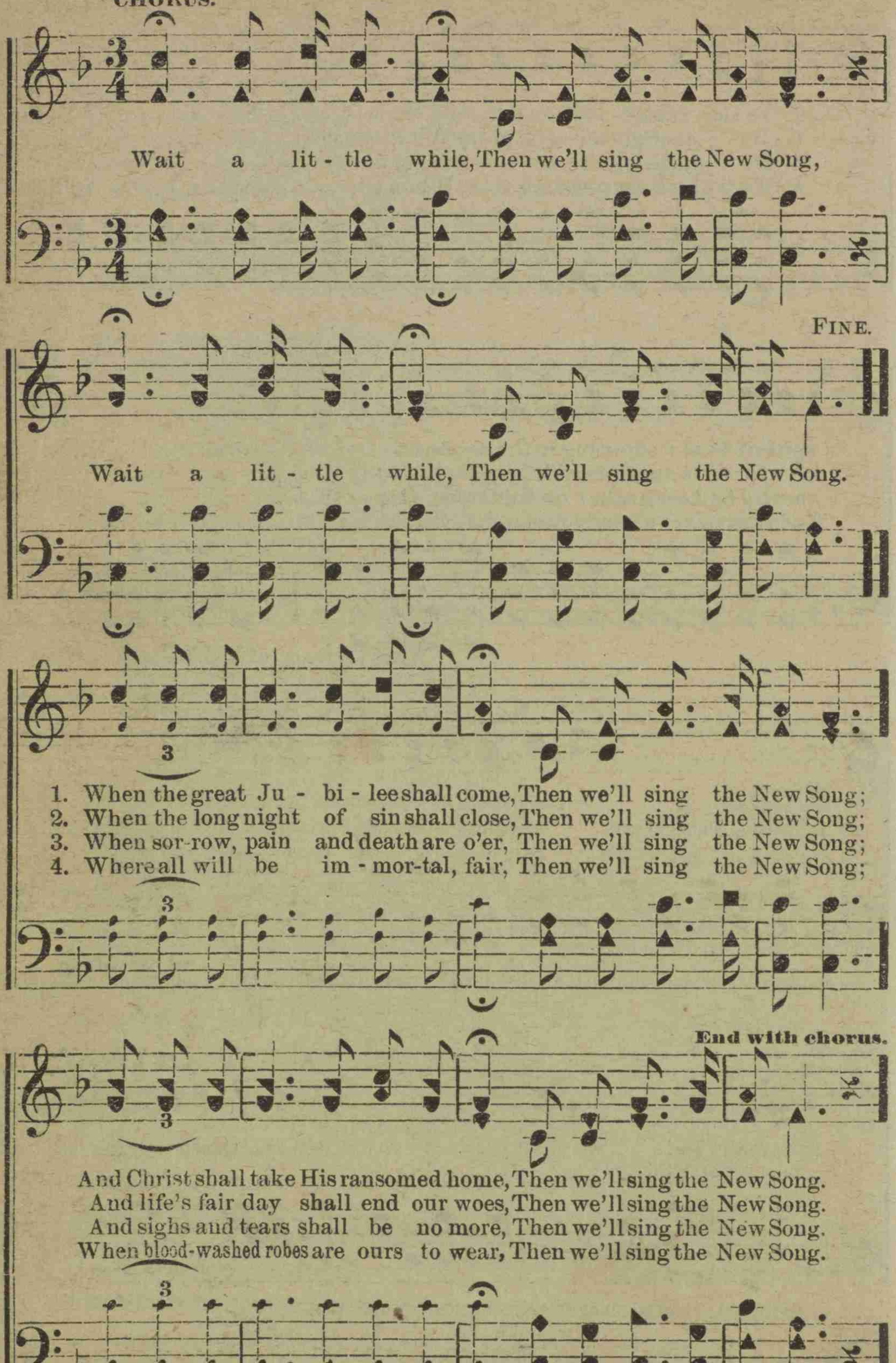








No. 177. "THE NEW SONG."

H. POLLARD. Southern Melody.

CHORUS.



From "Silver Tones" by the Silver Lake Quartet.

No. 178. CALVARY'S STREAM IS FLOWING.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS. Adapted and arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From that dear cross where Jesus died, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a- way, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For ev - 'ry contrite, wounded soul, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach- ing heart, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up- on its tide, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing;

From bleeding hands and feet and side, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.
Come, while 'tis called salvation's day, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.
Step in just now, and be made whole, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.
A ten - der heal-ing to im-part, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.
Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.

CHORUS.

Calv -'ry's stream is flow-ing, Calv -'ry's stream is flow-ing;

Flowing so free for you and for me, Calv'ry's stream is flow-ing.

Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 179. CALVARY.

Rev. B. CARRADINE, D. D. E. T. RINEHART, M. D.

1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a-
2. Be - hold! faint on the road, 'Neath a world's heav - y
3. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham - mer swung
4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab - 'ring
5. Then the dark - ness came down, And the rocks rent a-
6. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a-

way, In a coun - try be - yond the blue sea,
load, Comes a thorn - crown - ed man on the way!
low; They are nail - ing my Lord to the tree!
breath, While His friends sad - ly weep o'er the way!
round, And a cry pierc'd the sad - lad - en air!
pace, O - ver men who their Sav - iour have slain!
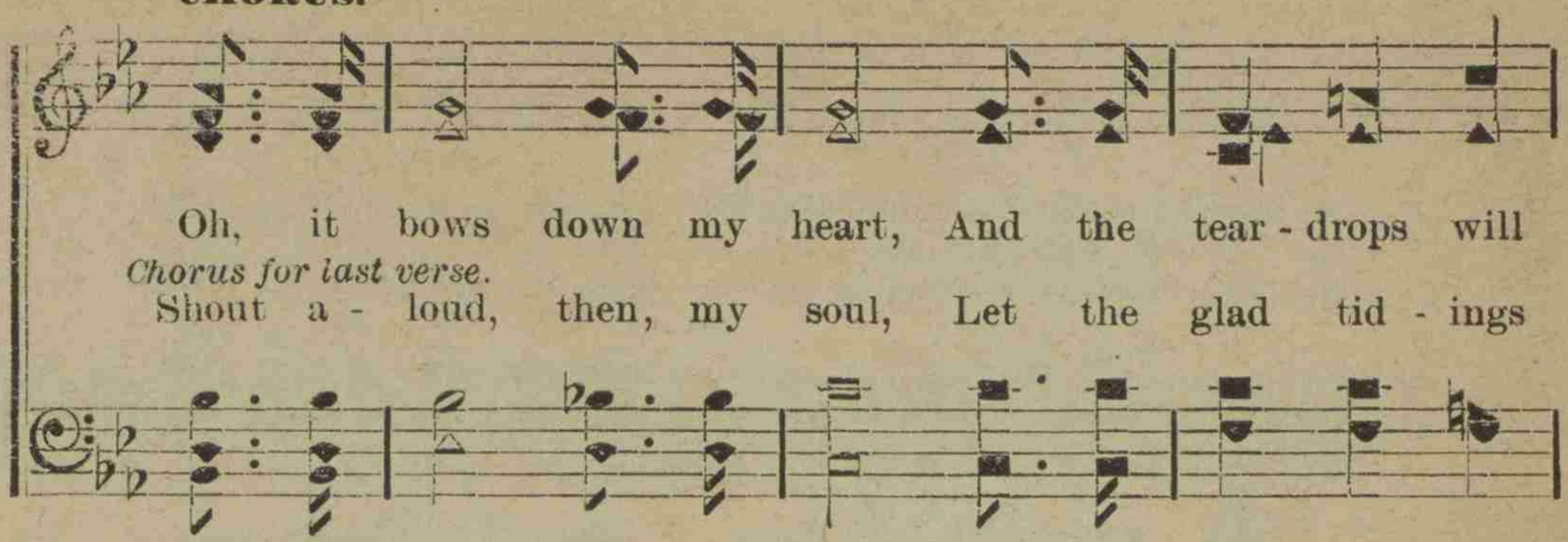
Where be - neath that fair sky Went a man forth to
With a cross He is bowed, But still on through the
And the cross they up - raise While the mul - ti - tude
But though lone - ly and faint, Still no word of com -
'Twas the voice of our King, Who re - ceived death's dark
But, be - hold! from the sod Comes the bless'd Lamb of
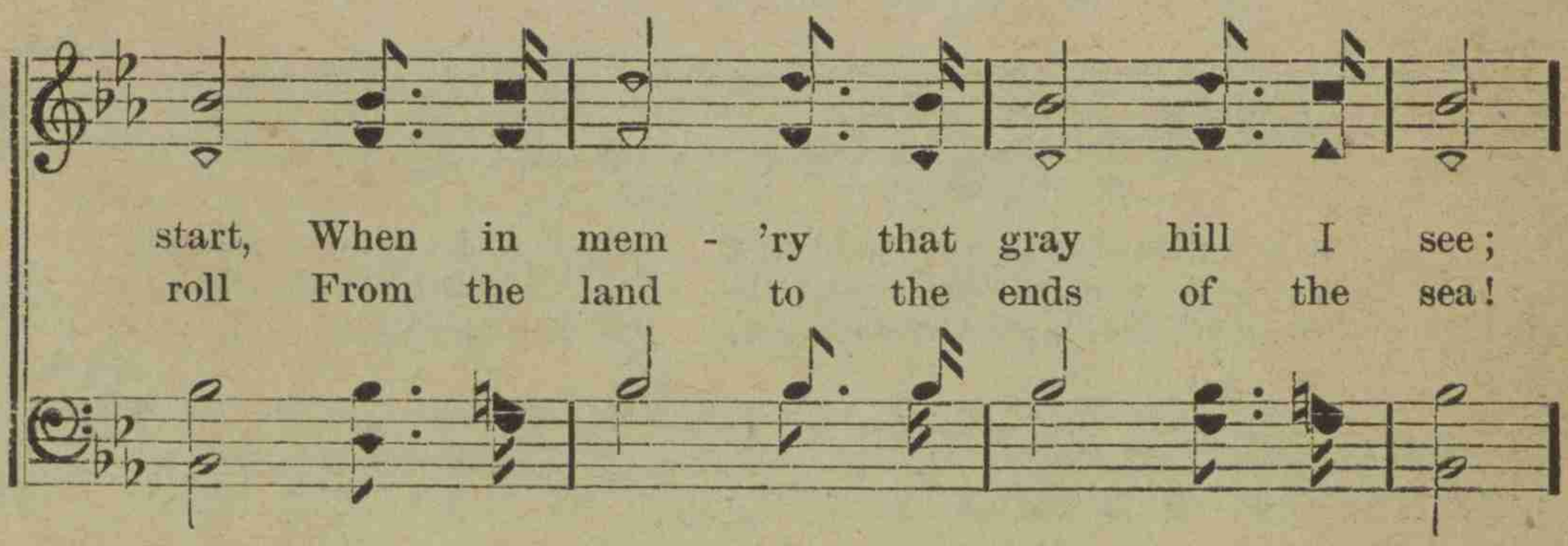
die, For the world and for you and for me.
crowd He's as - cend - ing that hill lone and gray.
gaze On the blest Lamb of dark Cal - va - ry!
plaint Fell from Him on the hill - ock of gray.
sting, All to save us from end - less de - spair.
God, Who was slain, but is ris - en a - gain.

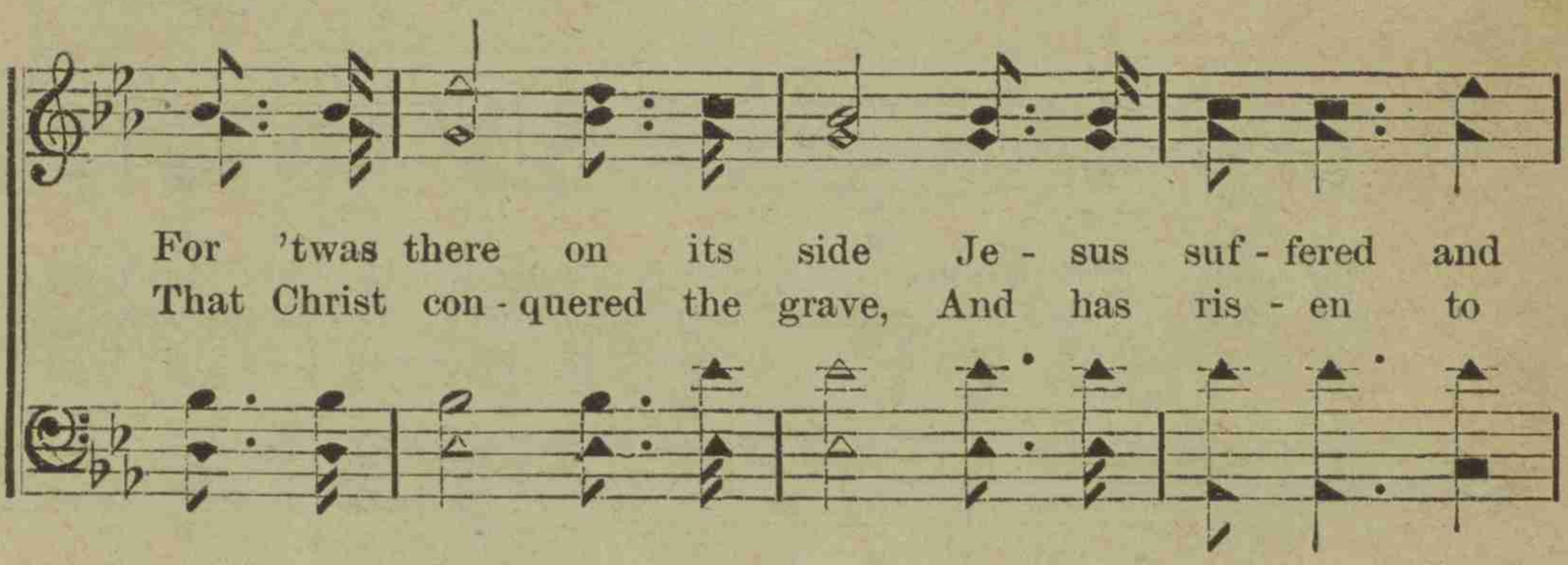
Copyright, 1895, by E. T. Rinehart.

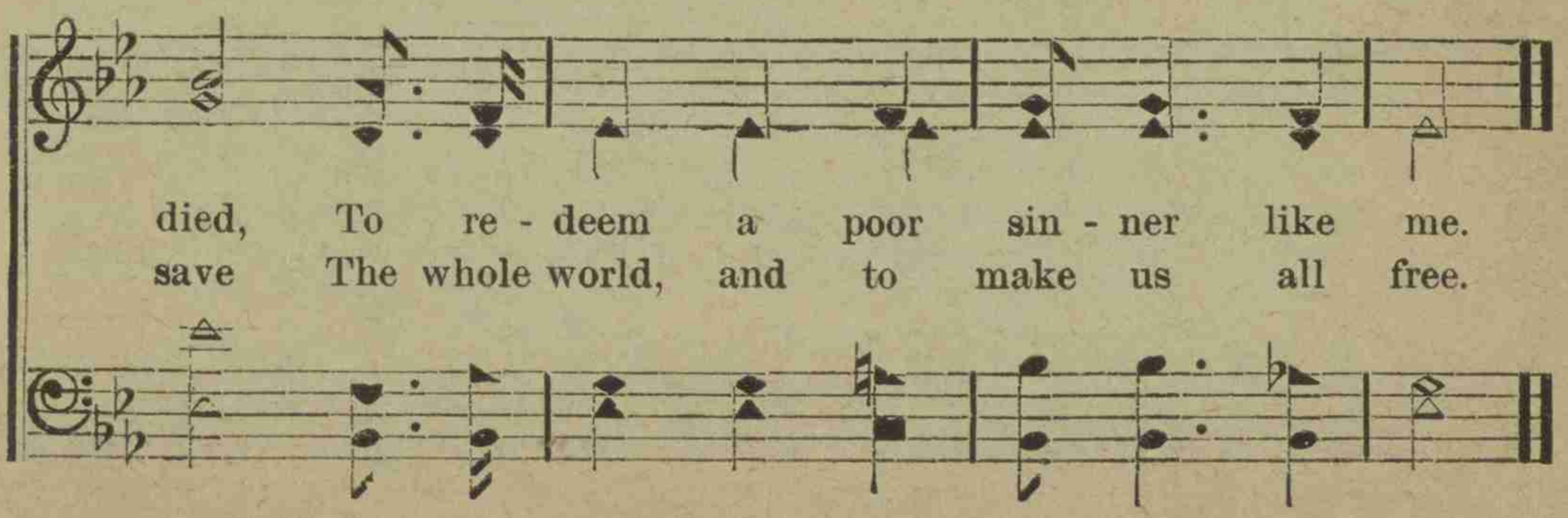
CALVARY. Concluded.

CHORUS.









No. 180. I'M SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

W. E. CATLIN.
Chorus by B. BOOTH. (Arr. for this work by W. J. K.) Melody by WM. A. HUNTLEY.

1. I've found the pearl of greatest price, More precious far than gold;
2. He is so precious now to me, The fair-est of the fair;
3. The sun can nev-er shine so fair, He's brighter than the day;

CHO.—I'm sat - is-fied with Jesus here, He's ev - 'rything to me;
with Jesus here He's everything to me;

FINE.

No jewel has been found so bright, His wealth can ne'er be told.
There's not a thing in heav'n or earth That can with Him compare;
His presence fills my heart with joy, And drives all care a - way.

His dy-ing love has won my heart, And now He sets me free.
has won my heart, He sets me free.

The rose of Shar-on bright and pure, The fair - est from a - bove,
He's pow - er, glo - ry, and has wealth, He did re-demp-tion bring,
To know He is my dear-est friend, My pres - ent help in need,
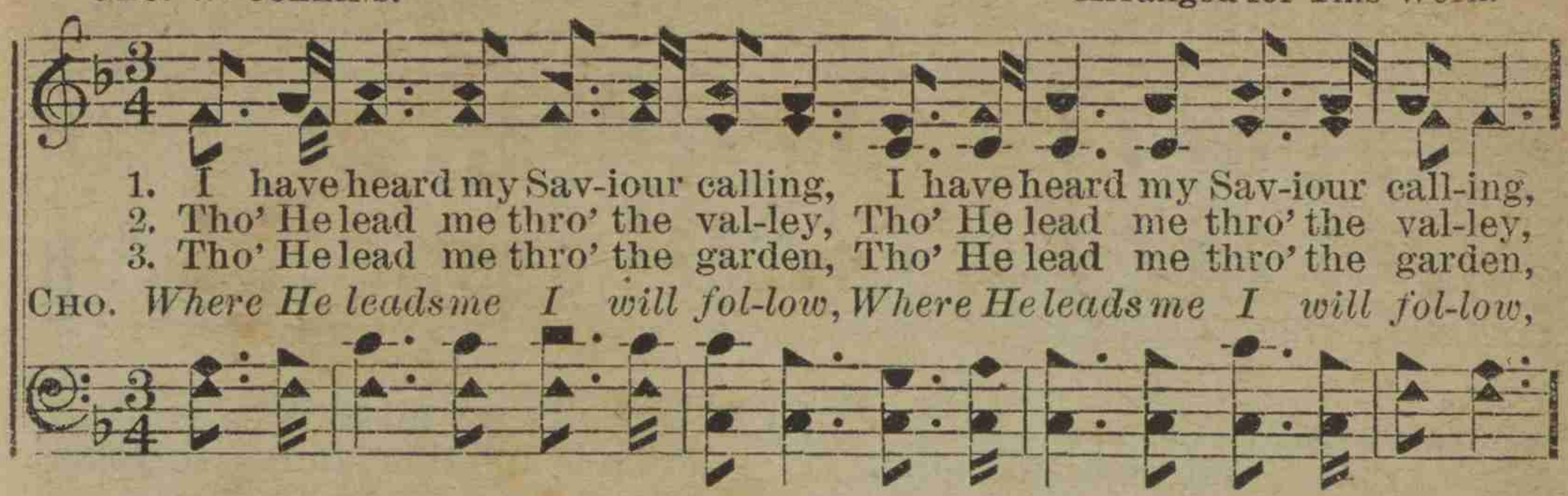
D. C. CHORUS.
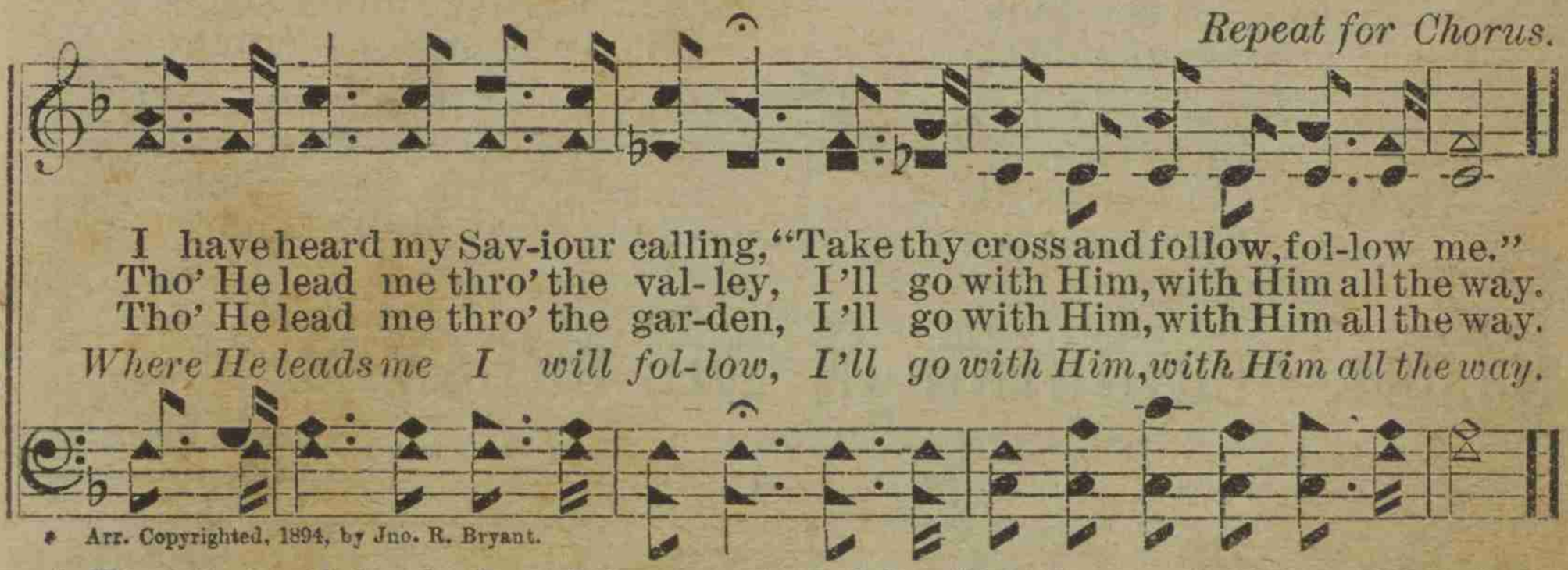
No earth - ly jew - el is so fair, He's God's own gift of love.
My Friend, my Comfort - er, my Guide, My Sav - iour and my King.
Is all my heart could wish for here, 'Tis hap - pi-ness in - deed.

By per. of Wm. F. Shaw & Co., owners of copyright.

No. 181. I'LL GO WITH HIM.

GEO. W. COLLINS. Arranged for This Work.





* Arr. Copyrighted, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

4 ‖: Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

5 ‖: Tho' He lead me to the conflict, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

6 ‖: Tho' He lead thro' fiery trials, :‖
I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

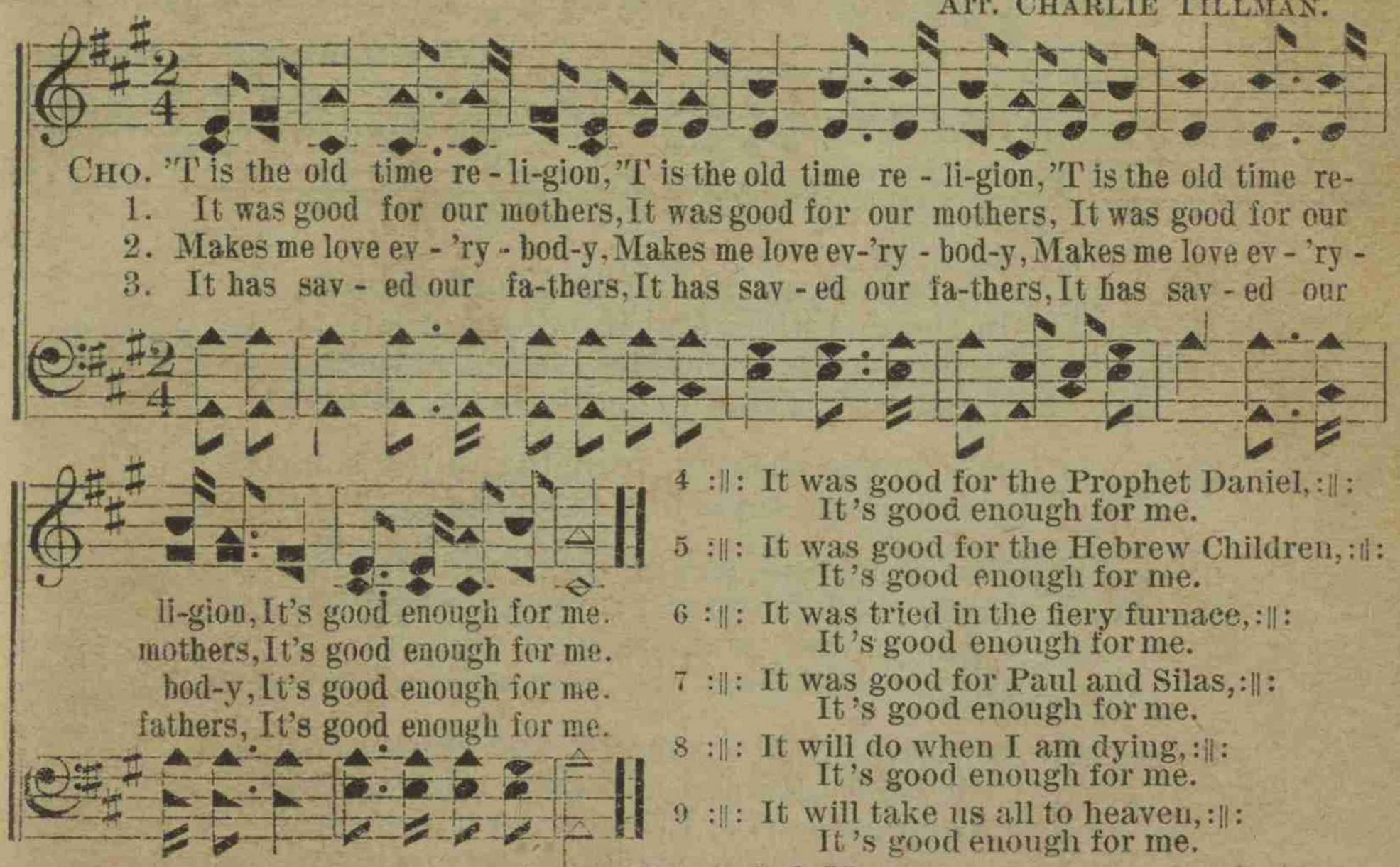
7 ‖: I will follow on to know Him, :‖
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother, Friend.

8 ‖: He will give me grace and glory, :‖
He will keep me, keep me all the way.

9 ‖: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :‖
And be with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 182. "OLD TIME RELIGION."

ARR. CHARLIE TILLMAN.



4 :‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

5 :‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

6 :‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

7 :‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖:
It's good enough for me.
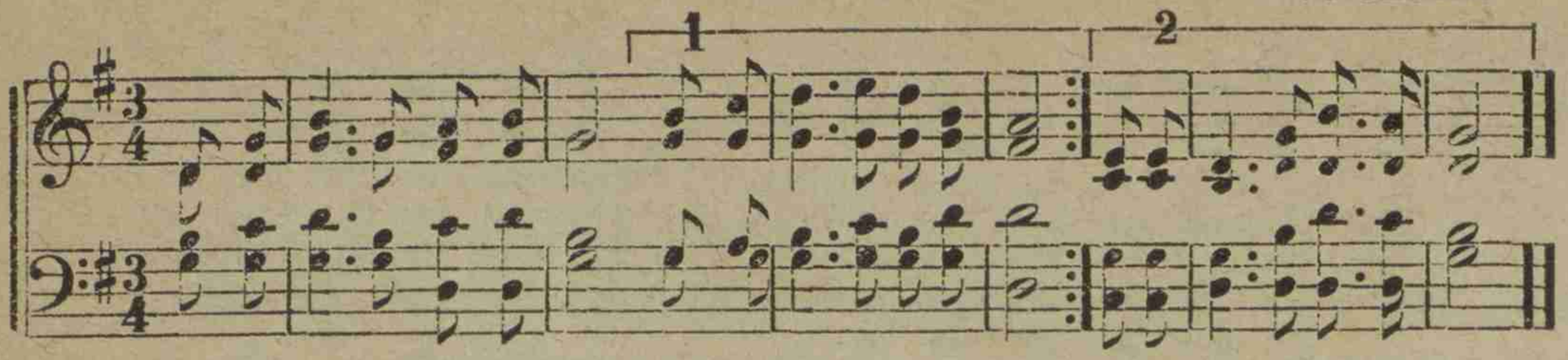
8 :‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

9 :‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖:
It's good enough for me.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 183. I AM COMING.

W. G. FISCHER.



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

CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Jesus, saves me, saves me now.

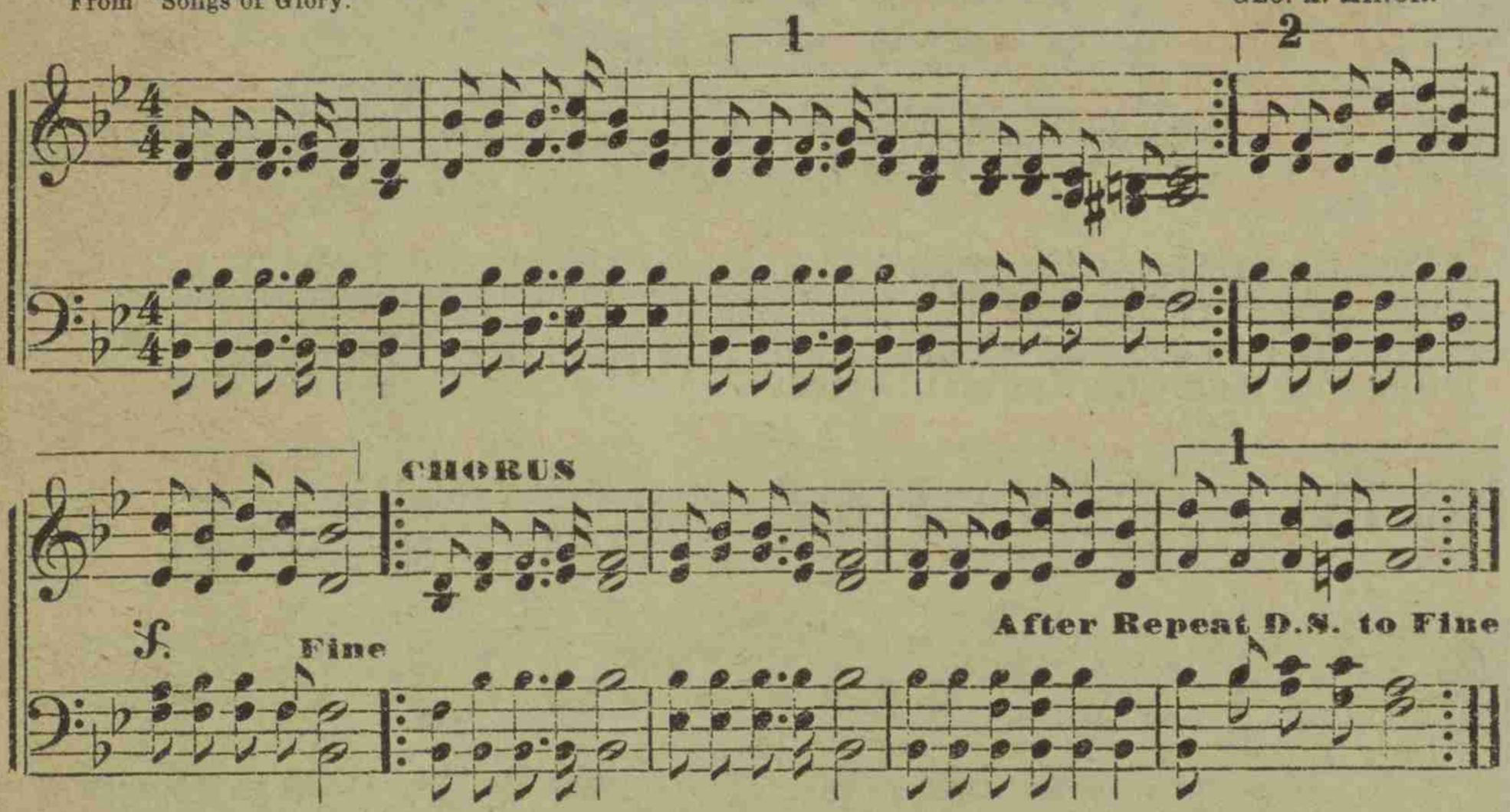
2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends and time, and earthly store:
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine for evermore.

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

No. 184. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

From "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.



1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide, and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,

No. 185. JESUS LIVES!

(For Y. P. S. C. E. and Epworth Leagues.)

Rev. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. F. MYERS.

1. Might-y ar-my of the young, Lift your voice in cheerful song, Send the welcome word a-long, Je- sus lives! Once he died for you and me, Bore our sins up- on the tree;
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth and full of glee, Sing to all on land and sea, Je- sus lives! Light for you and all mankind, Sight for all by sin made blind;
3. Je-sus lives, O blessed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords! Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je- sus lives! See, he breaks the pris-on wall, Throws aside the dreadful pall,

CHORUS.

Now he lives to make us free, Jesus lives! Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow,
Life in Je-sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives! Wait not,

Wait not, wait not,

Ral-ly now and sing for Je- sus ev- 'ry where you go; Lift your joy-ful voi- ces high,
Sing, sing,

Sing for Je - sus,

Repeat Chorus. pp
f rit.

Ring-ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless- ed tid- ings fly, *Je - sus lives!*

Copyright, 1891, by A. F. Myers, Toledo, O.

No. 186. ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

Dedicated to the Armstrong County, C. E. Convention, Kittanning, Pa., 1895.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK. GRANT C. TULLAR.

With vigor.

1. Take up the bat- tle- cry all a- long the line; Vic- to - ry
2. Truth's ar - mor you may claim, faith will be your shield; Fighting on in
3. Sol-diers, with courage go, go for- sak- ing all; On-ward, then, to

by and by, vic - to - ry di- vine, With your commander nigh,
Je - sus' name might-y pow'r you wield; Glo - ry for God your aim,
meet the foe, soon the foe shall fall; Send might- y blow on blow,

foes in vain combine; Raise a - loft the ban - ner let it bear the sign.
naught can make you yield; Shout aloud the tri- umph sure to be revealed.
let no fear ap- pall; In the name of Je - sus sound a - far the call.
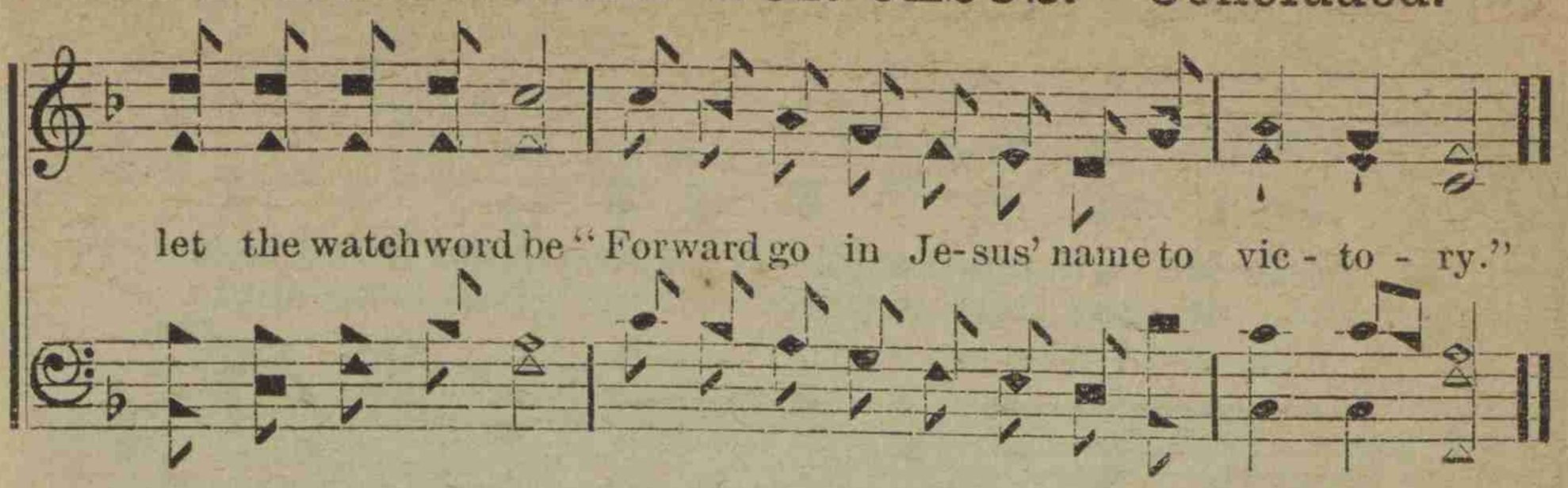
CHORUS.

"All the world for Je - sus," let the cho- rus ring; "All the world for

Je - sus," crown Him King; "All the world for Je - sus,"

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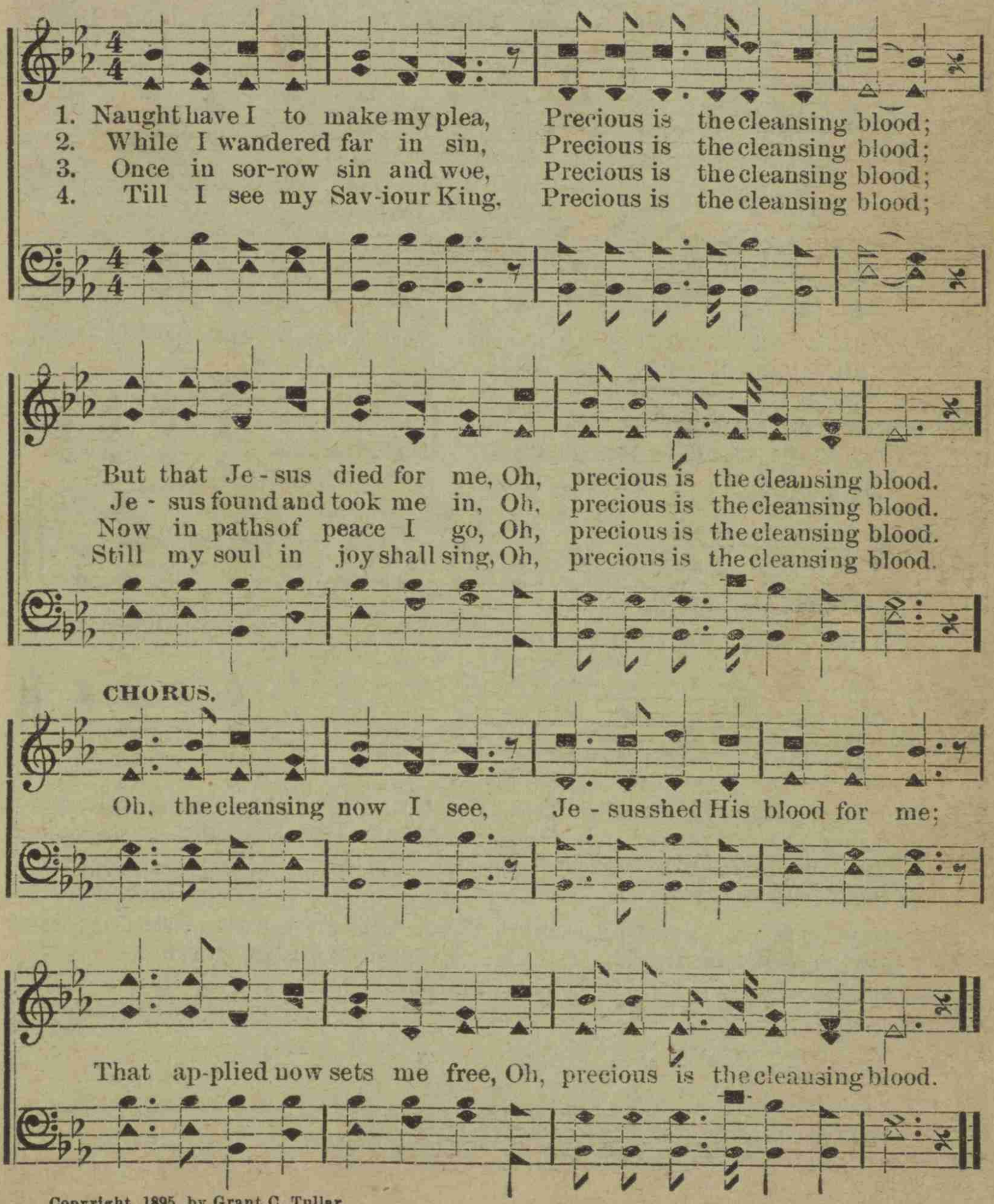
ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS. Concluded.



No. 187. PRECIOUS IS THE BLOOD.

1 Peter 1 : 18, 19.

G. C. T. GRANT C. TULLAR.
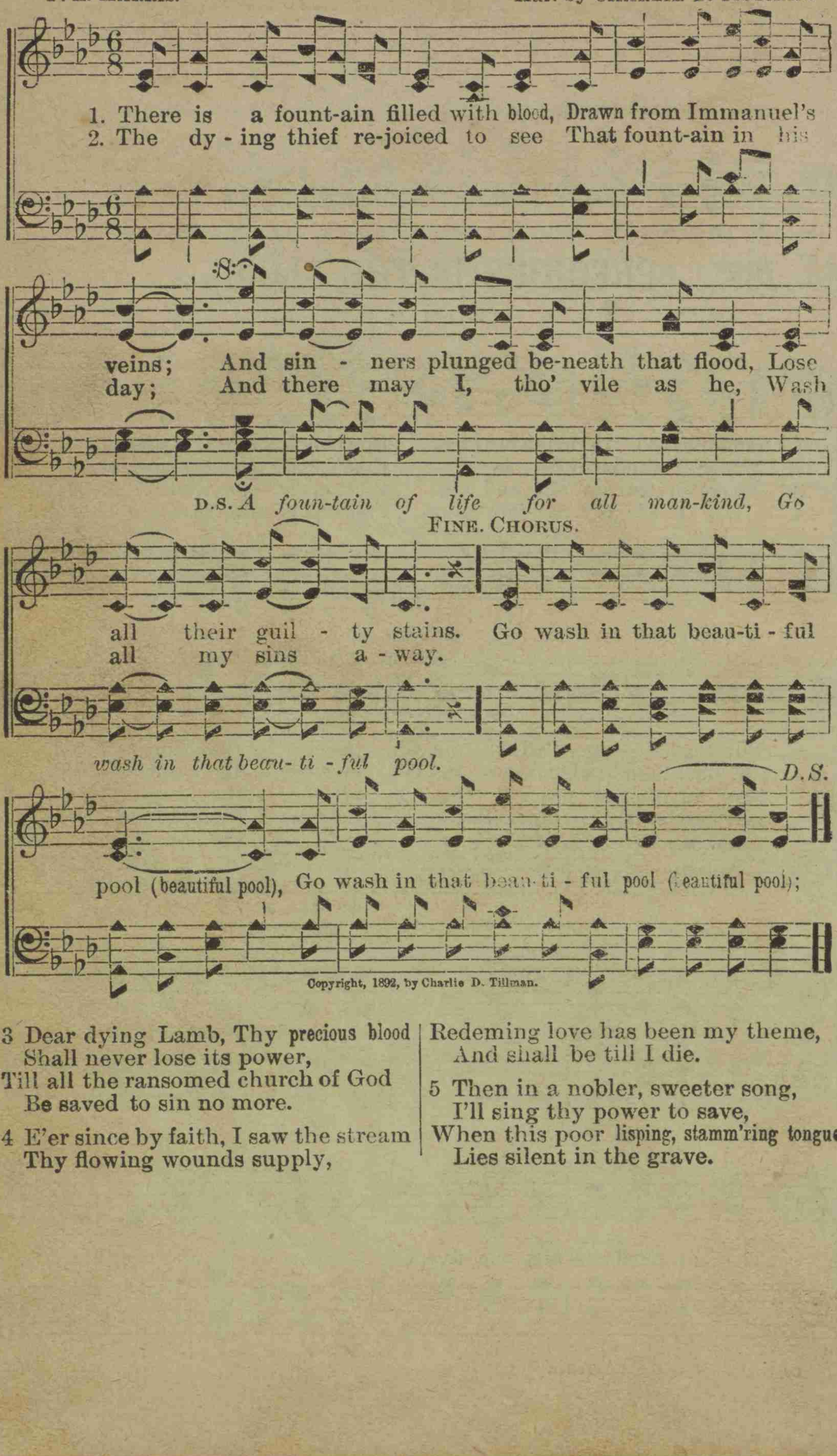


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No. 188. BEAUTIFUL POOL.

P. L. HARRIS.

WILL M. WALLER.
Har. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 189. A MOTHER'S PLEA.

Dedicated to Sherrard Beatty, of The Rescue Mission, Cincinnati, O., by one of the Converts.

HUGH MULHOLLAND. EDW. S. FOGG.

SOLO or DUET.

1. Dear friends, if to - night, Midst the rain and the sleet, A
2. O tell him of Je- sus, That the dear boy may know, Tho' his
3. Send back to me, With a heart full of glee, The

poor drunken boy On the street you should meet, Re - mem - ber his
sins be as scar-let, He'll make them as snow. Have him kneel down in
boy that knelt, At his dear mother's knee. She longs to hear him

mother is pray- ing for him. O tell him of
prayer, As with moth - er he knelt In the old house at
tell Je - sus freed him from sin, And has guid - ed him

CHORUS.

Je-sus, And take my boy in!
home, Where no sor - row was felt.
home By the prayers said with-in.
} He's some mother's boy; No

matter who he be, True love nev - er fal-ters At a dear mother's plea.

Copyright, 1896, by Fogg & Beatty.

No. 190 THE SPIRIT IS CALLING.

L. E. JONES. Chorus by C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

1. The Spir- it is calling, oh, do not de- lay, But turn, quickly turn from the
2. The Spir- it is calling, in ten-der- est voice, Oh, hasten to- day and your
3. The Spir- it is calling, oh, do not say no, Es- cape from a service that's

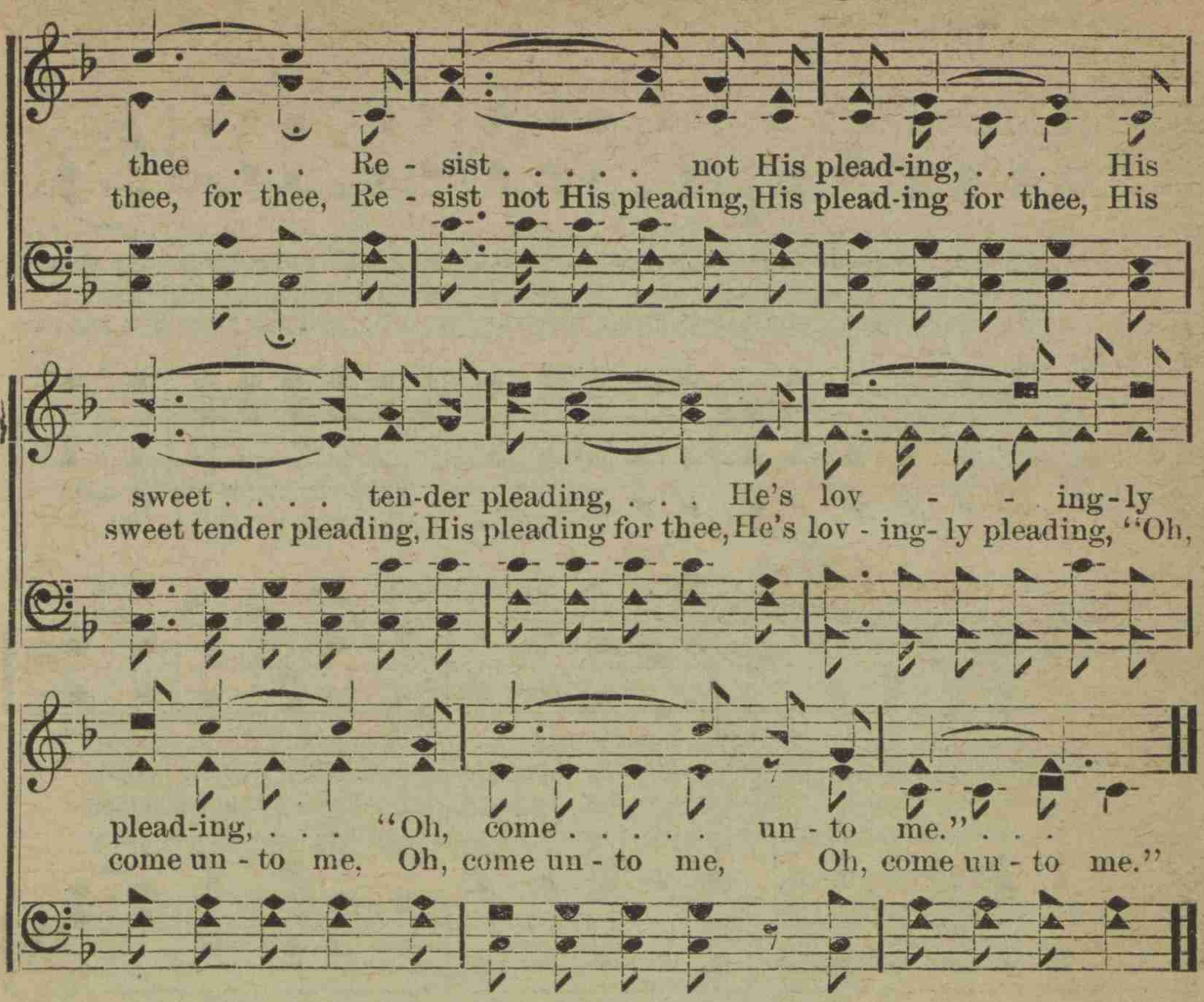
danger-fraught way; There's safety nowhere but in Je- sus the Lord, So
heart shall re- joice, For with the Redeem- er, the tried and oppressed, Shall
freighted with woe; Just come as you are to the foot of the throne And

CHORUS.

come to Him now and be-lieve in His word.
find a blest ha- ven of com-fort and rest.
Christ will ac-cept you and make you His own.
} The Spir - - it is call- ing, . . Is ten - - der- ly call- ing; . . . The
The Spir - - it is call- ing for thee, Is ten- der- ly call- ing, "Oh, come un- to me;" The
The Spir- it is call- ing, is Spir - - - it is call- ing, . . Is call - - ing for
The Spir- it is call- ing, is Spir- it is call- ing, is call- ing for thee, Is call- ing, is call- ing for
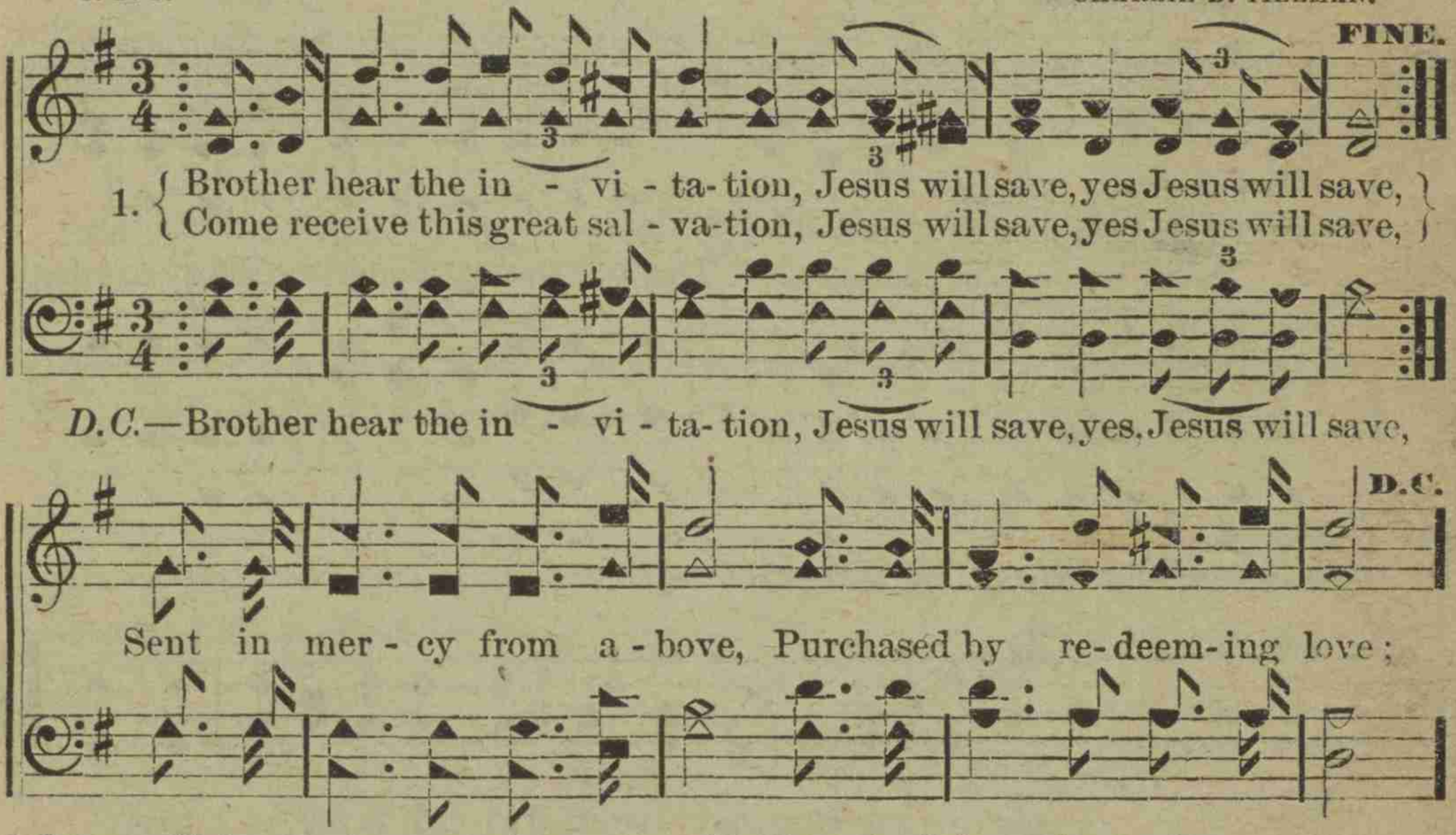
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THE SPIRIT IS CALLING. Concluded.



No. 191. JESUS WILL SAVE.

C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



2 Jesus calls in sweet compassion;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
Don't reject the invitation;
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
He will set your spirit free,
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee;
Brother hear the invitation,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

3 Hear the dying intercession,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
He will pardon your transgression,
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save;
Come, ye weary souls, to me.
Rise forthwith, He calleth thee,
Brother hear the invitation
Jesus will save, yes, Jesus will save.

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No. 192. JESUS IS ABLE TO SAVE.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Je-sus is able to save us from sin, And cleanse us from each guilty stain,
2. Je-sus is a - ble to save us from sin, If we will repent and be-lieve;
3. Je-sus will save you, my brother, this hour, Oh, will you not prove Him and see?

None who in pen-i-tence seek His dear face, Have ever sought it in vain.
All who come trusting His mercy and grace, Shall perfect cleansing receive.
Come! He will pardon and cleanse you from sin, For oh, He saved even me.

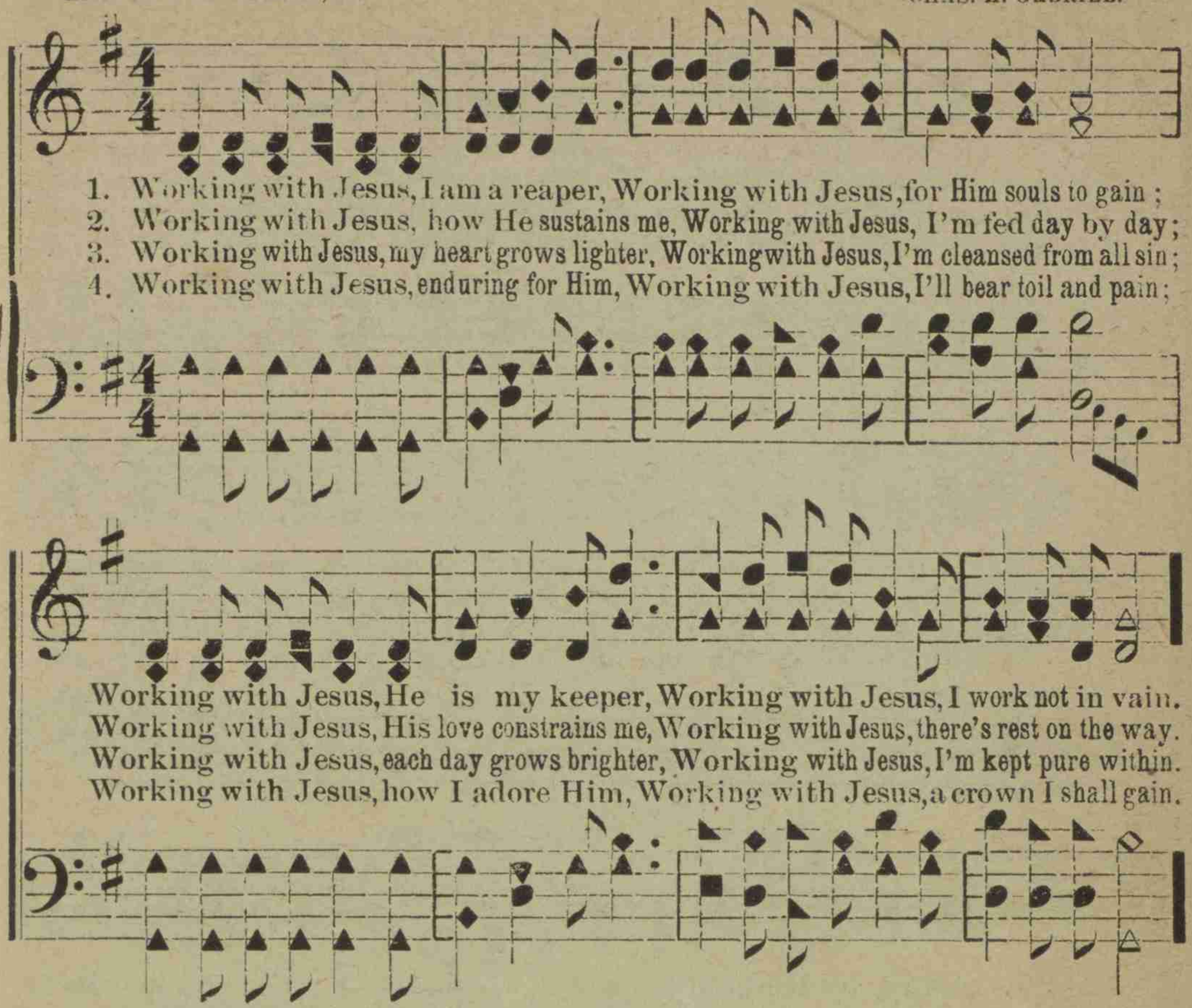
CHORUS.

Jesus is a- ble to save us from sin; A - - ble, yes, a - ble!
Tho' our transgressions be many and deep,
Yes, He is a - ble to par-don and save, And al - so a-ble to keep.

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No. 193. WORKING WITH JESUS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 194. I AM THE LORD'S.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I am the Lord's, I've giv'n myself to Him, Soul, bod - y, spir - it,
2. I am the Lord's, be-cause He loves me so, Be - cause He gave Him-
3. I am the Lord's, be-cause He asked for me, Be - cause He stooped to
4. Dear Saviour, I am Thine! take me, I pray, Ac - cept my heart and

all in - to His hands! To work His work, to do His ho - ly will, And
self on Cal- va - ry; So I to Him most joyful - ly would bring My
say "give me thine heart." Be-cause un - to my longing, trust- ing soul He
fill it with Thy love; Fit me to serve Thee faithful-ly be - low, Fit

CHORUS.

to be guid-ed by His blest commands. I am the Lord's . . . and He is
life, my all, His ev - er-more to be.
doth His grace and righteousness impart.
me to praise Thee joyfully a - bove.

I am the Lord's

mine, . . I lean up - on . . . . His arm di - vine; . . . Oh, make this
He is mine, I lean upon His arm divine;

bless - - ed Sav- iour thine, . . I am the Lord's and He is mine.
Oh, make this blessed make Him thine,

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No. 195. "I AM THE VINE."

K. S. KNOWLES SHAW, by per.

1. I am the vine, and ye are the branches, Bear precious fruit for
2. Now ye are clean, thro' words I have spoken, Abiding in me, much
3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walking in love as

Je - sus to - day; The branch that in me no fruit ev - er bear - eth,
fruit ye shall bear; "Dwell - ing in thee, my promise un - bro - ken,
children of day; Fol - low your Guide, He passed on be - fore you,

CHORUS.

Jesus hath said, "He taketh a - way."
Glory in heav'n with me ye shall share."
Leading to realms of glo - ri - ous day.

I am the vine, and ye are the

branches; I am the vine, be faithful and true; Ask what ye will, your

Rit.

pray'r shall be granted, "The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

No. 196. When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum- pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e - ter- nal, bright and fair; When the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec- tion share; When His
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set- ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when
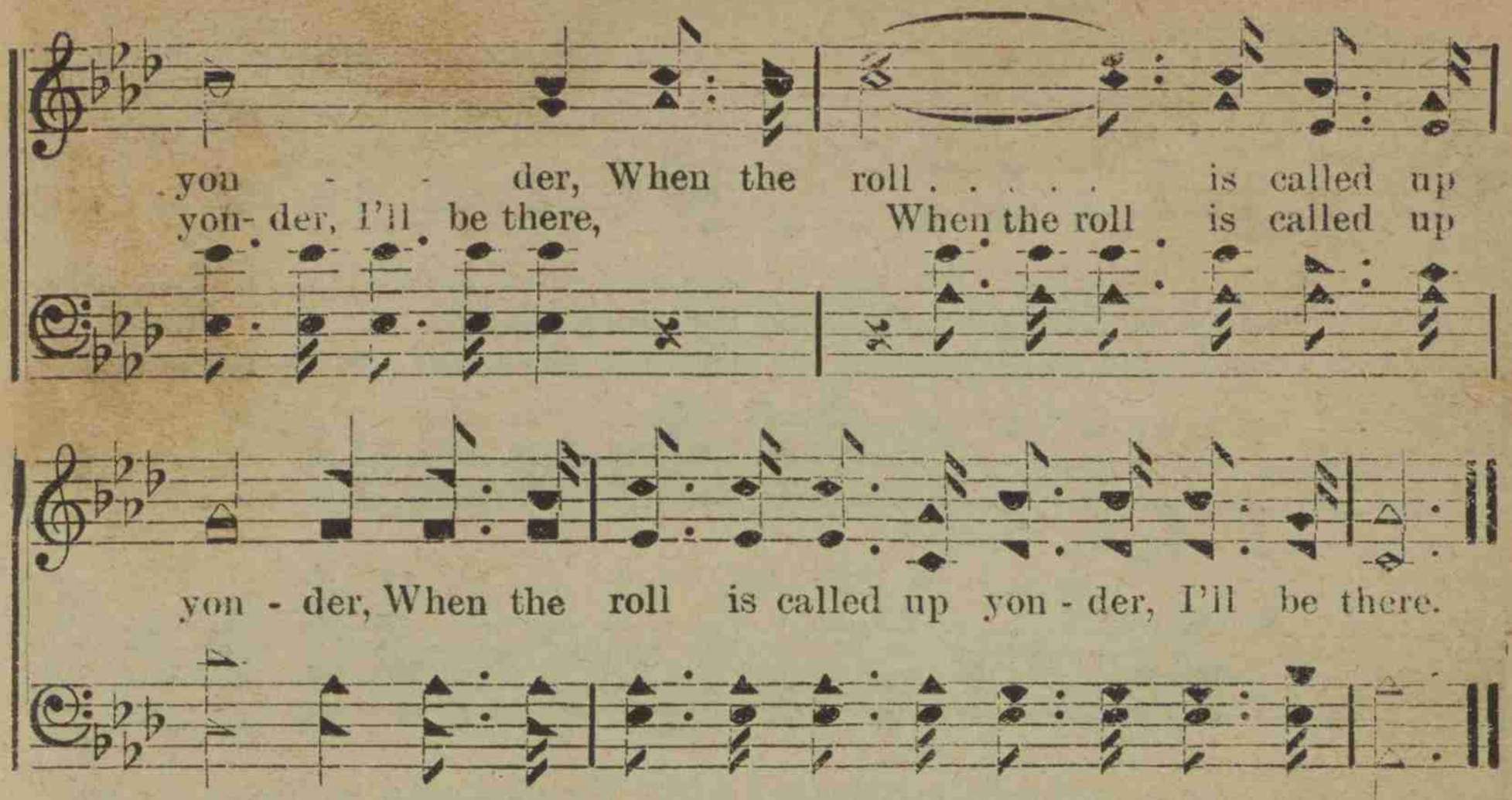
saved of earth shall gath-er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the
cho - sen ones shall gath- er to their home beyond the skies, And the
all of life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the

CHORUS.

roll is called up yon- der, I'll be there. } When the roll . . . is
roll is called up you- der, I'll be there. }
roll is called up yon- der, we'll be there. } When the roll is

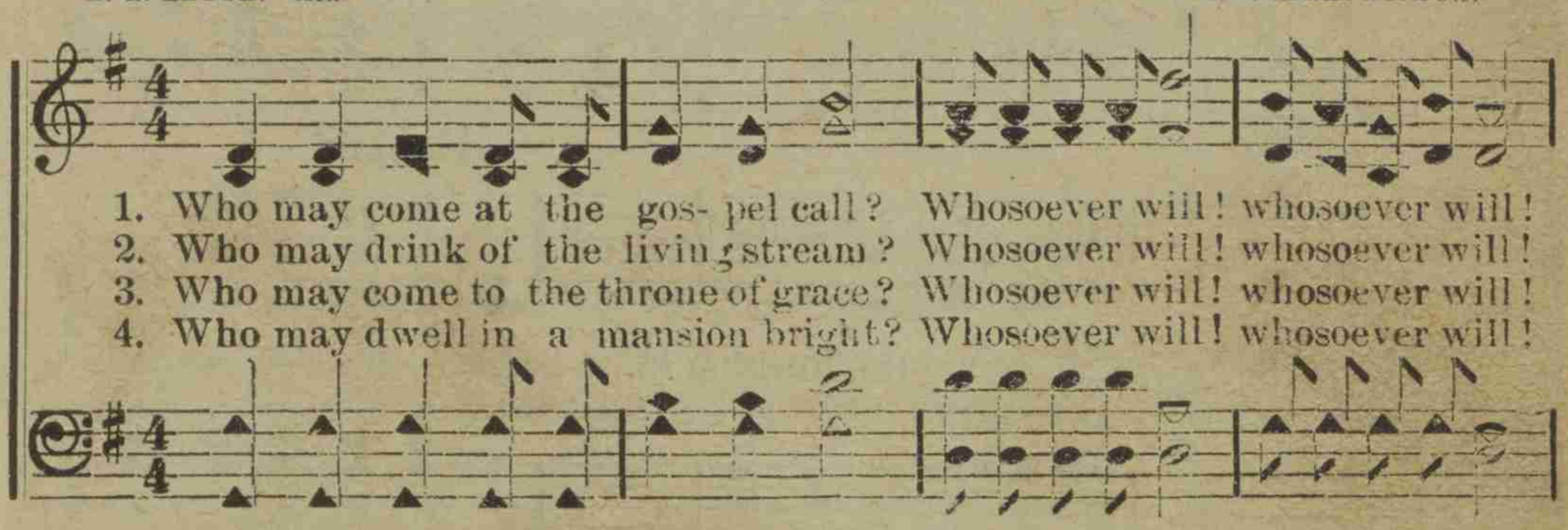
called up yon - - - der, When the roll . . . is called up
called up yon- der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up

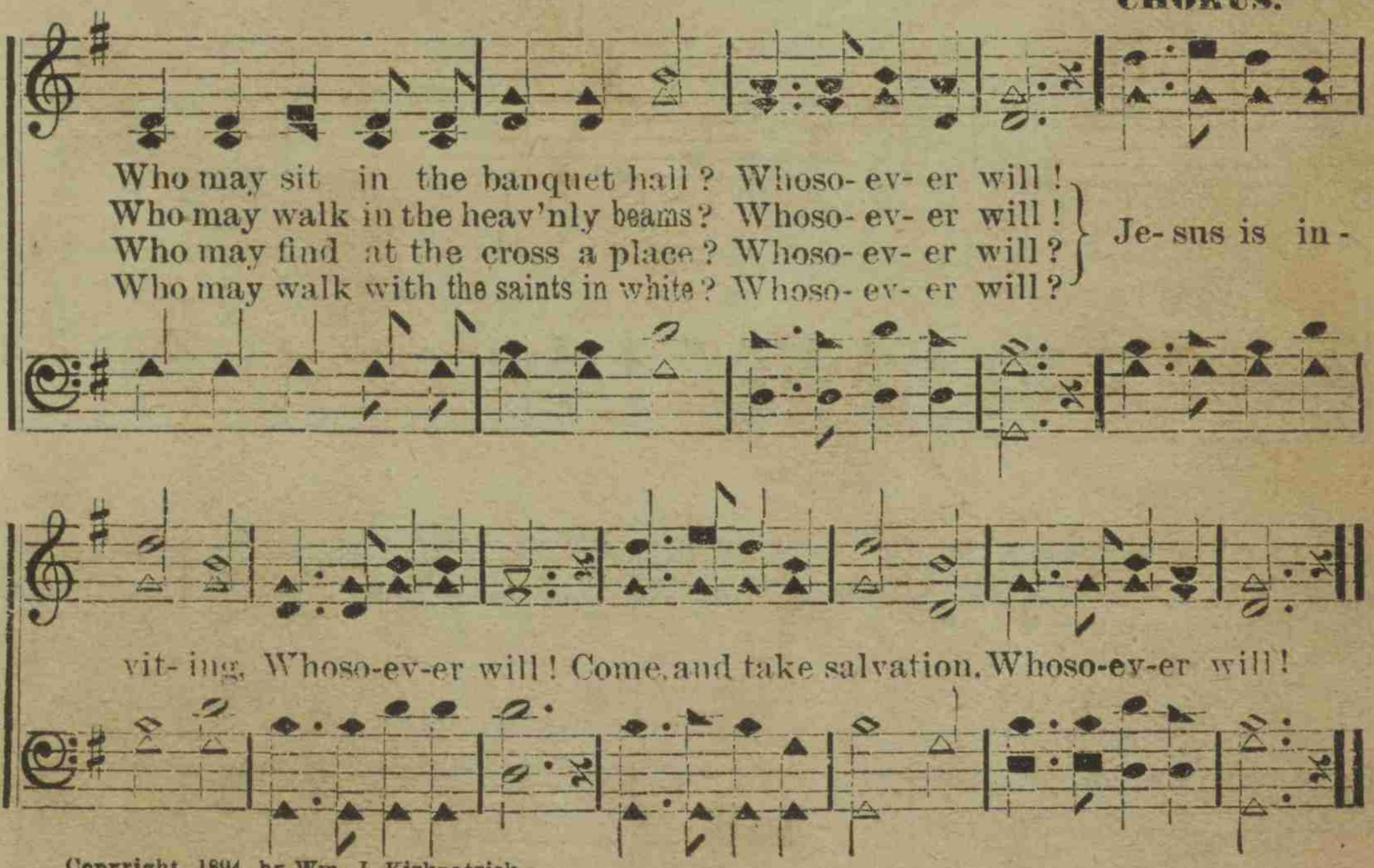
Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 197. WHO MAY COME?

E. R. LATTA, Alt. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 198. LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

ADA BLENKHORN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con- flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow fainter in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
3. Would you go re- joic- ing on the up- ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—darker still with- in? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
answered by your God a- bove? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen
darkness,—dwelling in the day? Clear the darkened windows, o - pen

CHORUS.
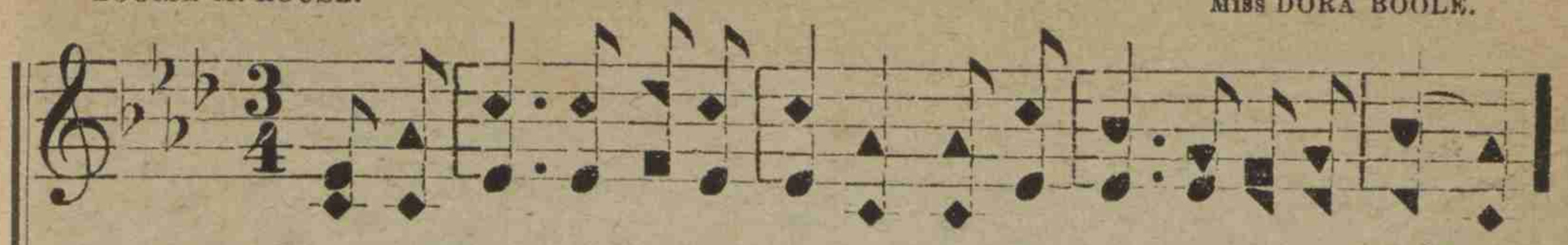
wide the door, Let a lit- tle sunshine in. Let the blessed sunshine
the
in, . . . Let the blessed sunshine in; . . . Clear the darkened
sunshine in, the sunshine in;

windows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

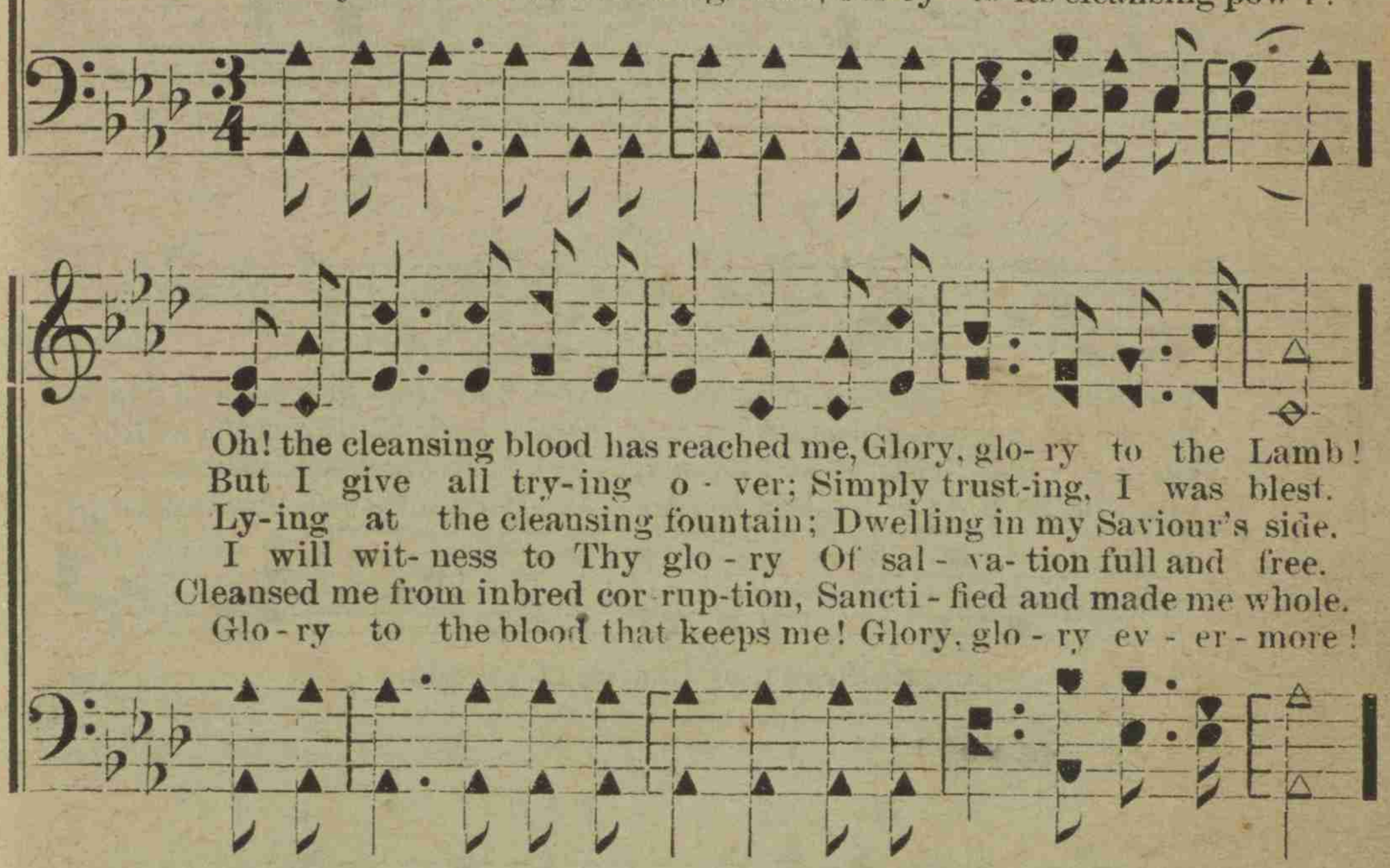
Copyright 1895, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

No. 199. FULL SALVATION.

LOUISE M. ROUSE. Miss DORA BOOLE.



1. Precious Saviour, Thou hast sav'd me; Thine and only Thine I am;
2. Long my yearning heart was trying To en-joy this perfect rest;
3. Trust-ing, trust-ing, ev-'ry moment; Feeling now the blood applied;
4. Con-se-cra-ted to Thy service, I will live and die to Thee;
5. Yes, I will stand up for Je-sus; He has sweetly saved my soul;
6. Glo-ry to the blood that bought me, Glo-ry to its cleansing pow'r!



Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glo-ry to the Lamb!
But I give all try-ing o-ver; Simply trust-ing, I was blest.
Ly-ing at the cleansing fountain; Dwelling in my Saviour's side.
I will wit-ness to Thy glo-ry Of sal-va-tion full and free.
Cleansed me from inbred cor-rup-tion, Sancti-fied and made me whole.
Glo-ry to the blood that keeps me! Glory, glo-ry ev-er-more!

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, Je-sus saves me, Glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!

Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me, Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 200. LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

Respectfully dedicated to the railroad men.

M. E. ABBEY. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Tempo ad lib.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Life is like a mountain railroad, With an en - gineer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft- en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the trestle, Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,

We must make the run success-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your conduc-tor On this lightning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
You be-hold the Un-ion De-pot In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the flls, the tun-nels, Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Always mind-ful of obstruction, Do your du - ty, nev- er fail;
Put your trust a- lone in Je - sus; Nev-er fal - ter, nev -er fail;
There you'll meet the Superin-tend-ent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,
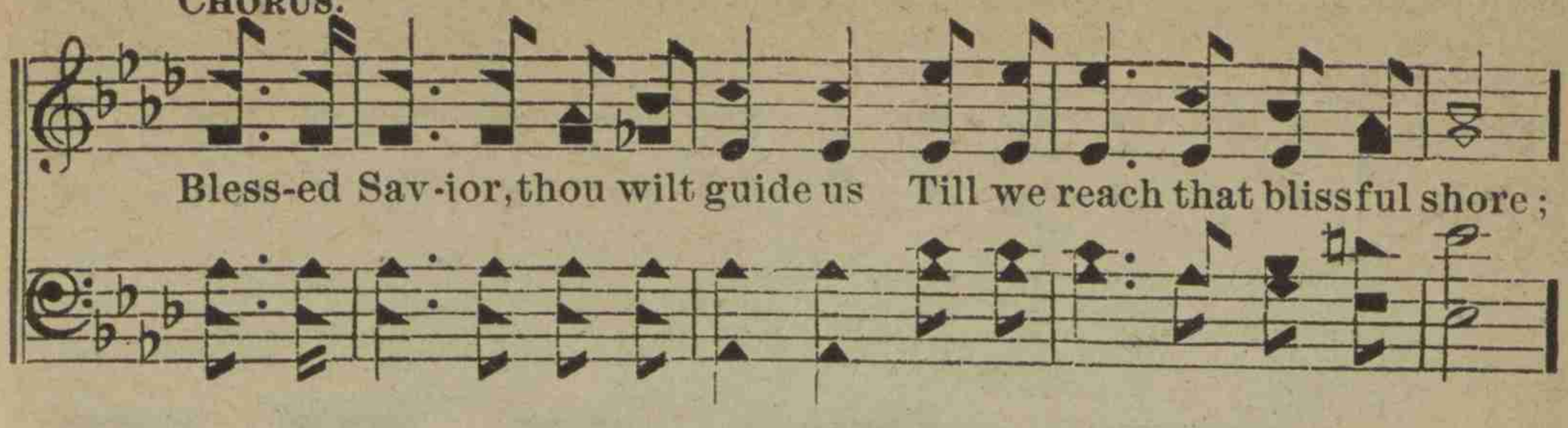
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
With the heart - y, joy-ous plau-dit, "Wea - ry pilgrim, welcome home.

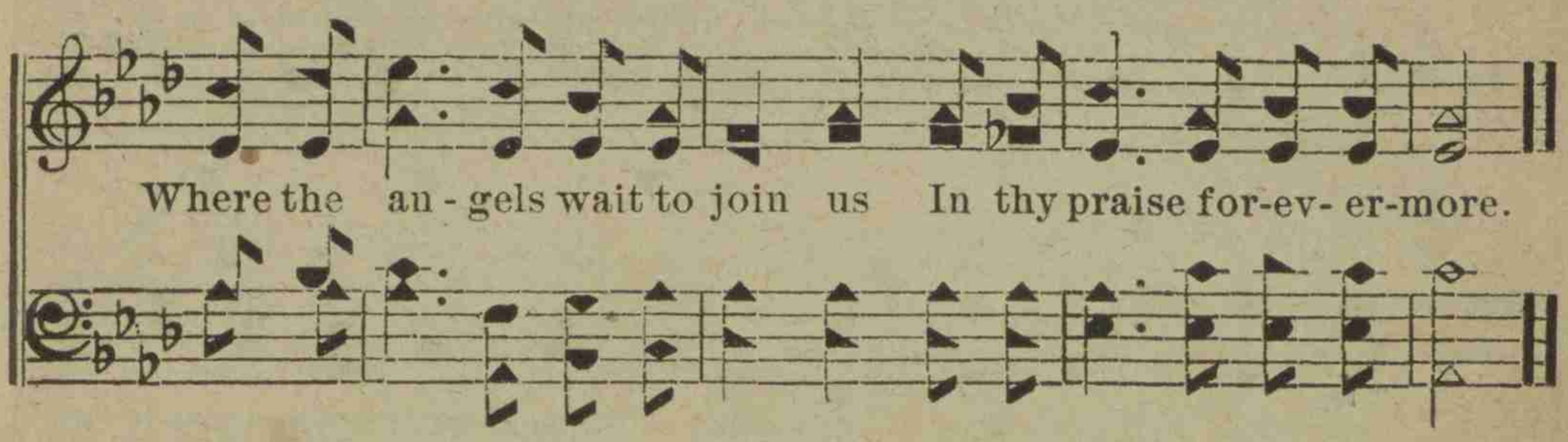
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Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN. Concluded.

CHORUS.
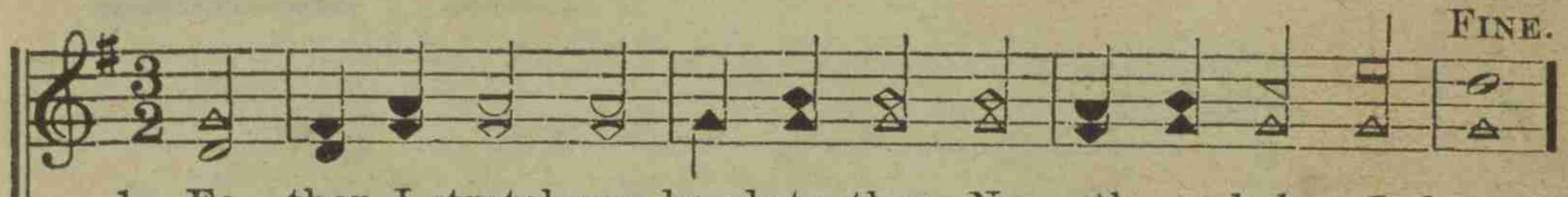




No. 201. I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

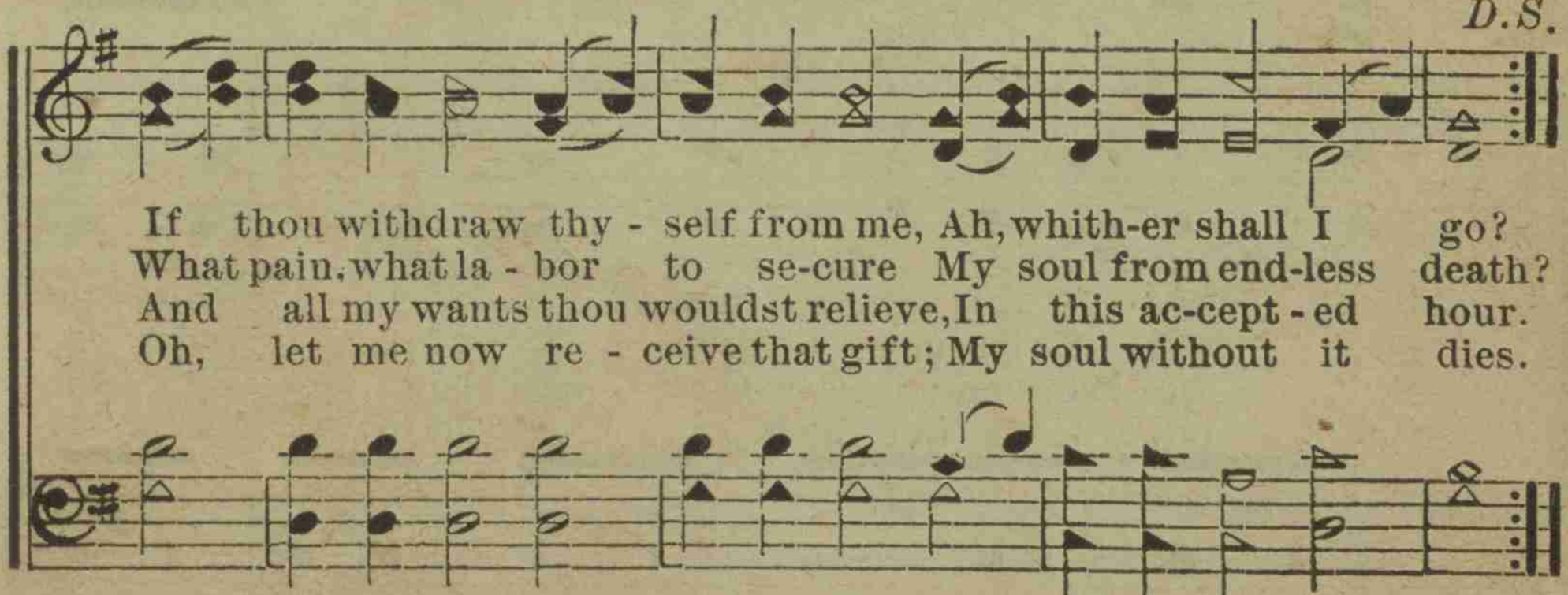
REV. CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.

FINE.





D.S.



No. 202. THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

H. H. B. COMMANDANT BOOTH.

DUET.

1. Sav - iour, hear me while be - fore Thy feet I the
2. Back with all the guilt my spir - it bears, Past the
3. Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no
4. All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver

rec - ord of my sins re - peat, Stained with guilt, my-self ab -
haunting mem - o - ries of years, Self and shame and fear de -
seek - ing soul should be de - nied? To that heart its sins con -
ev - 'ry prom-ise write my name: As I am I come be -

hor - ring, Filled with grief, my soul out - pour - ing,
spis - ing Foes and taunting fiends sur-pris - ing,
fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost re- ceiv - ing,

Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to
Sav - iour, to Thy cross I press my way, And a
By the love and - pi - ty Thou hast shown, By the
Bid me rise a freed and par - doned slave; Mas - ter

By permission.

THE PENITENT'S PLEA. Concluded.

set my shackled spir - it free? Raise my sink-ing heart, and
brok-en heart be-fore it lay; Ere I leave, oh, let me
blood that did for me a - tone, Bold - ly will I kneel be -
o'er my sin, the world, the grave, Charg - ing me to preach Thy

CHORUS.
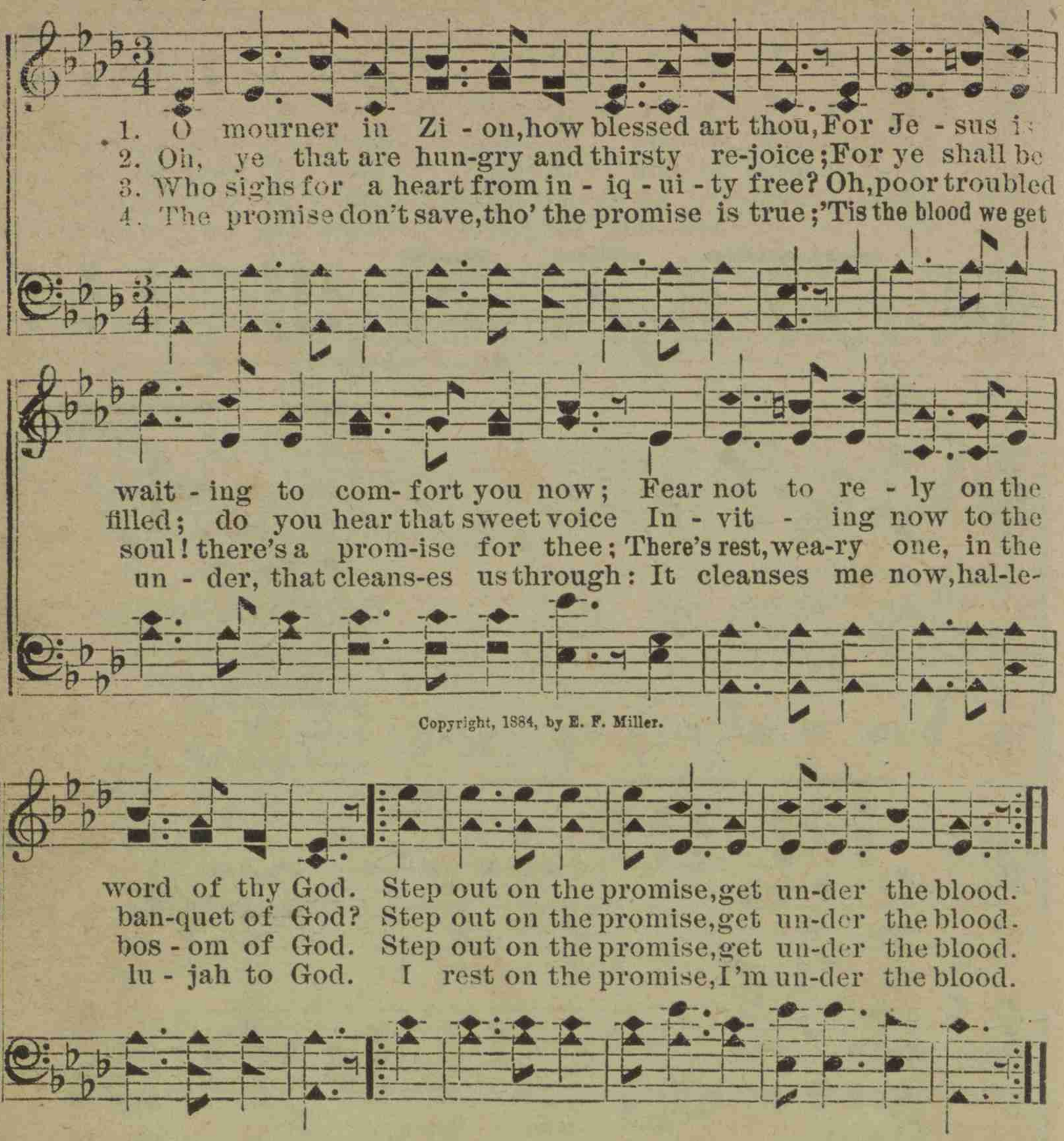
bid me be Thy child once more! (once more!) Grace there
hear Thee say, It shall be thine! (be thine!)
fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul.
pleading soul.
pow'r to save To sin - bound souls.
sin-bound souls. Grace there is my

is my ev'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev'ry sin a- way,
ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry sin a - way,

Pow'r to keep me sin-less day by day, For me, for me!
Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day,

No. 203. STEP OUT ON THE PRONISE.

The Highway. E. F. MILLER.



Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller.

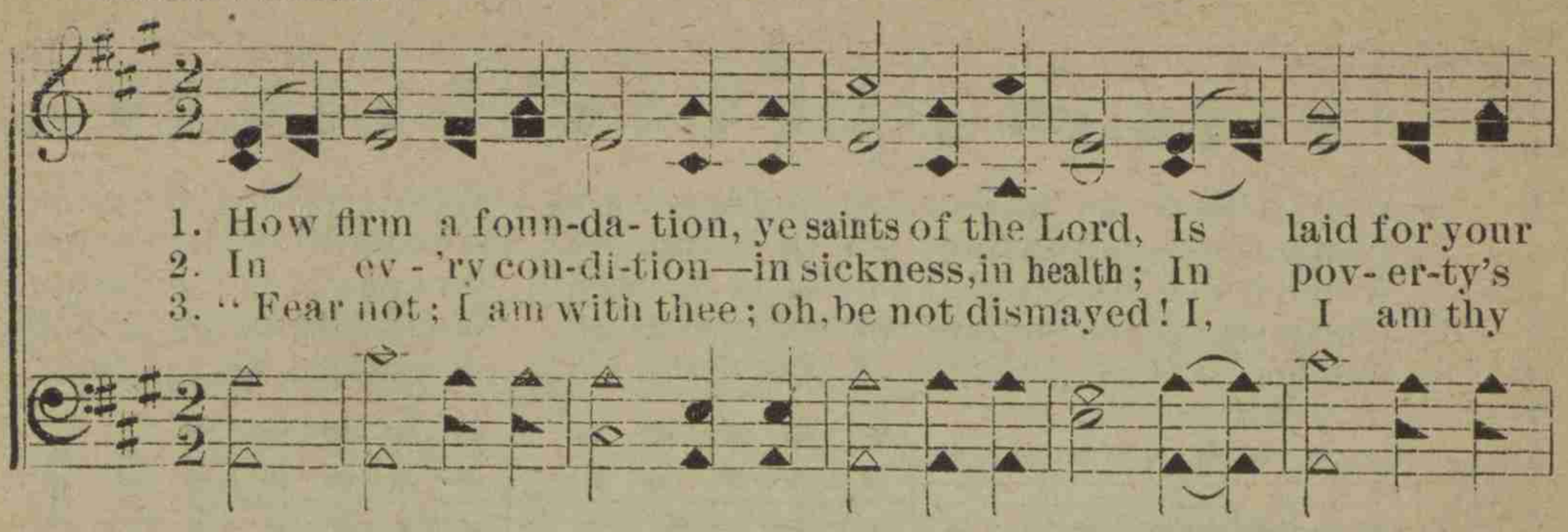
204.

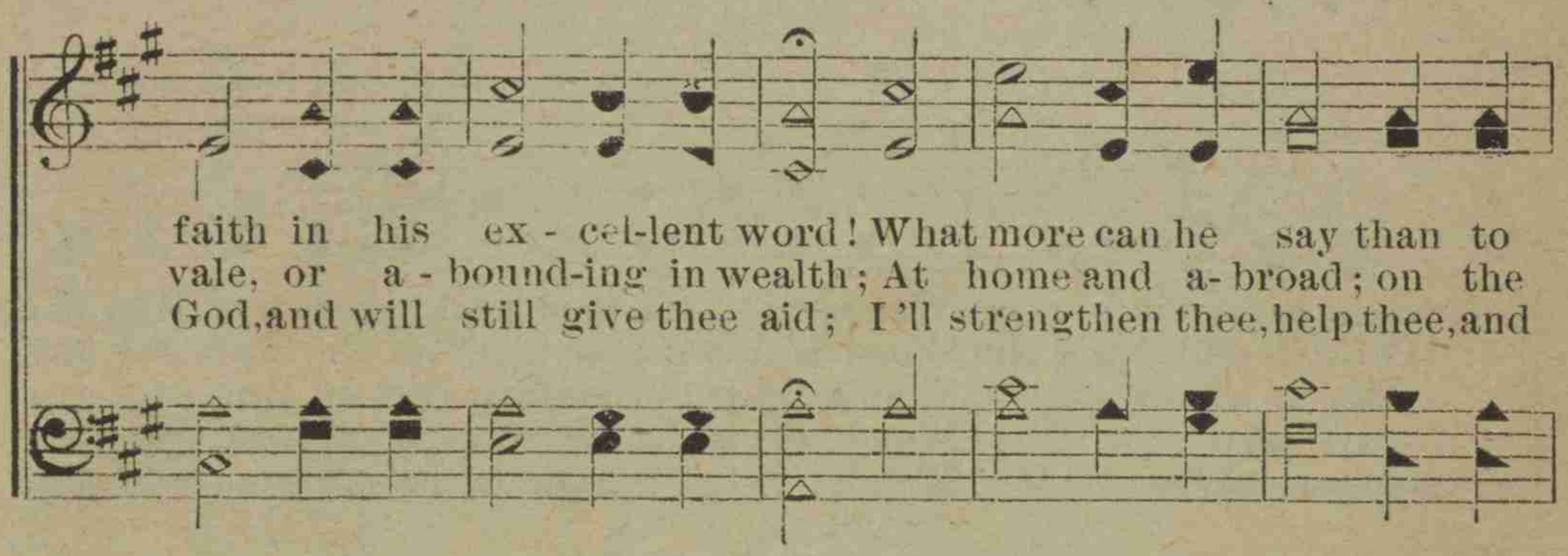
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Makes all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

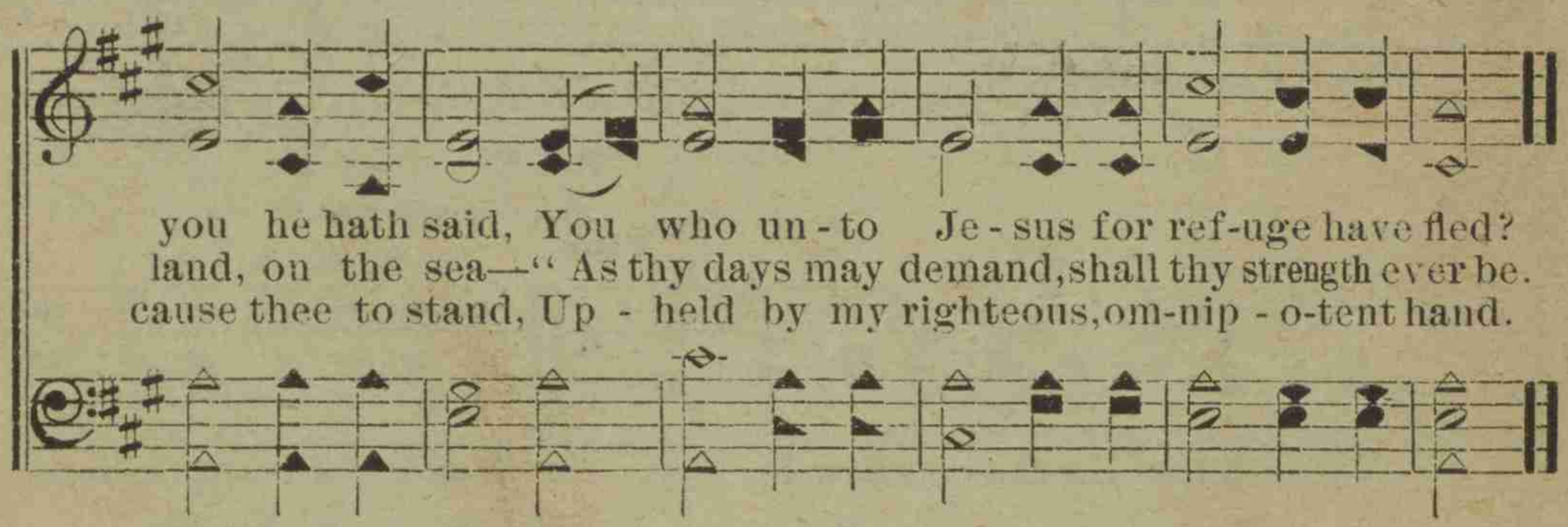
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 205. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEORGE KEITH.







4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
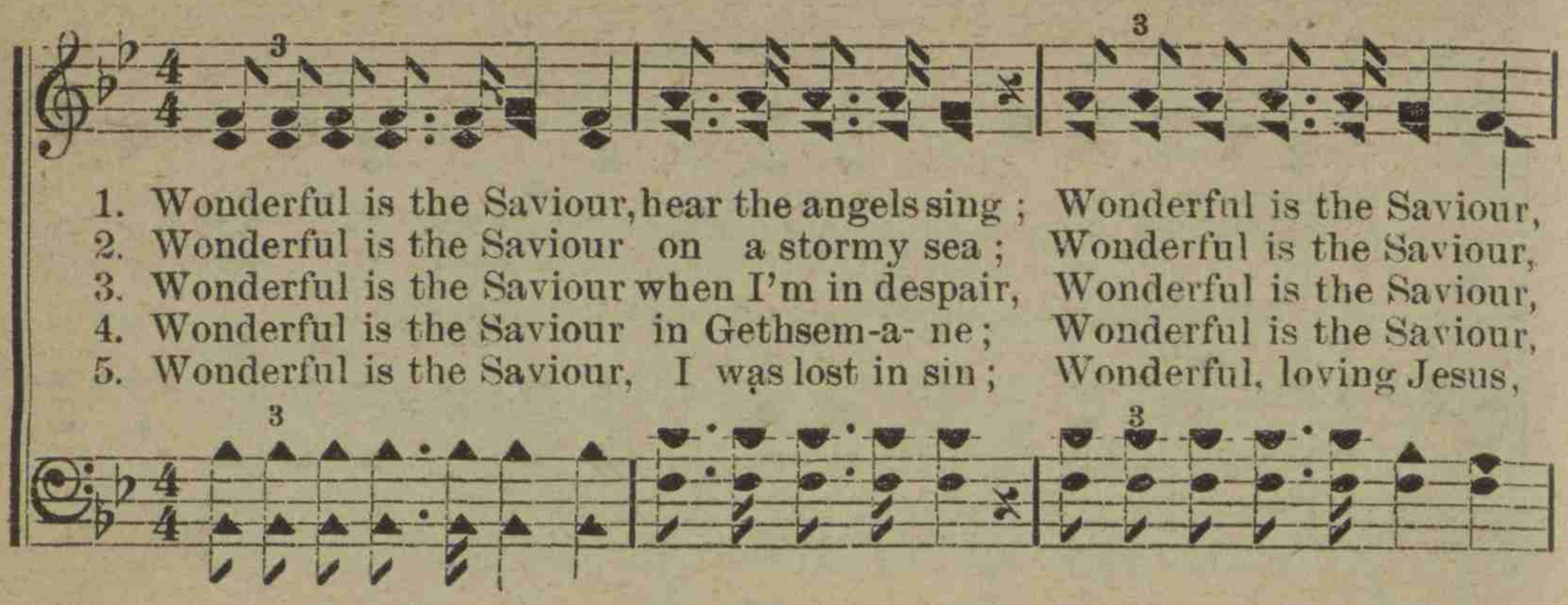
5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "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.
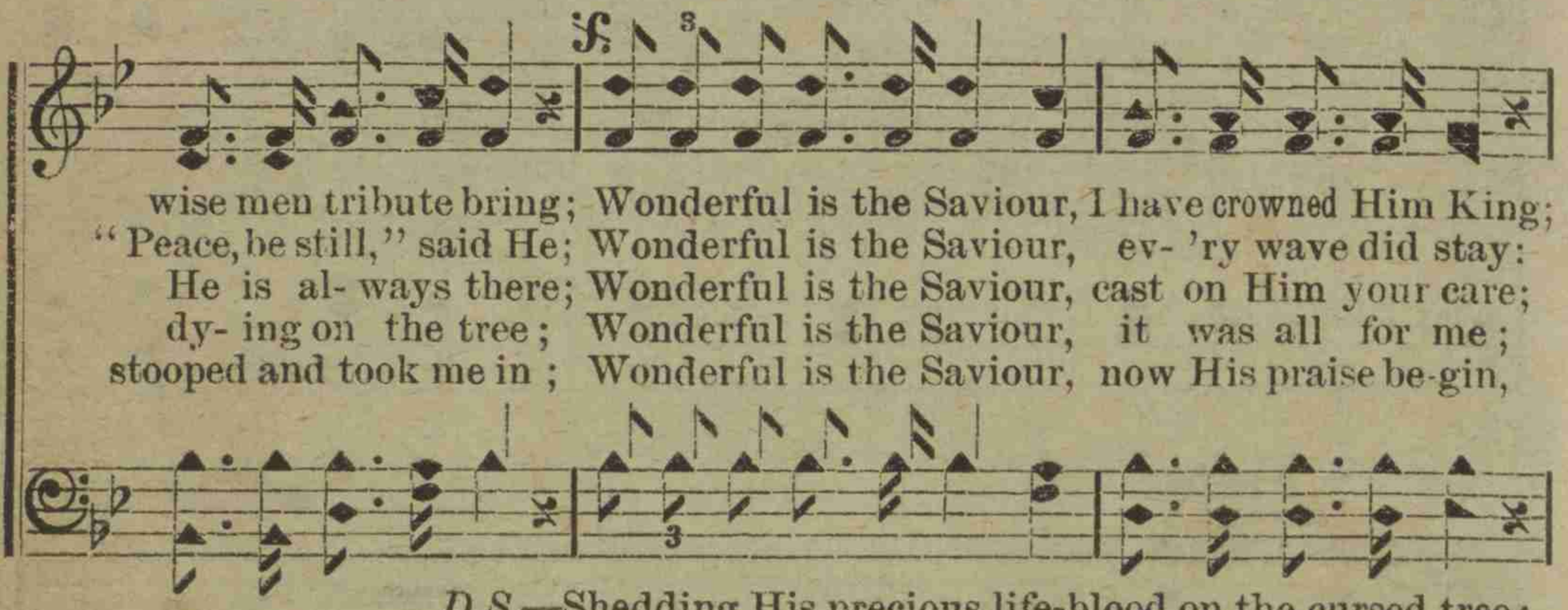
7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

No. 206. WONDERFUL IS THE SAVIOUR.

G. C. T. GRANT C. TULLAR.

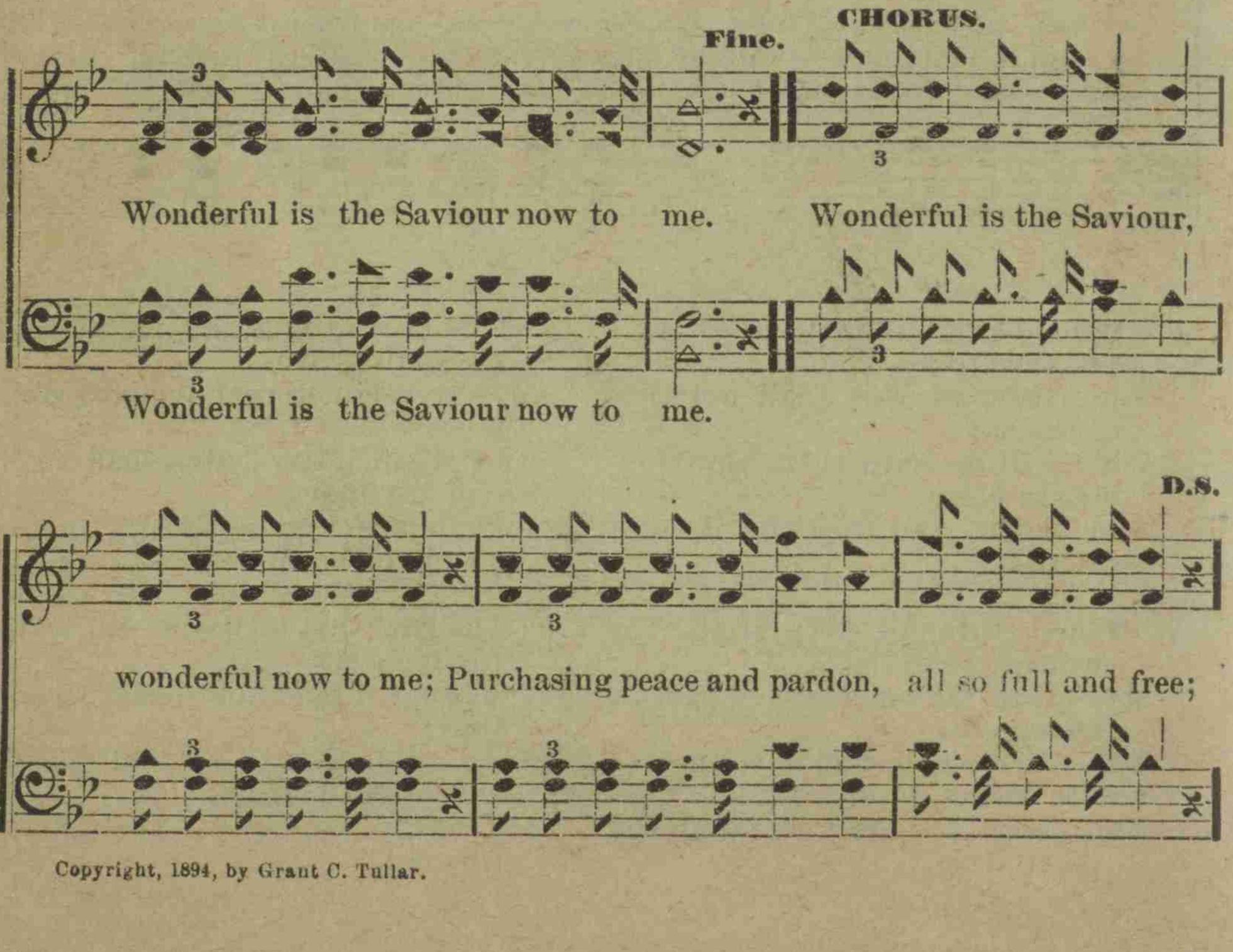


1. Wonderful is the Saviour, hear the angels sing ; Wonderful is the Saviour,
2. Wonderful is the Saviour on a stormy sea ; Wonderful is the Saviour,
3. Wonderful is the Saviour when I'm in despair, Wonderful is the Saviour,
4. Wonderful is the Saviour in Gethsem-a- ne ; Wonderful is the Saviour,
5. Wonderful is the Saviour, I was lost in sin ; Wonderful, loving Jesus,



wise men tribute bring; Wonderful is the Saviour, I have crowned Him King;
"Peace, be still," said He; Wonderful is the Saviour, ev- 'ry wave did stay:
He is al- ways there; Wonderful is the Saviour, cast on Him your care;
dy- ing on the tree ; Wonderful is the Saviour, it was all for me ;
stooped and took me in ; Wonderful is the Saviour, now His praise be-gin,

D.S.—Shedding His precious life-blood on the cursed tree ;



Wonderful is the Saviour now to me. Wonderful is the Saviour,
Wonderful is the Saviour now to me.

wonderful now to me; Purchasing peace and pardon, all so full and free;

Copyright, 1894, by Grant C. Tullar.

No. 207. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - - shine,
sunshine in the soul, bless-ed sunshine in the soul,

When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll:
hap-py mo-ments roll:

When Je-sus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. From "Glad Hallelujahs."

No. 208. SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am sat- is - fied with Je- sus, He is all in all to me;
2. Sweetly sat- is - fied with Je- sus, Not with an - y hope be- side,
3. Ev - er sat- is - fied with Je- sus, When the summer ros - es bloom,
4. I am sat- is - fied with Je- sus, May His grace a - bundant be.

In my heart His love is springing, Like a fountain glad and free.
For the spir- it's thirst and hunger, No where else can be supplied.
When the win- try snows are drifting, Then His smile will light the gloom.
All His ho - ly will accomplish, Till He's sat - is- fied with me.

There is "now no con- dem- na-tion" To a soul be-neath the flow
Not with an - y past at- tainment, An - y good my hands may do,
He has promised to be with me, And His love is joy di- vine,
When—all praise to His sal- va- tion,—Gates of pearl shall o - pen wide,

D.S.—In my heart His love is springing Like a fount- ain glad and free;

Fine.
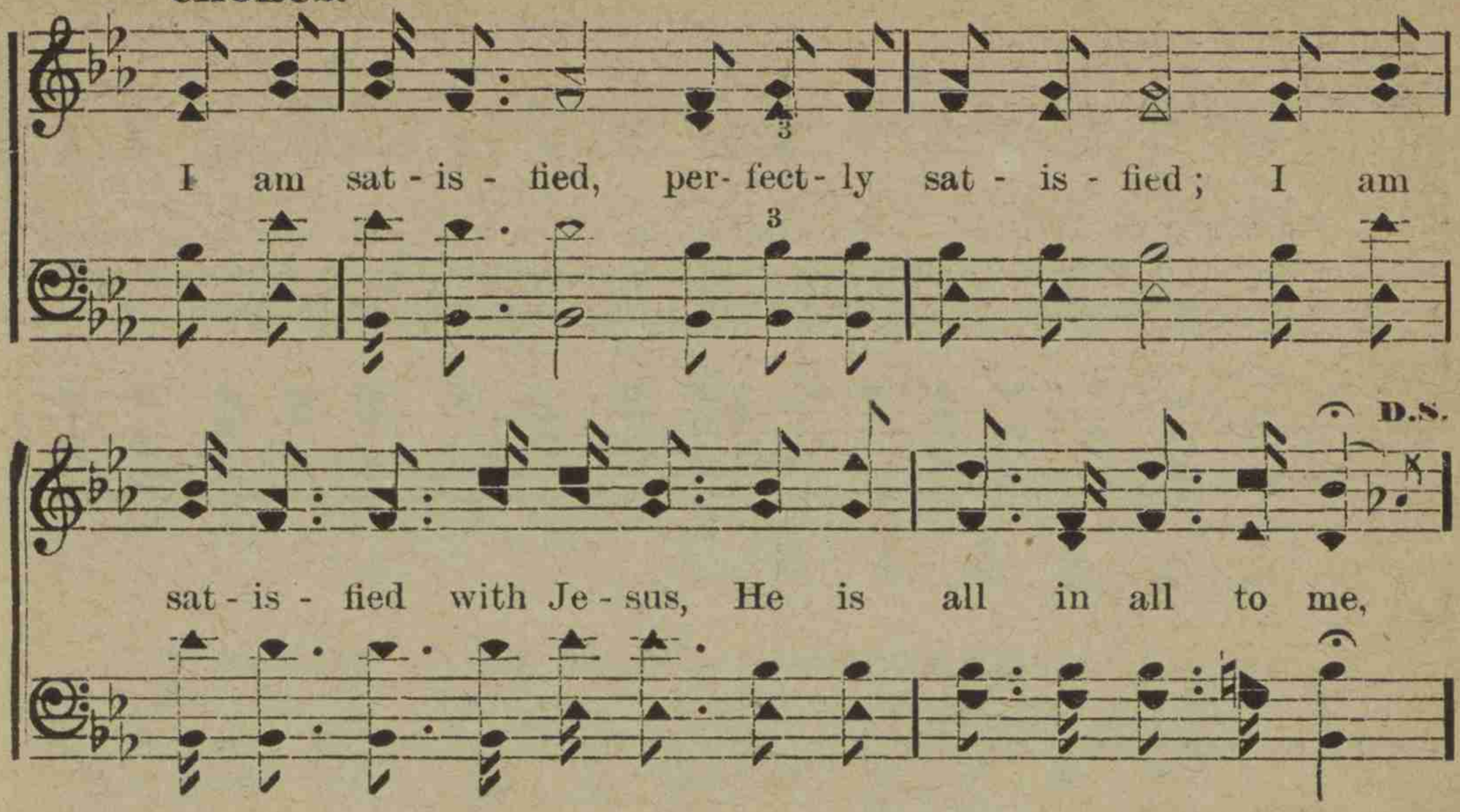
Of the stream from Calvary's mountain Cleansing whit-er than the snow.
On - ly Je - sus, precious Saviour, Gives me peace, a - bid - ing, true.
While I hear the gen - tle whisper, I am His, and He is mine.
I shall wake up in His likeness, There, for - ev - er, "sat - is - fied."

And I know that Je - sus loves me, For He gave Himself for me.

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

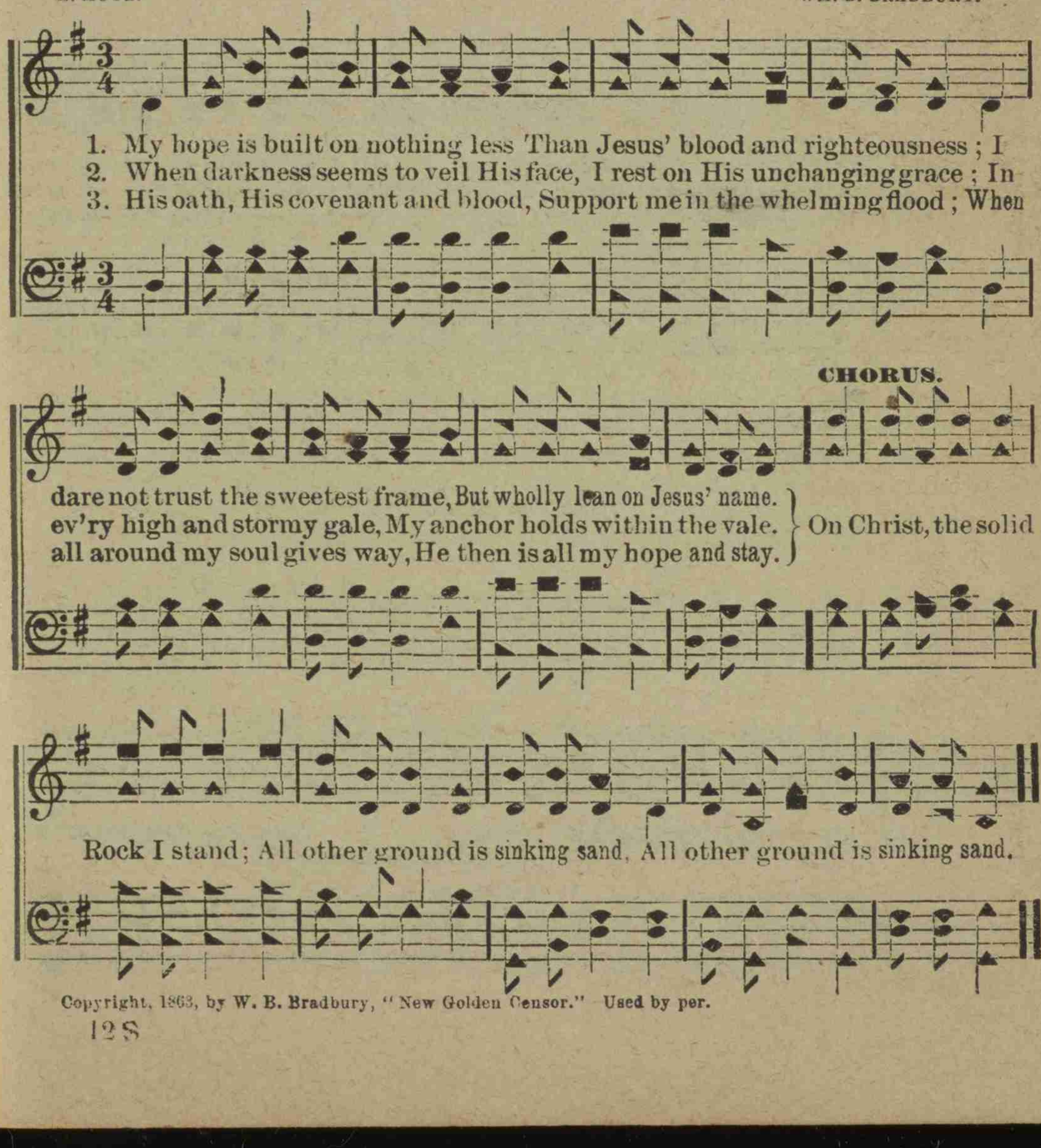
SATISFIED WITH JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 209. THE SOLID ROCK.

E. MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

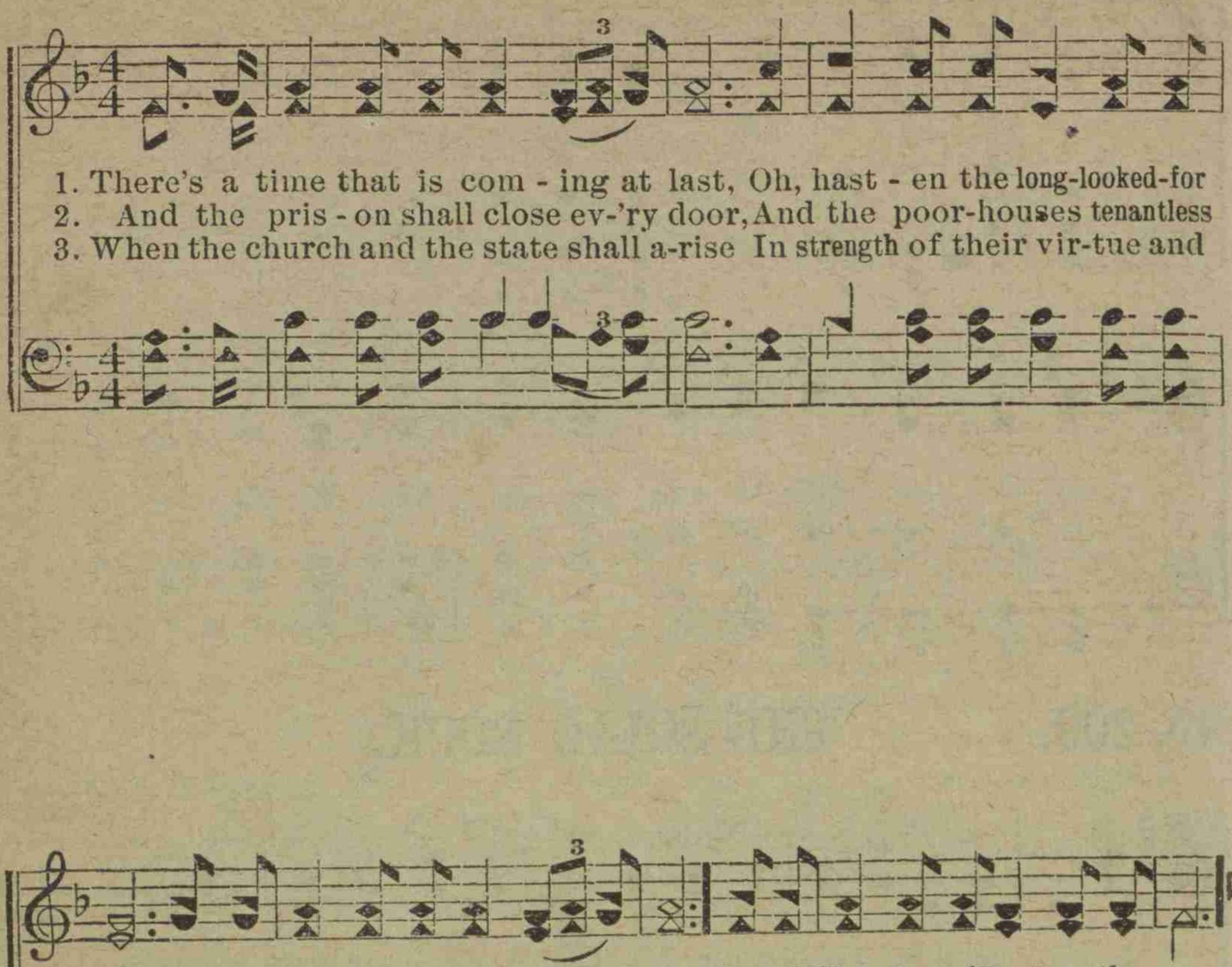


Copyright, 1863, by W. B. Bradbury, "New Golden Censor." Used by per.

No. 210. VOTE AS YOU PRAY.

(FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.)

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



VOTE AS YOU PRAY. Concluded.

way; (it is com-ing,) Oh, the hap - py, time is com - ing, yes, it's

Repeat Chorus p

com - ing (com - ing, com - ing,) When Christians will vote as they pray.

Copyright, 1886, by R. M. McIntosh

No. 211. I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE.

Arr. by R. E. HUDSON.
Re-arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
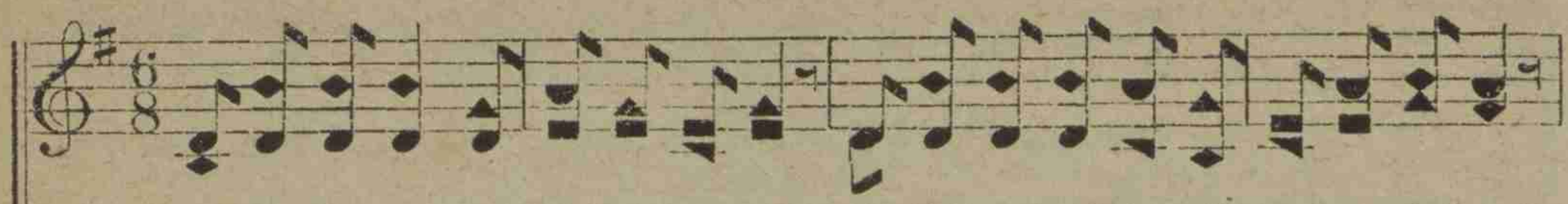
1. { For God and home and na-tive land, Our watch-word still shall be;
   { From rum, foul rum, from ruined homes, We 'll vote for lib- er - ty.
2. { We've tried to stop this curse of rum, We've tried both pray'rs and tears;
   { We ask for home pro - tec-tion laws, They an-swer us with sneers.
3. { We've tried high li - cense, but it failed To stop this curse of rum;
   { We ask for Pro - hi - bi - tion now, Pro - tec- tion to our homes.
4. { To those who compromise with rum We now must say good-bye;
   { To *stop* the traf - fic, *not to tax*, We'll fight un - til we die.

CHORUS.
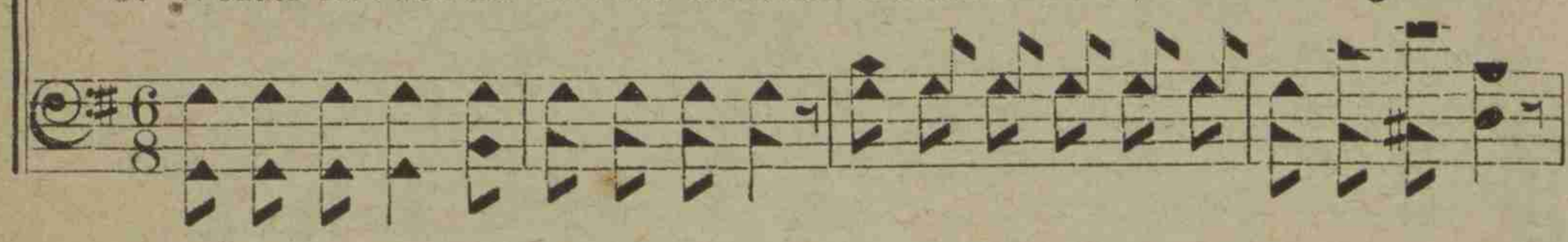
I'll be there, I'll be there, When the time comes to vote, I'll be there.
I'll be there, I'll be there,
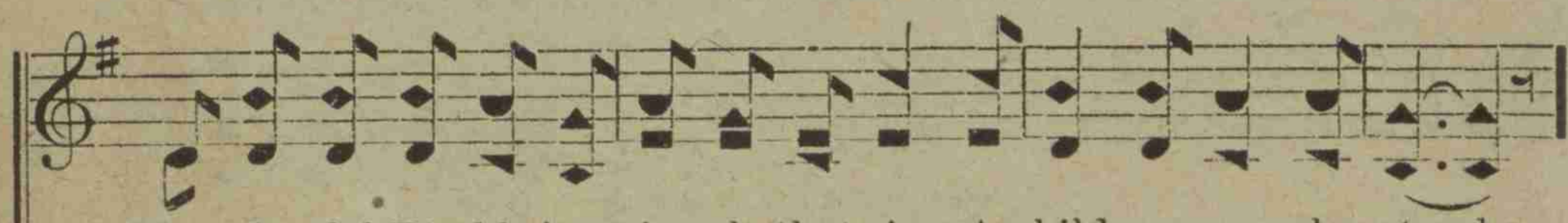
No. 212. WONDERFUL WORDS.

ANNA E. RYDER. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
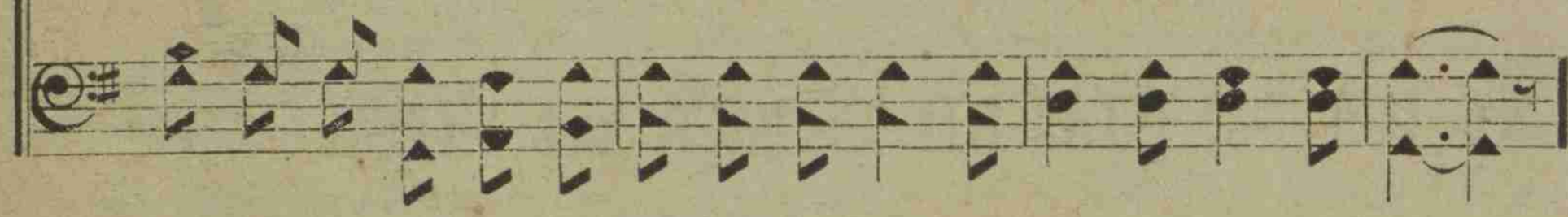


1. Wonder-ful words our Father has giv'n,—Sent them to show us the pathway to heav'n.
2. Wonder-ful words, so lov - ing and true, Wonder-ful mes-sage to me and to you.
3. Wonder-ful! won-der- ful! how can it be? Wonder-ful home, now in wait-ing for me!
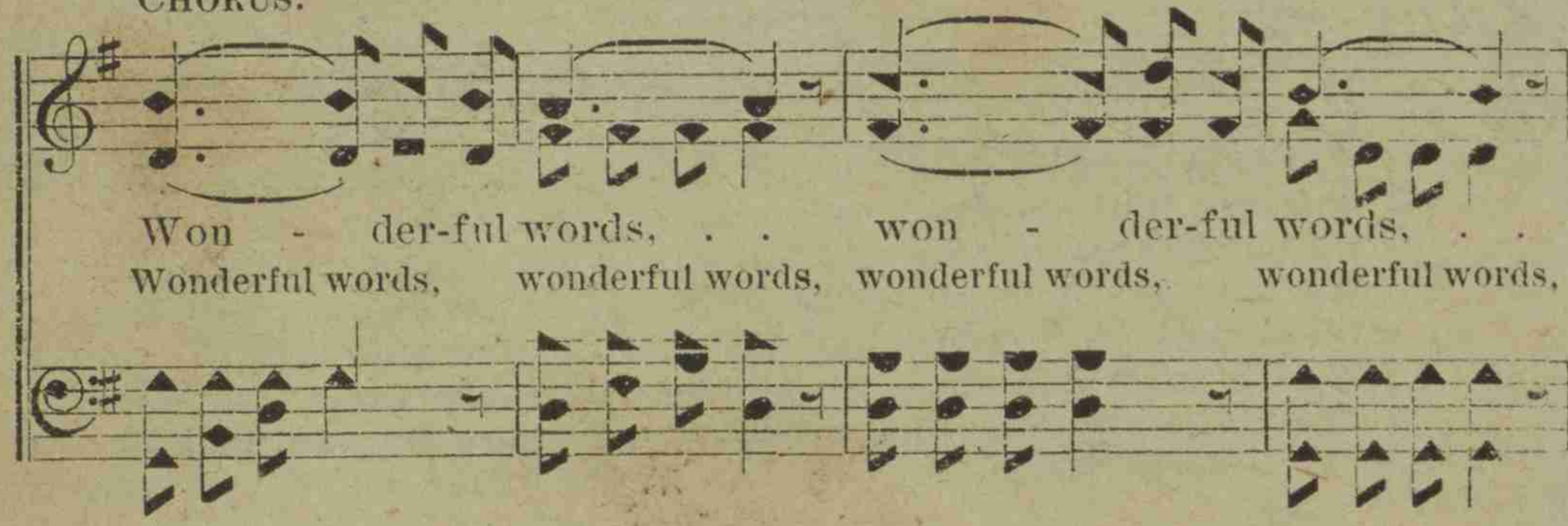




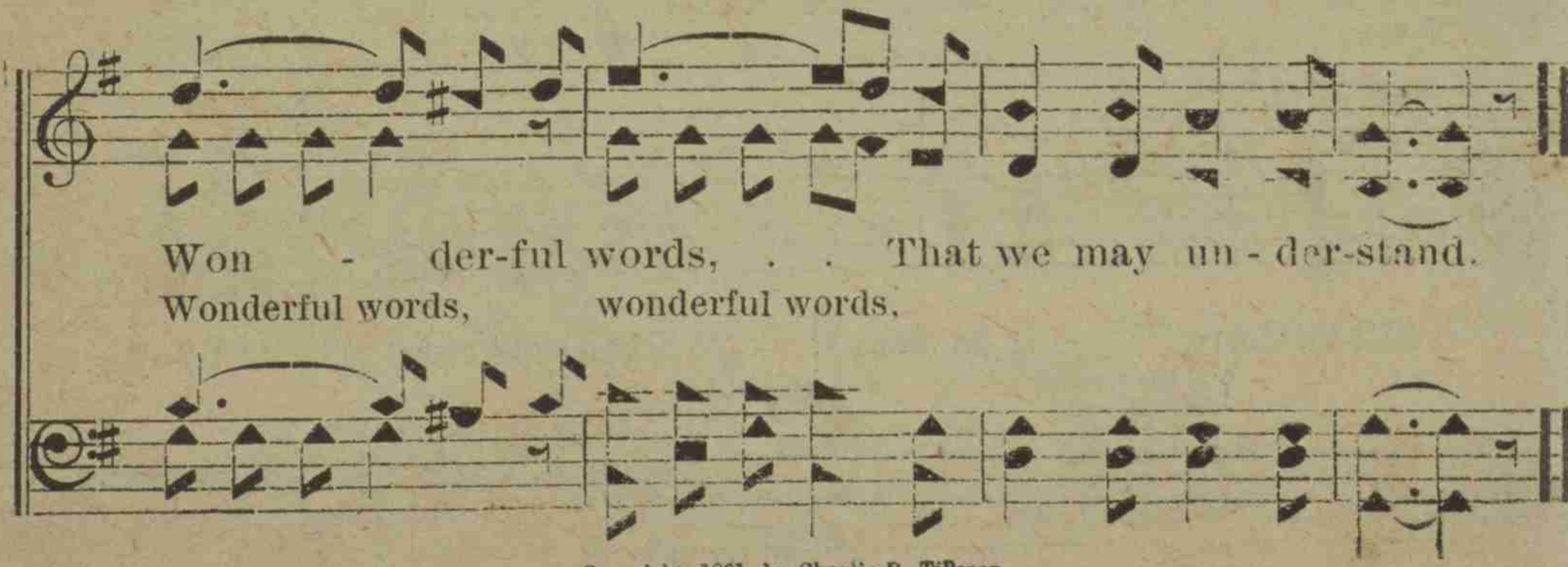
Won-der-ful Bi - ble! so sim-ple that e'en A child may un - der-stand.
Won-der-ful sto - ry! so old, yet so new, So glo-rious and so grand!
Won-der-ful beauty our glad eyes shall see, When we're at God's right hand.



CHORUS.



Won - der-ful words, . . won - der-ful words, . .
Wonderful words, wonderful words, wonderful words, wonderful words,
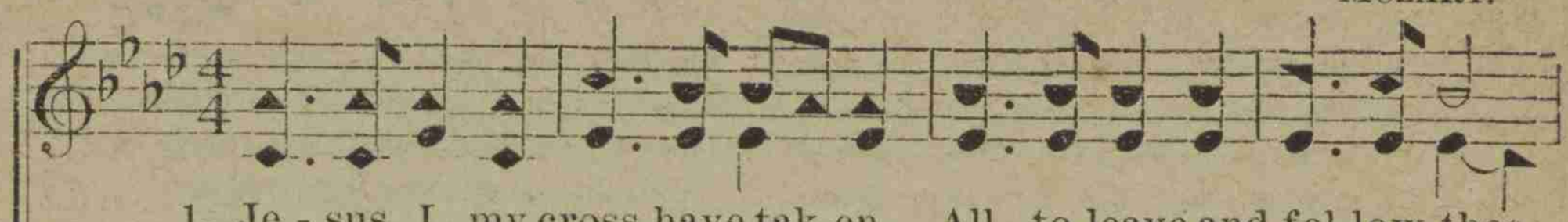


Won - der-ful words, . . That we may un - der-stand.
Wonderful words, wonderful words.
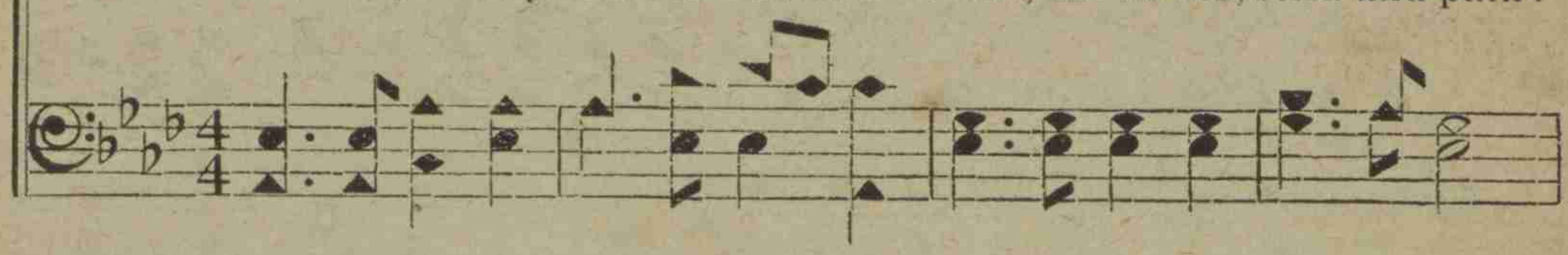
Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.
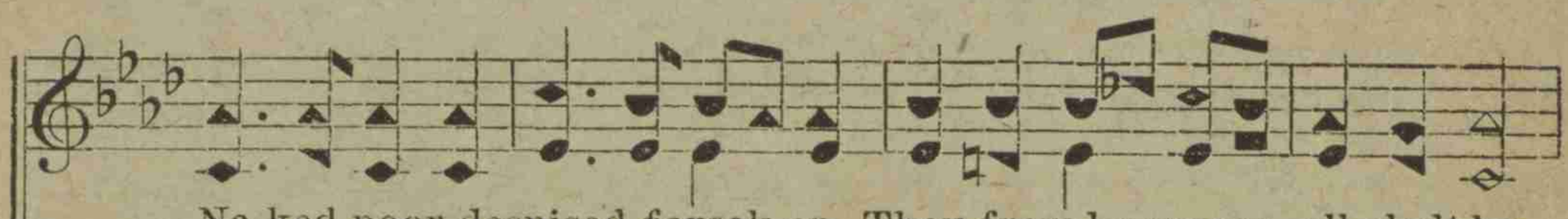
No. 213. JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.
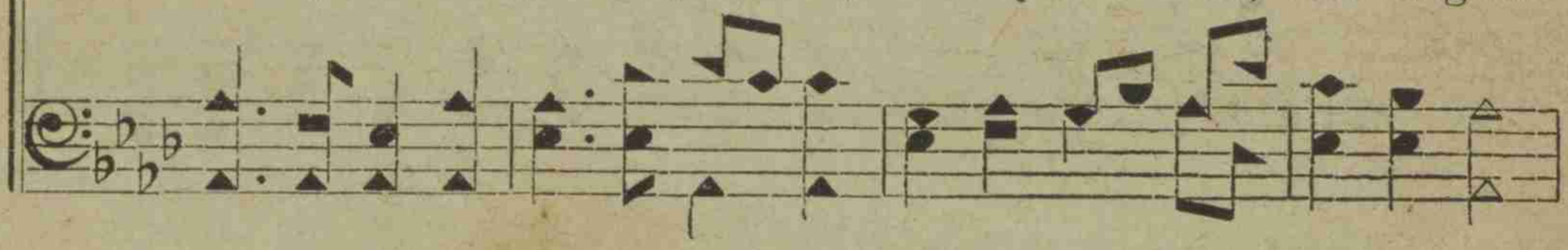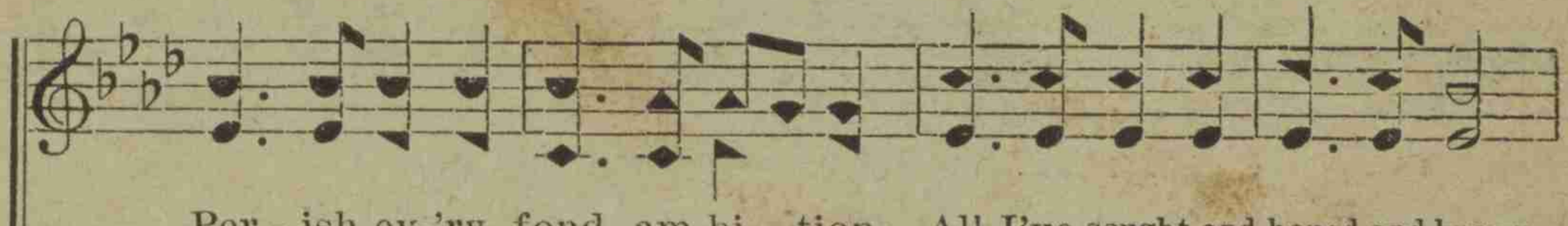


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low thee;
2. Let the world despise, for-sake me, They have left my Sav-ior, too;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure! Come, dis-as-ter, scorn and pain!
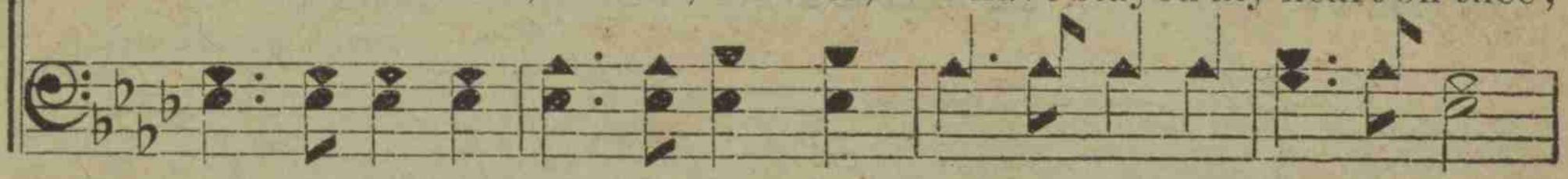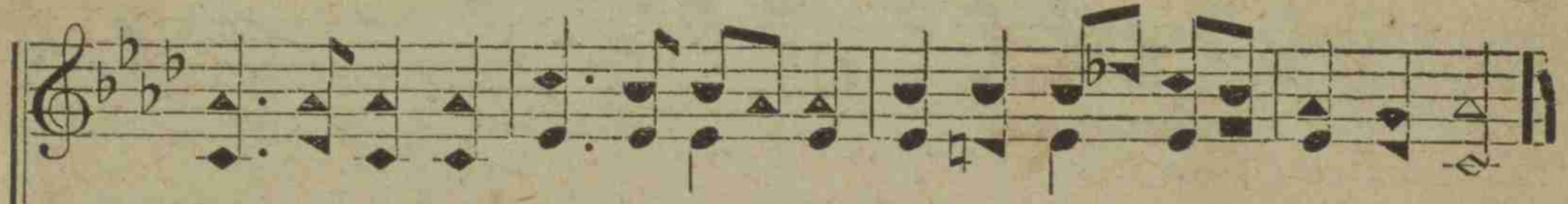




Na-ked, poor, despised, forsak-en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not, like man, un-true;
In thy ser-vice, pain is pleasure; With thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
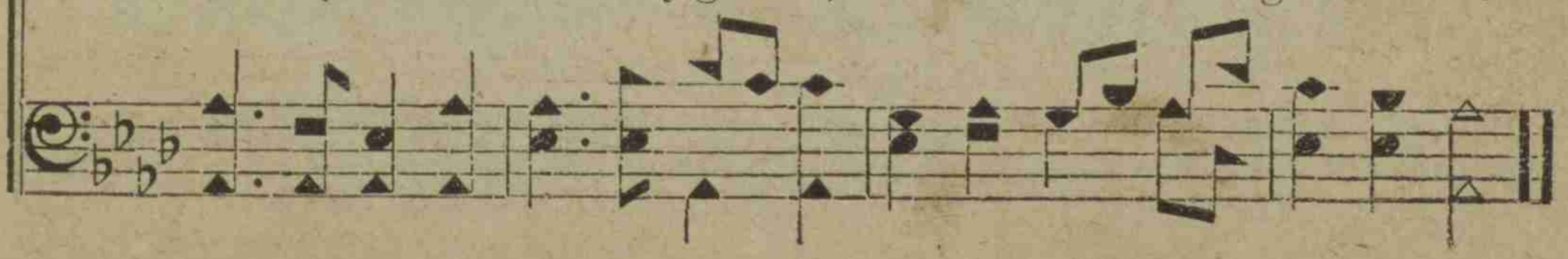




Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;
And, while thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love and might,
I have called thee, "Ab-ba, Fa-ther," I have stayed my heart on thee;
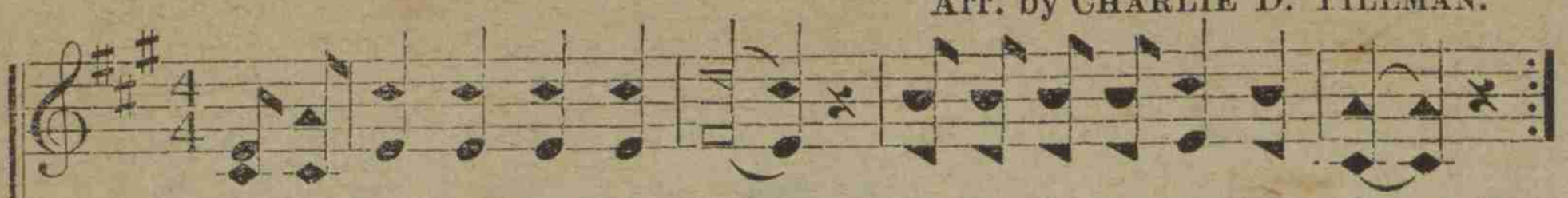




Yet how rich is my con-di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.



No. 214. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

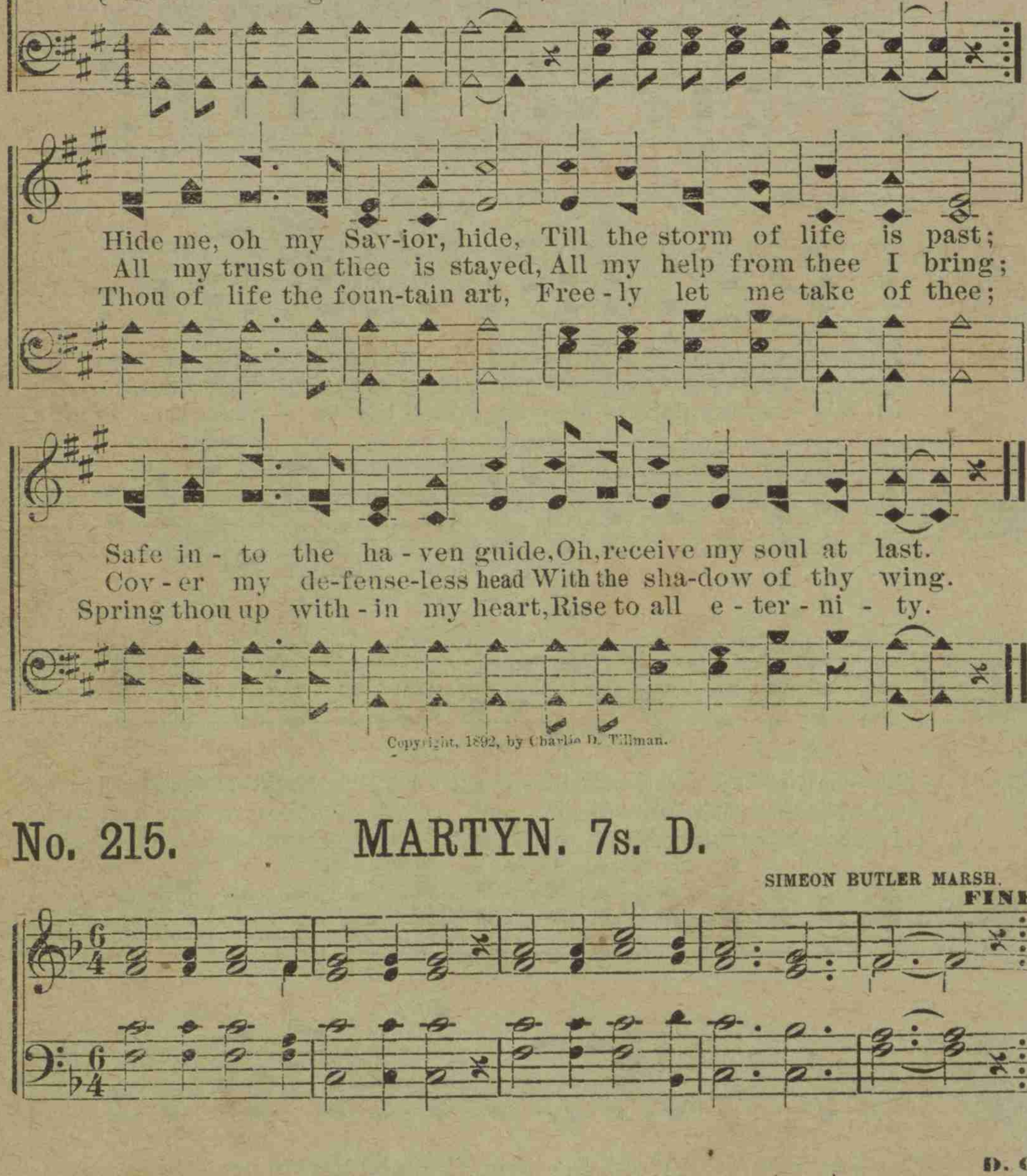
Arr. by CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high;

2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a-lone! Still support and comfort me.

3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;
Let the healing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in.



Hide me, oh my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of thee;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the sha-dow of thy wing.
Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.
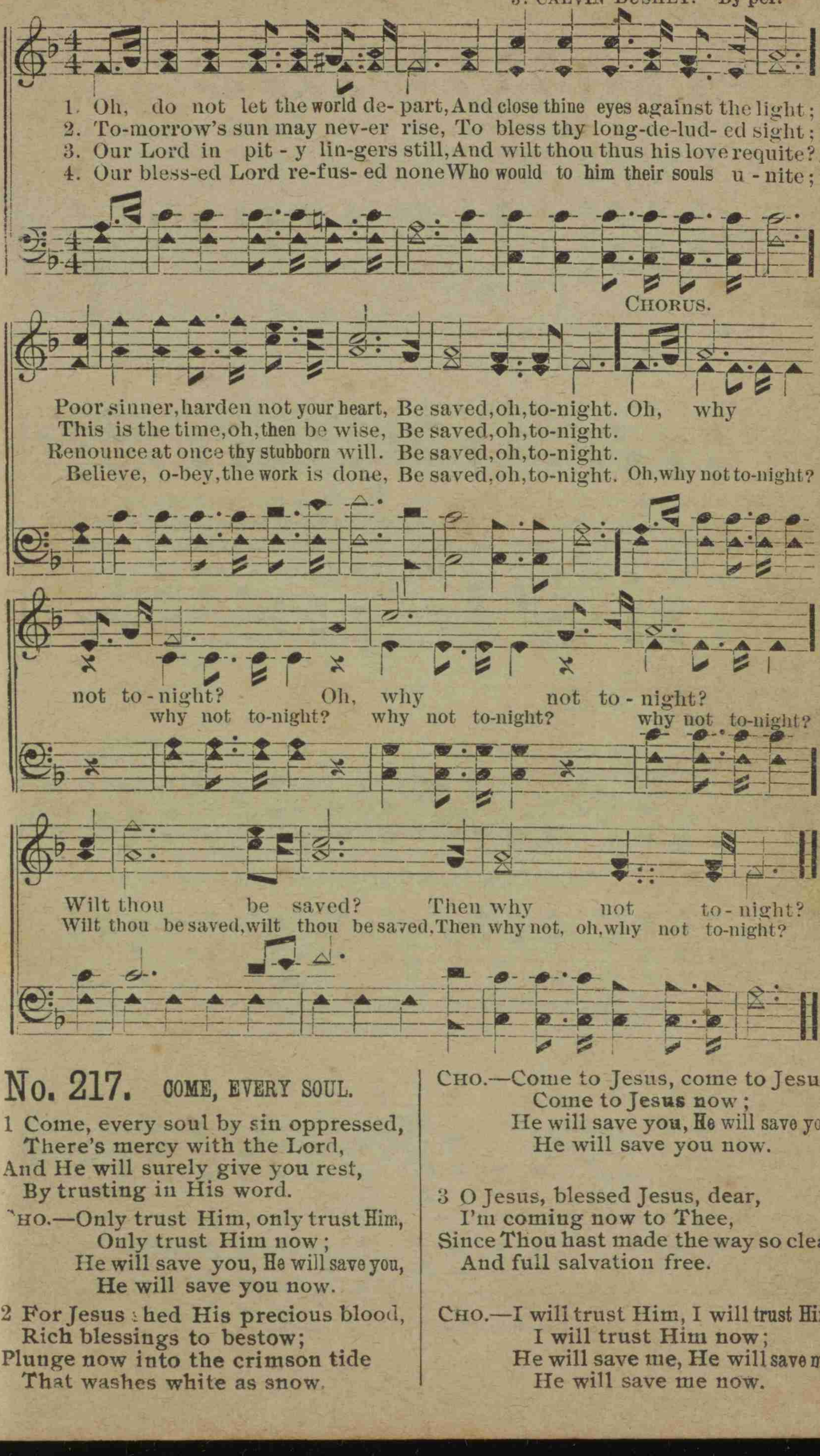
Copyright, 1892, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 215. MARTYN. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH.

No. 216. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY. By per.



No. 217. COME, EVERY SOUL.

1 Come, every soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

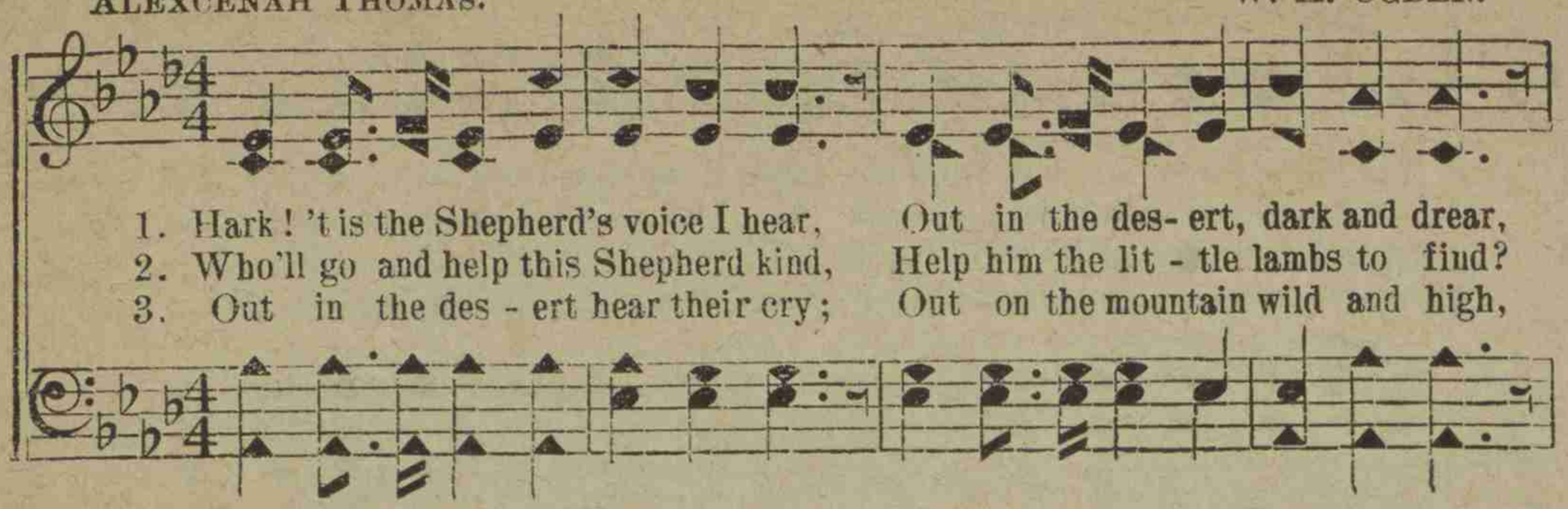
CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus
Come to Jesus now;
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

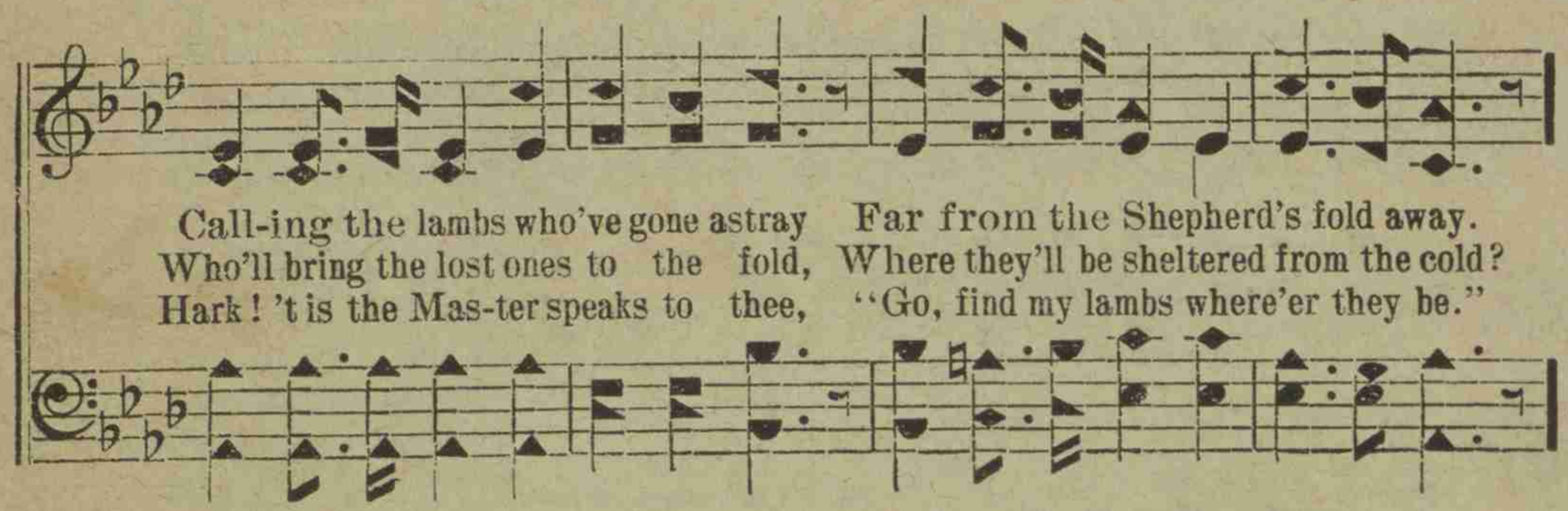
3 O Jesus, blessed Jesus, dear,
I'm coming now to Thee,
Since Thou hast made the way so clear
And full salvation free.

CHO.—I will trust Him, I will trust Him,
I will trust Him now;
He will save me, He will save me,
He will save me now.

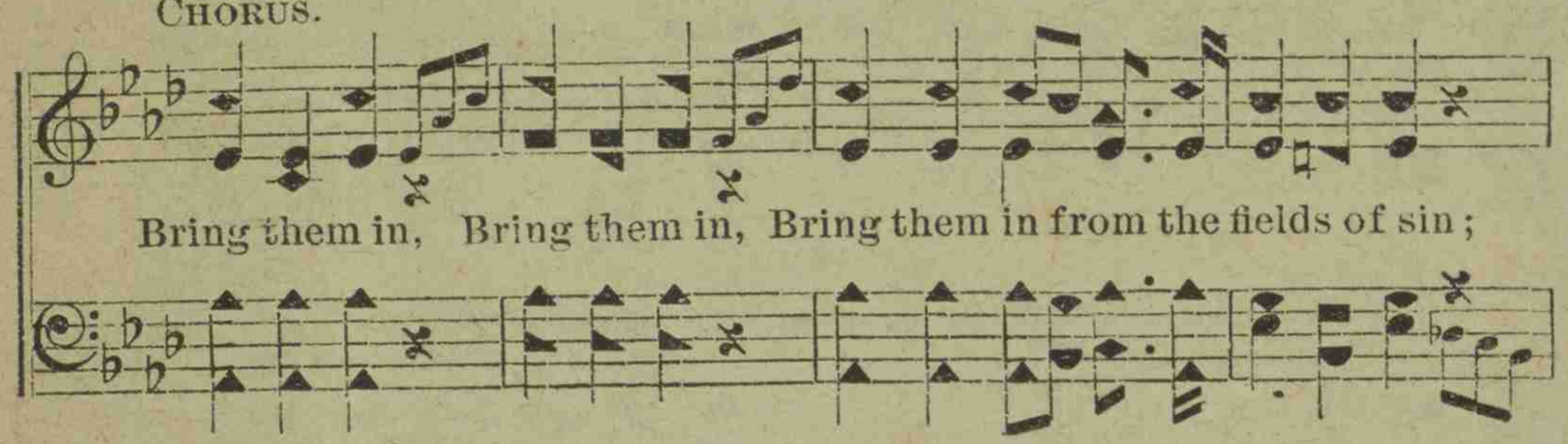
No. 218. BRING THEM IN.

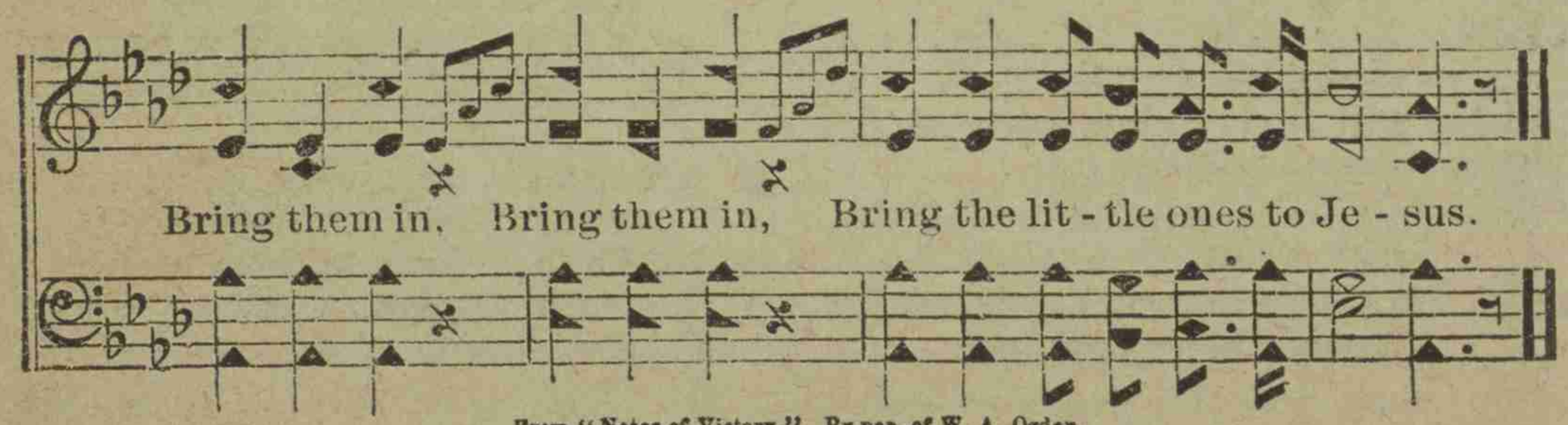
ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.





CHORUS.

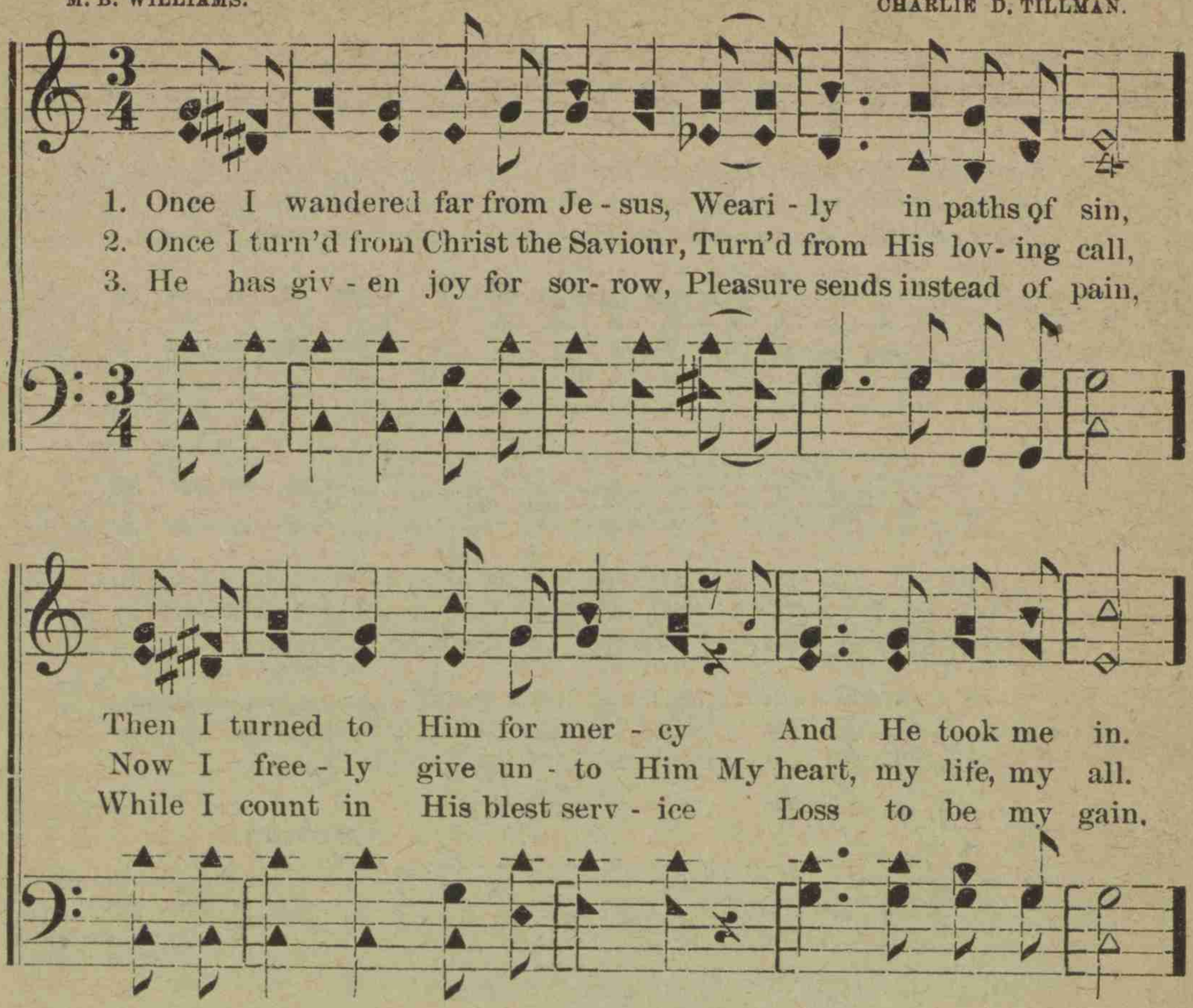




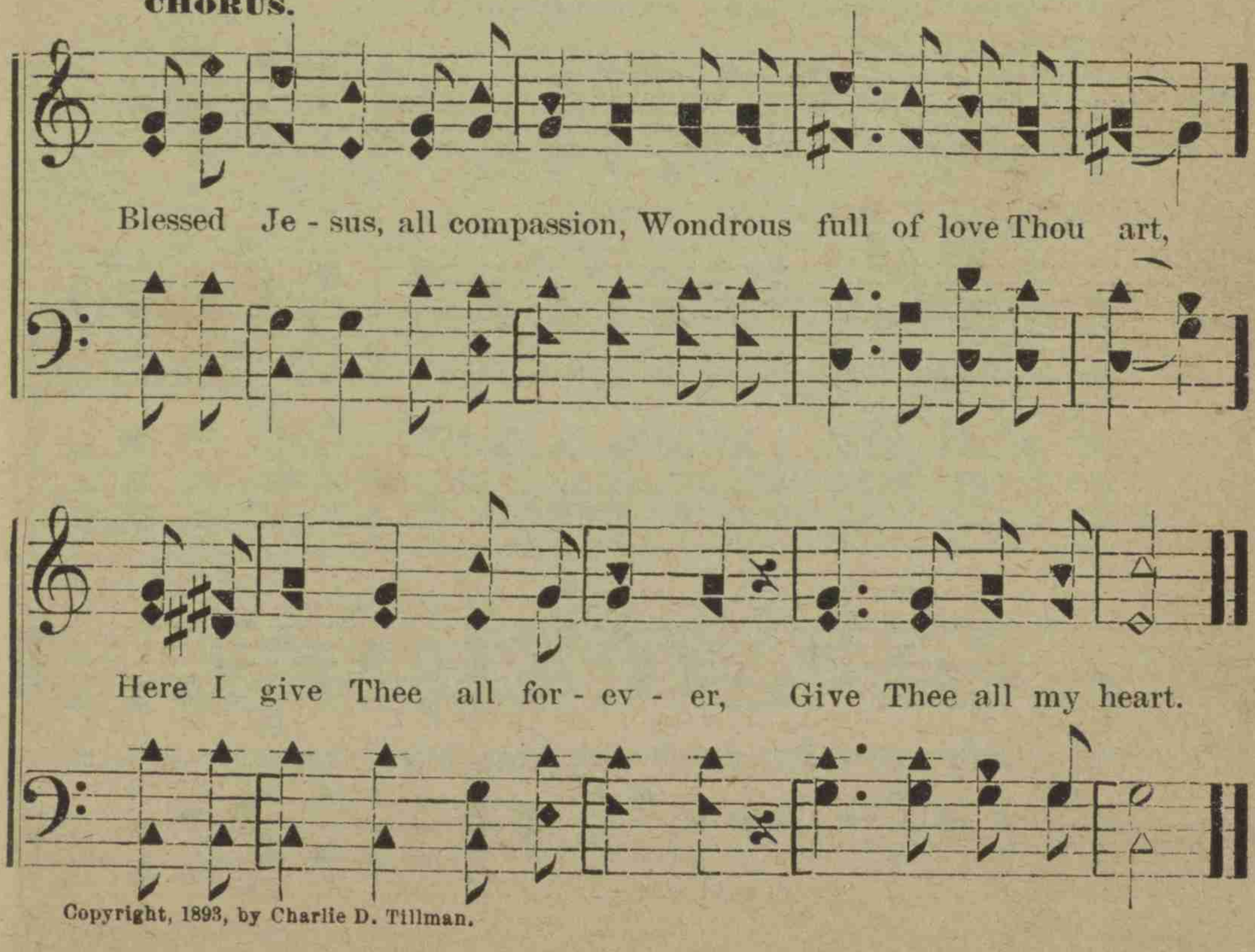
From "Notes of Victory." By per. of W. A. Ogden.

No. 219. ONCE I WANDERED.

M. B. WILLIAMS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1893, by Charlie D. Tillman.

No. 220. ANYWHERE HE WANTS ME.

CARRIE ELLIS BRECK. GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Anywhere He wants me; Je- sus is the way; Anywhere He wants me;
2. Anywhere He wants me, Be it near or far, He will go be- fore me—
3. Anywhere He wants me, I will do and dare; Anything He sends me,

I will go to- day; When the Shepherd calls me I will heed his voice;
Be my guiding star; An- ywhere He wants me I will nev- er fear;
I will glad- ly bear; Whether joy or sorrow, Whether ease or pain,

CHORUS.

Anywhere He wants me, There will I re- joice.
Anywhere He wants me, Shadows dis-appear.
I will count it blessing And e- ter-nal gain.
} Anywhere He wants me;

He is there to bless; Anywhere He wants me, He will give success;

Anywhere He wants me Precious seed to sow, Anywhere He wants me I will go.

Copyright, 1895, by Grant C. Tuflar.

No. 221. We're on the Way to Canaan's Land.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON. W. S. NICKLE.

1. From Eg- ypt's cru - el bond - age fled, O - be- dient to our
2. Thro' wil - der- ness - es wide and drear Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con- trols, A crys - tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long, the riv - er crossed, we'll meet The ran-somed host at

Lord's com-mand, And by His word and Spir - it led, We're
steps a - right; Be - hold, to prove His pres - ence here, The
need sup- plies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict He is near, Whose
His right hand; And there re - ceive a wel- come sweet From

CHORUS.

on the way to Ca - naan's land!
cloud by day, the fire by night!
dai - ly man - na from the skies!
pres - ence cheers us on the way.
our dear Lord to Ca - naan's land!

We're on the way, a

pil - grim band, We're on the way to Ca - naan's land, Di -

vine- ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

Copyright, 1889, by W. S. Nickle.

No. 222. HE IS ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. 'T is the grand-est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
2. 'T is the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand-est theme for a
3. 'T is the grand-est theme, let the tidings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the

mor - tal tongue, 'T is the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our
mor - tal strain, 'T is the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our
sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, he will make thee whole, "Our

Chorus.

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

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

Go to him for rest; Our God is a - ble to de - liv- er thee.

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

No. 223. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C. R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Thro' eternal a - ges let his
2. Standing on the promises that cannot fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
3. Standing on the promises I now can see. Perfect, present cleansing in the
4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord. Bound to him e-ter-nal-ly by
5. Standing on the promises, I cannot fall. List'ning ev'ry moment to the

prais-es ring, Glo- ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the
fear as - sail. By the living Word of God I shall pre-vail, Standing on the
blood for me; Standing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free, Standing on the
love's strong cord, O-vercoming daily with the Spirit's sword, Standing on the
Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all. Standing on the

CHORUS.

prom - is-es of God. Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promise, Stand-ing on the promise,
Standing on the prom-is- es of God, my Sav - ior, Stand - ing,
Standing on the promise,
stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God.
stand-ing on the prom-ise,

Copyright, 1886, by John J. Hood.

No. 224. WEARY, HEAVY-LADEN, COME.

G. C. T. GRANT C. TULLAR.

1. Oh, fainting soul, by sin oppressed, Oh, wea-ry heav-y - la-den, come;
2. Ye palsied, maimed, ye halt and blind, Oh, wea-ry heav-y - la-den, come;
3. In the Father's house are mansions fair, Oh, wea-ry heav-y - la-den, come;
4. There's a city fair with streets of gold, Oh, wea-ry heav-y - la-den, come;
5. Tho' your garments are all stained with sin, Oh, wea-ry heav-y - la-den, come;
6. While the Master calls, do not delay, Oh, wea-ry heav-y - la-den, come;

Come unto Christ and find sweet rest, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, come.
Ye need not one be left be - hind, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, come.
Which He'll give to you when you get there, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, come.
There's a victor's palm with joys untold, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, come.
If you'll re-pent He'll take you in, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, come.
But come to Je-sus while you may, Oh, wea-ry, heav-y - la-den, come.

CHORUS.

Will you come, (will you come,) Will you come, (will you come,) With your bur - den will you come, (ye lost ones,) Come home, ye lost ones whom Je - sus died to save, Oh, wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, come, (come home.)

Rit.

Copyright, 1893, by Grant C. Tullar.

No. 225. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou, the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,

I am safe when by Thy side,
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
To the land of endless day,

lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side.

CHORUS.

I would in Thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a - way.

Lead me, lead me,

I would in Thy love abide.

Sav- iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . . Gently down the stream of time, (stream of time,) Lead me, Sav- iour, all the way. (all the way.)

lest I stray;

Rit. e dim.

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

No. 226. EVERY HOUR I NEED THY BLESSING.

ELIZABETH J. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Ev- 'ry hour I need Thy blessing, Ev-'ry moment need Thy care,
2. Ev- 'ry hour I need Thy blessing, Daily need Thy wondrous love,
3. Ev- 'ry hour I need Thy blessing, Ev-'ry moment need Thy care,

Lord, to Thee I come con-fess- ing, All the sins that me en-snare;
Love so ten - der, so pro- tect- ing, Coming from Thy throne above;
Un - til Thou my soul pos- sess- ing, Shall reflect Thine im-age there;

Bless the thoughts that come each moment, Make them true and pure and fair,
For Thy lov - ing care and blessing, Make me thankful ev- 'ry day,
Then to Christ the King of Glo- ry, He who bought me with great price,
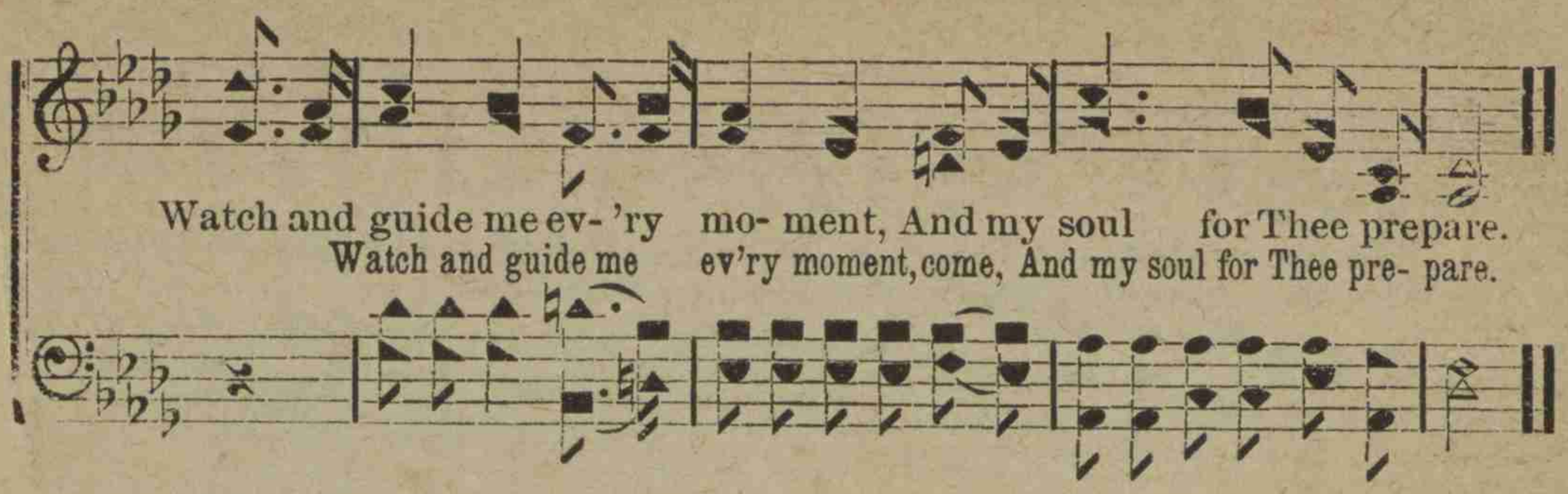
Like to Thine our great a- tonement, Beauti - ful beyond compare.
Be my walk and dai- ly liv- ing, Praising Christ the Living Way.
I shall sing the old, old sto - ry, Christ my Lord, my sac- ri - fice.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come, Thou loving Saviour, Take me in Thy tender care,
Come, oh, come, Thou loving Saviour, come, Take me in Thy tender care,

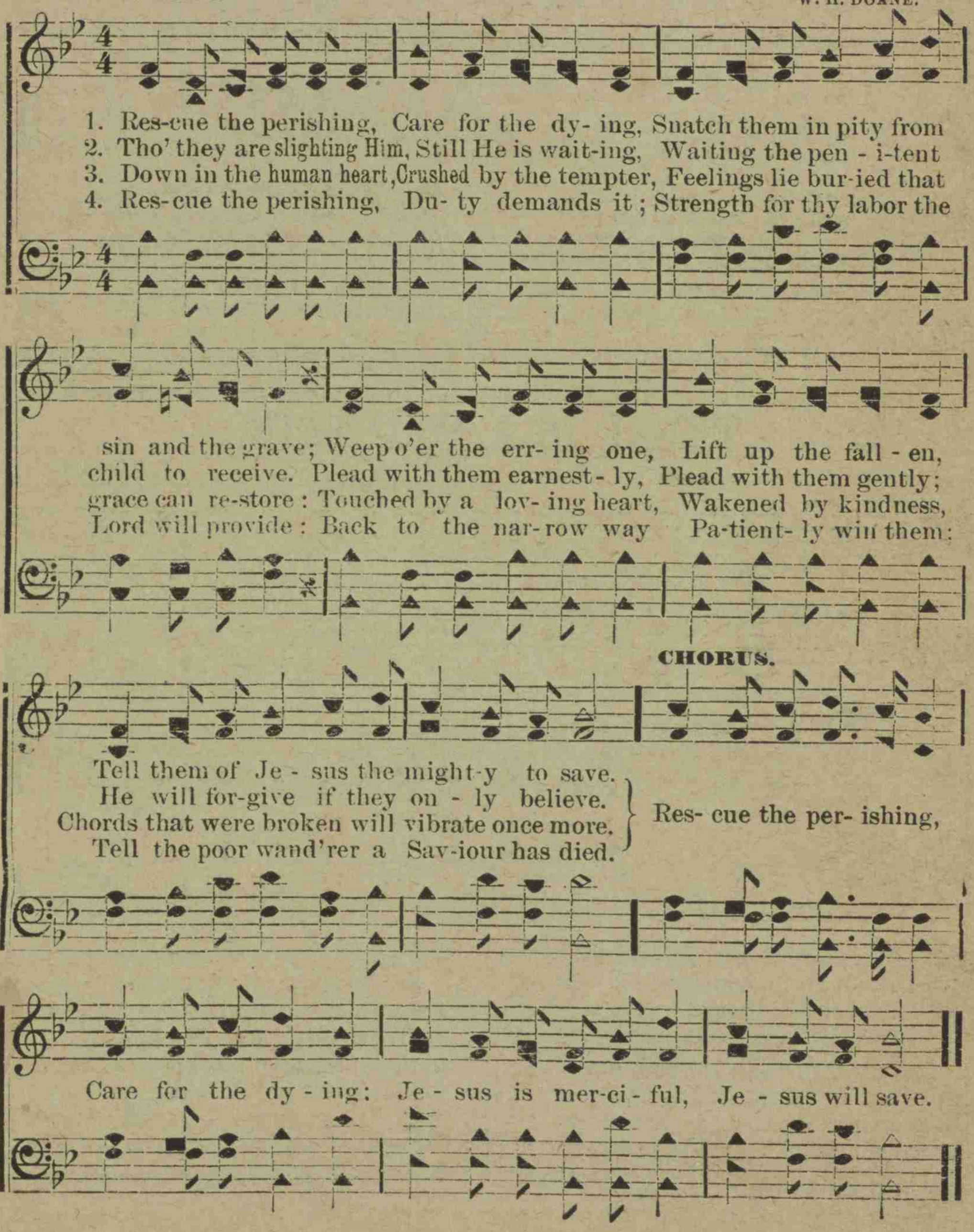
By per. of Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio.

EVERY HOUR I NEED, etc. Concluded.



No. 227. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

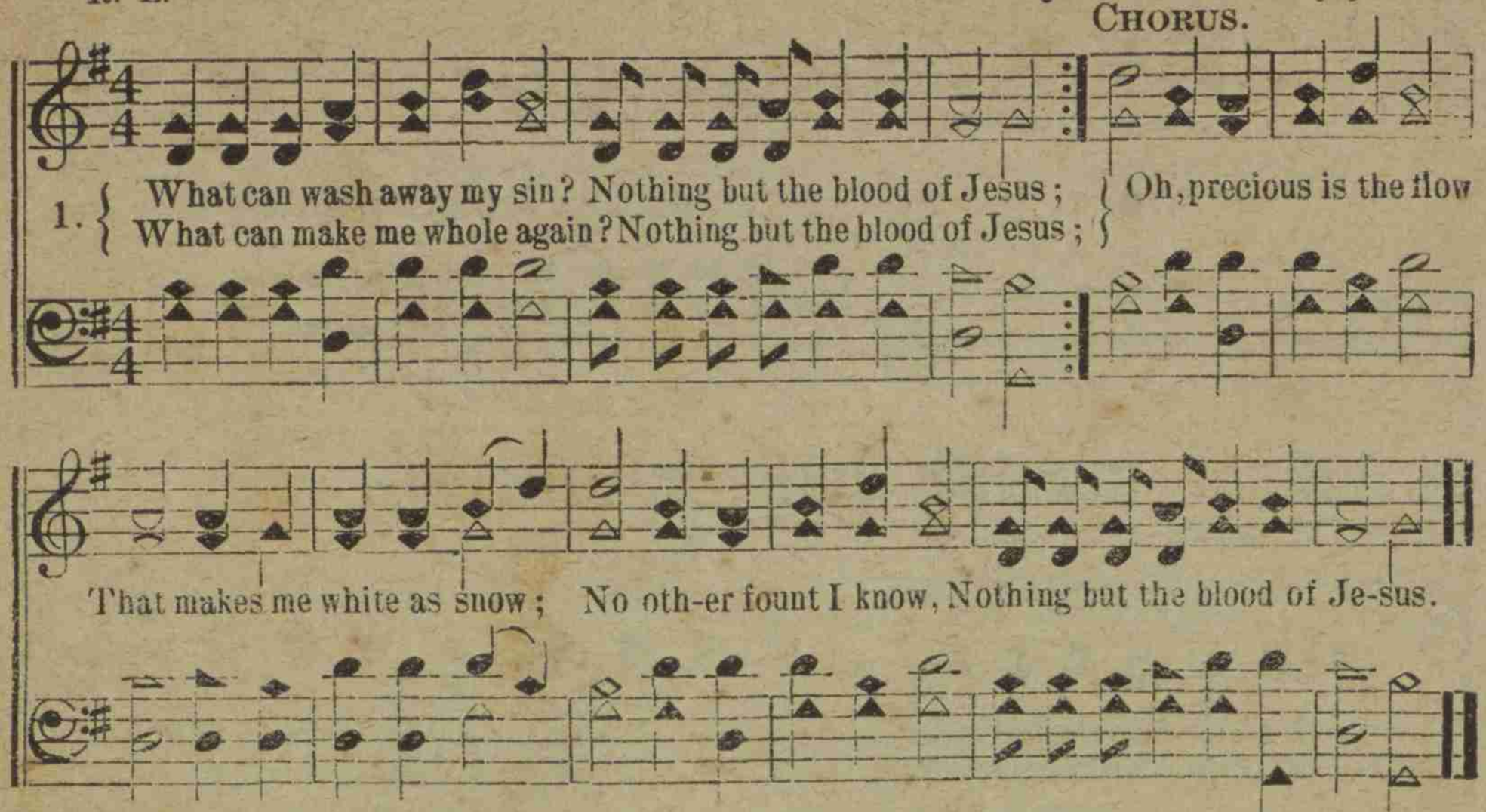


No. 228. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. L.

Music by R. LOWRY. By per.

CHORUS.



2 For my pardon this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my pl a,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

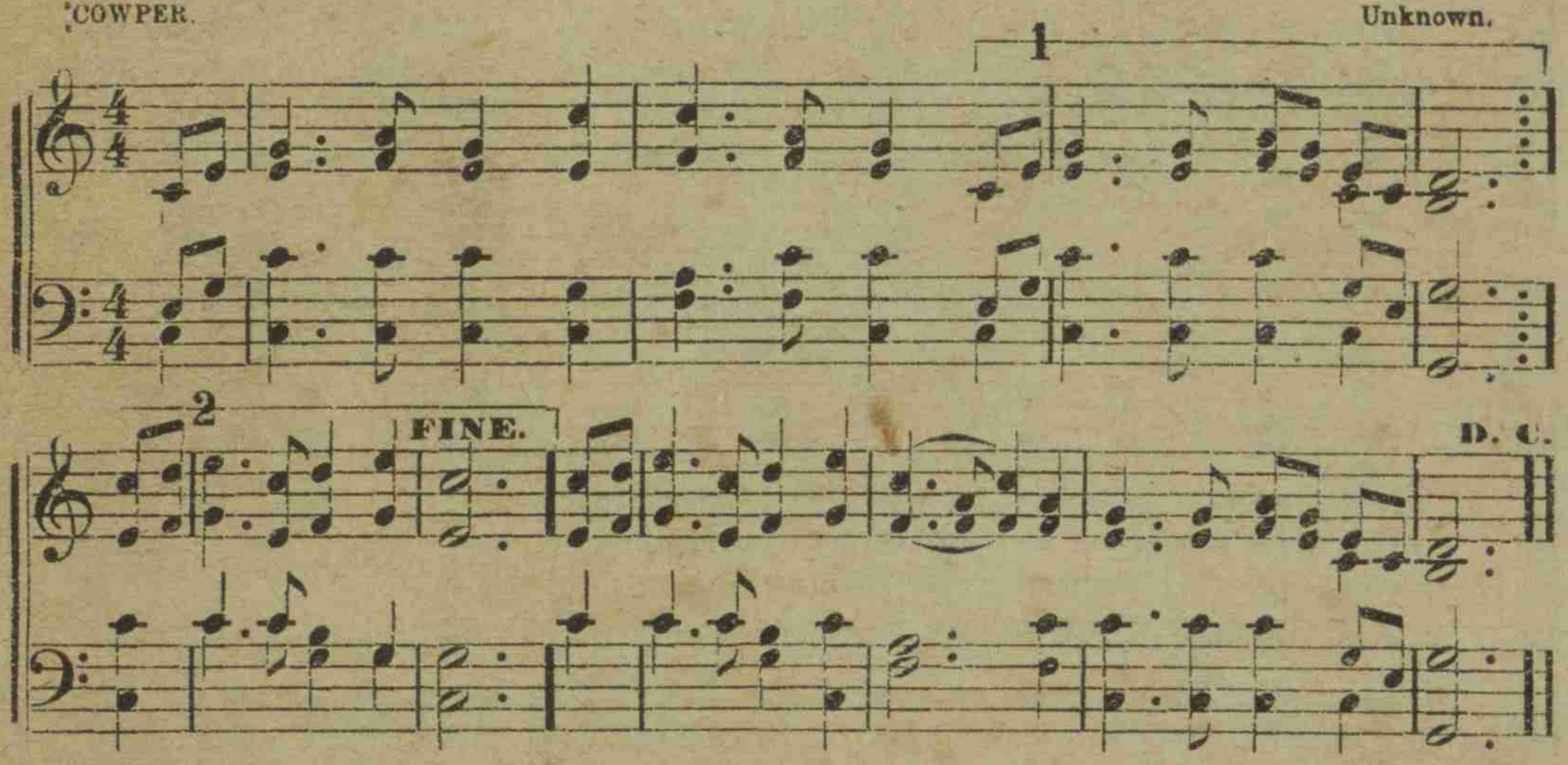
3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.—*Cho.*

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.— *Cho.*

No. 229. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

Unknown.



1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 230. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz - ing Je - sus,
2. Your ma- ny sins are all forgiv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb, I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless- ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

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

Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless- ed Je - sus.

No. 231. FORWARD LEAGUERS.

DEDICATED TO EPWORTH LEAGUES.

Rev. T. W. BARKER. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Come ye Epworth band, Forward ev-'ry man, Let us take the land
2. March-ing on we go, Let us meet the foe, Faith in Christ we know
3. We are leaguers strong, For-ward is our song, As we march a - long
4. When our work is done, And our race is won, And the bat - tle won

for the Lord; Keep your ar- mor bright, Stand firm for the right,
must pre- vail; Walk- ing in the light, Shield and ban-ner bright,
on the way; Let us shout and sing, And the sin- ner bring,
here be- low; We will climb the heights, And en - joy de-lights,

CHORUS.

With your eyes upon His ho - ly word.
Fight-ing for the right we can-not fail.
Un-to Christ, our King, as we all pray.
And as we are known we all shall know.

} Forward leaguers, ral-ly round the

Cornet.

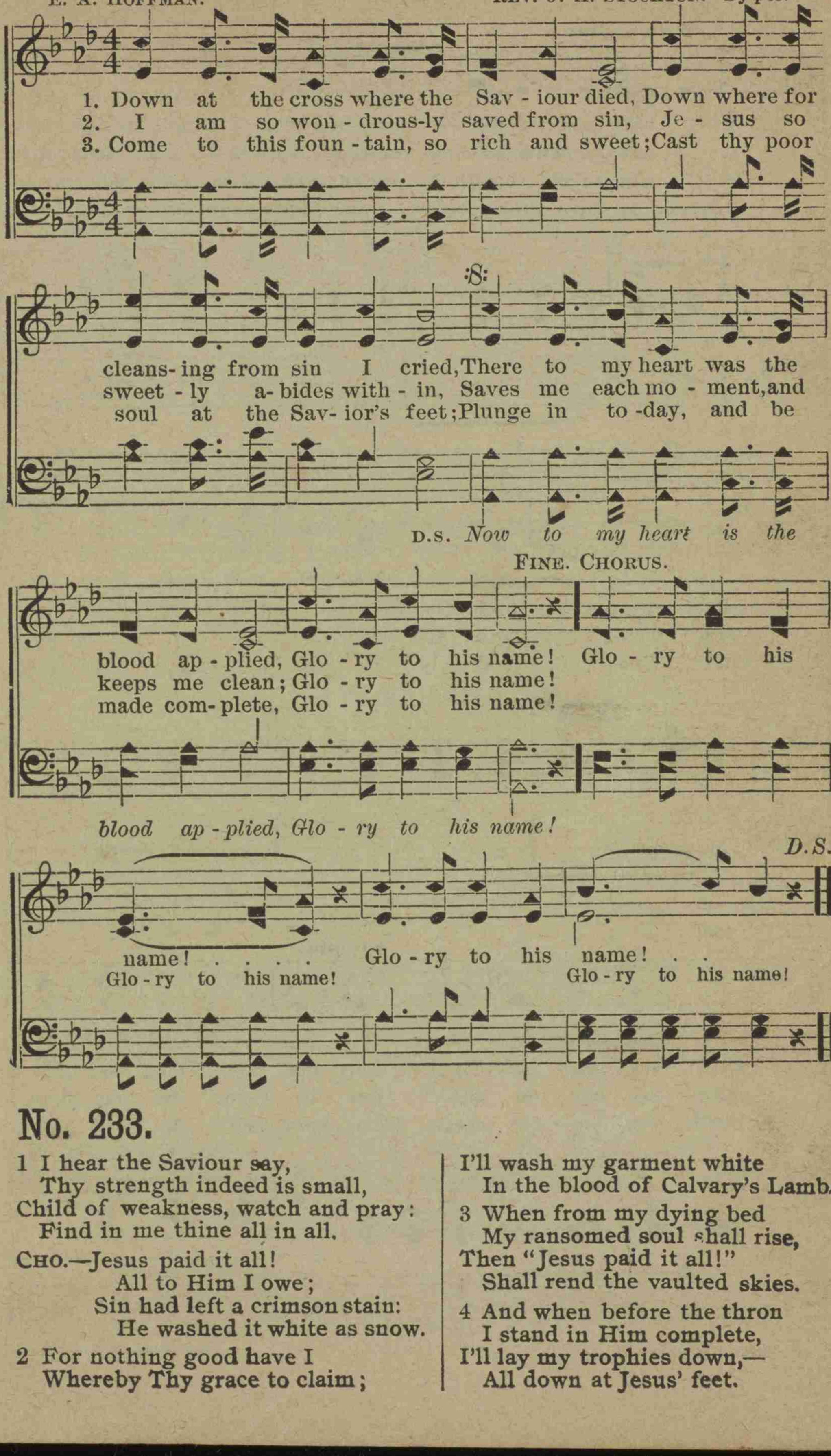
stand-ard Epworth Leaguers let us march a- long; For-ward leaguers,

shout a-loud ho-san - na, Christ is Cap-tain and will lead us on.

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No. 232. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. REV. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.



No. 233.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all!
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the thron
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 234. 'Twas Rum that Spoiled My Boy.

Rev. L. F. COLE. MARTIN TOWNE.

With pathos.

1. I have seen a moth-er weeping, O'er a lit - tle pal - lid face;
2. I have known a moth-er waiting, Waiting while the years rolled by,
3. I have seen a moth-er pac- ing On the shore where breaks the sea,
4. Gaze in - to the eyes cher - u - bic; Rain your kiss - es on his cheek;

I have seen her kiss the fore - head, Seen the Start - ing from her dreams at mid- night, Wait - ing, Plead - ing with the storm - y wa - ters, "Give, oh, Clasp him fond - ly to your bos - om, Feel the

Rit. **A tempo.**

last, sad, fond em - brace; I have seen her heav - y, watch - ing ea - ger - ly; For her boy, long lost and give my boy to me!" But by waves by far more thrill you can - not speak, Link your - self to God and

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'Twas Rum that Spoiled My Boy. Concluded.

heart- sore, Turn - ing toward her home a - gain; And I've
wand'ring In some strange and dis - tant land, And I've
cru - el, Waves that drowned my sweet- est joy, I am
heav - en, All your moth - er - love em - ploy, That your

en - vied her her sad- ness, There was much to soothe her pain.
thought, oh, blest the watcher! Hop - ing yet to clasp his hand.
sit - ting and la - menting, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy.
lips may nev - er fal - ter, Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy.

CHORUS.

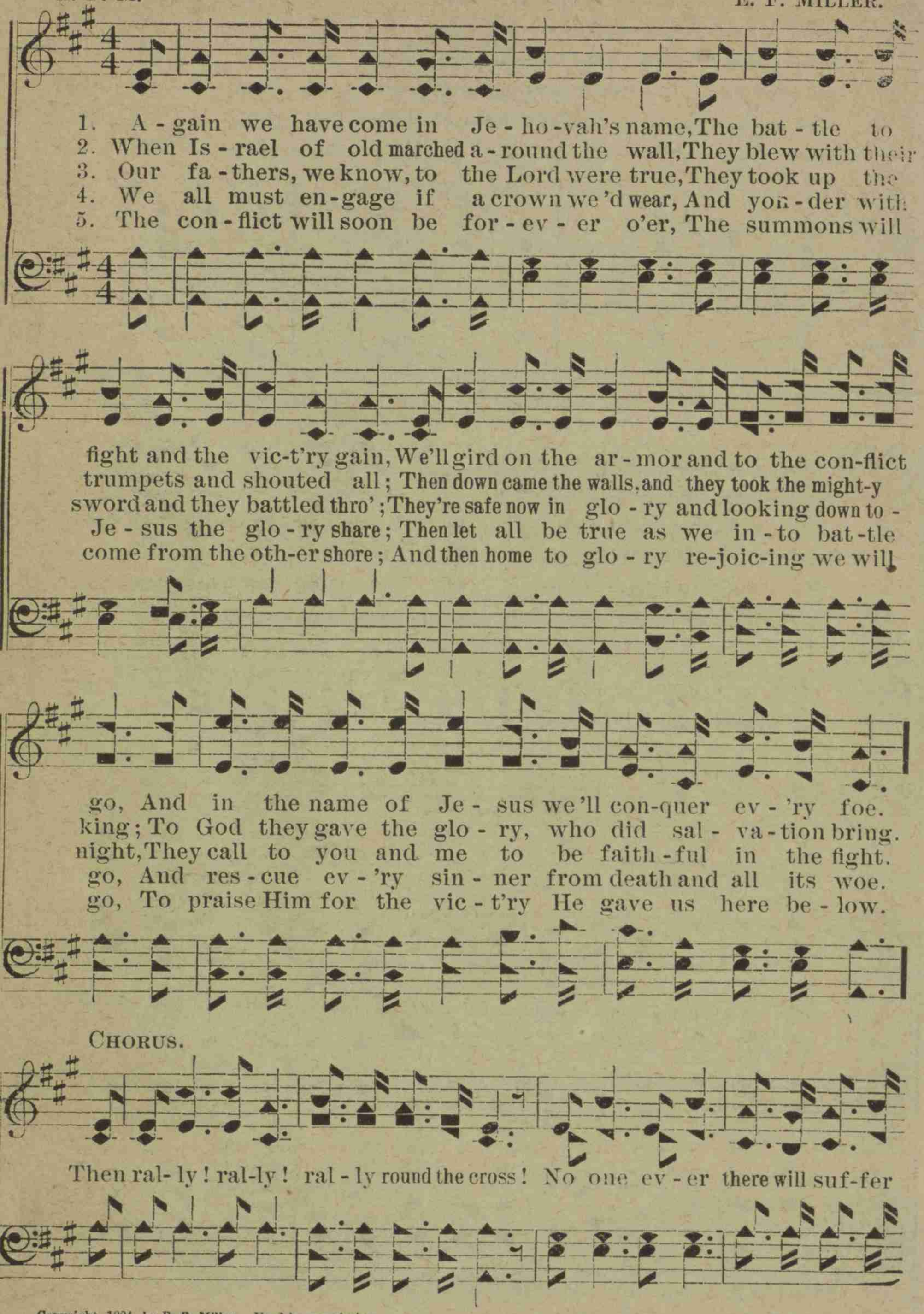
Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my darling, Rum, enthroned but to de-stroy:

Drive the monster from the nation, Then you'll shout, "We've saved the boy."

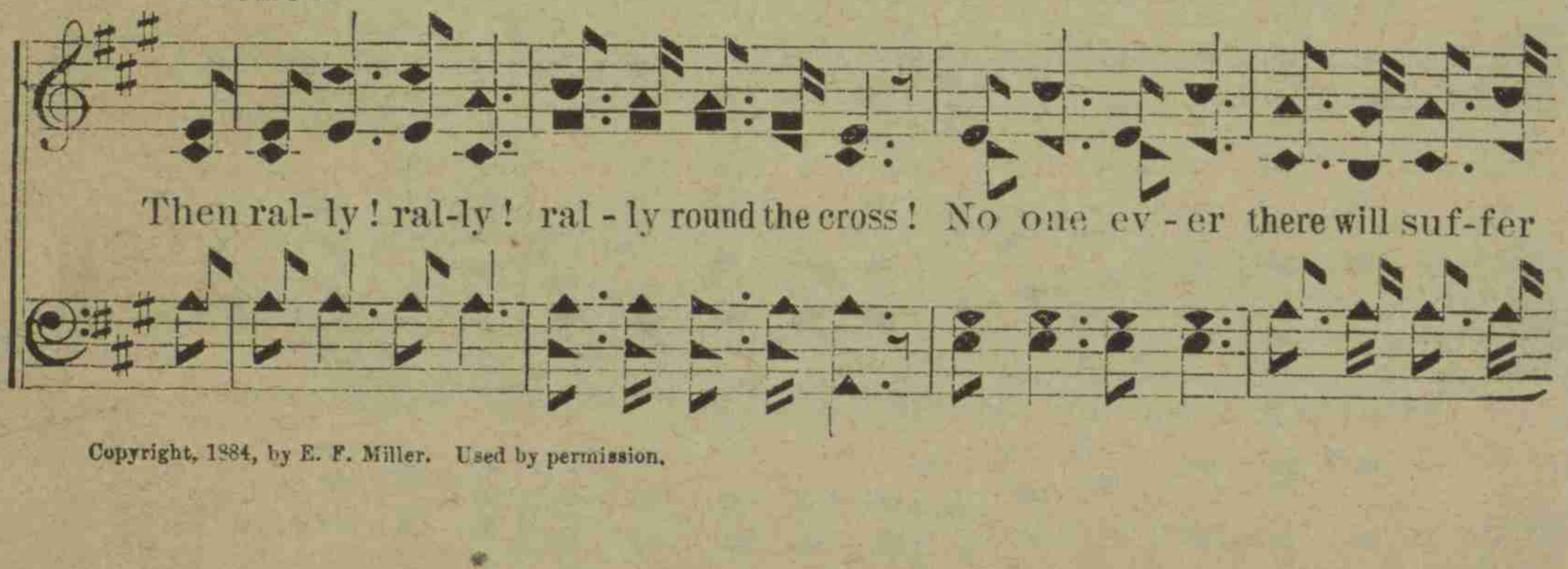
No. 235. RALLY ROUND THE CROSS.

THE BATTLE SONG OF VICTORY.

E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller. Used by permission.

RALLY ROUND THE CROSS. Concluded.

loss; And in the name of Je - sus we 'll face the dead - ly foe,
And vic - to - ry will perch up - on our ban - ner as we go.

No. 236. IF WE KNEW?

Christian World

WM. M. WALLER. By per. of author.

1. If we knew when walking thoughtless In the noi - sy, crowd-ed way,
2. If we knew what forms were faint-ing For the shade that we should fling;
3. If we knew when friends around us Close-ly press to say "good-bye,"

That some pearl of won-drous whiteness Close be - side our path-way lay.
If we knew what lips were parch-ing For the wa - ters we could bring;
Which a - mong the lips that kissed us, First would 'neath the dai - sies lie,

D.S. *Lest our care - less feet should trample Some rare jew - el to the ground.*
Bear-ing cups of cool - ing wa - ter, Plant-ing rows of sha - dy palms.
Ten-der words of love e - ter - nal We would whis-per in their ears.

We would pause where now we has - ten; We would of - ten look a - round,
We would haste with ea - ger foot-steps, We would work with will - ing hands,
We would clasp our arms a - round them, Looking on them thro' our tears.

No. 237. I KNOW I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.

"Behold, the half was not told."—1 KINGS 10: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. I know I love Thee bet- ter, Lord, Than an - y earth- ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near- er still Than an - y earth- ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav- iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.
And sweet- er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
Without the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

The half has nev- er yet been told, Of love so full and free.
yet been told,

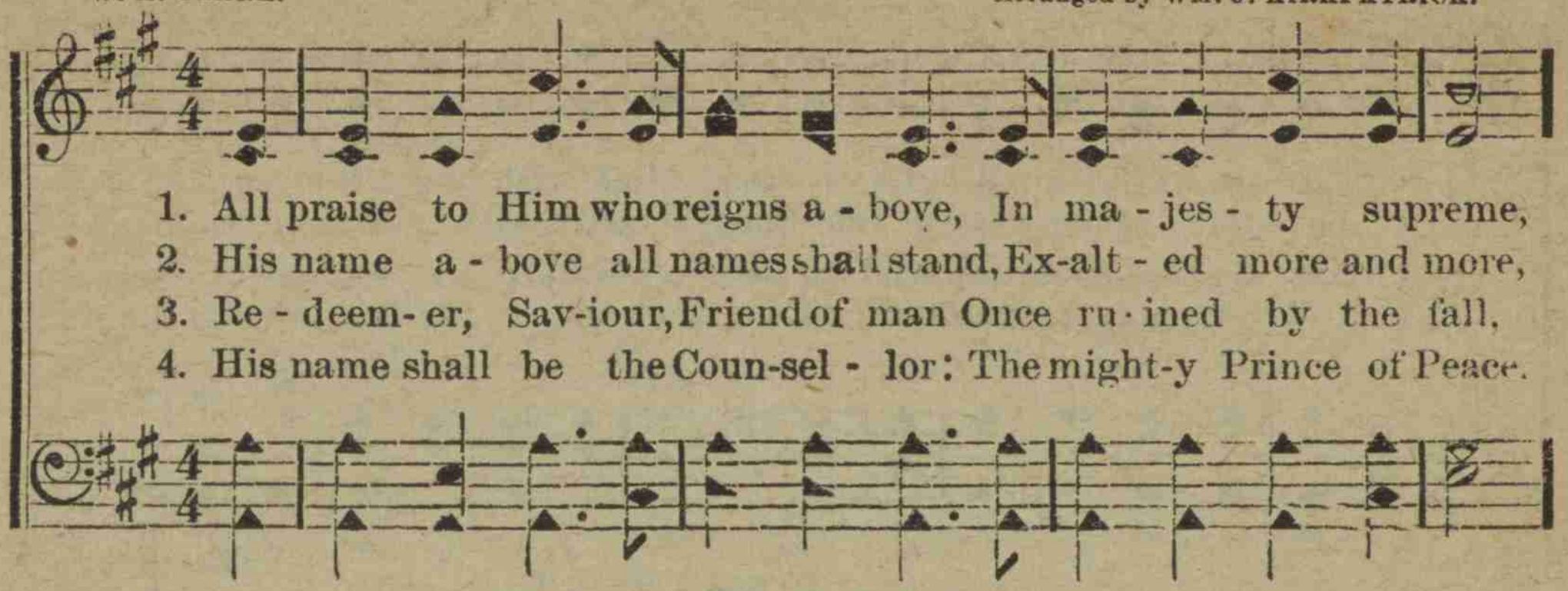
Rit.

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!

Copyright, 1881, by R. E. Hudson.

No. 238. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK. Arranged by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



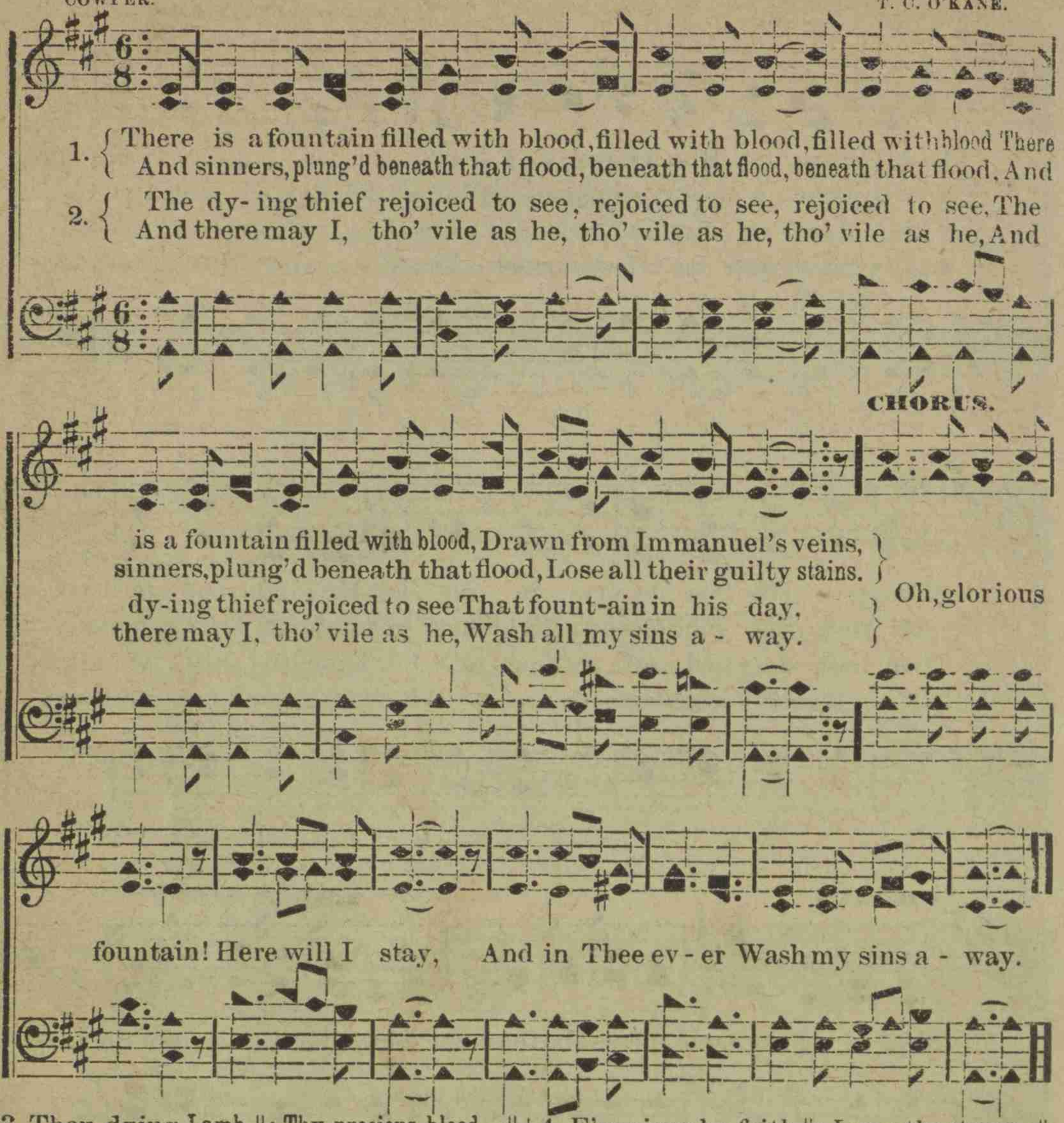
5 The ransomed hosts to Thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at His feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 239. GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE.



3 Thou dying Lamb ‖: Thy precious blood, :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God, :‖
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream, :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

No. 240. I GAVE MY LIFE.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2 My Father's house of light—
My glory circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and alone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love:
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

No. 241. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My debt by His death was all paid, (all paid.) No oth - er foun - da - tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned, (had crowned,) My heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's nothing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove, (a - bove,) Oh, won - der - ful, wonder - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

Rit.

Copyright, 1887, by P. P. Bilhorn. By per.

No. 242. CAN A BOY FORGET HIS MOTHER?

(Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. R. G. Chandler, Coldwater, Mich.)

J. H. W. Rev. J. H. WEBER. By per.

1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "good -
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Though ma - ny years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet, "good-

CHORUS.

shame, But moth - er's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
bye; Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!"
bye;" She waits to wel - come thee on high!
} Come back, my

boy, come back. I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way! Come back, my

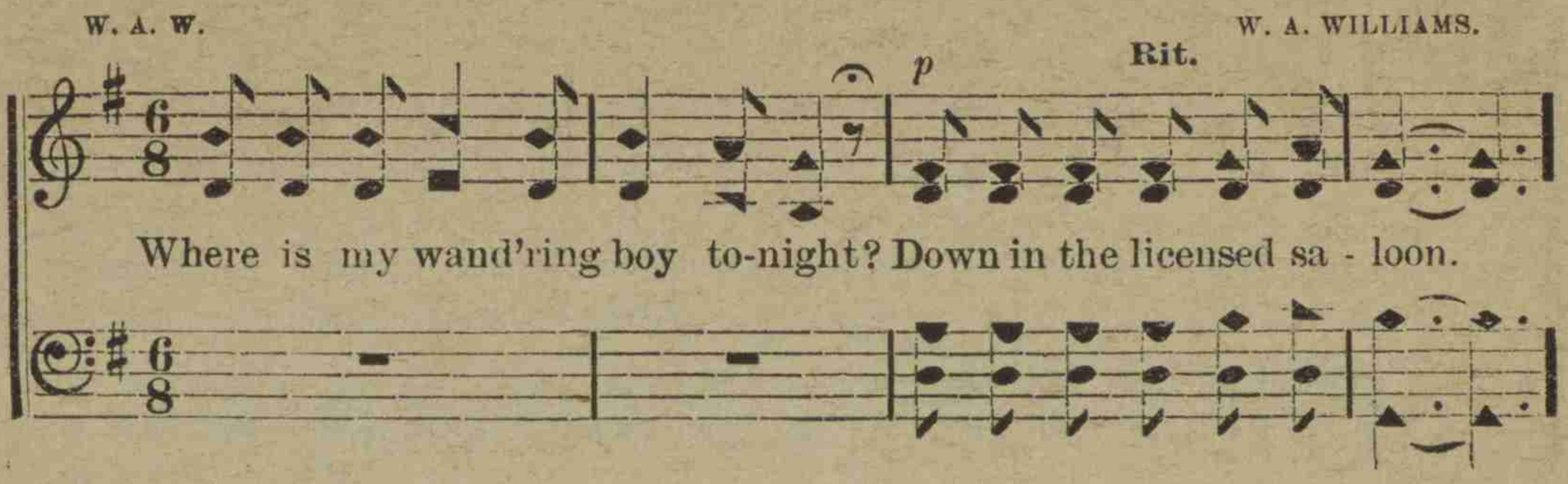
boy, come back I say, And trav - el in thy mother's way!
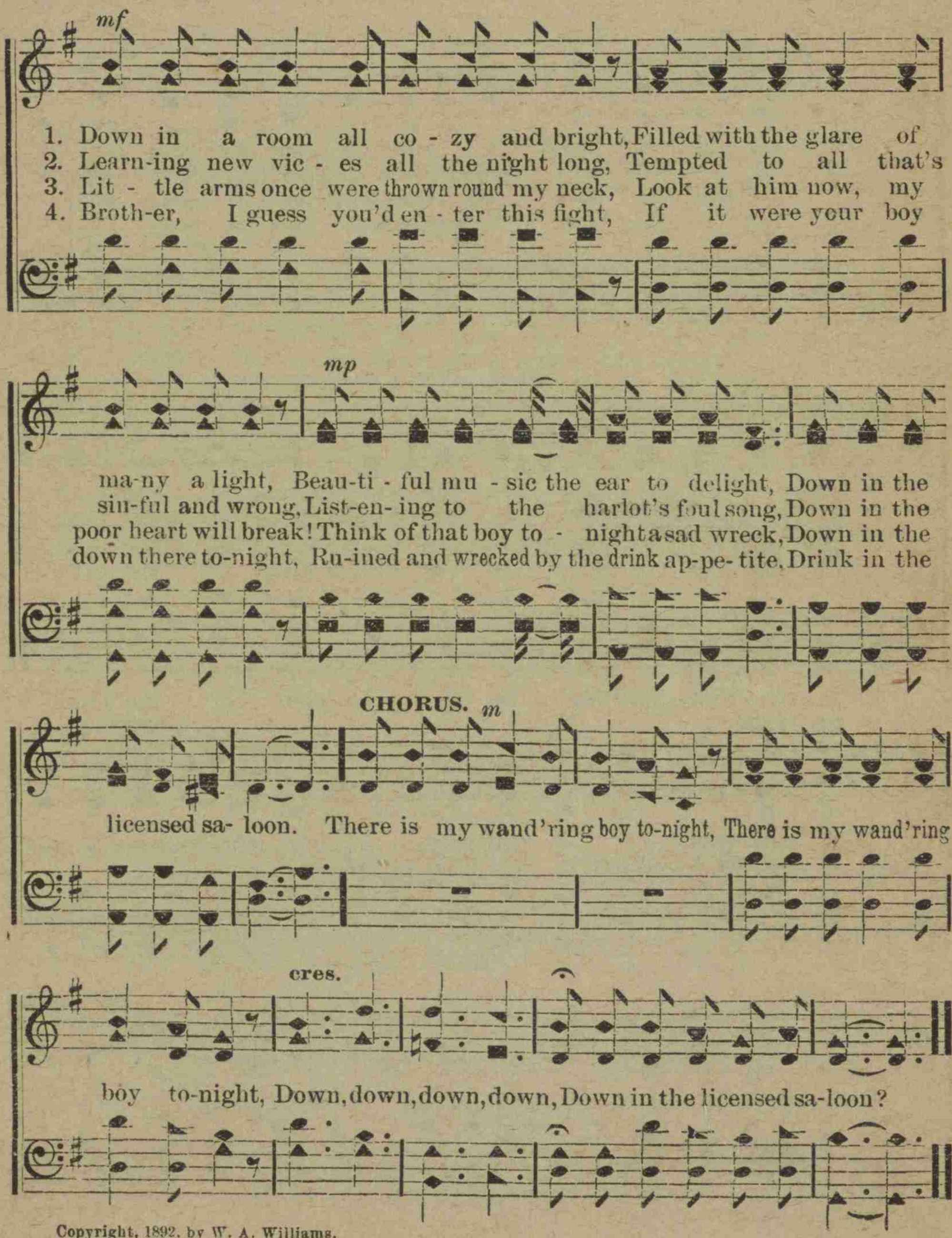
Copyright, 1889, by Rev. J. H. Weber.

No. 243. DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

(An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?")

W. A. W. W. A. WILLIAMS.





Copyright, 1892, by W. A. Williams.

No. 244. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Words and Music by I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho-ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
err-ing in the way, That leads to heav'n a-bove, where
Je-sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru-ly come, shall
err-ing to thy word, That points to joys on high, where

D.S.—I will

FINE.

bus-y ev-'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.
all is peace and love, In the king-dom of the Lord.
find a hap-py home, In the king-dom of the Lord.
pleas-ures nev-er die, In the king-dom of the Lord.

la-bor ev-'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vine-yard of the Lord, (of the Lord,) I will work, I will pray,

D.S.

By permission.

No. 245. MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

Mrs M. E. W.

Slow and with great expression.

Mrs. M. E. WILLSON, by per.
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS.

1. Oh, those beau-tiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beau-tiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my infant days!
3. Oh, those beau-tiful, beautiful hands! As they press'd my ach- ing brow,
4. Oh, those beau-tiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beau-tiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day;
6. Oh, those beau-tiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them again once more,

Yet my mother's hands were the fairest And lov - li-est hands of all.
They guided my feet into pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rugged ways.
They cooled the fever and eased the pain; Me- thinks I can feel them now.
But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful they lay.
As my feet touch the bank of the heav'nly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.

CHORUS.

My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,

I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beau-ti-ful hands.

No. 246. THERE'S A HEAVEN IN THE HEART.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FRANCIS ANSON EVANS. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Tempo ad lib.

1. Look not far a-way, my brother, Far a-way to distant lands, Where, when life and toil are end-ed, We may tread those golden strands, Heaven
2. Are you wea-ry, heav-y la-den, With the toil of many years? There is joy with-in the present, Tho' we see it thro' our tears, Darkest
3. Is there lack of love, my brother, Love of neighbor, kindred, friend? Love of him a-bove all oth-er, Kind, in-dulg-ing to the end? Love and
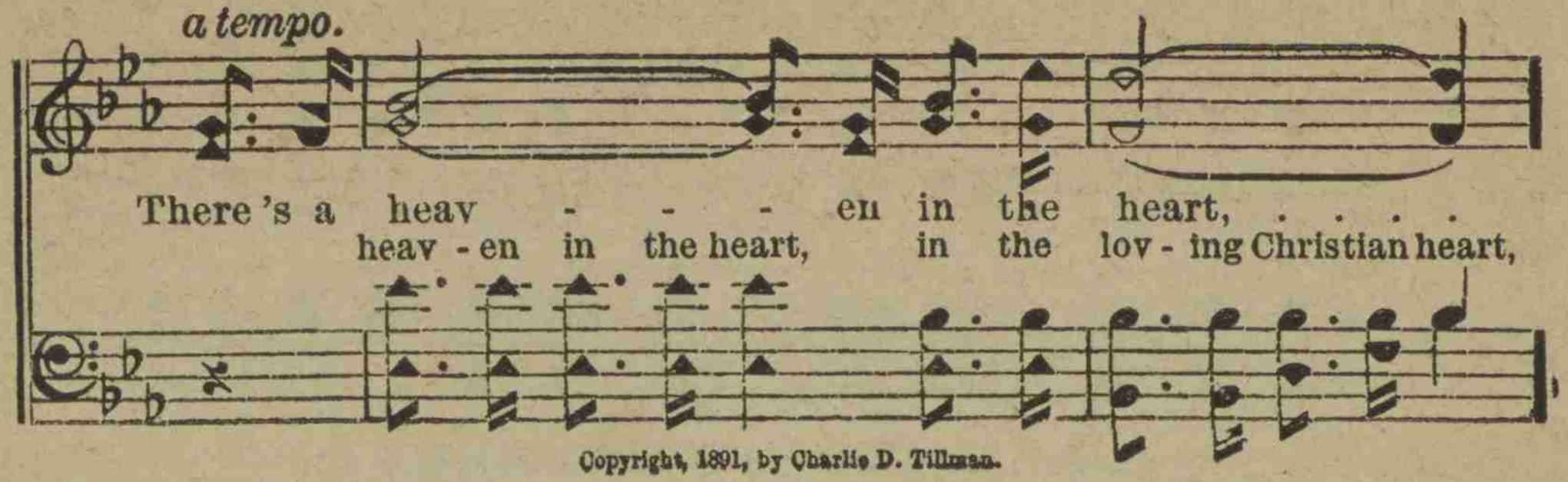
is not near so dis-tant, If we will but choose the part, Cheer up,
clouds will quickly scat-ter, If we will but choose the part, Cheer up,
mer-cy, oh, how precious! Choose ye, then, poor Ma-ry's part, Cheer up,

broth-er, sing and la-bor, There's a heav-en in the heart.
broth-er, sing and la-bor, There's a heav-en in the heart.
broth-er, sing and la-bor, There's a heav-en in the heart.
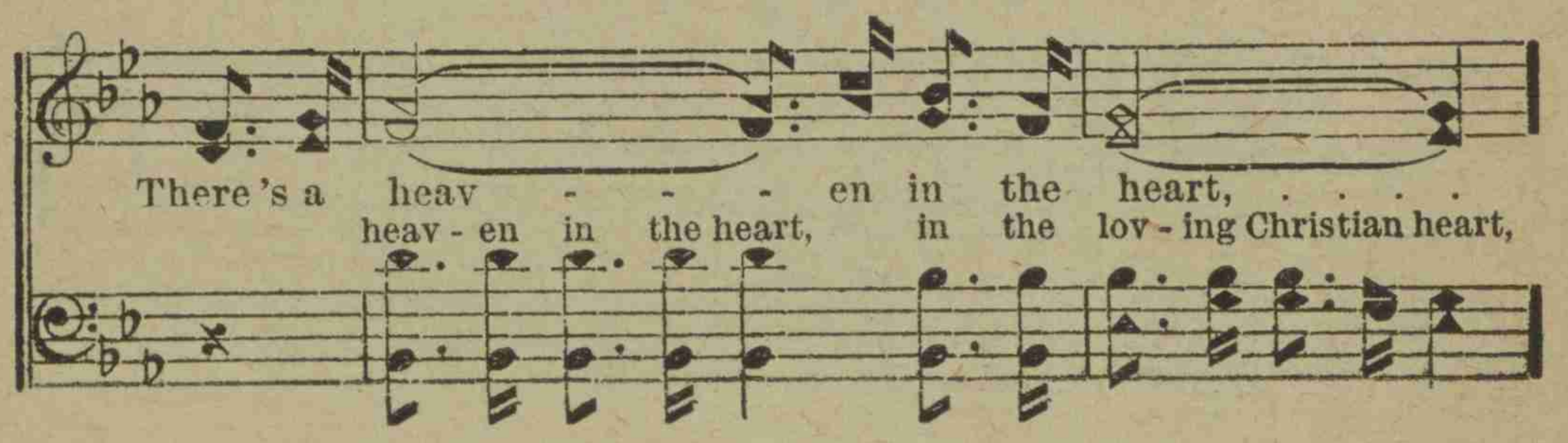
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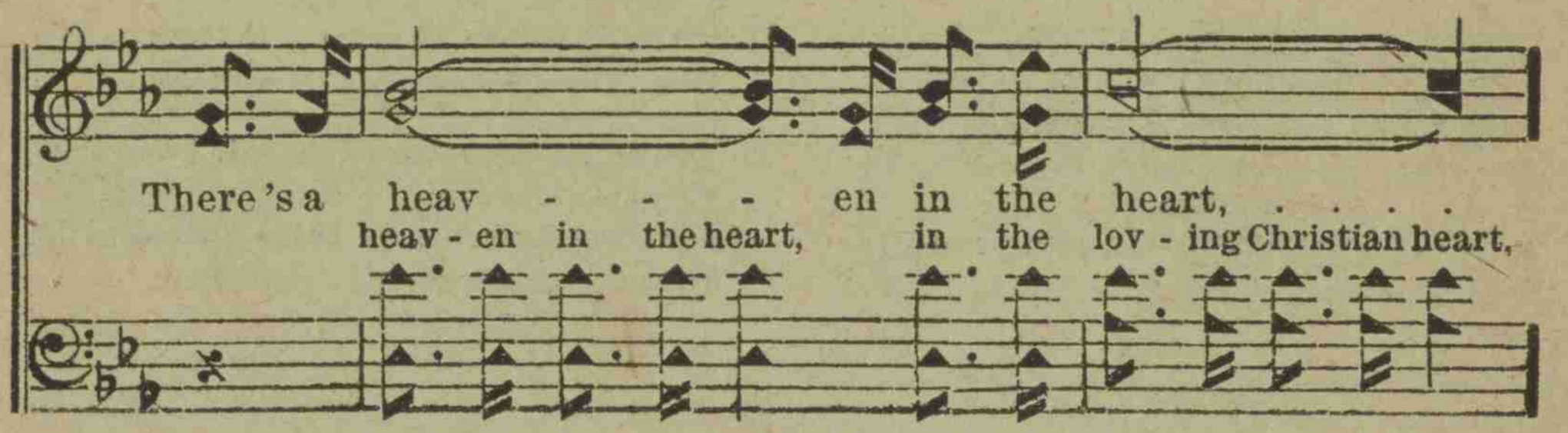
CHORUS.
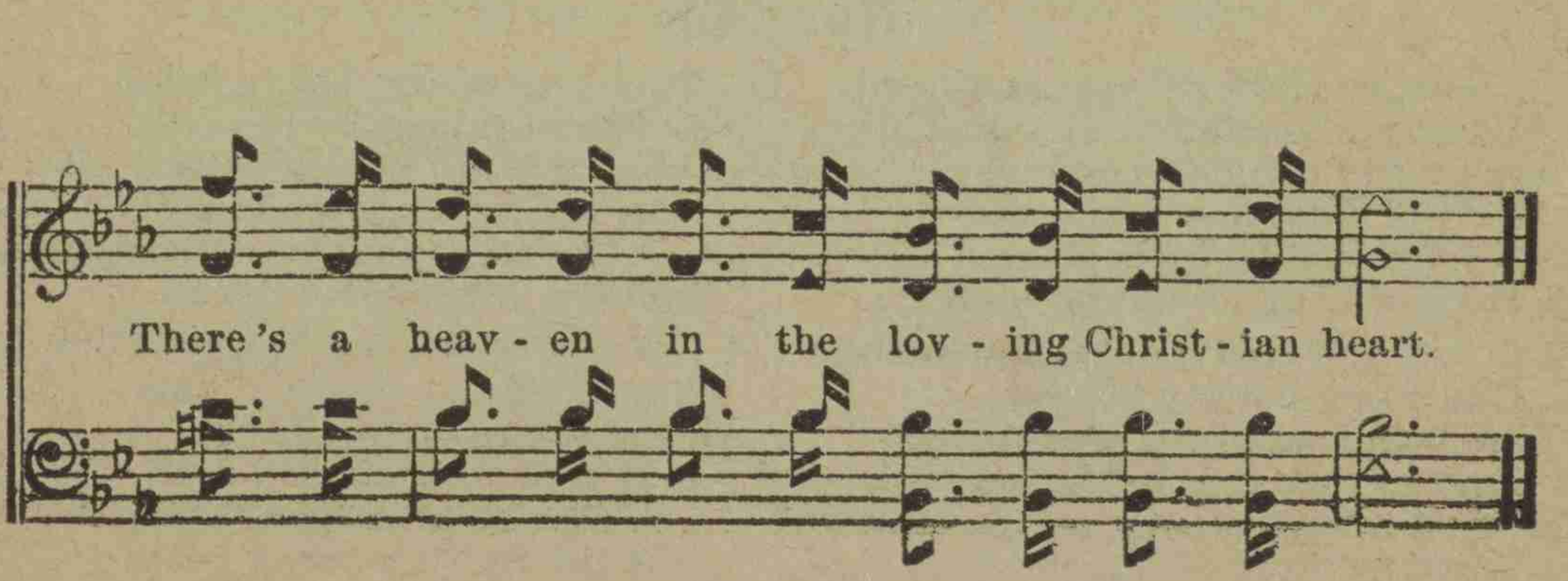
a tempo.
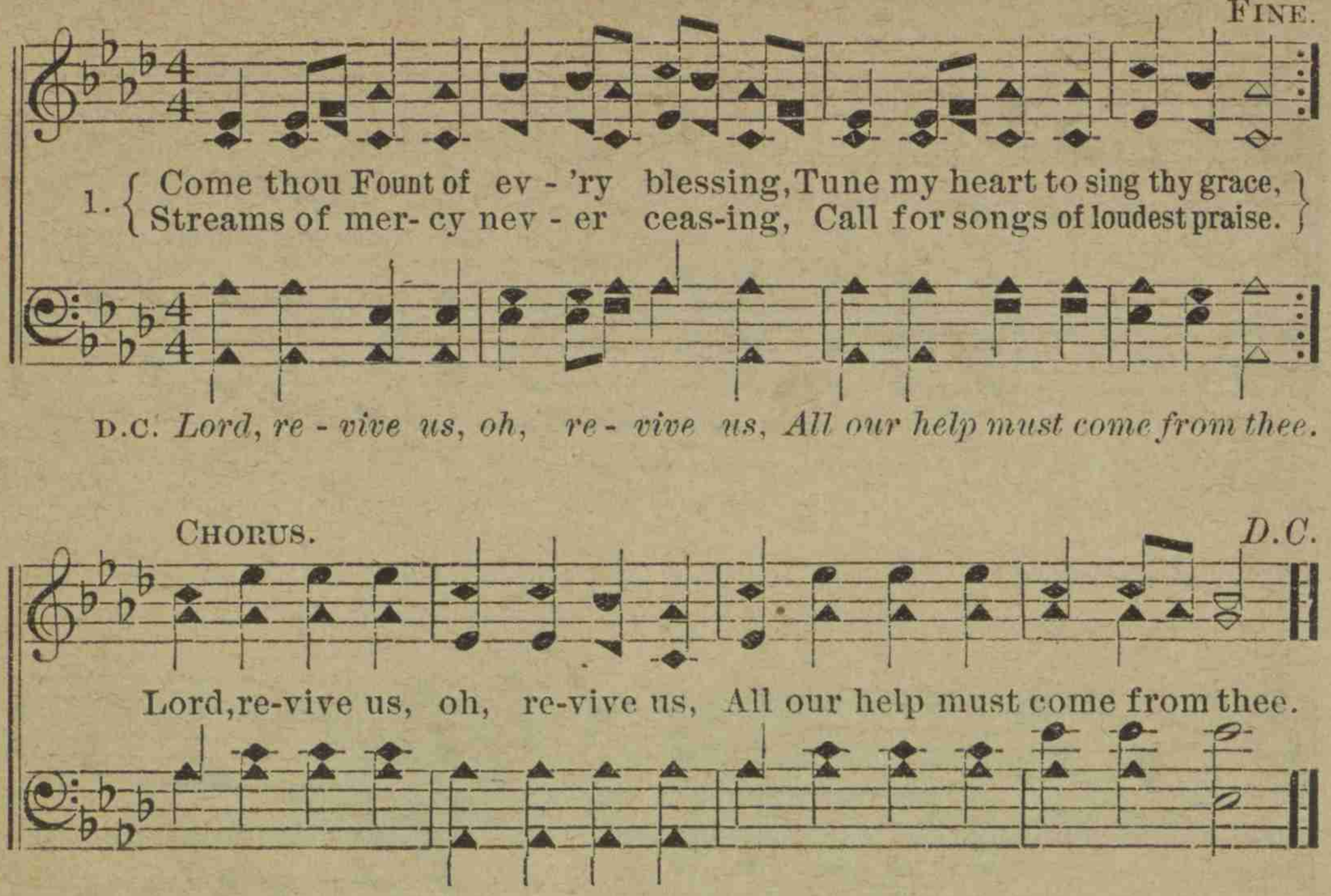


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No. 247. LORD, REVIVE US.



2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

3 Here I 'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be;
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind me closer, Lord, to thee.

6 Prone to love thee, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to love thee and adore,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Wholly thine forever more.

No. 248.

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

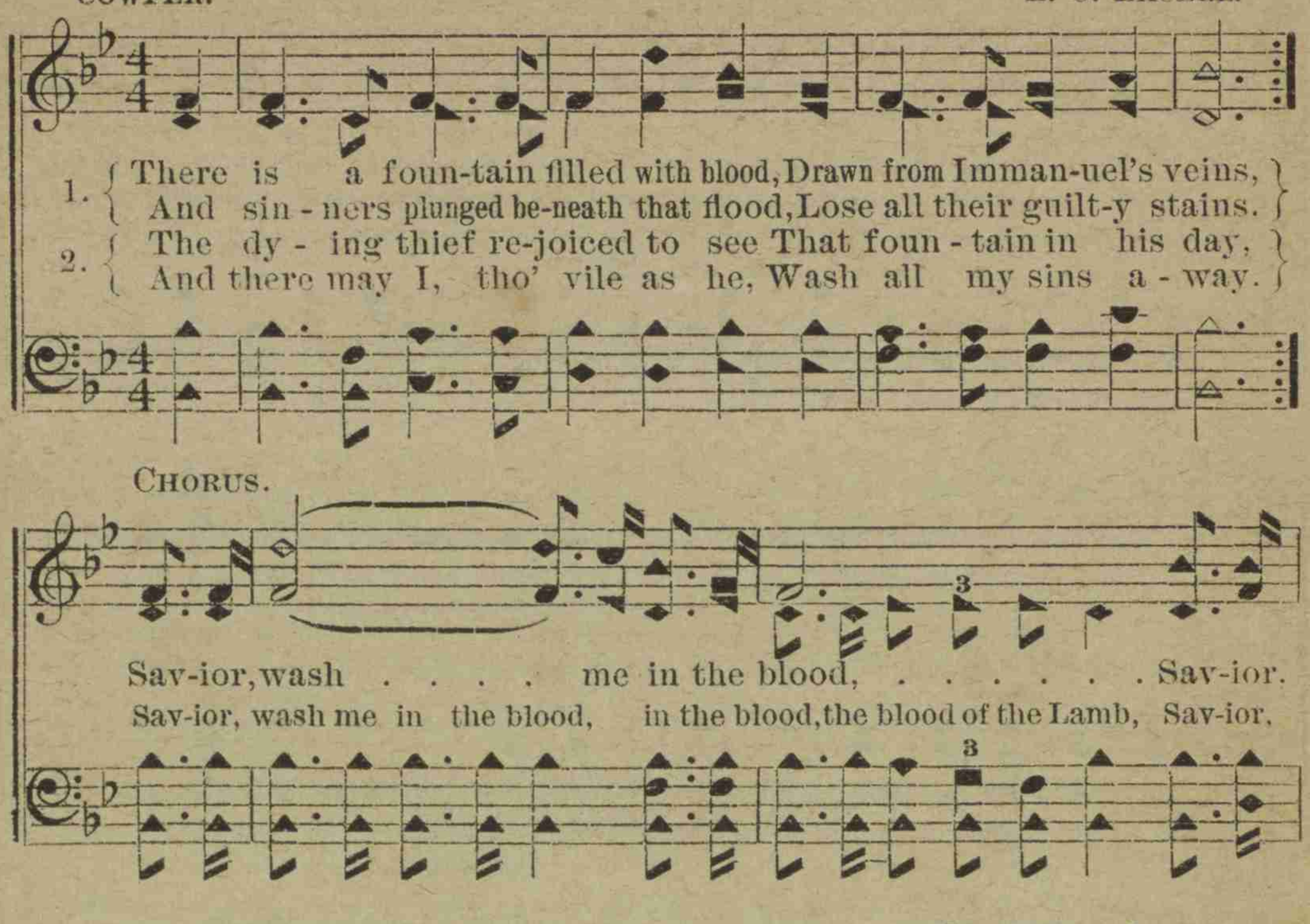
2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
‖: Without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :‖

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
‖: Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call. :‖

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

No. 249. SAVIOR, WASH ME IN THE BLOOD.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.



3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

No. 250. I Have It in My Soul, Hallelujah!

Dedicated to my friend William P. Pratt, Portland, Maine.

E. S. U. Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

1. Come weep just as we did in sorrow for sin, Come knock till the Lord bid you en - ter with-in; Come trust-ing, ex pecting, there's no oth - er way, And
2. Come pray just as we did to live hour by hour, Above earth's temptations with God's keeping pow'r; To kneel oft in pray-er is vic- t'ry be-gun, Thus
3. Come shout just as we did your "Glory to God!" Sing praises to Je- sus who saves by His blood; The song of redemption shall be our re-frain Till

CHORUS.

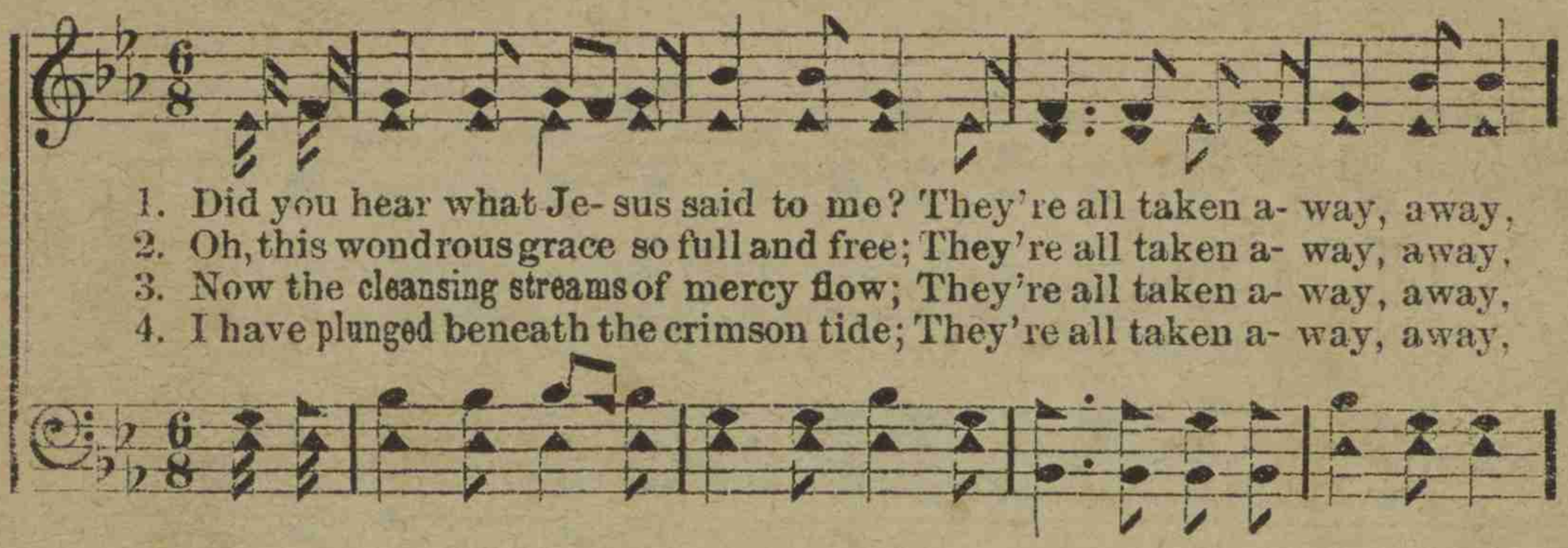
soon you will find it the gladsome new day.
wrestling with evil the crown will be won.
in the new heaven we sing it a - gain.
} I have it in my soul, hal- le - lu - jah! I have found the Saviour precious all the way; I was all the way;

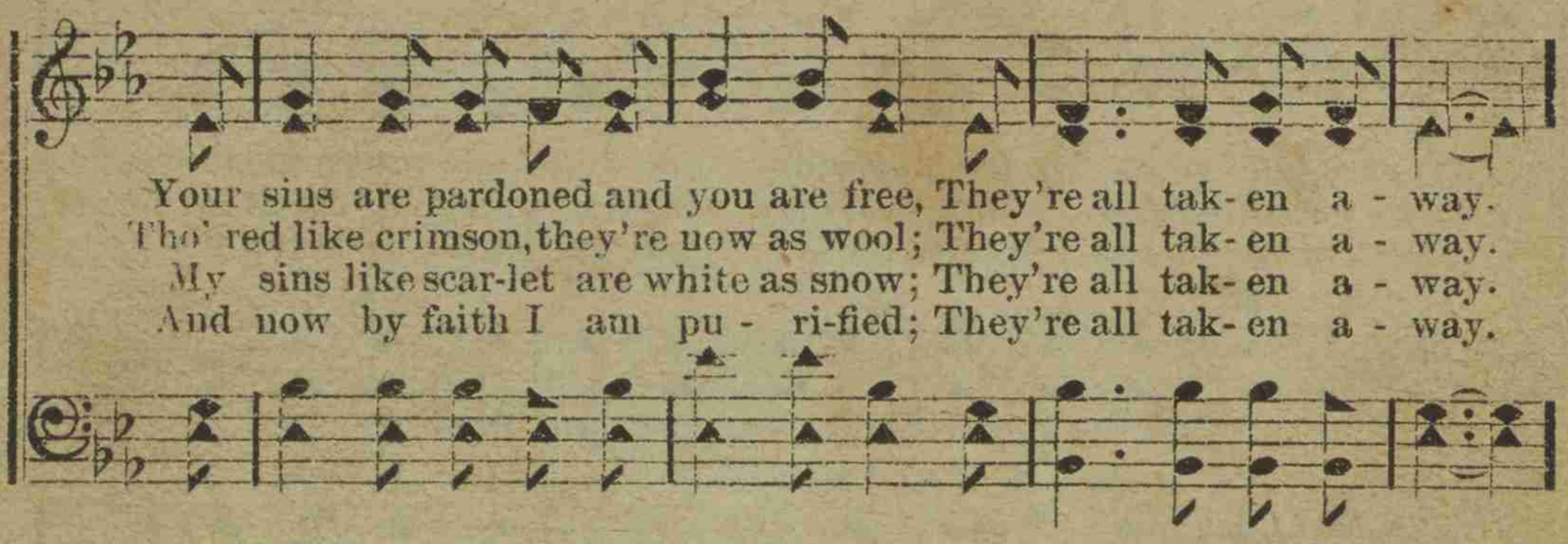
once a child of sin, but I let my Saviour in, And there's sunlight in my soul to - day.

Copyright, 1894, by Rev. E. S. Ufford.

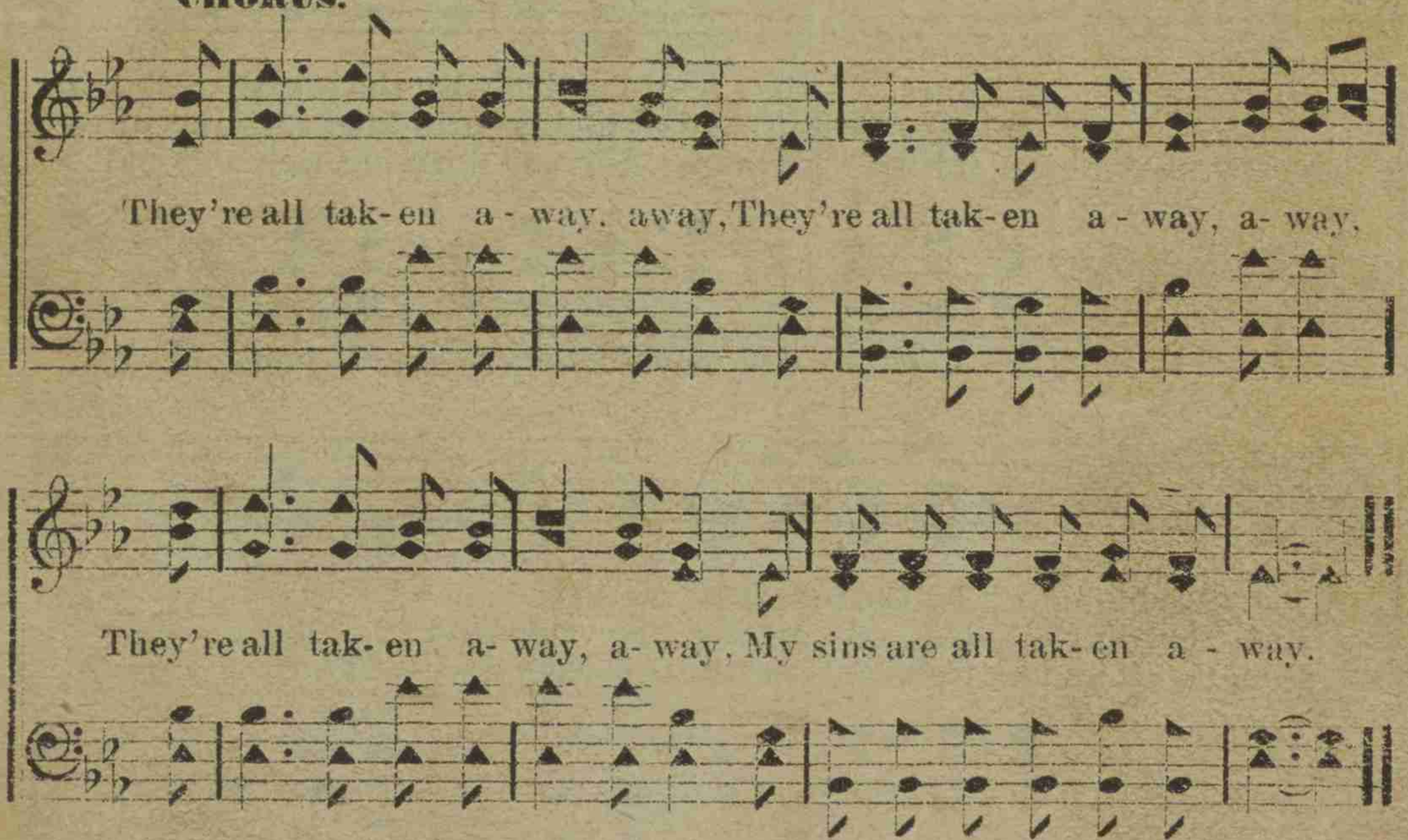
No. 251. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

R. KELSO CARTER, except 1st verse. A.





CHORUS.



5 Oh, the cleansing blood has washed my soul,
They're all taken away, away;
And Jesus' healing has made me whole;
They're all taken away.

6 Now the Spirit witnesses to me;
They're all taken away, away;
And keeps me standing in liberty;
They're all taken away.
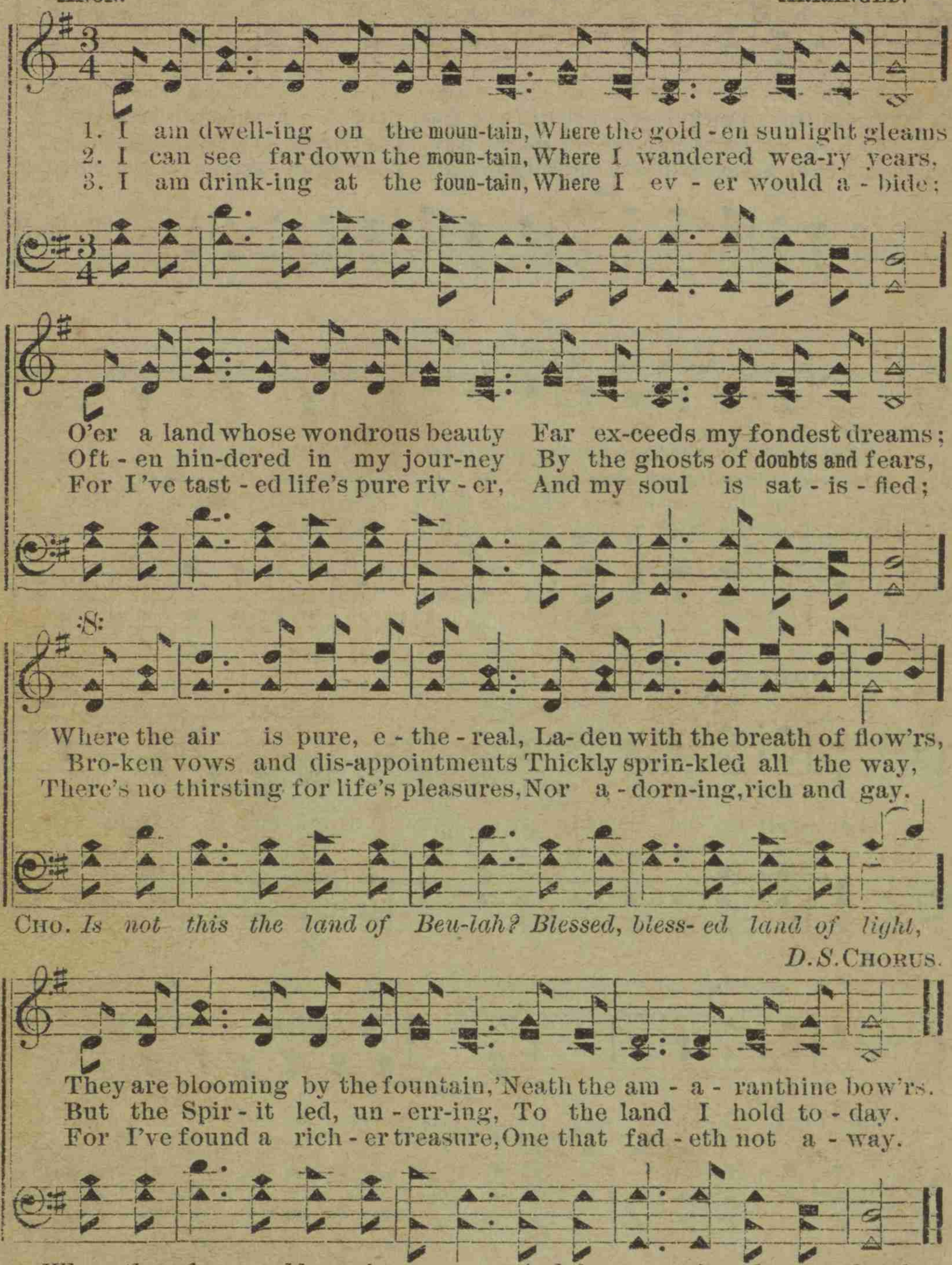
7 So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven,
They're all taken away, away;
While onward pressing my way to heav'n;
They're all taken away.

8 And when in glory we meet above;
They're all taken away, away;
We'll sing the song of Redeeming Love;
They're all taken away.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter. Used by per.

No. 252. IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH?

ANON. ARRANGED.



1. I am dwell-ing on the moun-tain, Where the gold - en sunlight gleams
2. I can see far down the moun-tain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams;
Oft - en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
For I've tast - ed life's pure riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La- den with the breath of flow'rs,
Bro-ken vows and dis-appointments Thickly sprin-kled all the way,
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing, rich and gay.

CHO. *Is not this the land of Beu-lah? Blessed, bless- ed land of light,*
Where the flow- ers bloom for-ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

D.S. CHORUS.

They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - err-ing, To the land I hold to - day.
For I've found a rich - er treasure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear.
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

No. 253. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

"Therefore, be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."—MATTHEW xxiv: 14.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON. By per.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "de-

part-ed right and left. Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord. Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

m *pp* *m*

Are you read-y, Are you read-y, Are you read-y for the
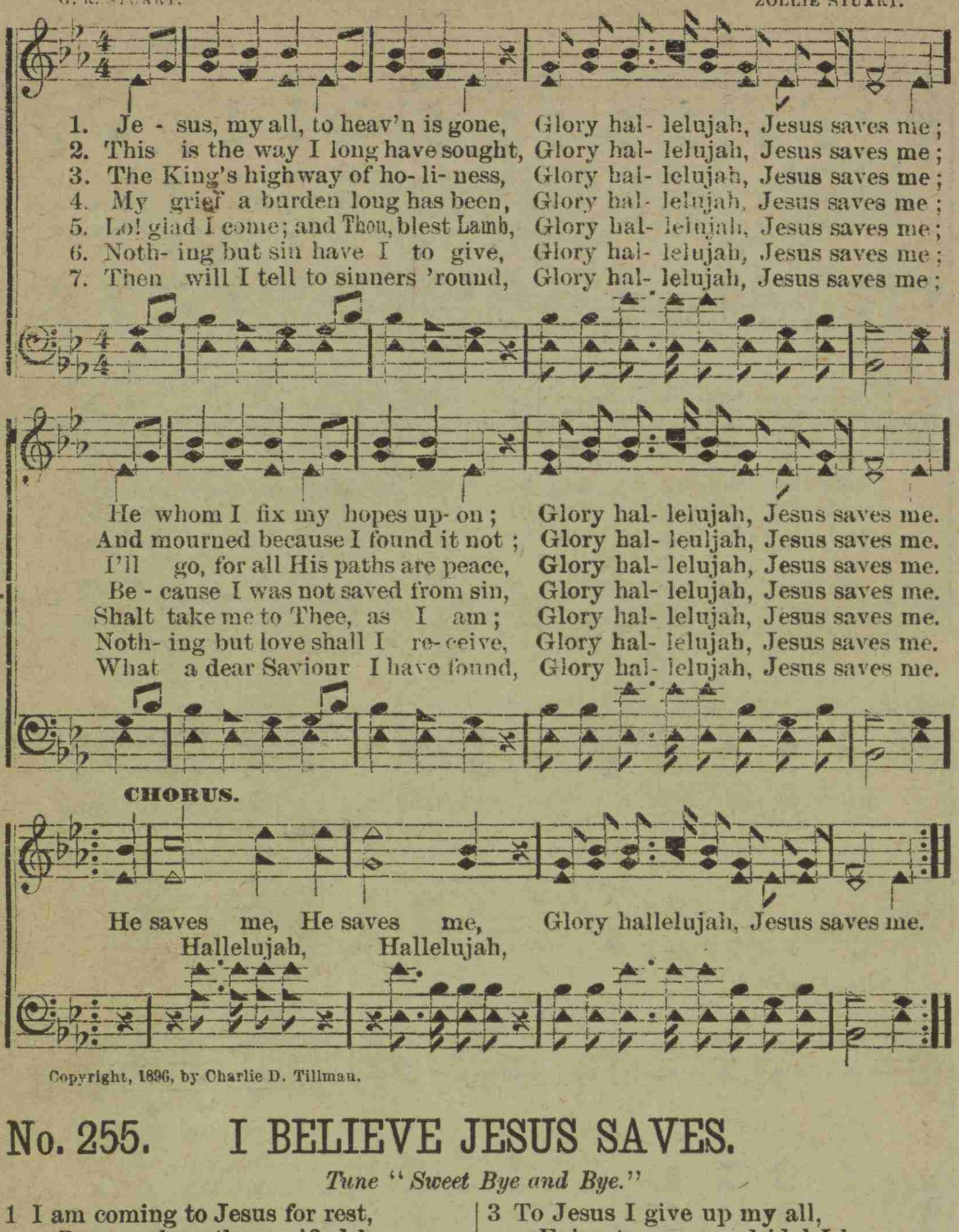
m *pp* *m*

Judgment day? Are you ready, Are you ready for the Judgment day?

By per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and Chicago.

No. 254. JESUS SAVES ME.

G. R. STUART. ZOLLIE STUART.



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No. 255. I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Tune "Sweet Bye and Bye."

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHO.—I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow,
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my soul I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Ev'ry treasure and idol I know:
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love, such as the ransomed ones know,
I am strengthened with might from above,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

Rev. WM. McDONALD.

No. 256. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that
Un - to Christ, the King; This through countless a - ges Men and

REFRAIN.

ban - ners go!
char - i - ty.
can not fail.
an - gels sing.

Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 257. JESUS IS WAITING TO SAVE.

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

1. Why do you lin - ger in dark - ness so long? Je - sus is wait- ing to save;
2. Leave the broad road and the nar - row way choose, Je - sus is wait- ing to save;
3. Time will not lin - ger! how soon we must go! Je - sus is wait- ing to save;
4. Je - sus is call - ing, oh, come un - to me! Je - sus is wait- ing to save;
5. While we are pray - ing, oh, stay not a - way, Je - sus is wait- ing to save;

Have you not friends in the heav - en-ly throng,
An - gels are long-ing to tell the glad news,
Why turn a - way, and to Je - sus say, no?
Par-don is purchased, sal - va - tion is free,
Come to him now, not a mo-ment de -lay,

save you now;

Chorus.

Je - sus is wait - ing to save; Come to him now,
save you now;
come to him now, Je - sus is wait-ing to save; Come to
save you now;
him now, come to him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save.
save you now.

By permission.

No. 258. COME, COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

A. D. FILLMORE. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Come, come to the Sav - iour, Rich mer- cy re - ceive;
2. Come, lă- den and wea - ry, Christ calls thee to come;
3. Come, seek His sal - va - tion, Now hear and o - bey;
4. Hark! an - gels are sing - ing, Love, love is their theme;

Here you will find par - don, Je - sus from sin will re - lieve.
Leave paths dark and drear- y, Cease from the Sav-iour to roam.
Hark! the sweet in-vi-ta - tion, An - gels in- vite you a - way.
Peace joy - ful - ly bring- ing, Mer - cy from God the Su - preme.

REFRAIN.
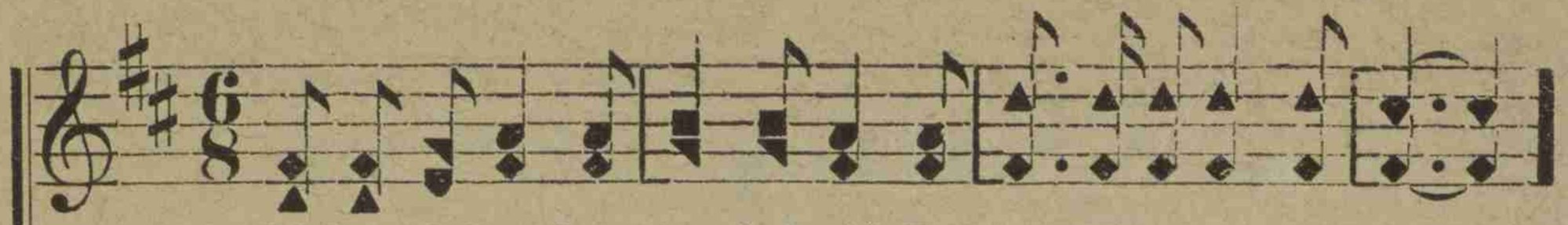
Come, come, come, come, Come to the Sav-iour and live;
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus will guide thee safe home;
Come, come, come, come, Sin- ner, be- lieve and o - bey,
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus is rich to re - deem,

Come, come, come, come, Come to the Sav-iour and live.
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus will guide thee safe home.
Come, come, come, come, Sin- ner, be- lieve and o - bey.
Come, come, come, come, Je - sus is rich to re - deem.

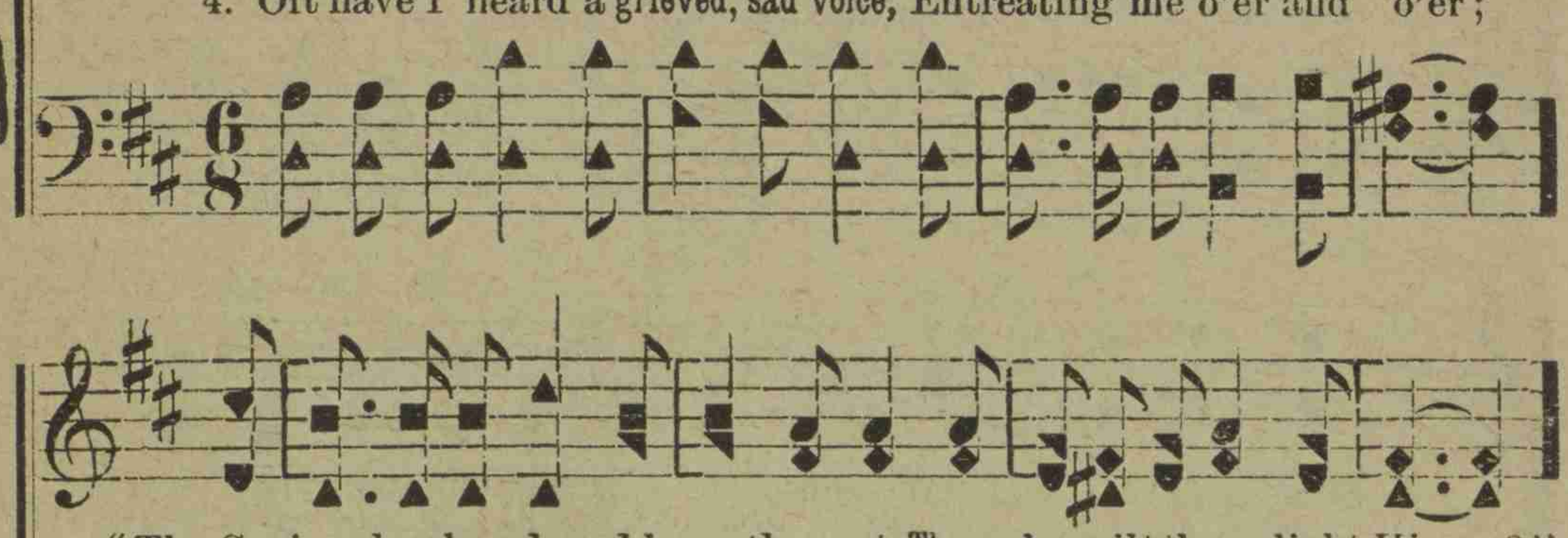
Copyright, 1896, by Fillmore Bros.

No. 259. WHERE IS MY SOUL TO-NIGHT?
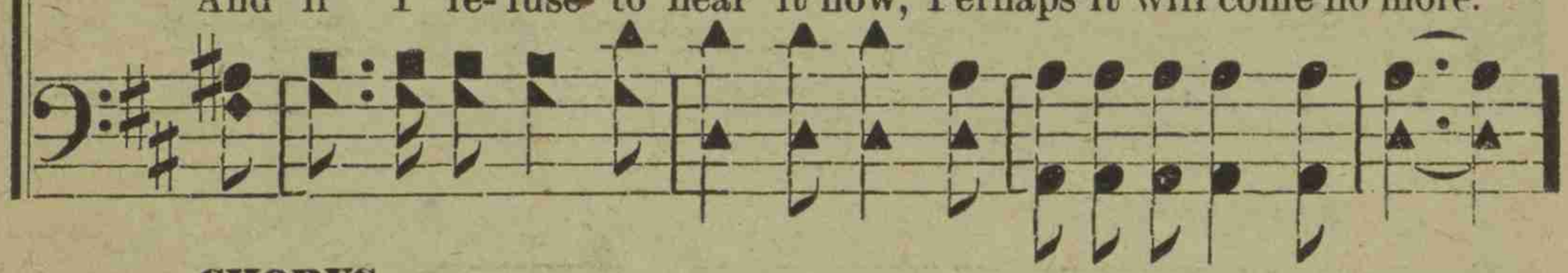
MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
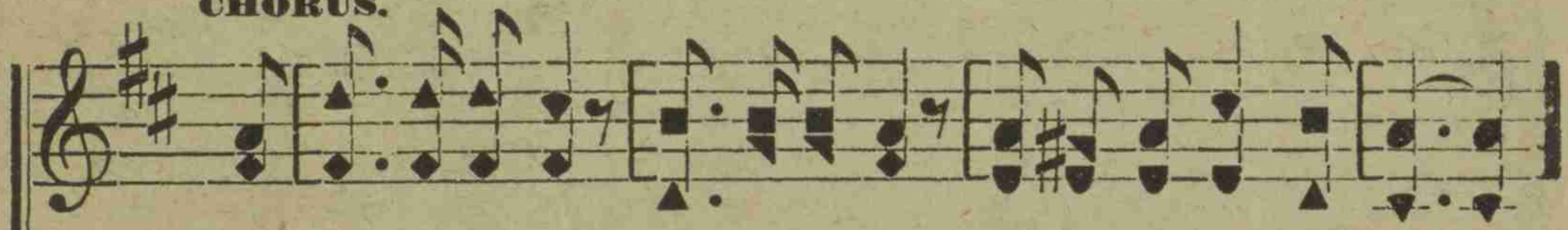


1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft have I heard a warning voice, That urged me to fly from sin;
3. Oft have I heard a ten-der voice, When troubled and care-oppressed,
4. Oft have I heard a grieved, sad voice, Entreating me o'er and o'er;
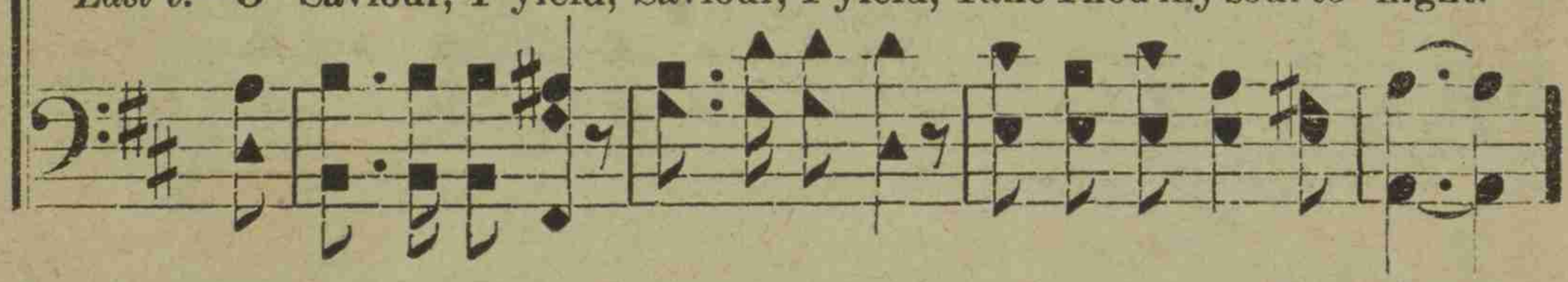


"Thy Saviour has loved, and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight Him so?"
To o-pen the door I long have closed, And welcome the Saviour in.
And then like a wea- ry child I sighed, In Je-sus to find a rest.
And if I re-fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.
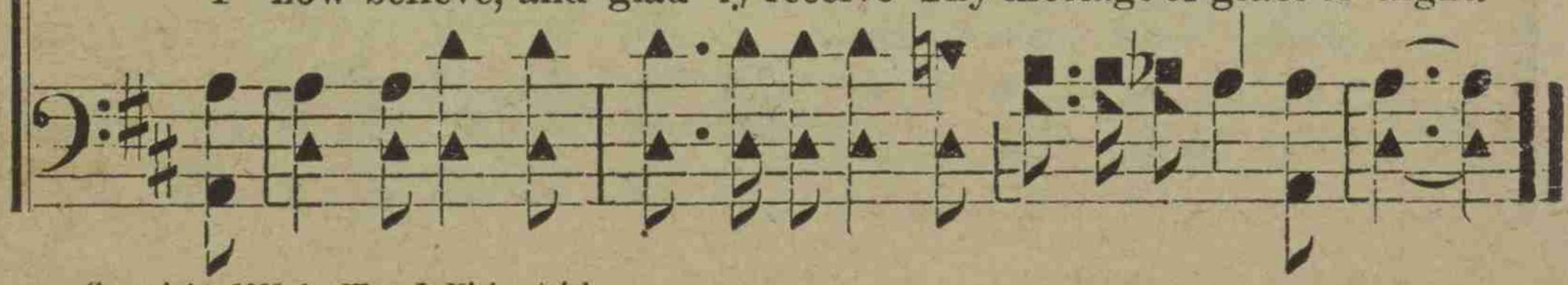


CHORUS.



But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night?
Last v.—O Saviour, I yield, Saviour, I yield, Take Thou my soul to- night.



That voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, But where is my soul to- night?
I now believe, and glad- ly receive Thy message of grace to- night.



Copyright, 1885, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 260. WALKING IN FAIR BEULAH LAND.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am hap-py in the Lord, I am trust-ing in His word, I am
2. Je-sus leads me, I am blest, In His love I sweet-ly rest, I am
3. In this land of rich supplies Bread is found that sat-is-fies, I am
4. Oh, this gar-den of delights, Oh, the joys up-on these heights, I am

walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Since my Saviour made me whole There is
walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Yes, I love Him more and more, And my
walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Hal-le-lu-jah, I am fed At the
walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land; Brighter grows the gold-en way, Lead-ing

D.S.—In my heart's a joy-ful song, All the

glo-ry in my soul, I am walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land.
cup is run-ning o'er, I am walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land.
ta-ble rich-ly spread, I am walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land.
on to end-less day, I am walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land.
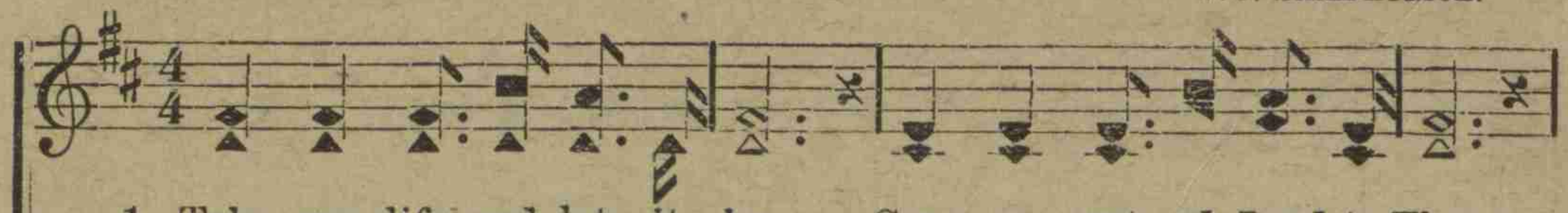
shin-ing path a-long, I am walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land.

Walk-ing in fair Beu-lah land, I am walk-ing in fair Beulah land.
Walking in fair Beu-lah land, I am walking in fair Beulah land.

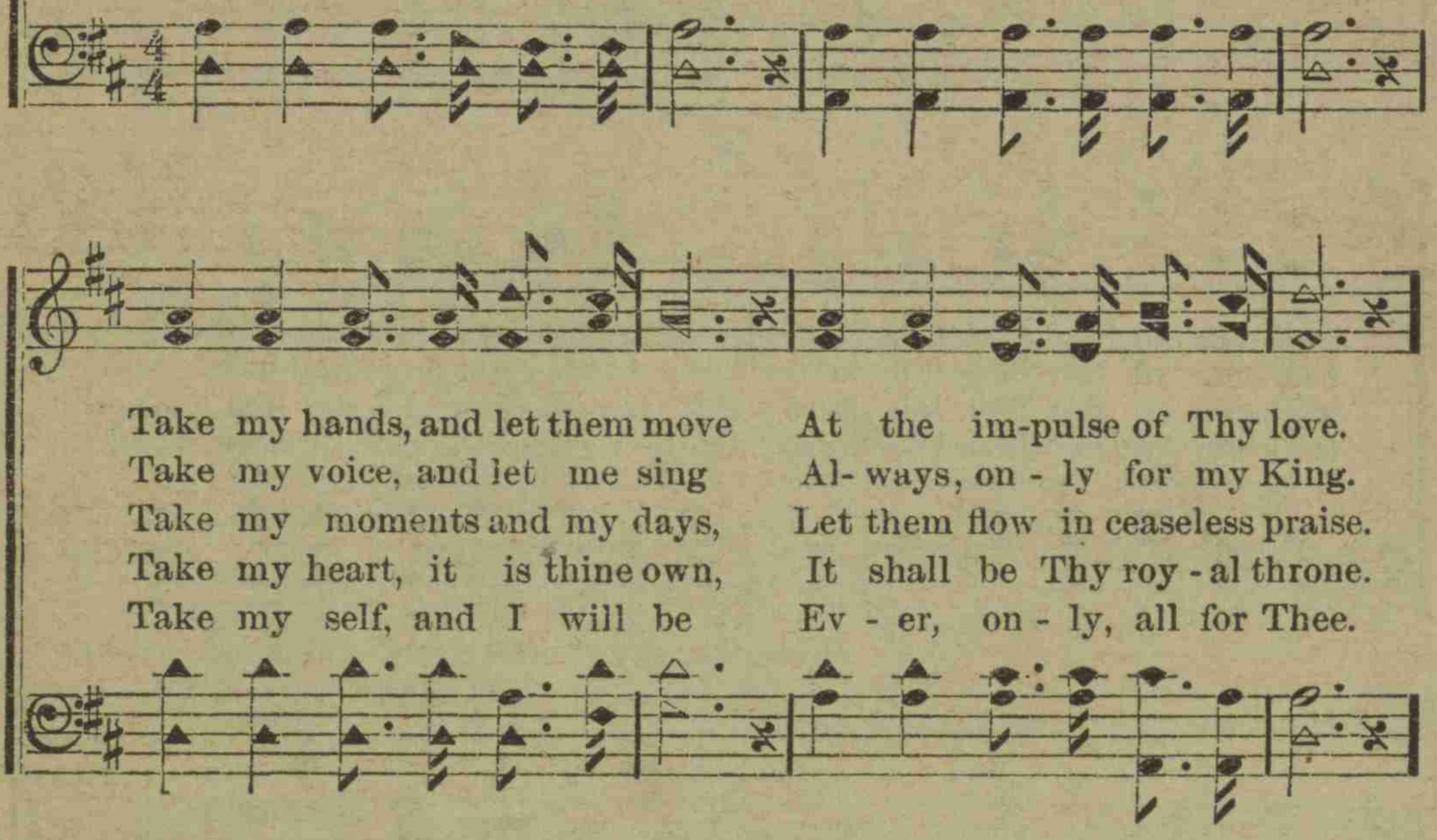
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No. 261. ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

F. R. HAVERGAL. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

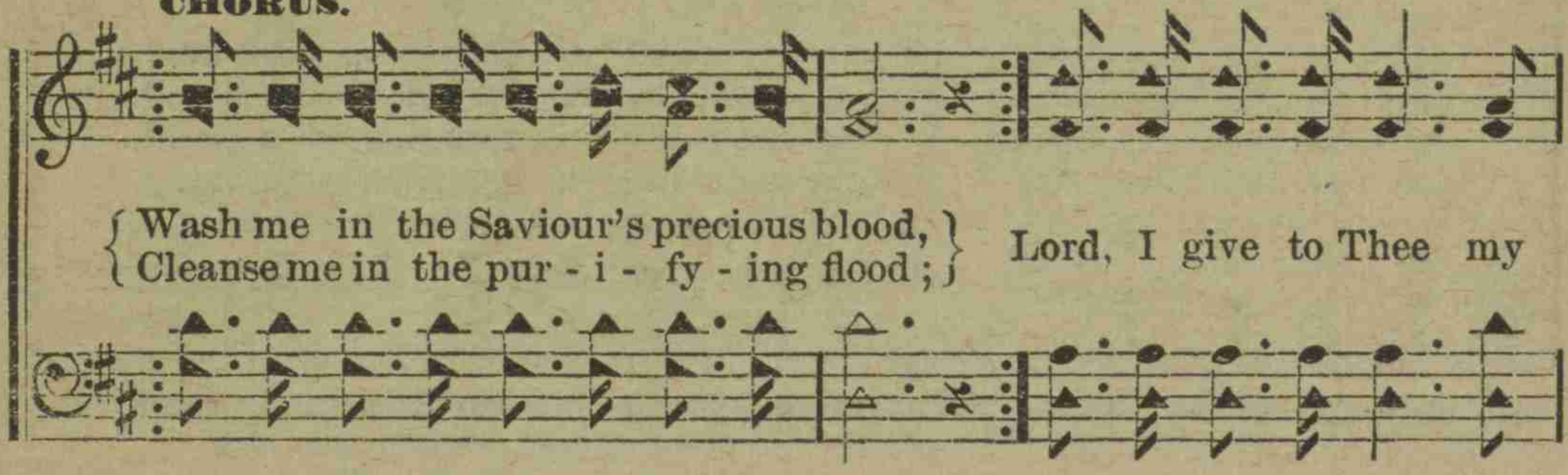


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine;
5. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store;



Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al- ways, on - ly for my King.
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, / Cleanse me in the pur - i - fy - ing flood; } Lord, I give to Thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.

From "Ark of Praise." By per.

No. 262. CALLING THE PRODIGAL.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God is call-ing the prod-i - gal, come without de- lay, Hear, oh,
Tho' you've wander'd so far from His presence, come, to-day, Hear His
2. Pa - tient, lov- ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fath-er pleads, Hear, oh,
Oh! re- turn while the Spirit in mer - cy in - ter- cedes, Hear His
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, oh,
Lo! the ta- ble is spread and the feast is wait-ing there, Hear His

hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee,
lov- ing voice (*Omit*. . . . .) call-ing still, ...
for thee, call-ing still.

CHORUS.

Call - ing now for thee, . . . Oh, wea - - ry prodi-gal,
Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, weary prodigal, come,
come, ... Call - - ing now for thee, ...
weary prodi-gal, come, Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee.
Oh, wea - - - ry prod- i- gal, come. . . . . .
weary prod-i-gal, come, wea- ry prod-i-gal, come.

 Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

No. 263. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to others show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in his word, Holding communion with the Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on his throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all his own;

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

CHORUS.

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

More of his sav - ing full- ness see, More of his love who died for me.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

No. 264. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

I. WATTS. R. LOWRY.

Spirited.

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

in a song with sweet ac- cord, Join in a song with sweet ac-cord,
children of the heav'nly King, But children of the heav'nly King,
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be- fore we reach the heav'nly fields.
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

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

And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

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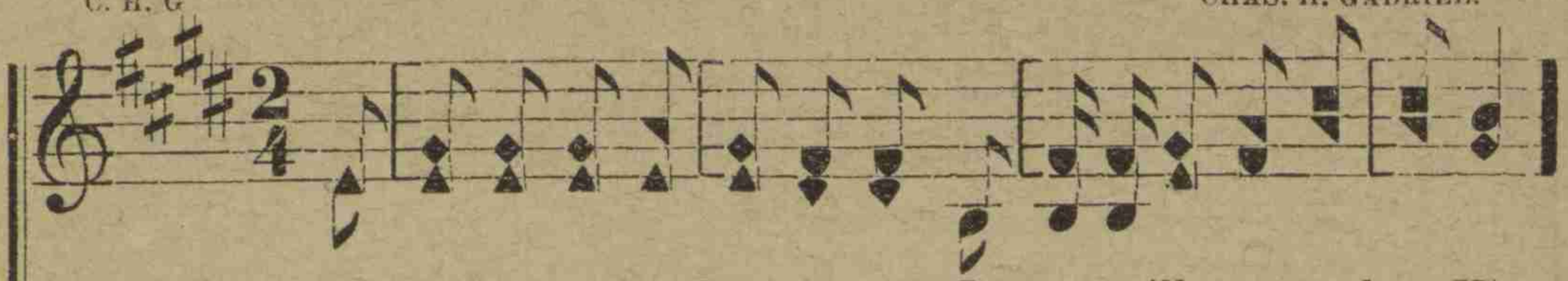
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti- ful Zi - on; We're
We're marching on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti- ful cit- y of God.
Zi- on, Zi- on,
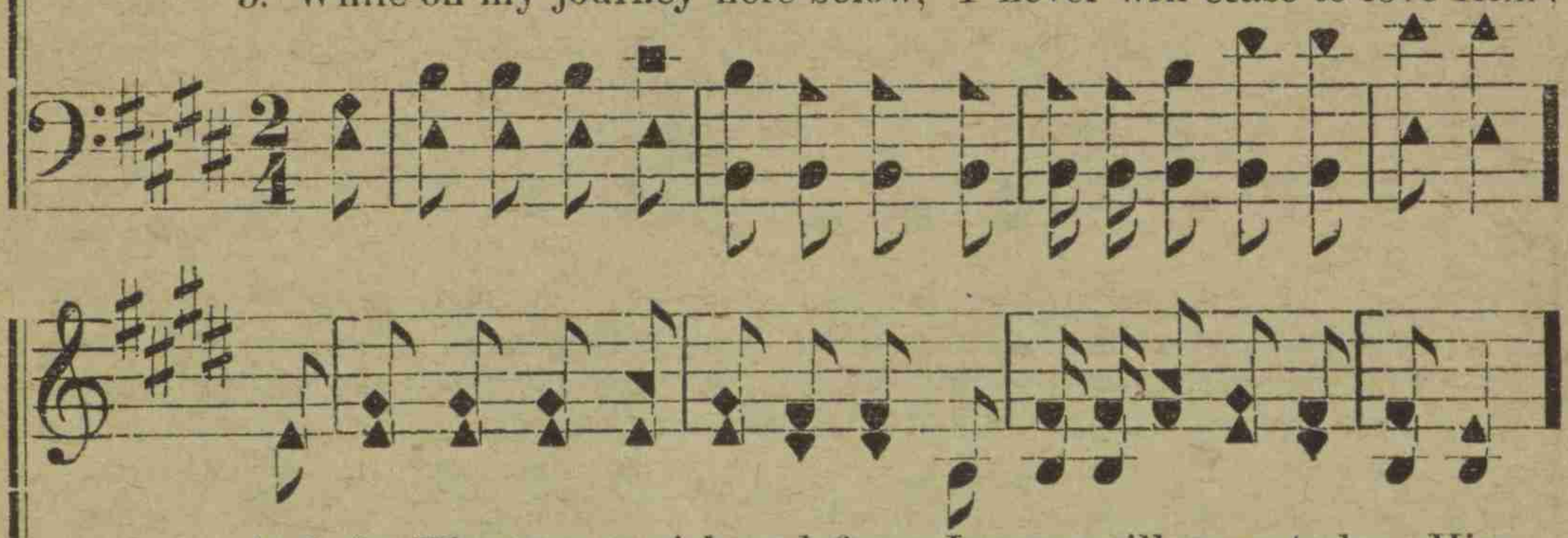
Copyright, 1867, by R. Lowry. By per.

No. 265. I NEVER WILL CEASE TO LOVE HIM.
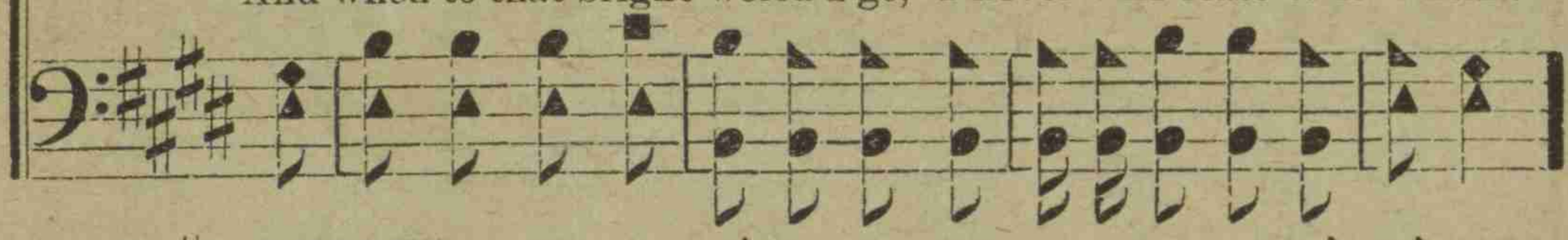
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to love Him;
2. He gives me strength for ev'ry day, I never will cease to love Him;
3. Tho' all the world His love reject, I never will cease to love Him;
4. He saves me ev'ry day and hour, I never will cease to love Him;
5. While on my journey here below, I never will cease to love Him;

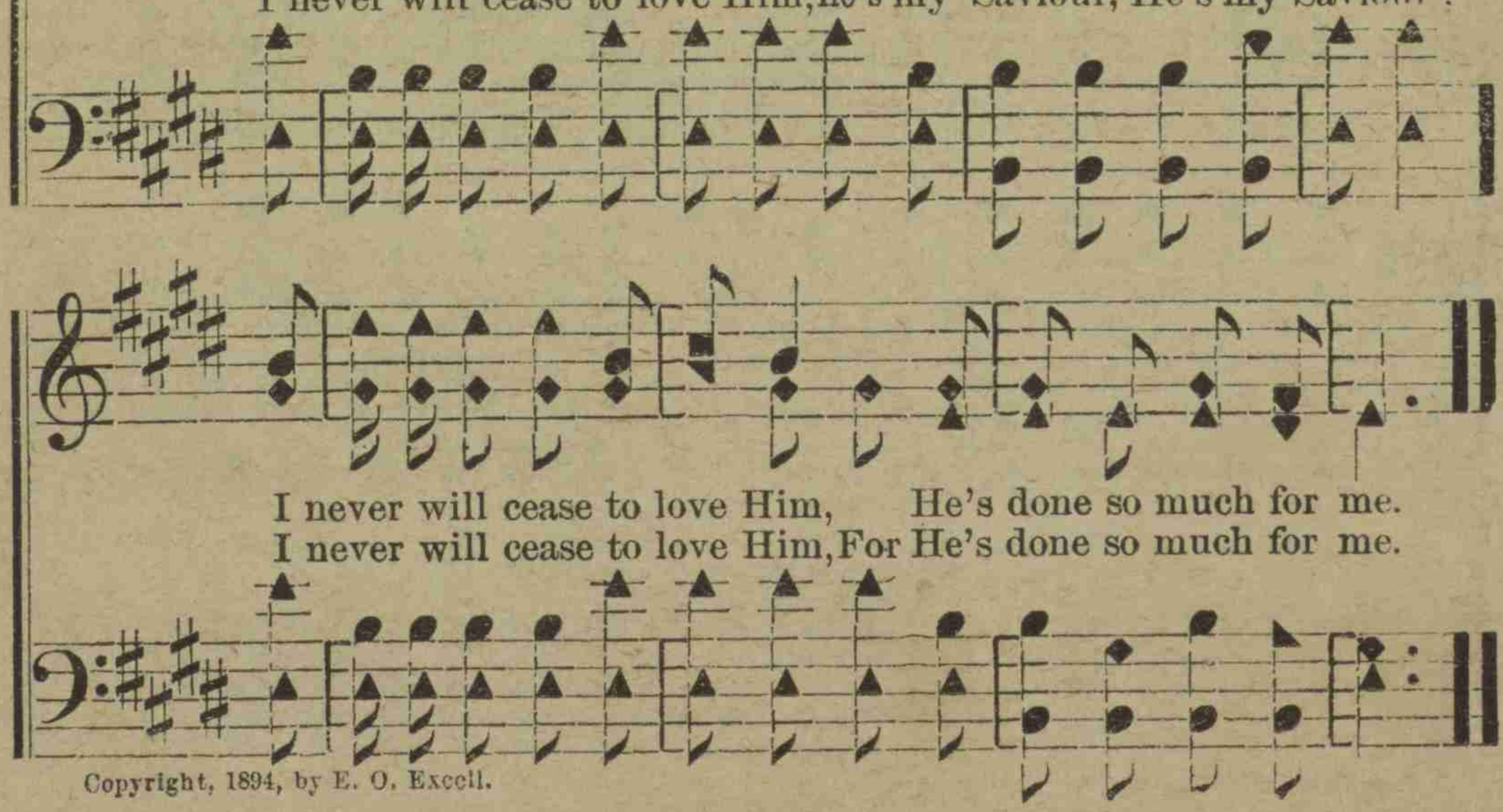


And for His grace so rich and free, I never will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I never will cease to love Him.
I could not such a Friend de- ject, I never will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I never will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I never will cease to love Him.



CHORUS.

I never will cease to love Him, my Saviour, my Saviour;
I never will cease to love Him, He's my Saviour, He's my Saviour:
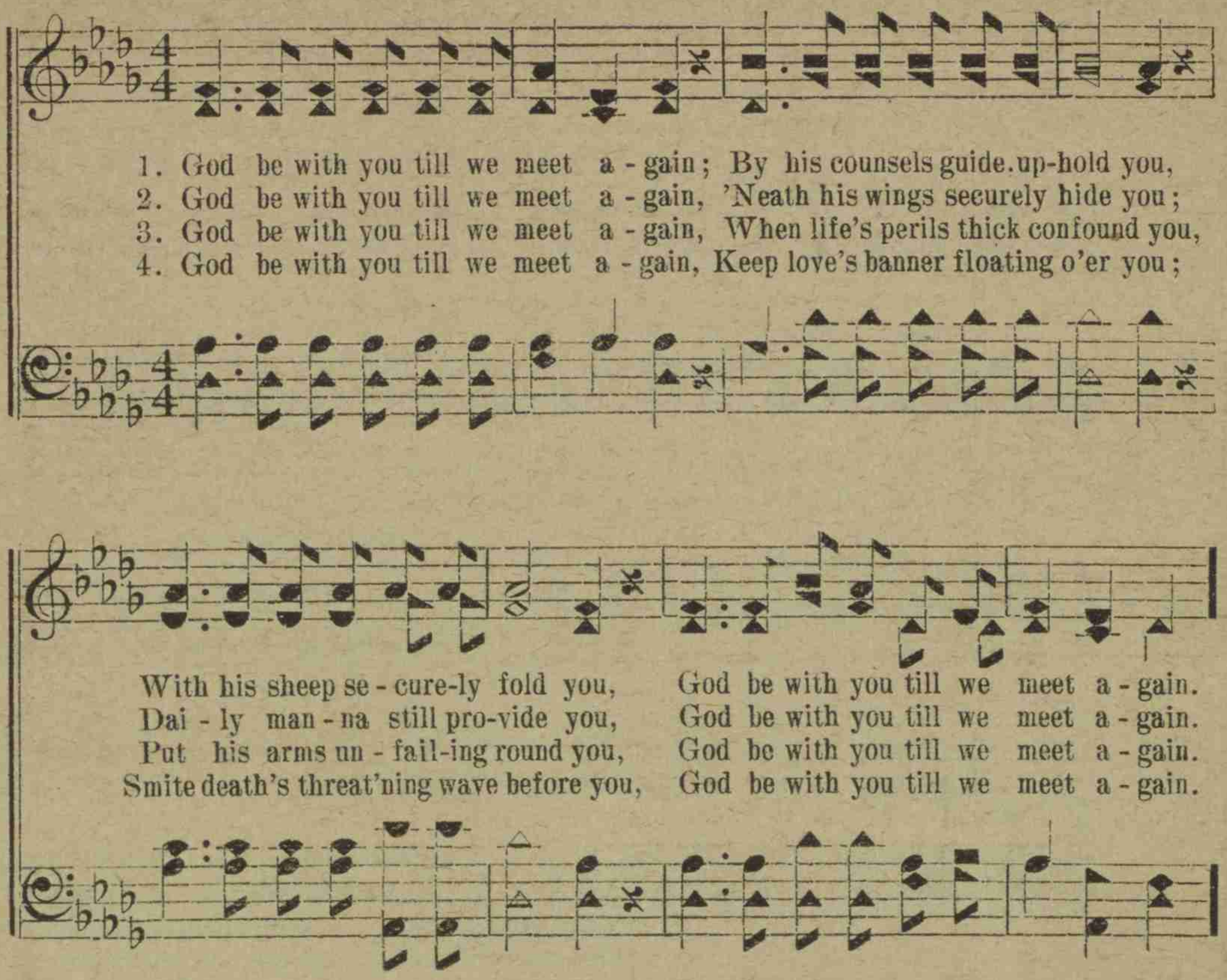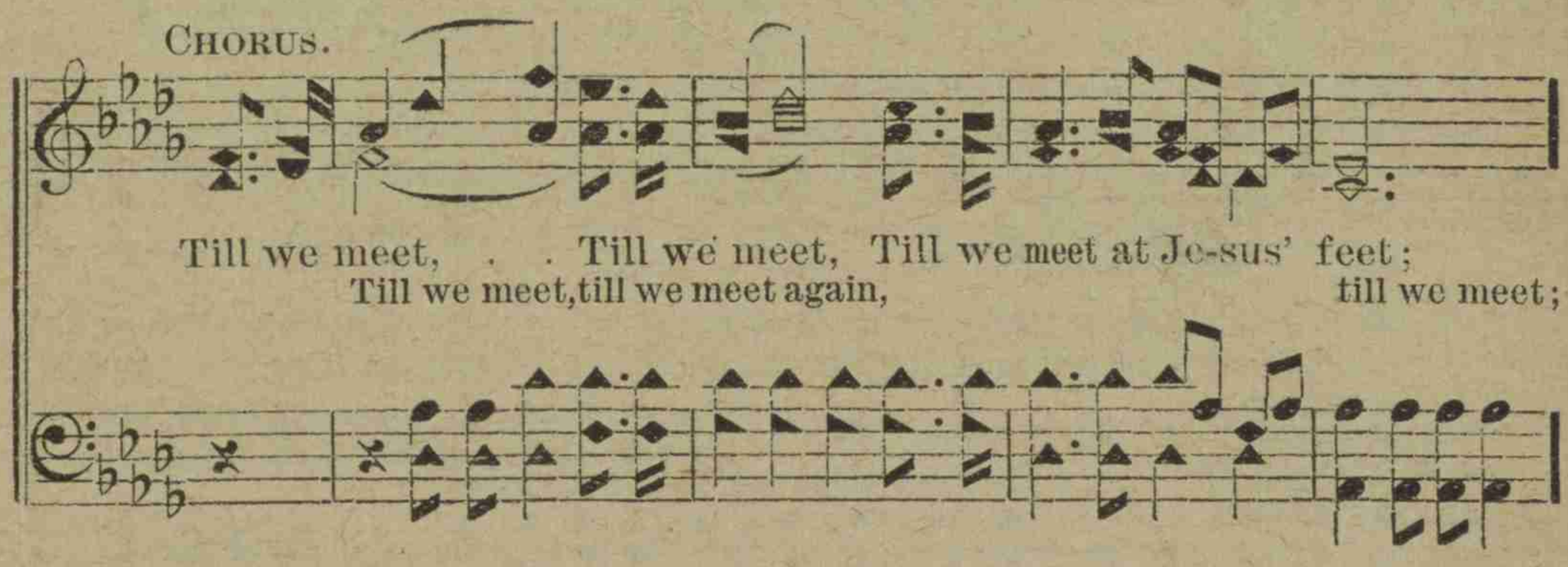


I never will cease to love Him, He's done so much for me.
I never will cease to love Him, For He's done so much for me.

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No. 266. GOD BE WITH YOU.

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





By permission.

No. 267. SPREAD THE TIDINGS.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. Arr. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Spread the tid-ings all a-broad, Je- sus lives, Je-sus lives;
2. Let the nations now re-joice, Je- sus lives, Je-sus lives;

He lives, He lives, Jesus lives, Jesus lives;

Glo- ry, glo- ry be to God, Je- sus lives, Je-sus lives.
Praise Him with a joy-ful voice, Je- sus lives, Je-sus lives.

He lives, He lives, Jesus lives, Je-sus lives.

In the cold grave, where He lay, Come and see, come and
Heaven's gates are o - pen wide, O- pened wide, o-pened

Come and see, oh, come and see, oh,
Opened wide, the gates, the gates are

see, Angels sit in bright ar-ray, Come and see, come and
wide, We shall en-ter glo- ri - fied, Glo- ri- fied, glo- ri -
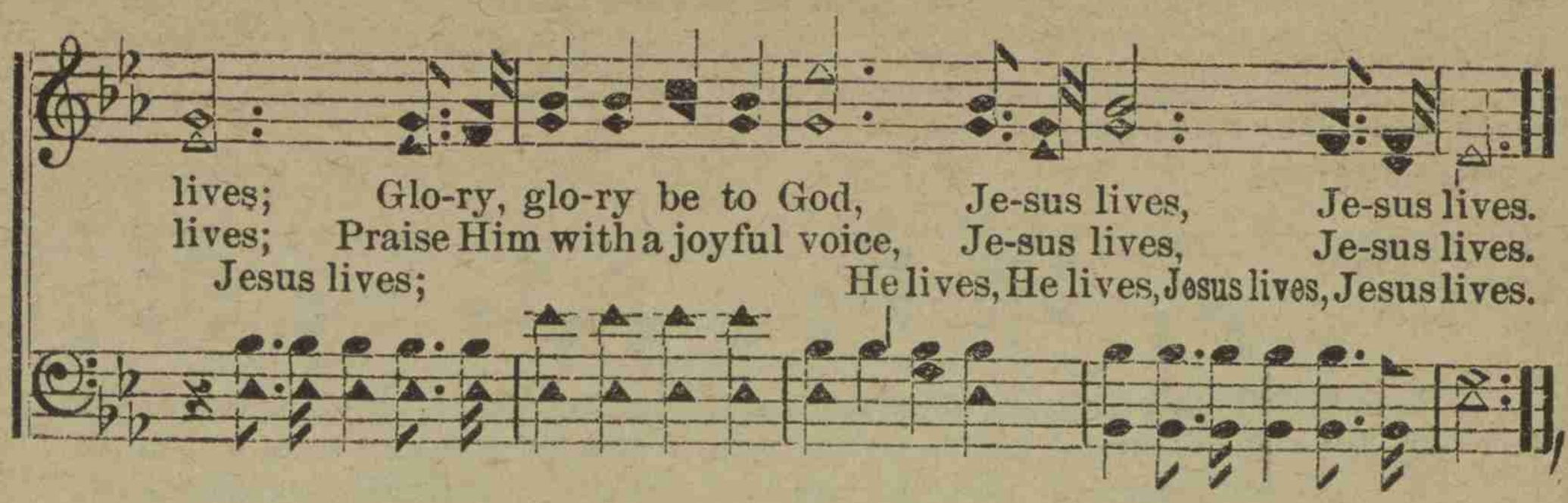
Come and see, Come and see, oh, come, oh, come and
o-pened wide, Glo-ri-fied, shall en-ter glo-ri -

see. Spread the tidings all a - broad, Je-sus lives, Je-sus
fied. Let the nations now re-joice, Je-sus lives, Je-sus
see.
fied.

He lives, He lives, Jesus lives,

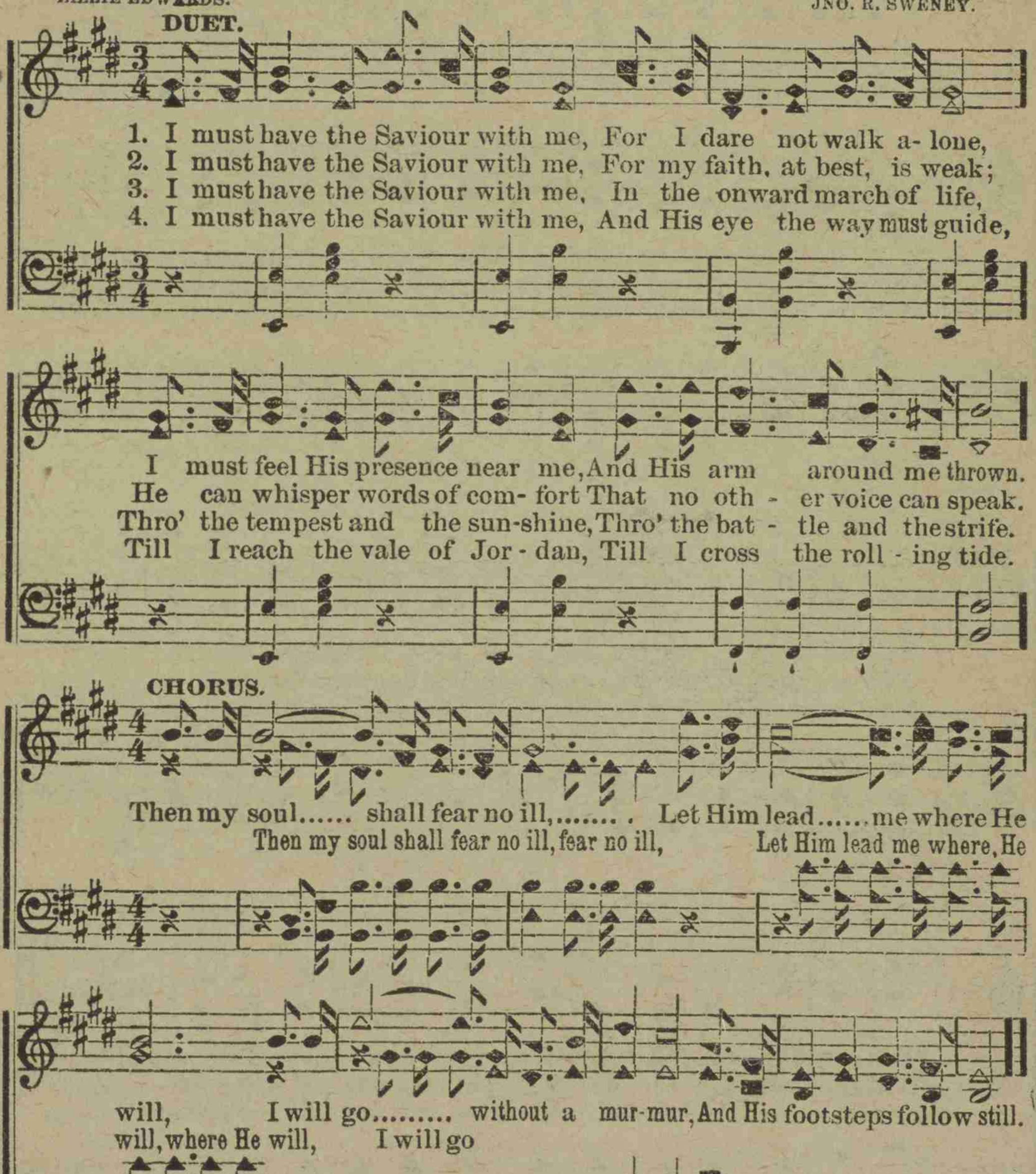
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SPREAD THE TIDINGS. Concluded.



No. 268. THE SAVIOUR WITH ME.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.
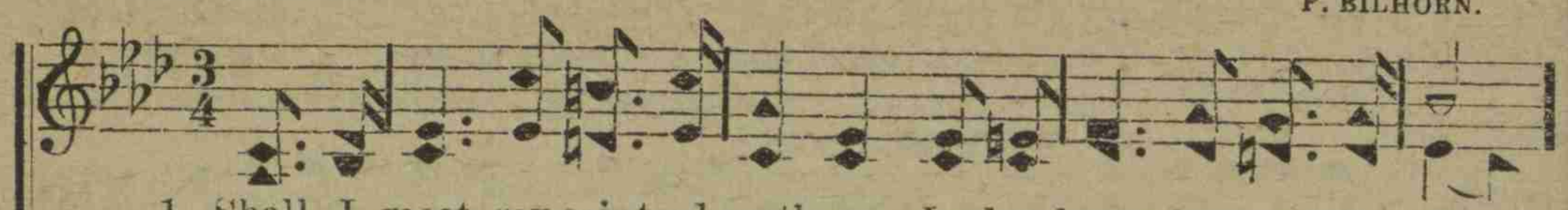


Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.
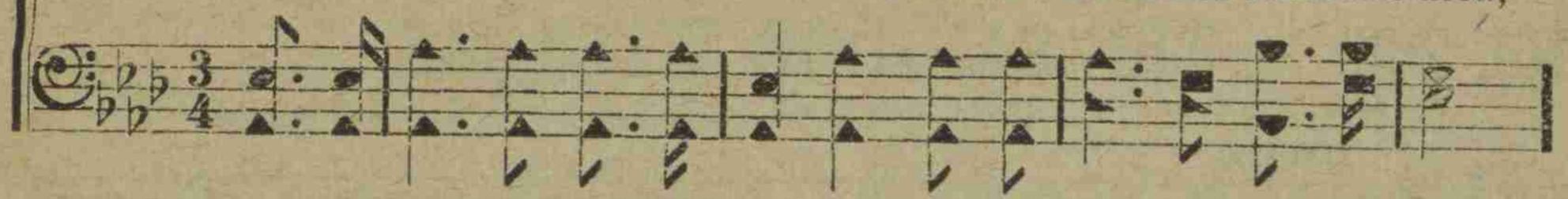
No. 269. Shall I Meet My Sainted Mother.

The writer of these words in childhood promised his dying mother that he would meet her in heaven. Forgetful of his promise, he on reaching manhood became an infidel. The stirring words of Evangelist "Schiverea" brought to mind that long forgotten teaching of that Christian mother, and casting aside his infidelity he accepted Christ as his Saviour.

GEORGE THOMPSON. P. BILHORN.
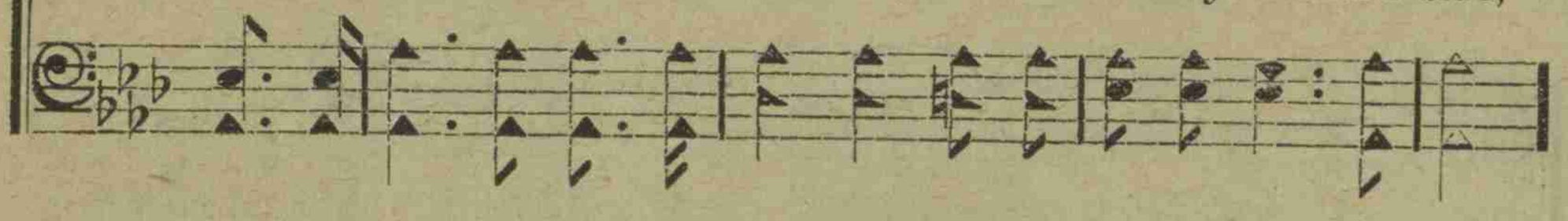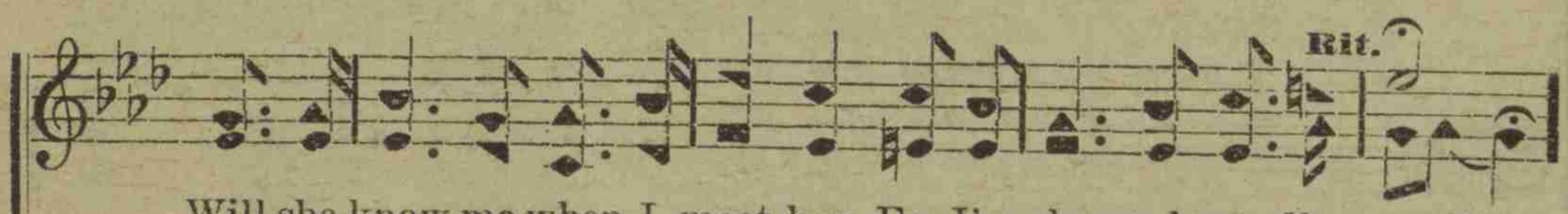


1. Shall I meet my saint-ed moth-er, In her home be-yond the skies?
2. When the bells of heav-en ring- ing, Wake the an-gel's song a - gain,
3. All the years of sin and sor- row, That I've suffered since she died,
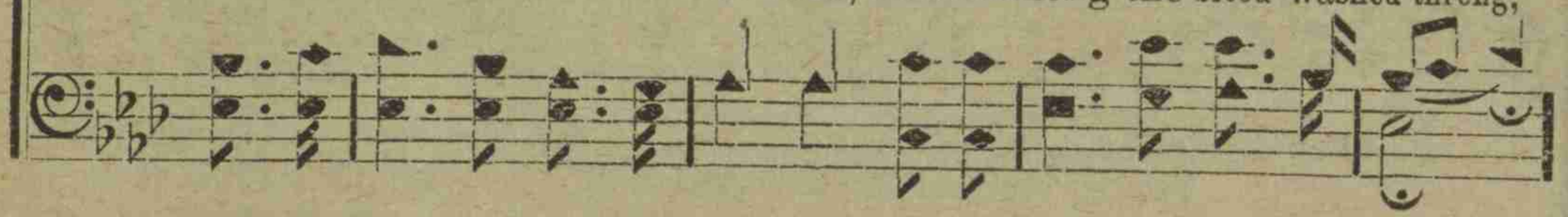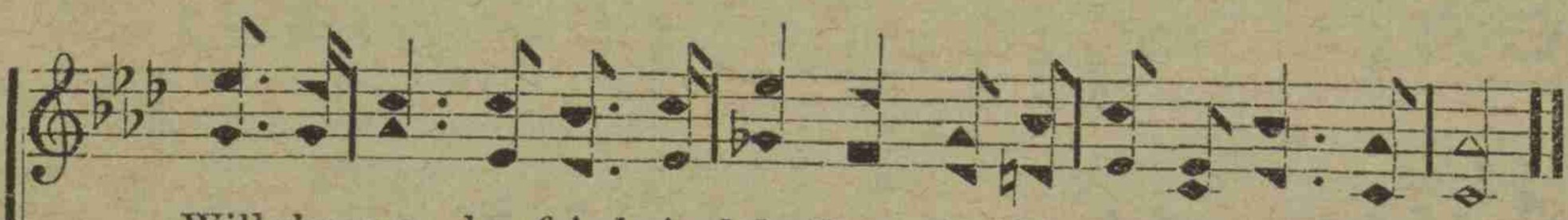




Will I see the love-light beaming, From her tender lov - ing eyes?
For the wan-der-er re-turn-ing From the paths of sin and pain,
Will be van-ished on the mor- row, When I stand by mother's side,
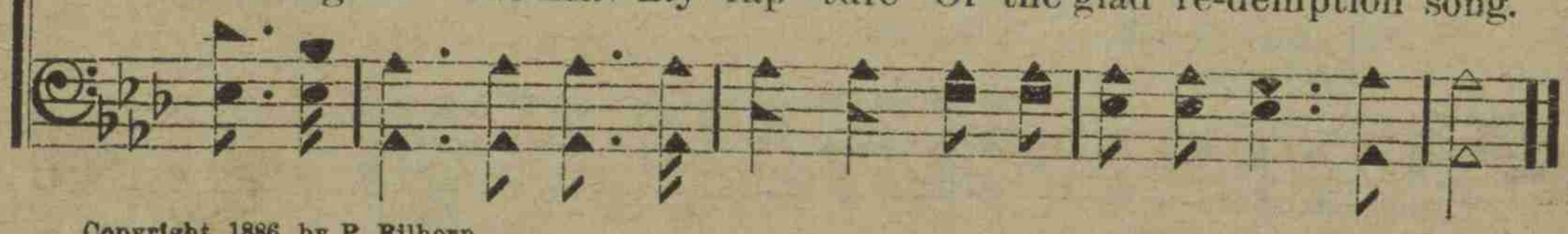




Will she know me when I meet her, For I'm changed so sadly now?
Will my moth-er there be wait-ing, Waiting with her look so mild?
Stand with her be- fore the Sav-iour, There among the blood-washed throng,





Will she see her fair-haired darling In this old and wrinkled brow?
Will she press me to her bo-som, As she did when but a child?
Join-ing in the heav'nly rap-ture Of the glad re-demption song.



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No. 270. SPEAK GENTLY.

If thou "lovest thy neighbor as thyself,"
Engrave this charge upon the tablet of thy heart.

EDW. S. FOGG.

1. Speak gently to the err-ing one: Ye know not of the power With
2. Think gently of the err-ing one: O do not thou for - get, How-
3. Speak gently to the err-ing one: Thou yet may'st lead him back, With

which the dark temptation came In some unguard- ed hour. Ye may not
ev - er darkly stained by sin, He is your brother yet! Heir of the
ho- ly words and tones of love, From misery's thorny track. For - get not

know how earnest- ly He struggled, or how well, Un - til the hour of
self- same her - itage, Child of the self-same God, He hath but stumbled
thou hast often sinned, And sin - ful yet may be: Deal gent- ly with the

CHORUS.

weakness came, And sad-ly thus he fell.
in the path Thou hast in weakness trod.
err-ing one, As God hath dealt with thee.
} Sunshine, sunshine! Scatter it

day by day! Anywhere and everywhere—yes, Scatter it all the way.

Copyright, 1896, by Fogg & Beatty.

No. 271. THE FOUNTAIN.

ZECH. 13: 1.

To our Friend and Brother, Rev. Earnest Robinson.

Rev. LEONIDAS ROBINSON. EDW. S. FOGG.

1. There is a fountain flow - ing free, With bright and crimson sheen; 'Twas opened
2. On Calvary's brow the Saviour bled, For you His life He gave; He bore the
3. Come, sinner, come, your sins confess, And let this fountain roll; With cleansing
4. I come, O Lord, with contrite heart, I all my sins forsake; I plead Thy

The first 8 measures, or Bass Solo may be omitted if desired.

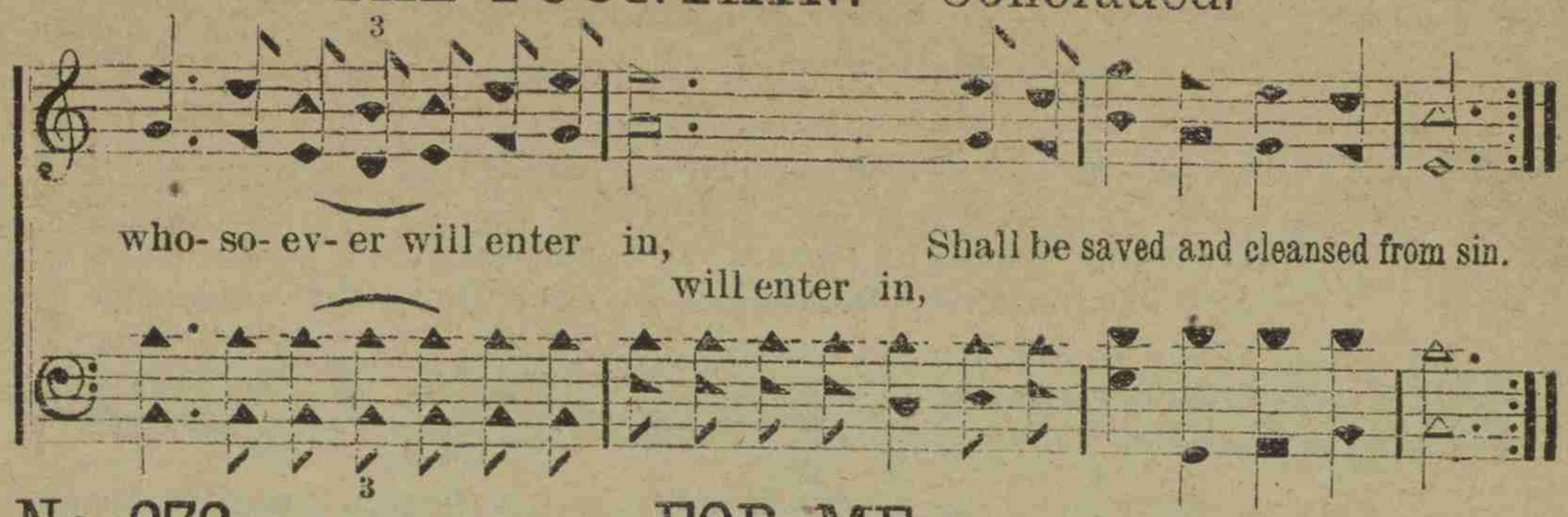
in King David's time, To save and cleanse from sin.
sins of all the world. And from all sins doth save.
pow'r the crimson tide Will wash and make you whole.
promise, trust Thy word, I now my Saviour take.

CHORUS.

This fountain opened in David's time, in David's time, Flows for all mankind, for all mankind, Who-so-ev-er will enter in, will en-ter in. Saved and cleansed from sin, and cleansed from sin. This fountain opened in David's time, in David's time, Still flows for all mankind, for all mankind, And whosoever will enter in, will enter in, Shall be saved and cleansed from sin, and cleansed from sin.

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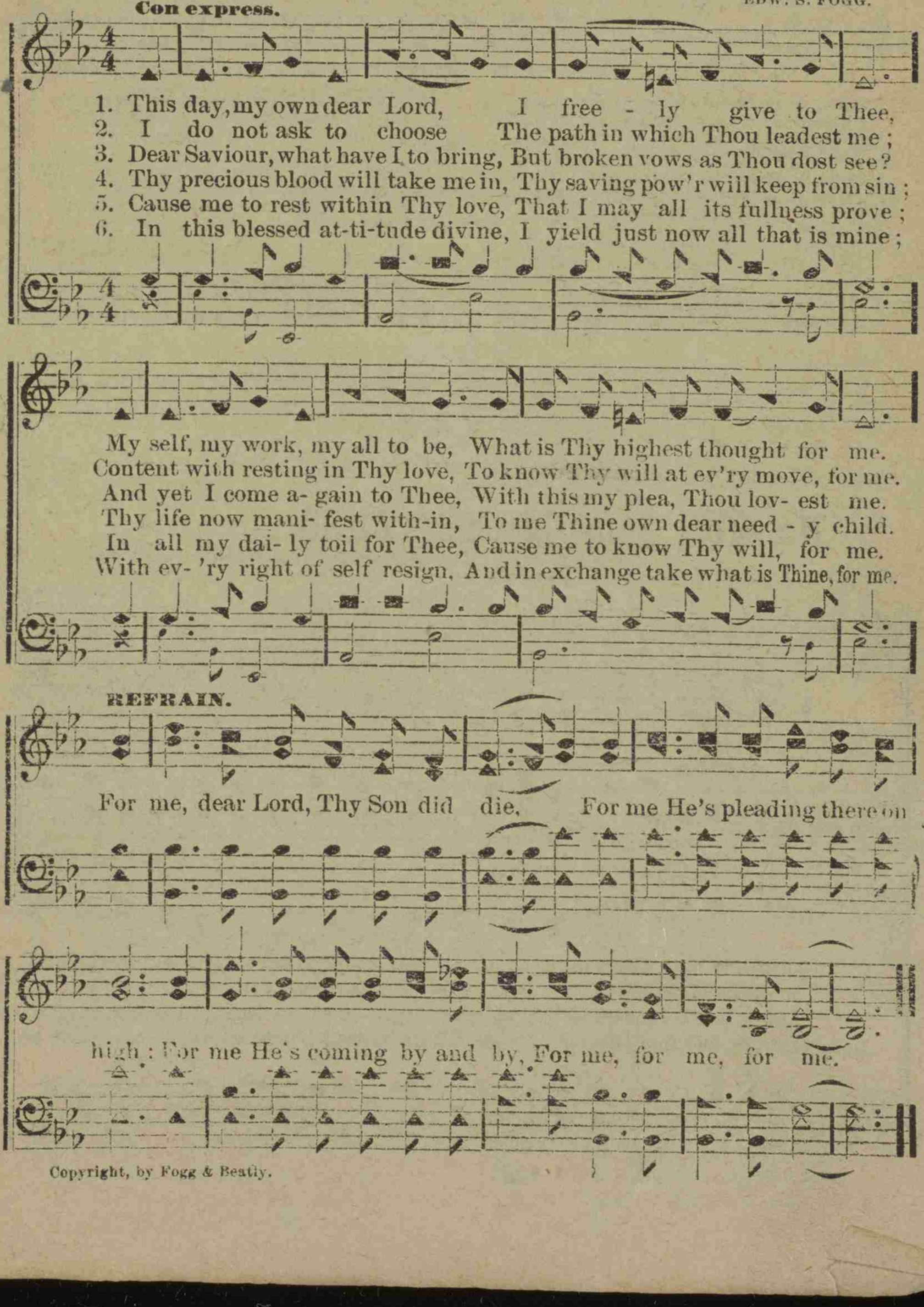
THE FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



No. 272. FOR ME.

SHERRARD BEATLY. EDW. S. FOGG.
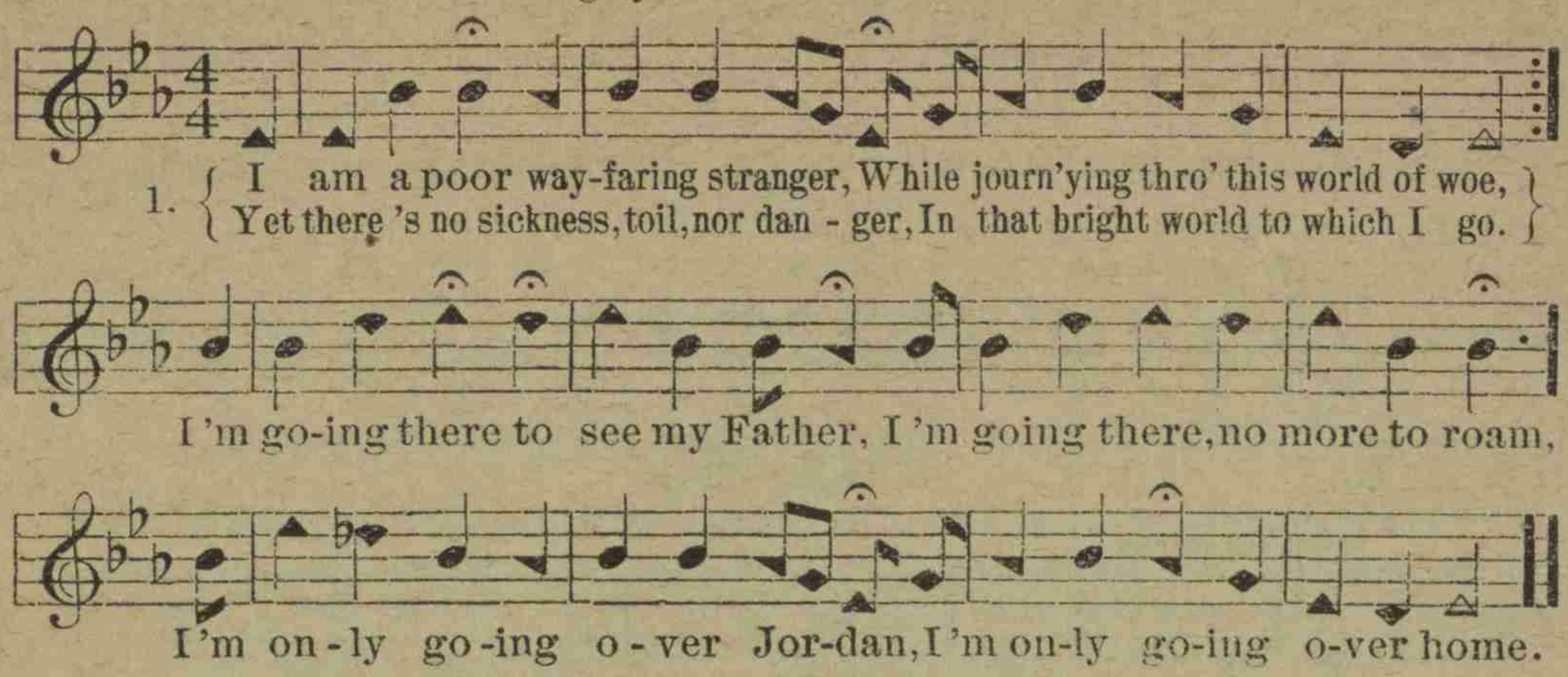
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No. 272½ A Poor Wayfaring Stranger.

As sung by the REV. J. L. TILLMAN.



2 I know dark clouds will gather round me,
I know my way is rough and steep,
Yet beauteous fields lie just before me,
Where God's redeemed vigils keep.
I 'm going there to see mother,
She said she'd meet me when I come,
I 'm only going over Jordan, etc.

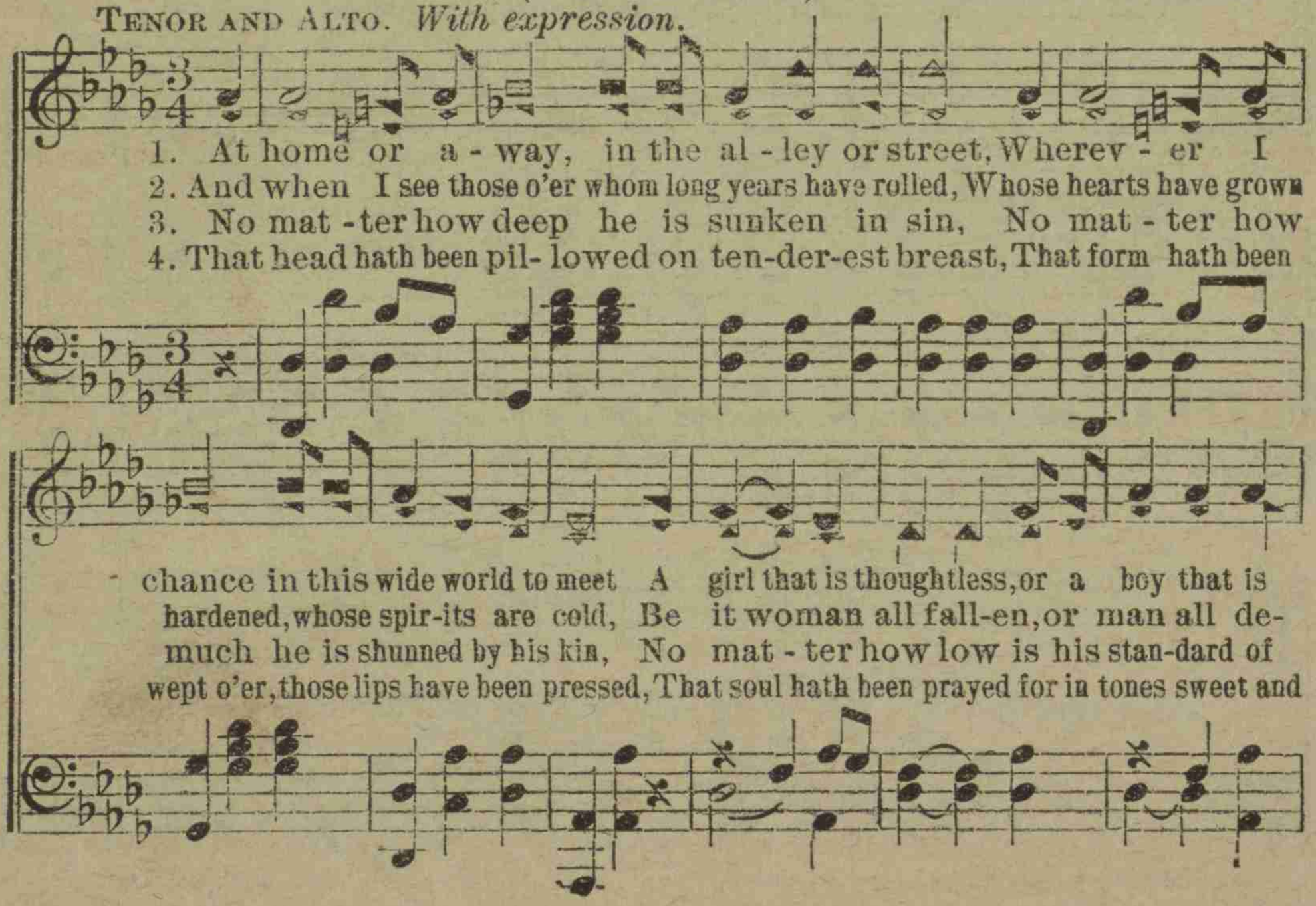
3 I 'll soon be freed from every trial,
My body will sleep in the old church-yard;
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter on my great reward.
I'm going there to see my classmates
Who 've gone before me one by one,
I 'm only going over Jordan, etc.

4 I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land,
I want to shout salvation's story
In concert with the blood-wash'd band.
I 'm going there to see my Savior,
To sing his praise forever more,
I 'm only going over Jordan, etc.
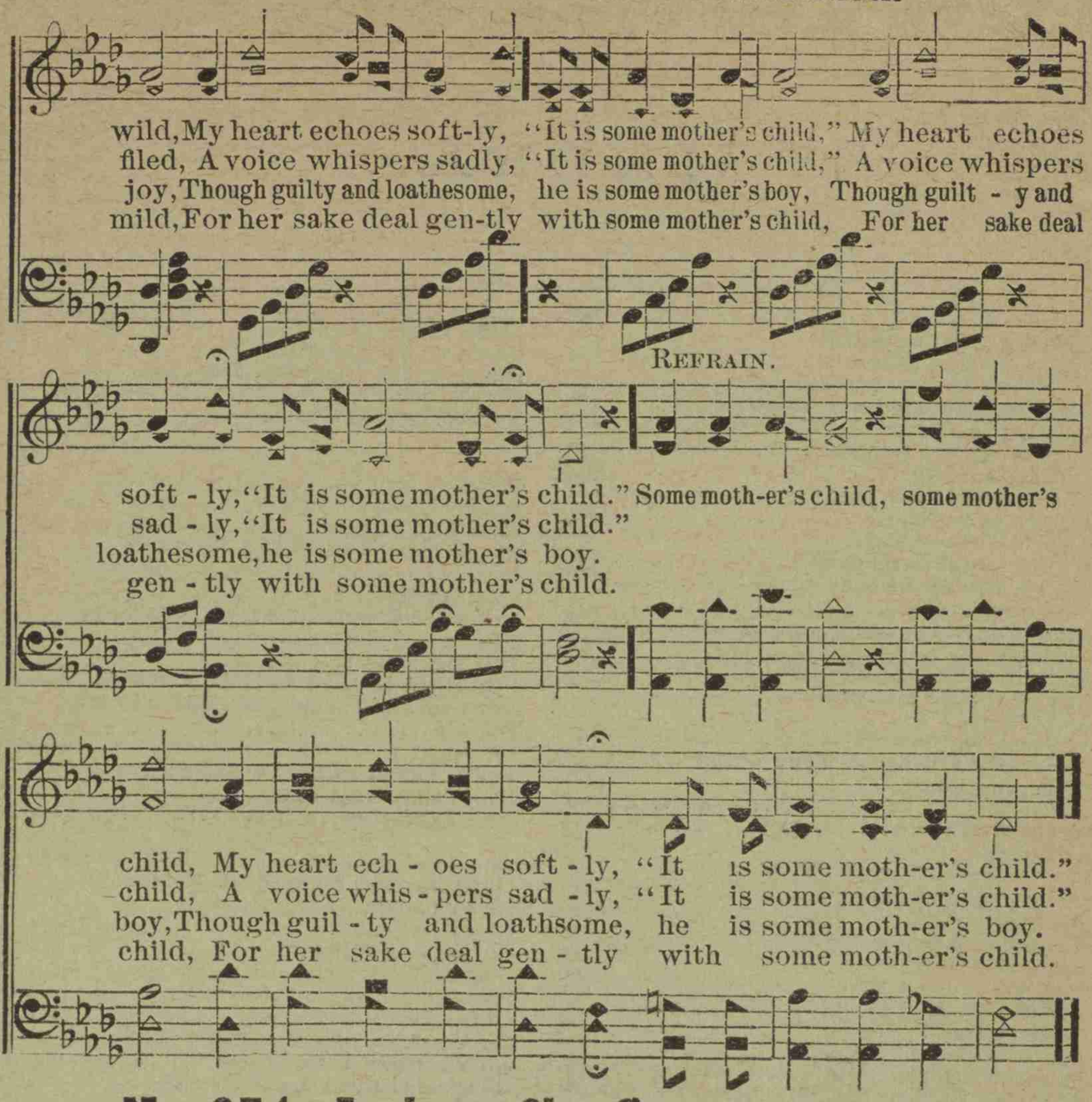
No. 273. Some Mother's Child.

(SOLO OR DUET.) CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

TENOR AND ALTO. *With expression.*

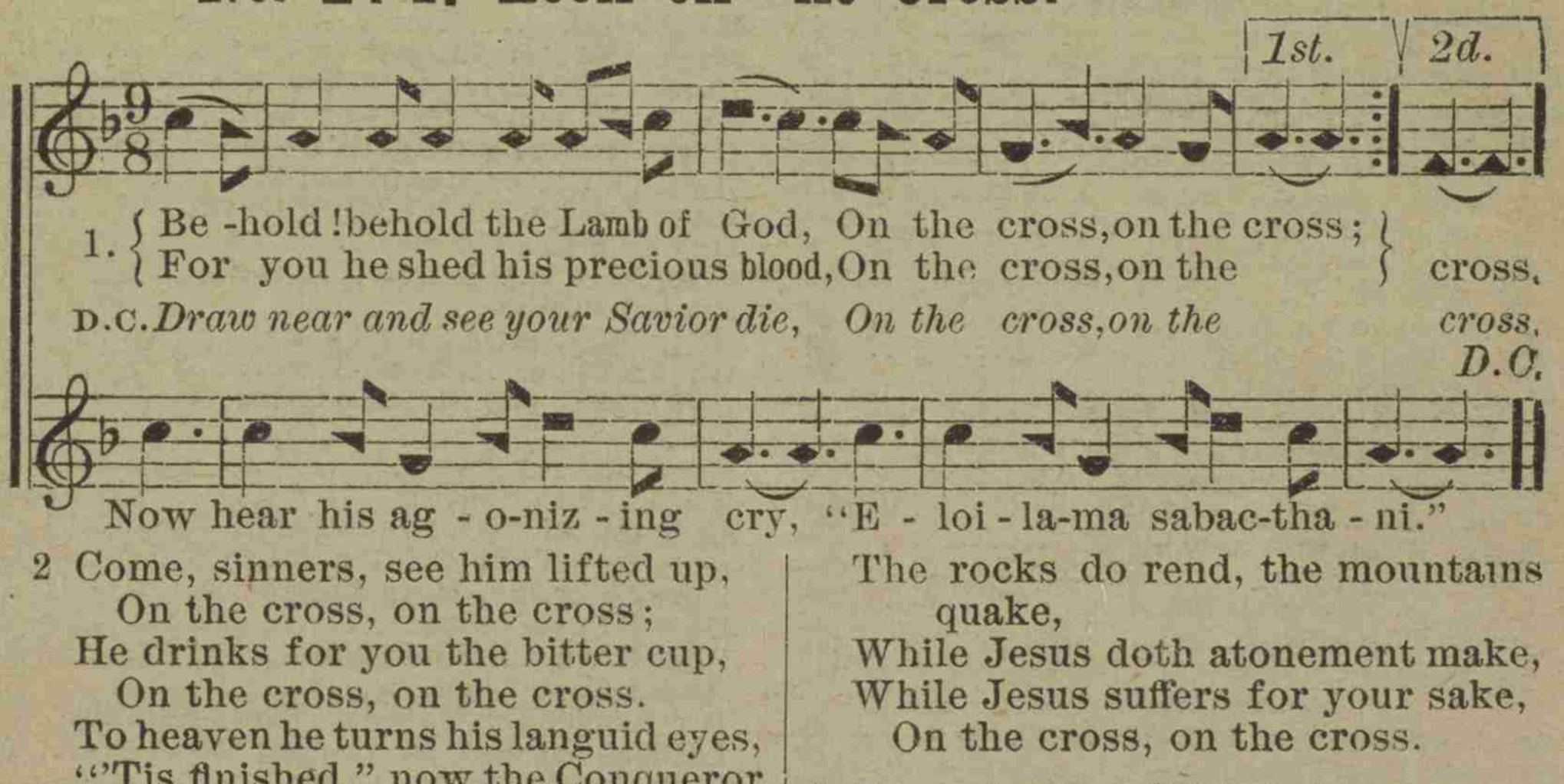


Some Mother's Child. Concluded.



No. 274. Look on the Cross.

FINE.



2 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
On the cross, on the cross;
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heaven he turns his languid eyes,
"'Tis finished," now the Conqueror cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross;
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross;
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross.
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

INDEX.

	No.
Abiding and Confiding	168
Again we Have Come	235
Ah, Many Hearts are Aching	27
Alas, and did my Saviour Bleed	86
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name	112
All Things are Ready	55
All taken Away	251
All the World for Jesus	186
All praise to Him	238
A little Talk with Jesus	41
A little Child is Kneeling	155
Am I a Soldier of the Cross?	103
Amazing Grace	146
America	125
Antioch	117
And must I be to Judgment Brought?	109
Anywhere He wants me	220
A Mother's Plea	189
Are you Watching?	43
Are you Walking with the Lord?	111
Arise, my Soul	121
At the Cross	86
At the Fountain	81
Autumn	134
Beautiful Beckoning Hands	175
Beautiful Pool	188
Beyond the Grave	124
Blessed Assurance	48
Blessed be the Name	238
Blessed be the Tie	50
Blow ye the Trumpet	122
Brave Little Soldiers	70
Brighter and Brighter	15
Bringing in the Sheaves	184
Bring Them in	218
Brother, Hear the Invitation	191
Calvary's Stream is Flowing	178
Calvary	179
Calling the Prodigal	262
Can a Boy Forget his Mother?	242
Children's Song	69
Christ is All	104
Christ our Redeemer	72
City of Gold	36
Come to the Feast	55
Come, Holy Spirit	144
Come, Every Soul	217
Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast	74
Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing	247
Come to the Saviour (Second No. 90)	90
Come, come to the Saviour	258
Come, Weep just as we Did	250
Come, ye Sinners	248
Come, ye Epworth Band	231
Convert's Praises	96
Coronation	112
Dark and Stormy is the Desert	46
Dare to be a Paul	98
Dear Friend, if to-night, midst	189
Deliverance will Come	154
Diamonds in the Rough	27
Did you Hear What Jesus said to me?	251
Don't you Want to be There?	166
Down at Calvary's Fountain	16
Down at the Cross	232
Down at the Saviour's Feet	139
Down in the Licensed Saloon	243
Do you Fear the Foe?	198
Do you Hear the voice?	44
Enough for Me	95
Entire Consecration	261
Ever be Faithful	3
Every Hour I need Thy Blessing	226
Farther On	46
Father, I Stretch my Hands to Thee	201
Fear not Thou Careworn One	160
Fill me Now	24
For all the Lord has Done for Me	265
For God and Home and Native Land	211
For Me	272
Forward Leaguers	231
From Egypt's Cruel Bondage	221
From that Dear Cross	178
Full Salvation	199
Gentle Shepherd, Keep us in Thy Fold	20
Glory to God, I am at the Fountain	81
Glory to His Name	232
Glory to Jesus	90
Glorious Fountain	239
God be With You	266
God is Calling	262
Going Home	149
Go Wash in That Beautiful Pool	188
Go Ye into all the World	171
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine	115
Guide	127
Hallelujah	52
Hark, the Herald Angels Sing	64
Hark, the Master Calls for Reapers	92
Hark, the voice, Jesus crying	137
Hark, 'tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear	218
Have you Ever Heard the Story?	172
Have you on the Wedding Garment?	11
He Came to Save me	62
Heaven in the Heart	246
Healed Pinion	17
Hear the Gentle Spirit's Call	88
He is Able to Deliver Thee	222
He Maketh the Storm a Calm	85
He Saves	174
He Waits for Thee	5
His Yoke is Easy	66
Holy Ghost with Light Divine	116
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide	130
Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit	24
How I Love Jesus	68
How Firm a Foundation	205
How I Love Thee	148
How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds	131
I Heard my Loving Saviour Say	165
I am Coming to the Cross	183
I am Coming to Jesus for Rest	255
I am Dwelling on the Mountain	252
I am Going to a City	63
I am Happy in the Lord	260
I am Glad I ever Heard the Blessed	139

	No.
I am Resolved to Linger no Longer	23
I am the Lord's	194
I am now a Child of God	29
I am the Vine	195
I am Satisfied	208
I believe Jesus Saves	255
I can Join the Convert's Praises	96
I Could not do Without Thee	83
I do Believe	201
I Dreamed that the Great Judgment	4
I Entered once a Home of Care	104
If we knew when Walking Thoughtless	236
If you Want Pardon	90
I Gave my Life for Thee	240
I Have Been to Jesus	58
I Have it in my Soul	250
I Have Been Saved from the Power	31
I Have Learned the Wondrous Secret	168
I Have Seen a Mother Weeping	234
I Have Heard my Saviour Calling	181
I Have Something Jesus gave me	80
I Have Work Enough to do	30
I Hear the Saviour say	233
I Know not why God's Wondrous	21
I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord	237
I Know my Name is There	91
I Learned the Precious Secret	167
I'll be There to Vote	211
I'll go With Him	181
I'm Believing and Receiving	147
I'm Going Home	152
I'm Redeemed and Washed from Sin	16
I'm Satisfied with Jesus here	180
In a World Where Sorrow ever will	7
In the Awful Age of Night	67
In the Days Long Gone by	124
In the Resurrection Morning	176
I now am Running in the Christian's	87
I now Have the Spirit	52
I Never will Cease to Love Him	265
I Only Know it Reaches me	21
I Saw a Happy Pilgrim	154
I Stand all Bewildered with Wonder	156
I Stood Outside the Gate	6
Is not This the Land of Beulah?	252
It Reaches me	21
It was Only a Drunkard	10
I've Been Washed in the Blood	58
I've Found the Pearl of Greatest Price	180
I Want to be a Worker for the Lord	244
I will Shout His Praise in Glory	18
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot me	66
Jesus, my Lord, to Thee I cry	19
Jesus Saves me	254
Jesus, the Light of the World	64
Jesus is Pleading for Thee	88
Jesus Commands us to Forgive	145
Jesus Lives	185
Jesus Will Save	191
Jesus is Willing and Able to Save	192
Jesus is Calling (Second No. 90)	90
Jesus, I my Cross Have Taken	213
Jesus is Waiting to Save	257
Jesus, Lover of my Soul	214
Jesus, my All, to Heaven is Gone	254
Jesus Paid it all	233
Joy to the World	120
Just as I Am	140
Just the Same To-day	172
Keep Close to Jesus	71
Keep us in Thy Fold	20
Knowing	169
Land Ahead	37
Lead me, Saviour, Lest I Stray	225
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms	162
Leave it to Him	34
Lenox	118
Let the Sunshine in	198
Life's Railway to Heaven	200
Lift me Higher	170
Linger no Longer	23
Little Soldiers	70
Little Hands to Work	69
Look not Far Away, my Brother	246
Lord, I am Thine	141
Lord, Revive us	247
Lost, Lost on the Mountains	99
Lost After all	155
Love Divine	142
Love Found me	2
Look on the Cross	274
Marching to Victory	13
Marching to the Land Above	40
Martyn	215
Mighty Army of the Young	185
More About Jesus	268
Moving Toward the City	42
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?	143
My Country, 'tis of Thee	129
My Faith Looks up to Thee	128
My Feet are on the Highway	82
My Heavenly Home	152
My Hope is Built on Nothing Less	209
My Mother's Bible	75
My Mother's Hands	245
My Name is in the Book of Life	91
Naught Have I to Make my Plea	187
Nearer, my God, to Thee	161
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus	228
Oh, Blessed Fellowship Divine	108
Oh, do not Let the Word Depart	216
Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing	100
Oh, for a Heart to Praise my God	102
Oh, for a Faith	132
Oh, for a Closer Walk with God	133
Oh, Fainting Soul by Sin Oppressed	224
Oh, Glorious Fountain	239
Oh, How I Love Jesus	68
Oh, Love, Surpassing Knowledge	95
Oh, Land of Rest, for Thee I Sigh	157
Oh, let the Current in	22
Oh, Who can Forget the Kind Care?	97
Oh, Mourner in Zion	203
Oh, so Often we are Weary	173
Oh, Thou God of my Salvation	174
Oh, Those Beautiful, Beautiful Hands	245
Old-time Power	1
Old-time Religion	182
One Narrow Way	85
Once for All	54
Once I Wandered	219
Once I Wished	169
Only a Drunkard	10
On the Hills Beyond	53
Onward, Christian Soldiers	256
Ortonville	126
Over Sin's Mountain	161
Pleyel's Hymn	114
Praise Him, Hallelujah	167
Praise His Name	165
Praise for her Boy	97
Precious Jesus, How I Love Thee	148
Precious is the Blood	187
Precious Saviour, Thou Hast Saved me	199
Room at the Fountain	165
Rally Round the Cross	235
Rejoice, Little Ones	49
Rescue the Perishing	227
Revive Thy Work	163
Revive us Again	153
Rock of Ages	138
Rockingham	119

	No.
Safe Within the Vail	37
Salvation, Oh, the Joyful Sound	101
Saul's Journey to Damascus	45
Satisfied With Jesus	208
Saviour, Hear me	202
Saviour, Lead me, Lest I Stray	225
Saviour, Wash me in the Blood	249
Say, Where are you Going, my Brother?	8
Scatter Sunshine	7
Scattering Precious Seed	61
See the Lonely Prisoner	98
See, Jesus, Thy Disciples, see	110
Shall I Meet my Sainted Mother?	269
Shall I Turn Back?	99
Shall we Gather at the River?	25
Sinners, Turn, why Will ye Die?	79
Sins of Years are Washed Away	147
Since to my heart Jesus Came	31
Sitting at the Feet of Jesus	158
Something Jesus Gave me	80
Sometime, Somewhere	12
Sowing in the Morning	184
Sowing the Tares	59
Speak Gently to the Erring One	270
Speak Just a Word	73
Spread the Tidings	267
Standing on the Promises	223
Stand up, Stand up for Jesus	105
Steer Straight to the Light House	8
Step in the Life-boat	89
Step Out on the Promise	203
Sunshine in the Soul	207
Sweeping Through the Gates	29
Sweet Hour of Prayer	204
Sweet Peace the Gift of God's Love	241
Some Mother's Child	273
Take Me as I Am	19
Take My Life and Let it Be	261
The Coming Day	109
The Dispensation Day	67
The Fountain	271
The Gospel Feast	74
The Gates of Light Shall Open	160
The Half has Never yet Been Told	237
The Judgment	4
The Life-boat	78
The Life-boat is Launched	89
The Loyal Army	113
The Light of the Word Shines Brighter	15
The Last Chance	44
The Masters Calls for Reapers	92
The Music of His Name	94
The Morning Light is Breaking	106
The New Camp Ground	84
The New Song	177
The Penitent's Plea	202
The Resurrection	176
There is a Great Day Coming	253
There is a Fountain Flowing Free	271
There's a Hill, Lone and Gray	179
There's a Time That is Coming	210
There's a Song of a Broken Pinion	17
There's a City That Looks	36
There's a Dear and Precious Book	75
There is a Fountain	188, 229, 239, 249
There's an Open Fountain at the Cross	33
The Saviour With me	268
The Sands Have Been Washed in the	28
The Saviour is the Sinner's Friend	65
The Solid Rock	209
The Spirit is Calling	190
There's Sunshine in the Soul	207
Throw out the Life-line	93
Though Dark the Night	41
'Tis the Grandest Theme	222
'Tis the Old time Religion	182
Toplady	135
Toiling Now, Resting Then	30
To the Cross	39
Trust on	47
'Twas Rum that Spoiled my Boy	234
Unanswered Yet	12
Unfurl the Temperance Banner	107
Upon the Great Highway	5
Vote as you Pray	210
Walking in Fair Beulah Land	260
Wait on the Lord	51
Wait a Little While	177
Waiting for His Coming	173
Wash me in the Blood	249
Weary, Heavy-laden, Come	224
We are Marching to Zion	264
We are Moving Toward the City	42
We are Floating Down the Stream	78
Wedding Garment	11
We Have met To-day	84
We'll Walk in the Light	64
We'll Work till Jesus Comes	157
We Praise Thee, O God	153
We're on the Way	221
We're Marching to the Land Above	40
We Shall Run and not be Weary	87
What Will it Matter Bye and Bye?	26
What a Friend we Have in Jesus?	76
What a Fellowship?	162
What can Wash Away my Sins?	228
When I Get to the End of the Way	28
When I see the Blood	72
When Out in Sin and Darkness Lost	2
When the Lord Shall Call	56
When the People of God Were	45
When the Roll is Called Up Yonder	196
When you Start for the Land	71
When Jesus laid His Crown Aside	62
Where He Leads me I Will Follow	181
Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?	243
Where is my Soul To-night?	259
While Life Prolongs This Precious	123
Whiter Than Snow	49
Why do you Linger in Darkness?	257
Why go Around With Troubled Soul?	34
Why I Love Jesus	57
Why not To-night?	216
Why Stand ye Idle?	32
Who can Sing the Wondrous Song?	94
Who may Come?	197
Witness for Christ	111
Would you Know Why I Love Jesus?	57
Wonderful Words	212
Wonderful is the Saviour	206
Woodworth	136
Working With Jesus	193
Work for the Night is Coming	77
You Ask What Makes me Happy	18

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