Songs of Redemption

St CHARLES AVE BAPTIST CHURCH

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SP-000491

Songs *of* Redemption

A BOOK FOR CHURCH WORSHIP, EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS, CONVENTIONS AND BIBLE CONFERENCES, SUNDAY SCHOOLS, YOUNG PEOPLES' MEETINGS, AND ALL KINDS OF RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS

COMPILED BY W. PLUNKETT MARTIN AND JAMES W. JELKS

A COMMITTEE OF THE EVANGELISTIC SINGERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EVANGELISM OF THE HOME MISSION BOARD OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Eph. 5:19.

Music wakes the soul, and lifts it high, and wings with it sublime desires, and fits it to bespeak the Deity.—Addison.

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FOREWORD

The Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, through its Department of Evangelism, took the lead in bringing into importance among our churches the work of the evangelistic singer.

"The Sermon in Song" is coming to its rightful place in our religious gatherings, and we are thanking God more and more for those who dedicate their voices to the winning of the lost and to the reviving of those who are already saved.

Now these singers who belong to the "Evangelistic Staff", at the request of the Home Mission Board, and as a work of love for Christ and His cause, have prepared this book which they feel will best meet the needs of the many kinds of service they are called upon to direct. Their experience, their acquaintance, their musical ability, their desire to be a blessing, their love for Christ and His churches and for the lost, all find expression here in these selections.

They have given months of hard work in getting this book together, and many of the songs have been secured only because they represented the Baptist Home Mission Board, whose action enlisted their efforts and into whose treasury will go any and all profits which may come from the sale of "Songs of Redemption".

WILLIAM WISTAR HAMILTON,
Superintendent of Evangelism.

Baptist Home Mission Board,
Atlanta, Ga., October 1, 1920.

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I Know Whom I Have Believed.

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El Nathan. **James McGranahan.**

Moderato.

M. 100 = ♩

1. I know not why God's won-drous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing In His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wear - y ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, and am per - suad-ed that He is

a - ble To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."

The Glory of His Love.

J. W. J. Copyright, 1920, by Rob't H. Coleman. Jas. W. Jelks.

1. Let us praise the Sav - iour day by day; Praise Him for His
2. Praise the Lord to - day for sav - ing grace; Praise Him for His
3. Je - sus came to earth the lost to save; On the cru - el
4. Je - sus waits to give you sweet re - lease; Waits to give the

love so full and free, Let us sing His prais - es all the way;
good-ness all the days; Praise Him, for He took the sin - ners' place,
cross His life He gave; Came to give us vic - t'ry o'er the grave,
sin - ner joy and peace; So our praise to Him shall nev - er cease,

CHORUS.

Oh, the glo - ry of His love. Oh, what won-drous glo - ry;

Oh, the glo - ry Je - sus gives us; Oh, what won - drous

glo - ry; Oh, the glo - ry of His love.

3

Only a Sinner.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY D B. TOWNER.
CHARLES M ALEXANDER, OWNER.

James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.

M. 92 = ♩

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

stowed it since I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a - base;
foot - steps from God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case,
saved me, or else I must die.; Sin had a-larmed me, fear - ing God's face;
Sav - ior, to tell what he knows; Once more to tell it would I em-brace—

CHORUS.

I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace.
I now am a sin - ner saved by grace.
But now I'm a sin - ner saved by grace.
I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace.

On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace, On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to God be the glo-ry,—I'm on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

So May You.

Copyright, 1912, by Rodeheaver-Ackley Co.
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

1. I have found a Friend to guide me, So may you— so may you.
2. I have had my fet - ters bro - ken, So may you— so may you.
3. To this might - y Friend I'm cling - ing, So may you— so may you.
4. I to Him my heart have giv - en, So may you— so may you.

I've a Com- fort - er be - side me, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
I have heard for-give-ness spo-ken, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
All the while my heart is sing - ing, Burden'd soul, and so may you.
I shall fol - low Him to Heav - en, Burden'd soul, and so may you.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is my pre - cious Sav-iour, He's my Friend, and He is true;

I have found a great Com-pan - ion, So may you, and you, and you.

Follow On.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYAN LOWRY.
RENEWAL.

W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.

M. 80 = ♩

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-ior I would go, Where the storms are sweep-ing and the dark wa - ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe-ly in the path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! An- y - where, ev-'ry-where, I would fol-low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus!

FINE.

D.S.—*Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on!*

D. S.

Saved!

H. E. B. COPYRIGHT, 1913. BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. Rev. H. E. Bright.

1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan-d'ring
2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and
3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount-ains;
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion,

out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
fightings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre-cious ful - ness
down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, strong to keep me;
shin - ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,

CHORUS.

Flood-ed my soul with His won-drous light.
Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
Fol - low-ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.

this is my sto - ry:—Je-sus my Sav-ior cleanses and keeps me! I'm

saved!saved! filled with His glo-ry! Glo-ry to Je-sus, His grace is free.

The Old Rugged Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. BENNARD.
WORDS AND MUSIC.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

G. B. SOLO AND CHORUS. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of suf - f'ring and shame,
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a wondrous at- trac - tion for me,
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous beau - ty I see;
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re- proach glad - ly bear;

And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged cross, the
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,

old rug - ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Slieper. Copyright, 1914, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful failure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

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

Out of my sickness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in - to rap - tures a-
Out of the depths of ru - in un-told, In - to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing

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

In The Garden.

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C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

1. I come to the gar - den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear; The
sing - ing, And the mel - o - dy That He gave to me, With-
fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - clos - es.
in my heart is ring - ing. And He walks with me, and He
voice to me is call - ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the

joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth-er has ev - er known.

I Love to Think of Jesus.

Copyright, 1919, by Adam Geibel Music Co. International copyright secured.

C. Austin Miles. Adam Geibel.

Solo, or all in Unison.

1. I love to think of Je-sus, who else could it be, Who could come down from heav'n to save a soul like me? To think of Him does not re-pay the debt I owe, I'll do my best my grat-i-tude to show.....
2. I love to think that He has giv-en me a part In par-don that He purchased with a bro-ken heart; And oft my eyes are fill'd with tears as I re-call What He has done for me, and for us all.....
3. I love to think of Je-sus when I am dis-trest, To think up-on His prom-ise brings a bliss-ful rest; In sor-row, pain and an-guish He is near I know, It is no won-der that I love Him so.....
4. I love to think of Him when tears of sor-row fall, To know that He has suf-fered and He knows it all; It gives me strength to bear my bur-dens nor com-plain, I nev-er yet have called to Him in vain.....

CHORUS. *

I love..... to think of Je-sus..... I love to think of Je-sus and His love for me; My love..... to think of Je-sus, soul is loss in wonder that such love could be; I've known the love of moth-er, Of

* The lower notes are the melody and are to be sung by the low voices (Alto and Bass.) The upper notes, (small) are to be sung by the high voices (Soprano and Tenor), or they may be merely played.

I Love to Think of Jesus.

Parts. *rit.*

sister, friend and brother, Like Jesus there's no oth-er, He's more than all to me.

11 Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. **W. H. Doane.**

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

1. Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gressions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,

p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

12

Friend Without Jesus.

Rev. Samuel Glasgow. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY J W HENDERSON **J. W. Henderson.**

M. 60 = ♩.

1. Friend with-out Je - sus, why strive in vain? Why car - ry bur - dens
2. Friend with-out Je - sus, why do you wait? Why are you stand - ing
3. Friend with-out Je - sus, why still de - lay? He says, "My lost child,

and sins that stain? Je - sus is read - y bur-dens to lift, Darkness to
out-side the gate? He is the One the Fa-ther has sent, He calls "Come
trust Me to-day;" His arms shall welcome to realms a - bove, Friend without

CHORUS.

scat - ter, all clouds to rift.
home," all ye who re - pent. Friend with-out Je - sus, He died for
Je - sus, yield to His love.

thee, From sin's long bond- age He'll make you free; "All of thy

bur-dens rest now on Me," Friend without Je - sus, He died for thee.

13 He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

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Virgil P. Brock. Blanche Kerr Brock.

M. 92 = ♩

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus rescued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to comfort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to

me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a

So won-der-ful!

CHORUS.

won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful!

Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful! won-der-ful!

lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.

One Day.

Copyright, 1910, by Chns. H. Marsh. Chas. M. Alexander, owner.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. **Chas. H. Marsh.**

1. One day when heav - en was fill'd with His prais - es, One day when sin
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, One day they nailed
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the gar - den, One day He rest -
4. One day when full - ness of time was fast dawn-ing, One day the stone
5. One day He's com - ing! for Him I am long - ing; One day the skies

was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be
Him for me on the tree; Won - der - ful Coun - sel - lor
ed from suf - fer - ing free, An - gels came down then to
moved a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver
with His glo - ry will shine; Won - der - ful day, my be -

born of a vir - gin, Lived, loved and labored—my Teach-er is He.
they had ac-claim'd Him, Now He is Je - sus—my Je - sus is He.
keep sa - cred vig - il, Weight-ed with sins, my Re - deem-er is He.
death He had conquered, Now He's as-cend - ed, my Lord ev - er - more.
lov - ed ones bring-ing; Hope of the hope - less, this Je - sus is mine.

CHORUS.

Liv - ing He loved me, dy - ing He saved me, Bur - ied He car - ried my

sins far a - way; Ris - ing He jus - ti - fied, free - ly for -

One Day. Concluded.



15 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gillmour. Used by permissien. **Mrs. C. H. Morris.**



He Keeps Me Singing.

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L. B. B. L. B. Bridgers.

M. 100 = ♩



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





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



CHORUS.



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



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



17 Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

M. 44. = ♩.

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

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

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

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

pp

18 Have You Forgotten God?

Copyright, 1914, by Homer A. Rodeheaver.

C. H. G. International copyright secured. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In the glare of earth-ly pleas-ure, In the fight for earth-ly
2. You are thought-ful of the stran-ger From the pal-ace or the
3. While His dai-ly grace re-ceiv-ing Are you still His spir-it
4. While His boun-ty you're ac-cept-ing, Are you His com-mands neg-
5. See the shades of night ap-pall-ing, On your path-way now are

treasure, 'Mid your bless-ing with-out meas-ure, Have you for-got-ten God?
man-ger, And the weak you shield from dan-ger—Have you for-got-ten God?
grieving By a heart of un-be-liev-ing—Have you for-got-ten God?
lect-ing, And His call to you re-ject-ing—Have you for-got-ten God?
fall-ing! Hear ye not those voic-es call-ing—Have you for-got-ten God?

CHORUS.

Have you for-got-ten God? Have you for-got-ten God? O

soul, I plead, Be-ware! take heed! Have you for-got-ten God?

19 Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY L. E. SWENEY, RENEWAL. HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.

Fanny J. Crosby. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

M. 100 = ♩

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in an - guish and pain;

CHO.—*Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;*

FINE.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri-um-phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.

Tell me the sto - ry most pre-cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.

Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel-comed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;

D.C. for Cho.

"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, re - ject-ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran-som for me.

20

I Choose Jesus.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1913, by Hildebrand-Burnett Co. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Someone my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm - y sea,
3. When I need help to de - feat the foe, Someone my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,

Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
Al - ways to Je - sus I give con - trol, He is the best for me.
Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me,
Je - sus shall bear me to yon-der shore, He is the best for me.

CHORUS.

I choose Je - sus when I need a friend,.... What I need I know that He will send;.... I have proved Him, good and true is He;.... I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me.....
Yes, I choose my Sav-iour al-ways helpful friend, What I need I know that surely He to me will freely send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and always know I choose my Saviour dear, of all for me.

21 At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. **R. E. Hudson.**

M. 100 = ♩

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

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way,—'T is 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
rolled a - way,
faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

22 When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

M. 76 = ♩.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev -'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo - ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in,.....When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in;....When love shines in,.....When
When love shines in;.. When love shines in,..

When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.



23 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1905, by The John Church Co. P. P. Bliss.



Who Will Go?

Julia H. Johnston. Copyright, 1908, by J. W. Henderson. **J. W. Henderson.**

1. "Who is there a - mong you"—'tis the Mas-ter's voice—"Who will bear My
2. Who will go in pa - tience thro' the broad high-ways? Who will take the
3. Who will go, un - fear - ing harm and wear - i - ness, Walk-ing in His
4. Who will go, un - tir - ing, full of faith and love, Knowing there re-

mes - sage, mak - ing me His choice? Who for serv - ice read - y
by - ways, not for hu - man praise? Who will go for Je - sus
foot - steps, break-ing hearts to bless? Who will go in pit - y,
main - eth rest in heav'n a - bove? Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter,

now will vol - un - teer? Let him answer glad-ly, while I bend to hear."
where the shadows fall, In His name up-lift-ing stray-ing ones that fall?
seek-ing for the lost? Who will follow Je-sus, count-ing not the cost?
who has loved me so, On Thy gracious errands help me now to go.

REFRAIN. *Unison.**

Who will lis - ten glad - ly, who will make re - ply? Haste, O haste to

* Small notes for Instrument and a few Soprano voices.

Who Will Go?

ad lib.

an - swer, ere the day goes by! Who will lis - ten glad - ly,

who will make re - ply, "Send me on Thine errand, Master, here am I?"

25 When He Cometh.

W. O. Cushing. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

1. When He com-eth, when He cometh, To make up His jew-els, All His
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His kingdom; All the
3. Lit - tle children, lit - tle children, Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the

CHORUS.

jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. { Like the stars of the
jew-els, precious jew-els, His loved and His own. { They shall shine in their

morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing, }
beau - ty, (*Omit*..... } Bright gems for His crown.

Joy.

Copyright. 1913, by Hildebrand-Burnett Co. Used by per.

Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Je-sus has come to reign; Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus on
2. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Je-sus, the sinner's friend, Loves us, saves us, Cares for us
3. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Je-sus, who died for all, Seeks us, saves us, If we but

Cal-v'ry slain; Crown Him, crown Him! He who on Cal-va-ry died, Sav-iour,
to the end; Hail Him, hail Him! Hail Him Redeemer and King, Praise Him,
heed His call; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Glo - ry and hon-or be Thine, Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Him who they cru-ci-fied. King most . glo - rious!
praise Him! Earth and the angels sing.
Saviour, Saviour and King di - vine! Sing we for gladness, O King most glorious!

All vic - to - rious! Hon - or! hon - or! all hon - or and
O - ver the grave and the world vic-to-rious!

hom-age to Thee! Seek the sin - ner! Great soul-
Thou wert sent earthward to seek the sinner, Sent down to be the

Joy.

win - ner; Hail, King! Reign Thou! Reign Thou, dear Saviour, e-ter-nal-ly!
great soul-winner;

27 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

M. J. B. Copyright, 1917, by Robert H. Colcman. M. J. Babbitt.

1. There's no friend to me like Je - sus, He my ev - 'ry need sup-plies;
2. All, yes, all to me is Je - sus, Blest Re-deem-er, Sav-iour, Guide,
3. I will nev-er cease to love Him, He who died to set me free;

He not on - ly saves but keeps me, Noth - ing good from me de - nies.
And from ev - 'ry foe de - fends me, And in Him I'll ev - er hide.
Now in Him I am a - bid - ing, And some day His face I'll see.

CHORUS.

Yes, in Him I'm ful - ly trust - ing, Yes, thro' Him I'll con-quer all;

For I know He saves and keeps me, And He'll nev - er let me fall.

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black, owner of copyright. Used by per. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us

morning breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gath-er
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gath-er
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,

o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

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

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

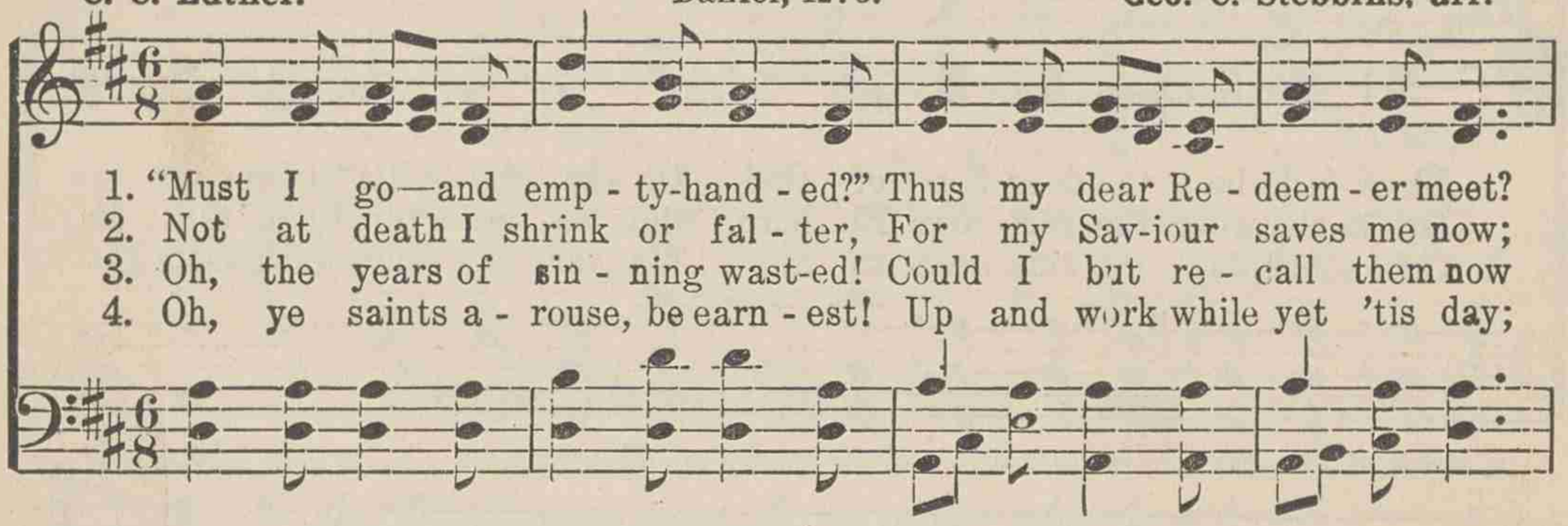
The Whole Wide World.



31 Must I Go—and Empty-Handed?

Copyright, 1908, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal. Used by permission.

C. C. Luther. Daniel, 12:3. Geo. C. Stebbins, arr.





CHORUS.



32

Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. By per. Oliver Ditson & Co., owners of copyright. H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless-ed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee; Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On-ly by His stripes are we
Griev-ous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered not thus in
Crim-son do my sins seem to me, Wa-ter can-not wash them a-

healed; Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart
vain; May I to that fount-ain be led, Made to cleanse my sins
way; Je-sus, to that fount-ain of Thine, Leaning on Thy prom-

pain and woe: Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-
here be-low; Wash me in the blood that was shed, And I shall be whit-
ise I'll go; Cleanse me with Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-

CHORUS.

er than snow. Whit - - - er than snow;
Whiter than the snow, Whit-er than the snow;

Blessed be the Fountain.

Whit - - - er than snow, Wash me in the bloo
Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
of the Lamb, than snow.

33 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P. Copyright, 1907, by Geo. C. Stebbins Used by per, Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound - ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield - ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum - bly I bow.
Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

34

Tell It to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Used by per. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav-y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troub-led at the tho't of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor- row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh-ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,

He is a Friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

35 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 = ♩

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a h pe that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell n that Cit-y I know, Since Je-sus came

in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,

CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart. Since Je-sus came in-to my heart,
Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart;

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

He Did Not Die In Vain.

Duet for Mezzo-Soprano and Tenor or Unison Chorus throughout.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Copyright, 1901, by Tullar-Meredith Co. **Grant Colfax Tullar.**

With expression.



1. My bless-ed Lord was cru - ci - fied, The day was dark, and grief was wide,
2. He brings His great sal - va-tion nigh, And on His love bids us re - ly;
3. O, wond'rous news of life and love! That Je-sus lives and reigns a - bove!



For hope was crushed and all seemed vain, Un - til that Saviour rose a - gain.
He bought our peace thro' grief and pain; But oh! He did not die in vain!
He made the path to glo - ry plain; Ah, no! He did not die in vain.



CHORUS.



Ring out the bless - ed news a - gain! Oh! bear a - loft the strain;

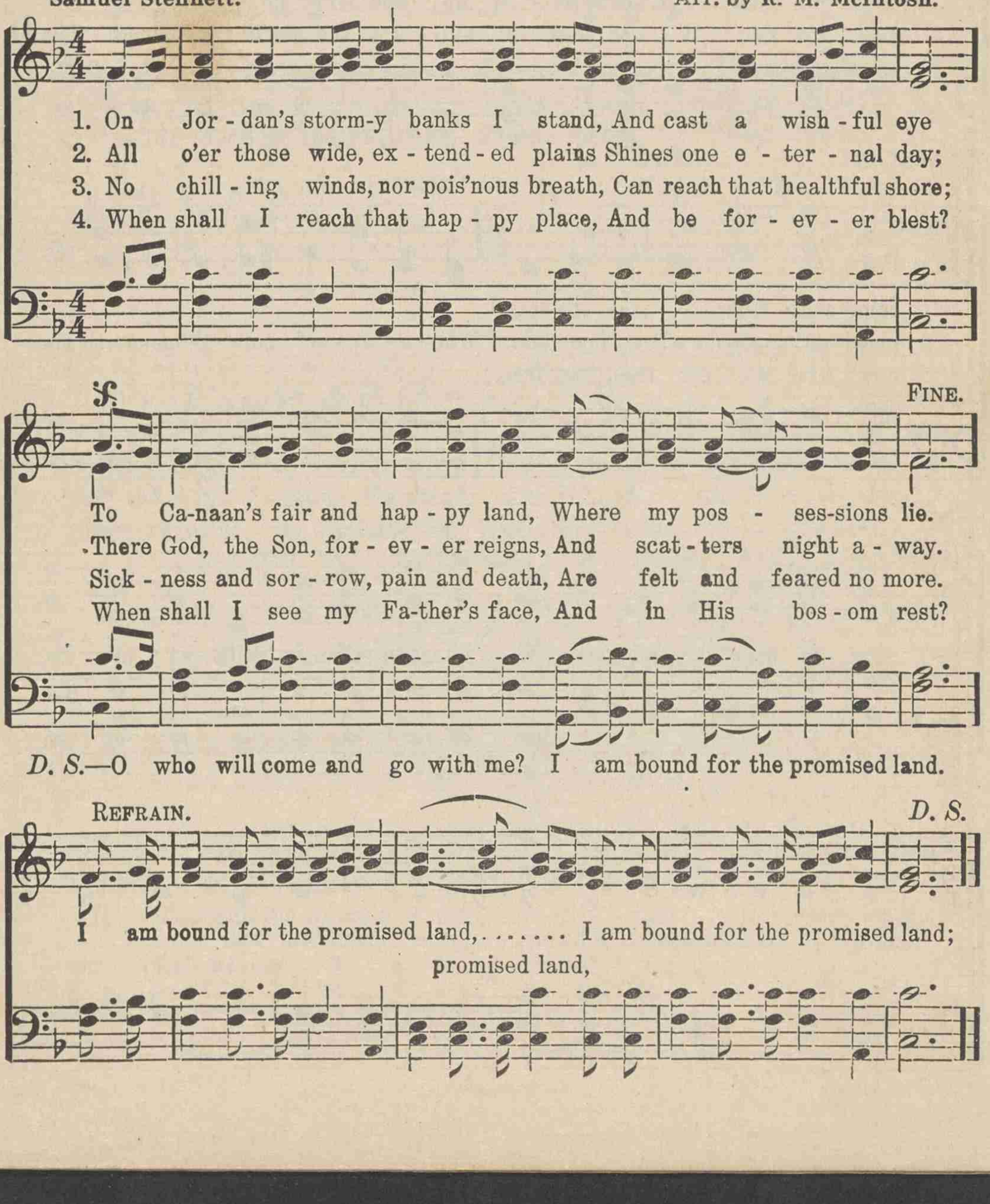


He Did Not Die In Vain.



37 The Promised Land.

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



38

"Whosoever" Meaneth Me.

J. E. M.

Copyright, 1914, by Charlie D. Tillman.

J. Edwin McConnell.

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

CHORUS.

Sure - ly mean-eth me, O sure - ly mean-eth me; "Who - so - ev - er," sure - ly mean-eth me, "Who - so - ev - er" mean-eth me.

mean - eth me.

39

Jesus Leads.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.

John R. Clements. Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 76 = ♩

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
2. All a - long life's rug-ged road, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,
3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads,

Je-sus leads, Je - sus leads,

Dai - ly finds us pas-tures new, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
Thro' the warrings and the strife Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound - 'ry-line re-cedes,

(1) If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

rit.

He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
Safe in - to the folds of God Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
He will spread the waves a - side, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.

Je - sus leads,

40 The Saviour For Me.

W. M. R. Copyright, 1918, by W. M. Runyan. William M. Runyan.

Duet.

1. From heav-en a - bove, in His in - fin - ite love, Came Je - sus, a
2. The birds had their nest and the peo - ple their rest, While Je - sus all
3. For sil - ver be - trayed, in mock pur - ple ar - rayed, Con-demned to a

Sav-iour to be; And He scorned the deep pain our ransom to gain,
night made His plea; On the moun-tain a - lone was the Father's dear Son,
death on the tree; Then they led Him a - way on that Won-der-ful Day,

O He is the Sav - iour for me.....
the Sav - iour for me.

CHORUS.

O Je - sus is will - ing to be ..... A Sav - iour for
and wait-ing to be

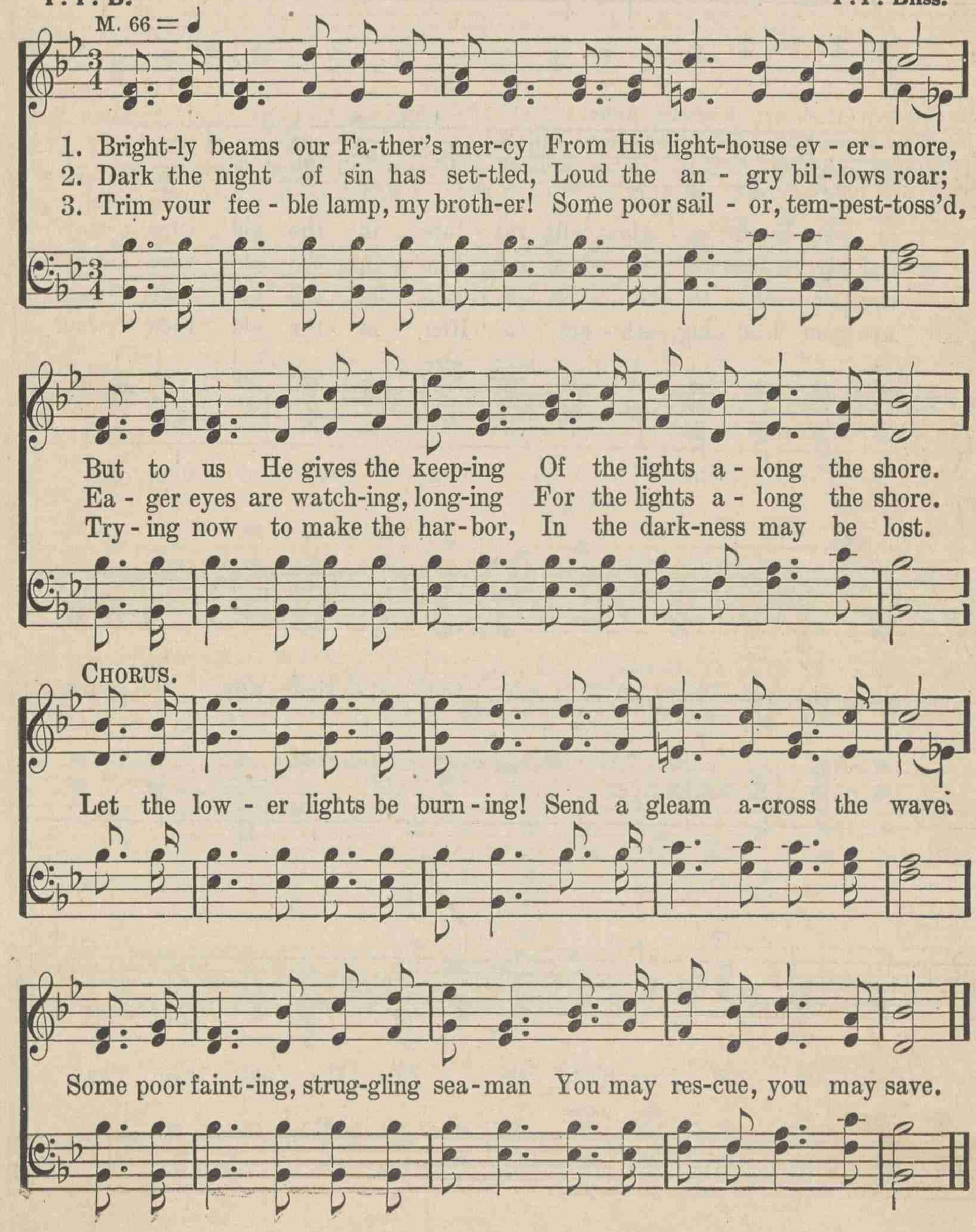
sin - ners like me, ... And the bur - den will roll from the
e - ven me,

The Saviour For Me.



41 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



42

The Old Time Way.

Copyright, 1908, by Charles M. Alexander.

International copyright secured.

R. H. **Robert Harkness.**

1. Do you love the bless - ed Sav - iour In the old time way?
2. Are you keep-ing close to Je - sus In the old time way?
3. Have you made a full sur - ren - der In the old time way?
4. Are you work-ing for His king - dom In the old time way?

Is your heart a - glow with rap - ture In the old time way?
Dai - ly walk - ing in His pres - ence In the old time way?
Giv - en all to fol - low Je - sus In the old time way?
Are you lead - ing oth - ers to Him In the old time way?

CHORUS.

In the old time way, In the old time way, We must

claim the old time bless - ing In the old time way.

43 Ye Must Be Born Again.

Copyright, 1877, by Fleming H. Revell.
Renewal, 1905, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

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

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

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born again." ..... "Ye must be born a-
a - gain.

gain,"..... "Ye must be born a - gain,"..... I ver - i - ly,
a - gain, a - gain,

ver - i - ly say unto thee, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....
a - gain.

44 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.**

M. 69 = ♩.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi-sions of rap - ture now burst on my sight! An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a-bove, Filled with His

CHORUS.

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

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

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

45

"Whatsoever He Saith."

W. W. Hamilton, Th. D. Copyright, 1920, by Rob't H. Coleman. James W. Jelks.

1. Ma - ny strange voices are call - ing, Ask-ing thy love and thy life,
2. Ma - ny great questions con-front thee, Problems which each one must meet,
3. How canst thou know when to lis - ten? How canst thou know what is true?

Seek - ing to lead thee from Je - sus, Seek-ing to fill thee with strife.
Paths which are broad and al-lur - ing, Read - y with snares for thy feet.
Where is the safe way to fol - low? How canst thou know what to do?

CHORUS.

Wait for the voice of the Mas - ter, Lis - ten, and make Him your choice;

Do what - so - ev - er He saith, ... Learn how to know His dear voice.

46 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not nar - row self your way de-bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
3. Here for all your ta-lent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re- flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your hum-ble hand the bread of

REFRAIN.

now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

har-bor you may guide a-cross the bar, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

47 Redeemed by the Blood of Jesus.

I. E. R. Copyright, 192), by I. E. Reynolds I. E. Reynolds.

1. Glo - ry to God, I am saved to - day, Re-deemed by the
2. Oh, how I love Him and trust His word, Re-deemed by the
3. Friend without Je - sus, come join in the song, Re-deemed by the
4. Yes, it is sweet to trust His great love, Re-deemed by the

blood of Je - sus; Now I am hap - py in Him al - way,
blood of Je - sus; Try - ing to warn those who've nev - er heard,
blood of Je - sus; Trust-ing Him on - ly you'll join the throng,
blood of Je - sus; Liv - ing for - ev - er, we'll praise Him a - bove,

CHORUS.

Re-deemed by the blood of Je - sus. Re-deemed,..... re-
Re-deemed by the blood, re-

deemed,..... Re-deemed by the blood of Je - sus; Re-deemed,.....
deemed by the blood, Re-deemed by the blood,

re-deemed,..... Re-deemed by the blood of Je - sus.
re-deemed by the blood,

48 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

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

M. 92 = ♩

1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die—

CHORUS.

I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a-waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.

star - ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev - er; At His feet I'll lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

I Will Sing.

Dedicated to my friend, W. Plunkett Martin.

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1921, by J. P. Scholfield.

J. P. Scholfield.



1. Since I have let the lov - ing Sav - iour in, I will sing;
2. Since Je - sus took my sins to Cal - va - ry, I will sing;
3. Since Je - sus lift - ed me and made me whole, I will sing;
4. There's now such joy and peace with - in my soul, I will sing;

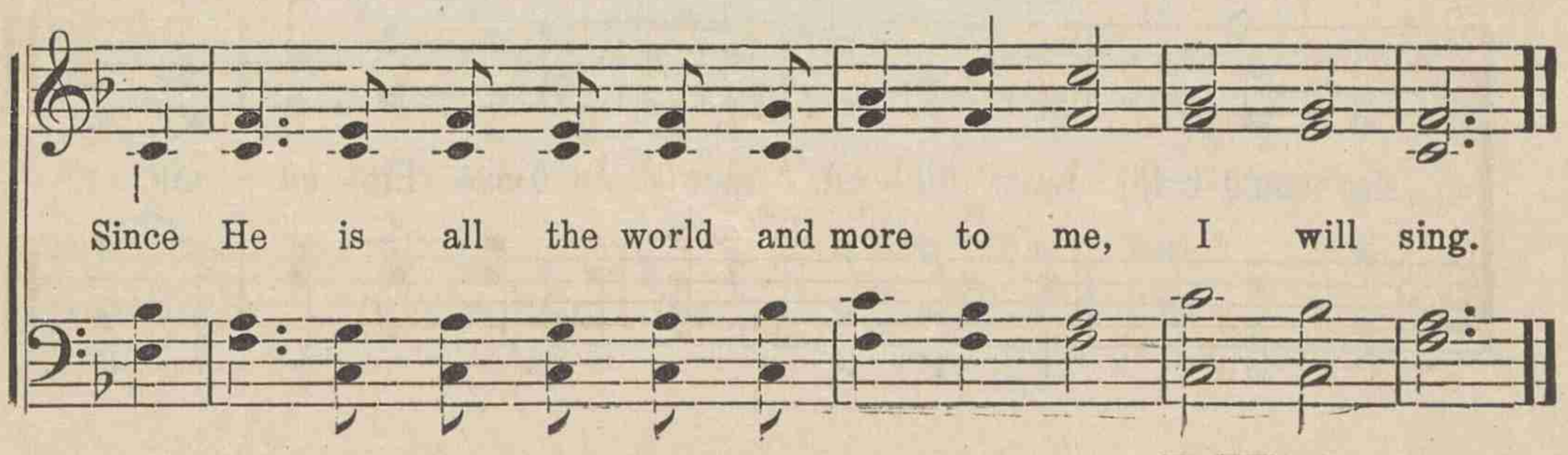


Since He has borne a - way my guilt and sin, I will sing.
Since He has giv - en light and lib - er - ty, I will sing.
Since I have yield - ed all to His con - trol, I will sing.
Tho' bur - dens press and an - gry bil - lows roll, I will sing.



CHORUS.

For His glo - ry I will sing, To His serv - ice glad songs bring;



Since He is all the world and more to me, I will sing.

50 Love Lifted Me.

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ROBERT H COLEMAN, OWNER.

James Rowe. Howard E. Smith.

M. 69 = ♩.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly stained with-in, Sink - ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais - es sing. Love so might-y and so true
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa - ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer - its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!..... When noth - ing e - ven me! e - ven me!

else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift - ed me.

51

Count Me One.

Copyrignt, 1919, by Charles O. Miller,

Harriett Pierson. Charles O. Miller.

1. Hear the call to serv-ice in the ar - my of the Lord; Who will be the
2. Who will wear His col-ors in the cause of truth and right, All the hosts of
3. Who'll go bravely forward till the wea - ry march is done, Loy - al to the

first to make re - ply? When the voice of Jesus Christ, the great Commander calls,
e - vil to de - fy? Who will bear the standard in the fierc-est of the fight?
name of God most high? Who will wage His bat-tle till the vic - to - ry is won?

CHORUS.

Will you an - swer "I"? Count me one on the Lord's side Ere the day is
Ere the

done; Count me one a-mong His soldiers true, Count me one.
day is done; Count me one.

52 Sweeter As the Years Go By.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple thronged a-bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken-heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In

3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss—To bear with-out a mur - mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev - er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e - ven me.
our Re - deem - er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.



53 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lillian Baxter. Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. W. H. Doane.



54 Give of Your Best to the Master.

H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor-thy His love;

REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

FINE.

Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;

Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life with-out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

rall. *D. C.*

Give Him your loy-al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful-ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion; Give Him the best that you have.

55 When I Think How He Loved Me.

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E. E. Hewitt. **B. D. Ackley.**

M. 76 = ♩

1. When I think of how He loved me, When He left His home on high,
2. When I think of how He loved me, In the dark Geth-sem-a-ne,
3. When I think of how He loved me, "Great-er love" could never be,
4. When I think of how He loved me, While a sin-ner far a - stray,

To be mocked, despised, for-sak-en, That my soul should nev-er die:
Of the ag - o - ny He suf - fered, Wrestling there in prayer for me:
How He bore my sins and sor - rows, On the cross of Cal - va - ry:
Let my love find sweet ex-pres-sion, Serv-ing Him from day to day.

CHORUS.

I will praise, for-ev - er praise Him, I will glo - ri - fy His name;

O the won-der that He loves me, Pre - cious Je - sus, still the same!

56 Meet Me There.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 96 = ♩

1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves a - way
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er sparkling bright,
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend

D. S.—*storms of life are o'er,*

In - to pure and per - fect day, I am go - ing home to stay,
In the cit - y of de - light, Where our faith is lost in sight,
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end,

On the hap - py, gold - en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more,

FINE. CHORUS.

Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,

Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there,

Meet me there.

D. S.

Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there, (Meet me there,) When the

57 Does Jesus Care?

Rev. Frank E. Graeff. COPYRIGHT 1901, BY HALL-MACK CO. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some temp-ta-tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-by" To the dear-est on earth to me,

As the bur-dens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows wear-y and long?
As the day-light fades In-to deep night shades, Does He care e-nough to be near?
When for my deep grief There is no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
And my sad heart aches Till it near-ly breaks, Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares, I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;....

ad lib. *rit.*

When the days are weary, The long night dreary, I know my Sav-ior cares.....

He cares.

Pardon at Calvary.

B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1920, by B. B. McKinney.

B. B. McKinney.



1. I heard my Sav - iour sweet-ly say, "There's pardon at Cal - va - ry;
2. From His dear side a heal-ing stream, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry;
3. I came to Him by sin de - filed, Found par-don at Cal - va - ry;
4. Oh, sin - ner, come to Christ to - day, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry.

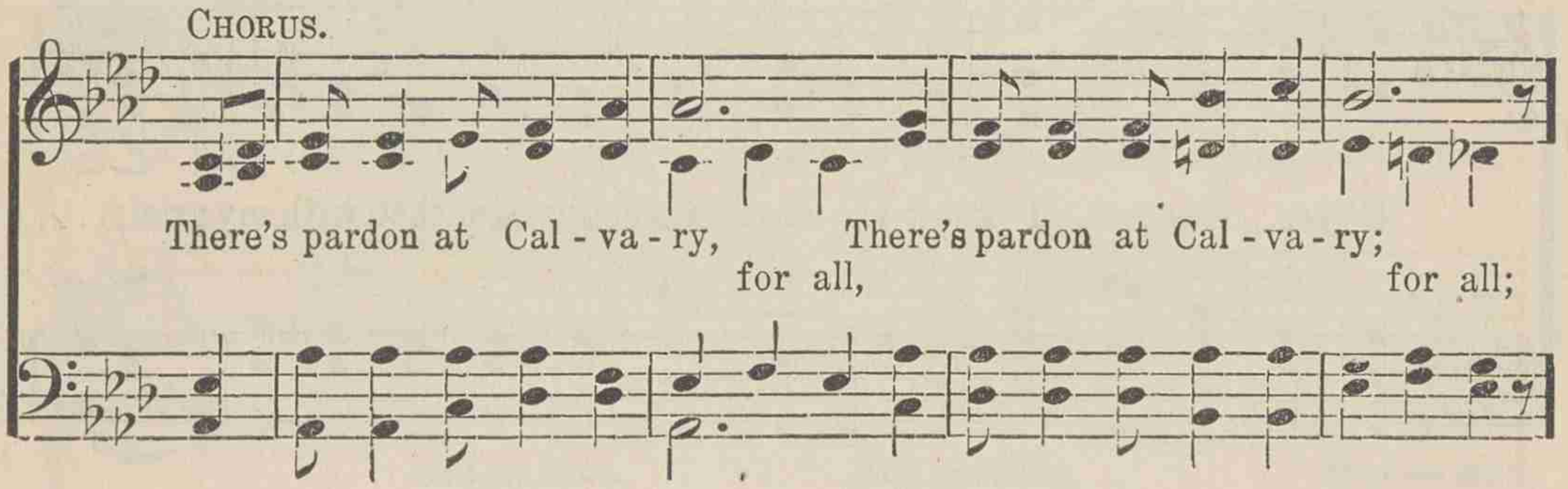




Come, wash the stains of sin a - way, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry."
Flows free for ev - 'ry soul un-clean, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry.
He blest my soul, on me He smiled, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry.
He'll take your load of sin a - way, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



There's pardon at Cal - va - ry, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry;
for all, for all;



He paid the debt that set me free, There's pardon at Cal - va - ry.

59 Nothing Between Me and Jesus.

S. Ellers. Copyright, 1920, by E. O. Sellers. Ernest O. Sellers.

1. There is noth - ing be - tween me and Je - sus, My sin He has
2. There is no pleas-ure earth can be - stow,.... No joy in its
3. Oh, the fel - low-ship I am en - joy - ing, The world can - not

tak - en a - way; His blood is ap-plied, The law jus - ti - fied, In
cup I can see; His love is more sweet, His joy more complete, Than
take nor im - part; His love it is mine, This Sav - iour di - vine, Who

CHORUS.

Him now I live each day.
all the world of - fers me. Noth - ing be-tween me and Je - sus,
dwell-eth with - in my heart.

Noth-ing to hide His dear face;..... There is naught of this world and its
His dear face;

rall.

pleas - ures That com-pares with His mer - cy and grace.....
His mer - cy and grace.

I Shall Stay With Jesus.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1920, by Jas. W. Jelks, Macon, Ga. Jas. W. Jelks.

1. Tho' the world to sin may call me, I shall stay with Je - sus;
2. Sure of com - fort for my sor - row, I shall stay with Je - sus;
3. What-so - ev - er ills o'er - take me, I shall stay with Je - sus;
4. Till I reach my home su - per - nal, I shall stay with Je - sus;

Here no e - vil can be - fall me, I shall stay with Je - sus.
Hope and light and joy to bor - row, I shall stay with Je - sus.
Sure that He will not for - sake me, I shall stay with Je - sus.
There thro' all the day e - ter - nal, I shall stay with Je - sns.

CHORUS.

I shall stay with Christ, my Friend, And up - on His grace de - pend;

That with Him I may as - cend, I shall stay with Je - sus.

61 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. **William G. Fischer.**

M. 84 = ♩

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan-cies Of all my gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger- ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

Be-cause I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
For some have never heard The message of sal-va-tion From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

62

My Savior First of All.

COPYRIGHT. 1891 BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me, to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus - ter of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

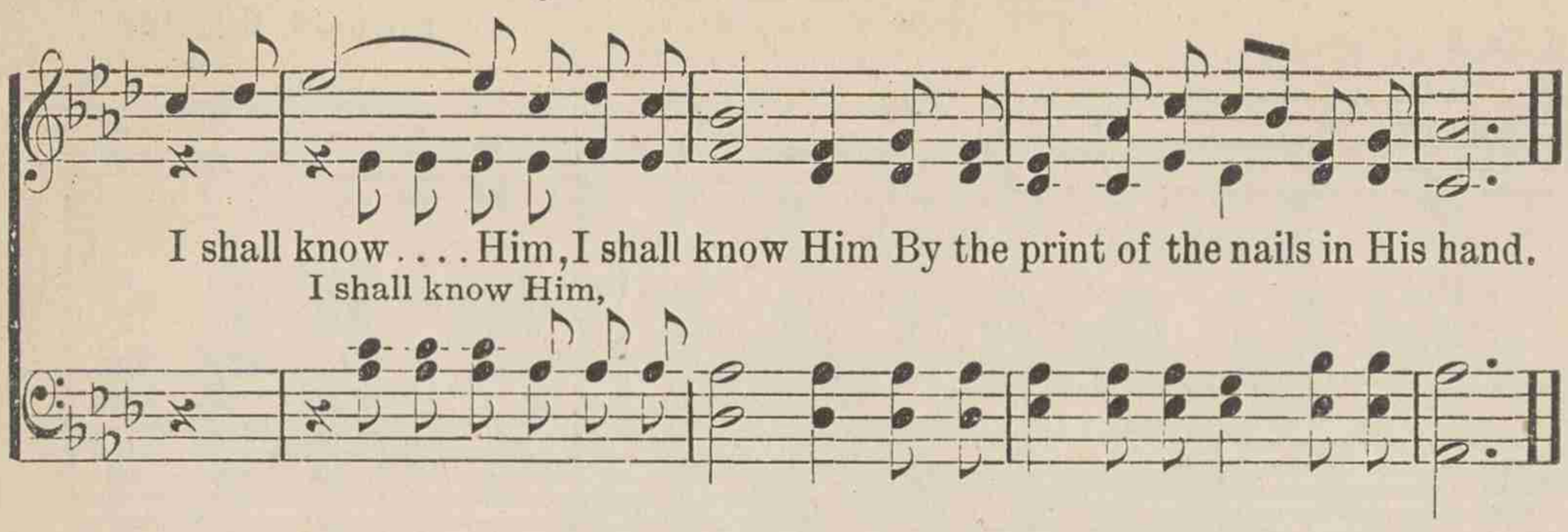
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know..... Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand.

I shall know Him

My Savior First of All.

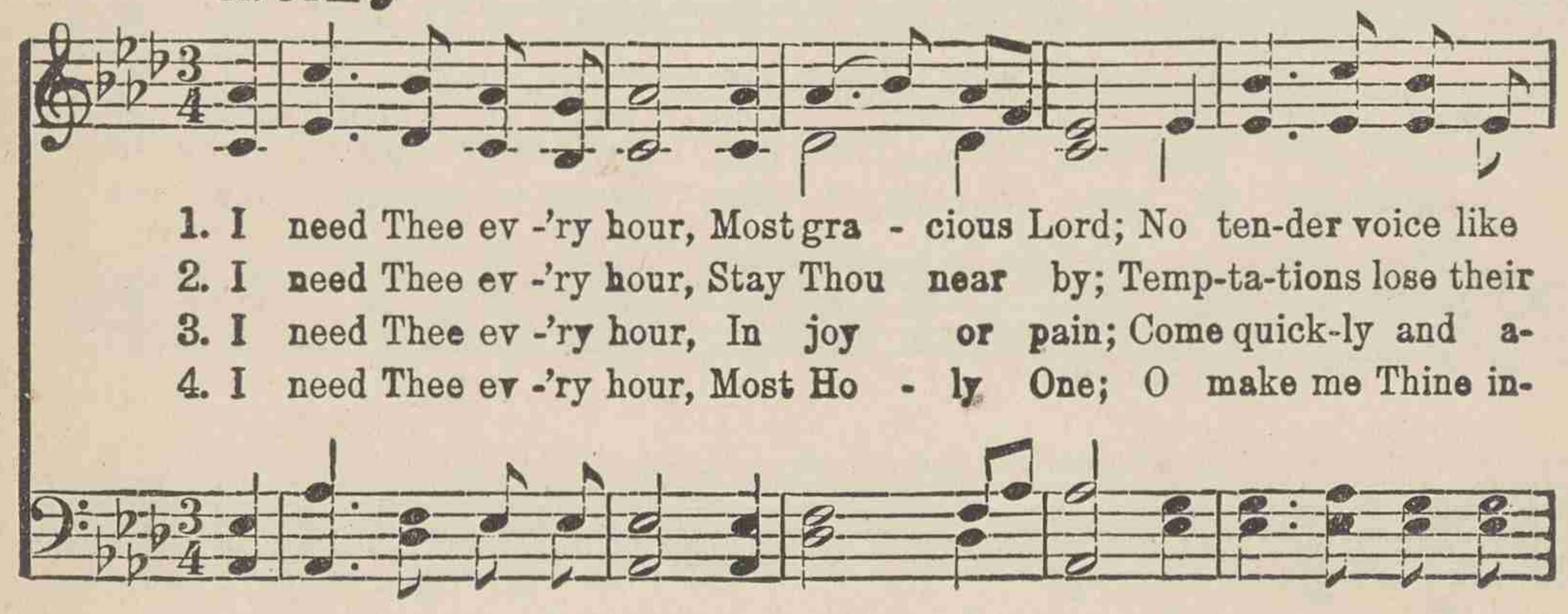


63 I Need Thee Every Hour.

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Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. Renewal. Used by per. Rev. Robert Lowry.

M. 84 = ♩



CHORUS.





64

Make Me a Blessing.

J. S. R.

Julius S. Rushing.

1. Make me a bless - ing for Je - sus to - day, Make me a
2. Make me a bless - ing for Je - sus my King, Make me a
3. Liv - ing and pray - ing for those who are lost, Go - ing the

work - er for Je - sus; Help me to sing and to
work - er for Je - sus; Help me to go in - to
path - way of sor - row, Beg them to stop and con-

pray all the way, Win - ning the err - ing for Je - sus.
hedg - es of sin, Bring - ing the lost ones to Je - sus.
sid - er the cost, Be - ing a - way from their Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

Make me a blessing for Je - sus, Win-ning by earn-est en - deav - or,

Make me a blessing for Je - sus, Sing-ing His prais-es for ev - er.

65 Yield Not to Temptation.

USED BY PERMISSION.

H. R. P. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

M. 66 = ♩.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic - t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ion, Bad lan-guage dis - dain; God's name hold in rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re - new; Look ev - er to Je - sus He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

66

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. Copyright property of Fannie T. Doane. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That wonder-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earnest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's

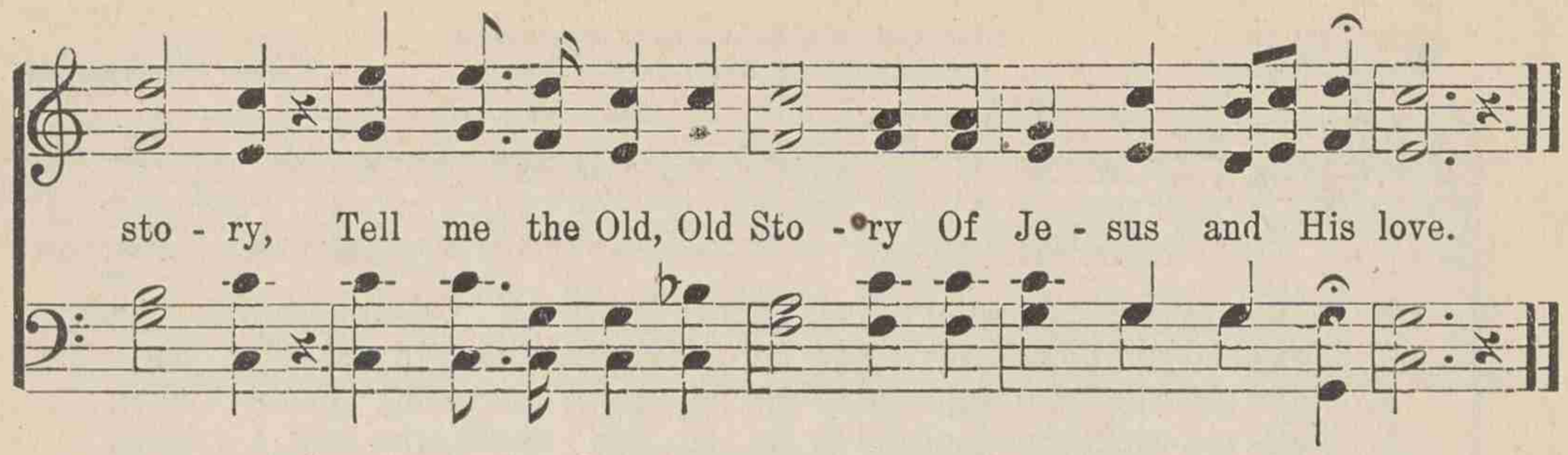
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp - tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear-ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In a - ny time of trou - ble, A
glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

help-less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
com - fort-er to me.
Je-sus makes thee whole."

CHORUS.

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



67 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. CHRISTMAS CAROL. **Franz Gruber.**





68 Make Me What You Want Me to Be.

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W. C. Poole. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

M. 52 = ♩.

1. Make me what you want me to be, O Lord,—I be-long to Thee,..
2. Make me what you want me to be in heart, Saved from ev-'ry sin,....
3. Make me what you want me to be in deed, Serv-ing Thee a-lone,...
4. Make me what you want me to be, to win Souls who are a-stray,..
5. Make me what you want me to be for I Trust a-lone in Thee;..
6. Make me what you want me to be, dear Lord, All for-ev-er Thine,..

In tho't and in pur-pose, in deed and word, Work Thy will in me.....
With-hold-ing from Thee not a sin-gle part, Whol-ly Thine with-in.....
And read-y for serv-ice, what-e'er the need—Sav-ior, all Thine own....
To bring others back from the fields of sin, Sav-ior, while I may....
Thy plan and Thy will as the days go by, Mas-ter, work in me.....
And keep me as prom-ised in Ho-ly Word, By Thy pow'r di-vine....

CHORUS.

Just what you want me to be, dear Lord, Just what you want me to be; All sin washed a-way—All Thine from to-day, Just what you want me, Lord, make me.

69

Walking With Jesus.

B. B. McKinney. Copyright, 1920, by Rob't H. Coleman. **Jas. W. Jelks.**

1. I am walking with my Sav-iour And I feel His ten-der care, For I know He'll ev - er guide me, My ev - 'ry bur-den He will share.
2. It is sweet to walk with Je - sus, Just to let Him lead the way, Tho' the pathway may be rug - ged, He cheers me thro' the dark-est way.
3. Sinner, will you walk with Je - sus In the s'raight and narrow road? Let Him lift sin's heav-y bur - den, He'll sure-ly car - ry all your load.
4. Let us al - ways toil for Je - sus, Let us crown Him the great King, And when all our work is end - ed The hal - le - lu - jah song we'll sing.

CHORUS.

I am walk - ing ev - 'ry day with Je - sus, With Je - sus, my Sav-iour, My heart is sing-ing all the time, His wondrous love and joy di - vine; I'm a - bid-ing 'neath "His Ev-erlasting Arm," "His Everlasting Arm," His love will keep thro' ev'ry storm, I'm walking ev'ry day with Him.

70 The Old Fashioned Faith.

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Rev. N. A. McAulay. B. D. Ackley.

M. 56 = ♩.

1. I am somewhat old-fashioned, I know, When it comes to re-lig-ion and God;
2. I be-lieve that the Bi-ble is true, Tho' the crit-ics have torn it a-part,
3. I be-lieve our re-lig-ion must be Not a cloak for our meanness or shame,

Man-y think I am pain-ful-ly slow, Since I walk where my fathers have trod.
All its warnings and mir-a-cles too, I do whol-ly ac-cept with my heart.
But a pow-er from bond-age to free, All who trust in that heav-en-ly name.

I be-lieve in re-pent-ance from sin, And that Je-sus with-in us must dwell;
I be-lieve that the Sab-bath was made To be sa-cred-ly kept for the Lord;
I am tell-ing the peo-ple each day, That the sin-ner for-ev-er is lost,

I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the ter-rors of hell.
And when bro-ken for pleas-ure or trade, We shall miss the e-ter-nal re-ward.
Who has failed to ac-cept the true way Which was o-pened at in-fi-nite cost.

CHORUS.

I'm a lit-tle old fashioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,

The Old Fashioned Faith



71 Nothing But the Blood.

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R. L. Robert Lowry.



Won At Last.

W. M. R.

Copyright, 1919, by W. M. Runyan.

William M. Runyan.

DUET. *With expression.*

1. Far from the fold of God, Far from the fold,
2. Won was my heart at last, Won, won at last;
3. Held by His ten - der love, Held by His love,

Wan - dered my soul a - broad, Wan - dered a - broad.
Shame clothed my e - vil past, Shame clothed my past.
His grace I dai - ly prove, Dai - ly I prove.

Yet did not love de-spair, Seek - ing with pa - tient care,
I stood the cross be - fore, I saw the Christ it bore,
What peace now folds me 'round! His name, how sweet the sound!

At last it found me there, Far, far from God.
There marked His suff - 'rings sore: Won, won at last!
His blood, sal - va - tion's ground! His heart, my home!

(The words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," may be sung to this music.)

73

Smile, Smile, Smile!

B. B. McK.

Copyright, 1920, by B. B. McKinney.

B. B. McKinney.

1. When you are burdened with toil and care, Trav'ling a long, drear - y mile;
2. Ma - ny a-round you are lone and sad, Need-ing your help all the while;
3. Dear ones are drifting from God's great love, Sa - tan their soul doth be - guile;

All will be bright for you ev - 'ry-where, If you trust Je - sus and smile.
You may befriend them and make them glad, If you trust Je - sus and smile.
You may win ma - ny for Heav'n a - bove, If you are faith-ful and smile.

CHORUS. *Arr.*

Smile, smile, smile and the world will grow bright - er, Sorrow and sighing you may be - guile;.... Smile, smile, bur-dens of life will grow light - er, If you trust Je - sus and smile, smile, smile.

74 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

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Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

DUET. M. 56 = 𝅗𝅥.



1. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;....
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;....
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine."..
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the wa-ters and "still";



Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil-ver or gold....
Some from the pastures are stray-ing, Hun-gry and helpless and cold....
Dear are the sheep that have wan-dered Out in the des-ert to pine....
Lord, we will answer Thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!....



Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep;
See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seek-ing the lambs that are lost;
Hark! He is ear-nest - ly call - ing, Ten - der-ly plead-ing to - day:
Make us Thy true un - der - shep - herds, Give us a love that is deep;



O - ver the moun-tains He fol - lows, O - ver the wa-ters so deep.
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi - nite cost.
"Will you not seek for My lost ones, Off from My shel-ter a - stray?"
Send us out in - to the des - ert, Seeking Thy wan-der-ing sheep."

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

CHORUS. *poco rit.*

Out in the des-ert they wan-der, Hun-gry and help-less and cold;.....

f a tempo.

Off to the res-cue He hast - ens, Bringing them back to the fold.
(*4th verse.*) we'll hast - en,

75

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

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

CHORUS.

mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sinner's perfect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus.
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor - row bears a part, That none can bear below.

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je-sus, Be-cause He first loved me.

76 Dwelling in Beulah Land.

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C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

M. 104 ♩

1. Far a-way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. View-ing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion; Hear-ing now His

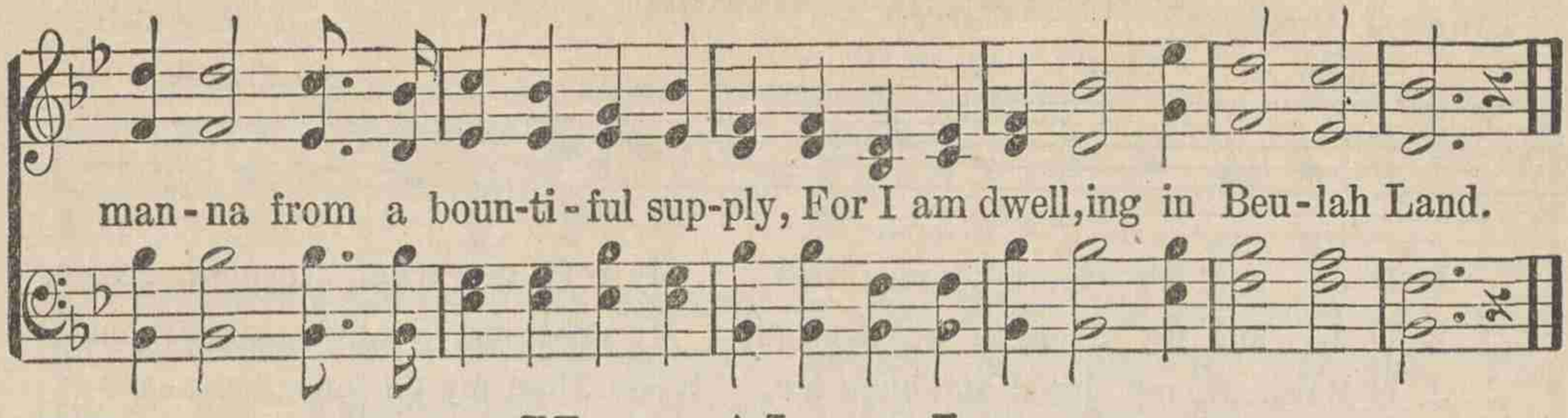
sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
shel-ter'd here, pro-tect-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing,
bless-ed voice, I see the way He plann'd; Dwell-ing in the Spir-it, here I

vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beu-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Noth-ing there can reach me– 'tis Beu-lah Land.
Here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beu-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beu-lah Land.

CHORUS.

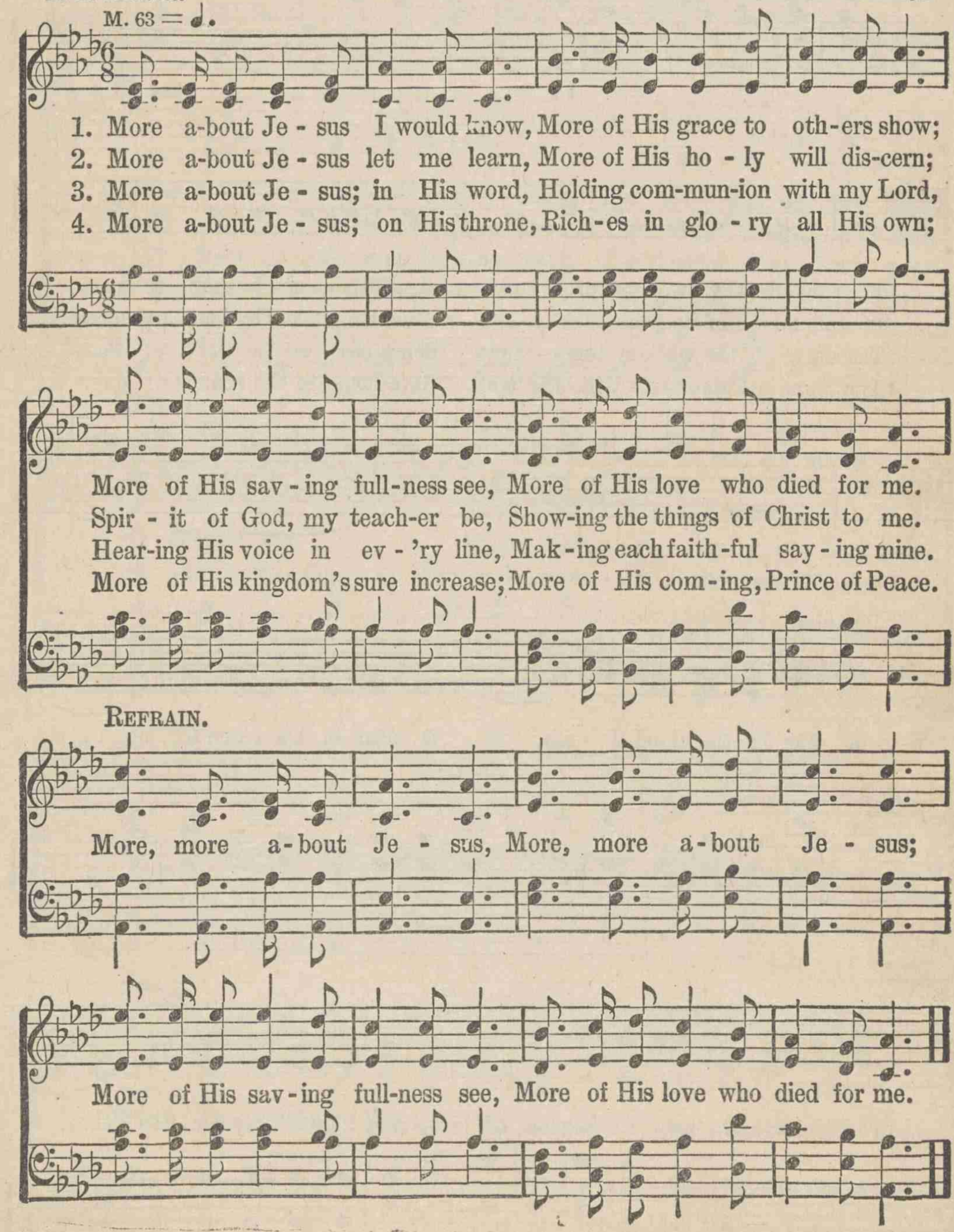
I'm liv-ing on the moun-tain, un-der-neath a cloud-less sky; I'm
Praise God!
drink-ing at the foun-tain that nev-er shall run dry; O yes! I'm feast-ing on the

Dwelling in Beulah Land.



77 More About Jesus.

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



78

A Star In the Cloud.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. Ackley.

DUET.



1. O Je - sus, my life, my com - fort, My ref - uge when storm-oppress'd,
2. O Je - sus, my strength and portion, My precious, a - bid - ing friend,
3. O Sav-iour, my shield and buck-ler, When Thou my de-fense art near,
4. O Je - sus, my rock, my an - chor, The shadows will roll a - way,





I turn to Thy word of prom - ise, And peace-ful - ly there I rest.
In mo-ments of deep-est tri - al How bright-ly Thy smiles descend.
The darts of the wa - ry temp - ter Bring nev - er a tho't of fear.
And Thou in Thine arms will bear me Safe home to the realms of day.



CHORUS.



A star in the cloud I see,..... A star in the cloud for me,.....
I see, for me,



That shineth a - bove a beacon of love, And lighteth my soul to Thee.



79 Sunshine in the Soul.

COPYRIGHT. 1887. BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY. EXECUTRIX.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

80 An Old Account Settled.

F. M. G. F. M. Graham.

M. 80 = ♩

1. There was a time on earth When in the book of heav'n An old account was
2. The old account was large, And growing ev-'ry day, For I was al-ways
3. When at the judgment bar I stand be-fore my King, And He the book will
4. O sin-ner, seek the Lord, Re-pent of all your sin, For thus He has com-

stand-ing For sins yet un-for-giv'n; My name was at the top, And
sin-ning, And nev-er tried to pay; But when I looked a-head And
o-pen, He can-not find a thing; Then will my heart be glad, While
mand-ed, If you would en-ter in; And then if you should live A

man-y things be-low, I went un-to the Keep-er, And settled long a-go.
saw such pain and woe, I said that I would set-tle, And settled long a-go.
tears of joy will flow Be-cause I had it set-tled, And settled long a-go.
hundred years be-low, E'en here you'll not re-gret it, You settled long a-go.

CHORUS.

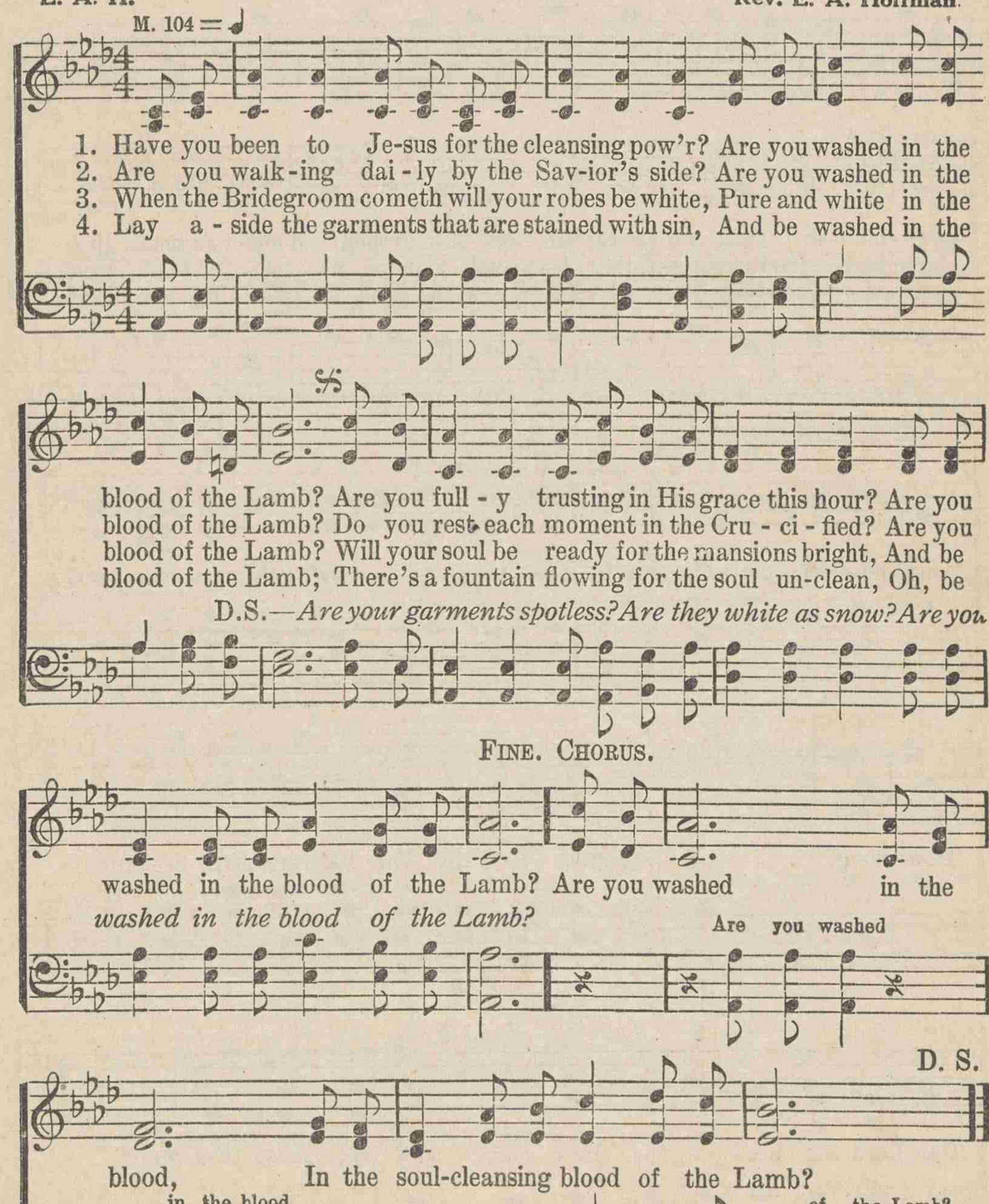
Long a-go, Long a-go, Yes, the old account was
Down on my knees, I set-tled it all,
set-tled long a-go; And the record's clear to-day, For He
Hal-le-lu-jah!

An Old Account Settled.



81 Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. BY PERMISSION. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



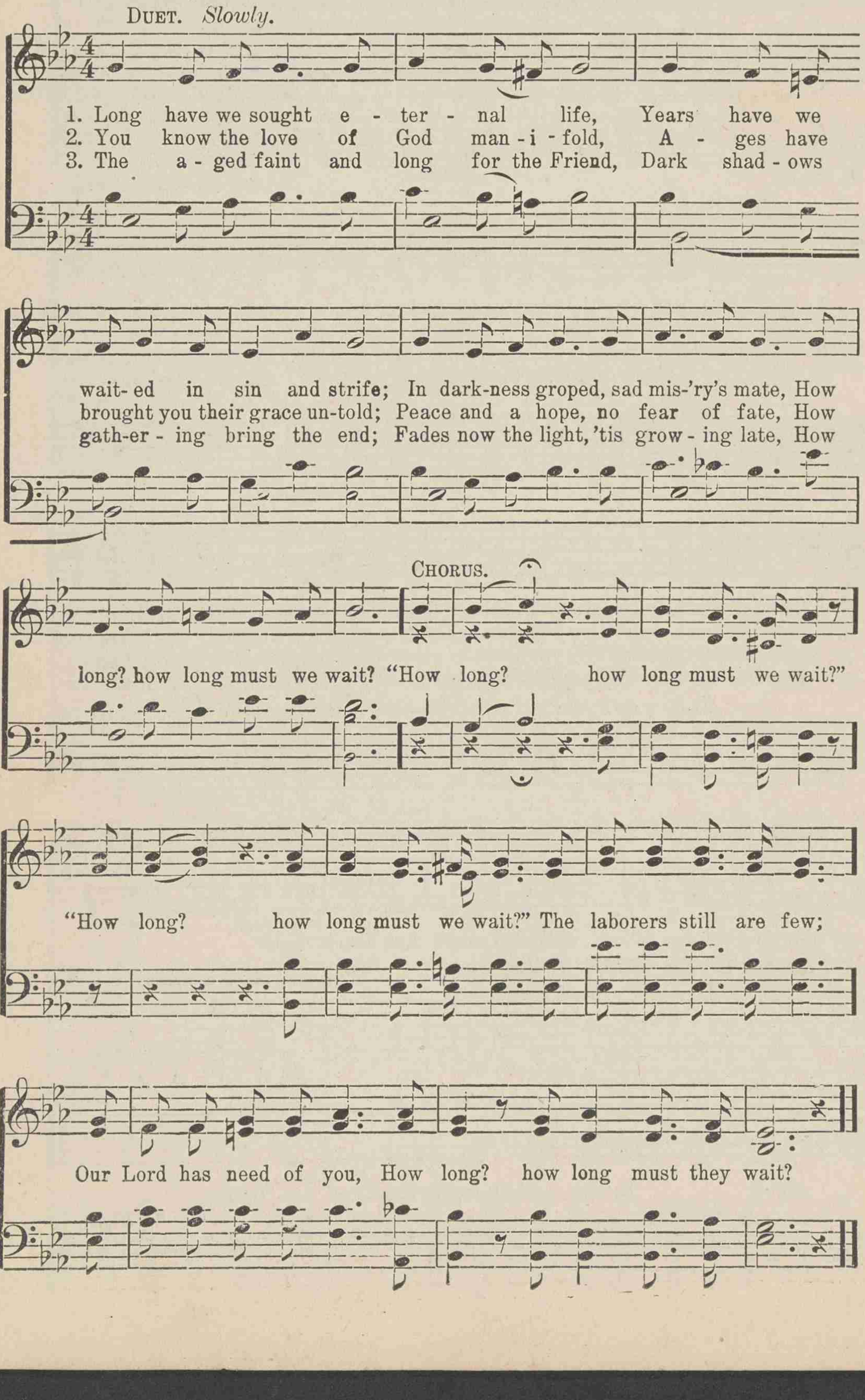
82 "How Long Must We Wait ?"

(Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer: "You must wait;" "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, ask the white man in your land, 'HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?' ")

Copyright, 1917, by Presbyterian Committeee of Publication.

Rev. S. M. Glasgow. **Rev. C. T. Caldwell.**

DUET. *Slowly.*



83 There's Room at the Cross for You.

R. J. Copyright, 1915, by Robert Jolly, Robert H. Coleman, owner Robert Jolly.

1. The Sav - iour and the sin - ner meet, At the bless - ed cross of Cal - va - ry; Just lay your sins at Je - sus' feet; There's
2. Does not there come a sense of guilt? And do you feel your self - con - demned? For your re - demp - tion blood was spilt, There's
3. O can't you hear the Sav - iour's call, As there He hangs up - on the tree? From off your heart He'll lift sin's pall, There's

CHORUS.

room at the cross for you. There's room at the cross for you,
for you. for you,

There's room at the cross for you; Make sur - ren - der full, complete,
for you;

Lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, There's room at the cross for you.
for you.

84

When We Meet In Glory By and By.

Dedicated to my wife, Frances Campbell Carter.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1920, by S. J. Carter, Parrott, Ga. **Jas. W. Jelks.**

1. What re-joic-ing there will be by the shin-ing crys-tal sea, When we meet in
2. What a mul-ti-tude will stand in His light up-on the strand, When we meet in
3. We shall grieve and sigh no more, all our troubles will be o'er, When we meet in

glo - ry, by and by; How our robes of white will shine in the light of
How that happy blood-bought throng will re-peat the
by and by; We shall see the King we love on the great white

CHORUS.

love divine, When we meet in glo-ry, by and by. When we meet in glory, by and
glad new song, When we meet in glory, by and by.
throne above, When we meet in glory, by and by. meet in

by, When we join the an - gel throng on high! What ho-
glo - ry by and by, the an-gel throng on high!

sannas will be raised, How our Saviour will be praised, When we meet in glo-ry, by and by.

85 All the Way My Savior Leads.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. Robert Lowry.

1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful - ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer - cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a - bove;

Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed, im-mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush - ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way;

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je-sus do - eth all things well.
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end-less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way.

We Shall Be Like Him.

E. O. S.

Copyright, 1920, by E. O. Sellers.

E. O. Sellers.

1. O what rap - ture! we shall be like Him, Like Him the Son of God on
2. Won-drous glo - ry! soon 'twill be shin - ing, Soon from the east to all ap -
3. Work-ing, watch-ing, ear - nest en - deav - or, Long-ing to see His bless - ed
4. Bless'd as - sur - ance to know we're read - y—Signs of His com - ing mul - ti -

high, When we shall see Him in clouds of glo - ry, On that bright
pear; Sick - ness and sor - row with sin be fly - ing, Glo - ri - ous
face; In noth - ing i - dle, joy - ful in la - bor, Bring - ing His
ply — Has - ten to gath - er sheaves for the King - dom, Joy - ful - ly

CHORUS.

morn - ing draw - ing nigh.
day, 'tis draw - ing near! "We shall be like Him, we shall be like Him,
King - dom on a - pace.
meet Him in the sky.

For we shall see Him as He is;".... "We shall be like Him,

rall.

we shall be like Him, For we shall see Him as He is." (He is.)

87

What Then?

A. C. F. Copyright, 1912, by Albert C. Fisher, Fort Worth, Tex. **Albert C. Fisher.**

SOLO OR UNISON.

1. Thou may - est shun the Lord Je - sus to - day, Mock when He warn-eth thee,
2. For-tune may smile, e - ven fame may ap-pear, Praise from the world may re-
3. Aft - er the pleas-ures of sin thou hast known, Aft - er the glare and the
4. When thy vain jour-ney on earth shall be o'er, When thou shalt stand on e-

"I will re - pay," But, when thou reach - est the end of the way,
sound in thine ear, But, when the last pre-cious mo - ment is near,
glit - ter have flown, When thou shalt stand near the grave all a - lone,
ter - ni - ty's shore, And thy grieved Sav-iour shall close mer - cy's door,

CHORUS.

What then, O soul, what then? What then, what then, O

soul, what then, If Je - sus plead not a - gain?.... If

rit.

death to - day should call thee a - way, What then, lost soul, what then?

The Fight is On.

COPYRIGHT1 1905. BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,
USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col - ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en-gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be

for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

89 Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. H. Doane.**

M. 76 = *f.*

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

FINE. CHORUS. *D. S.*

Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

90 Every Day I Need Thee More.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER. OWNER.

A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep
2. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind - ed
3. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help - less,
4. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shad-ows

o'er my soul, Thou canst still the storm and peace re - store,
eyes to see, Vis - ions of the Christ whom I a - dore,
sick and lone; Pit - e - ous - ly plead and help im - plore,
all are past, Then, I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er - more,

CHORUS.

Keep my life in Thy con - trol.
Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Use me Lord to lead them home.
Fear - ing neither storm nor blast.

Ev-'ry day I need Thee more and more,

For my heart is tempt-ed o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy might-y arm,

Safe - ly keep me from all harm, Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more.

91 What We Need Is Jesus.

I. E. R. Copyright, 1920, by I. E. Reynolds. I. E. Reynolds.

1. When the way is dark and drear, And the heart is filled with fear,
2. When thro' sin the soul is lost, With the e - vil wind is tost,
3. When the jour - ney has been run, And our work on earth is done,
4. When be - fore Thy throne I stand, At the judg-ment God has planned,

When the mist has failed to clear, What we need is Je - sus.
Ev - 'ry will of God we've crost, What we need is Je - sus.
When death takes us one by one, What we need is Je - sus.
Where we meet His law's de - mand, What we need is Je - sus.

CHORUS.

What we need is Je - sus, What we need is Je - sus;
What we need is Je - sus, What we need is Je - sus;

By night or day, thro' all the way, What we need is Je - sus.

Anywhere With Jesus.

Copyright, 1910, by Charles M. Alexander.

Jessie H. Brown and Mrs. C. M. Alexander. **D. B. Towner.**

1. A - ny-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go; A - ny-where He leads me in this world be - low;
2. A - ny-where with Je-sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta - tions gath - er round my path-way still;
3. A - ny-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er friends may fail me, He is still my own;
4. A - ny-where with Je-sus o - ver land and sea, Tell - ing souls in dark-ness of sal - va - tion free;
5. A - ny-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shad-ows round a - bout me creep;

A - ny-where with-out Him dear - est joys would fade;
He Him - self was tempt-ed that He might help me;
Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear - y ways,
Read - y as He summons me to go or stay,
Know-ing I shall wak - en, nev - er - more to roam,

A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.
A - ny-where with Je - sus I may vic - tor be.
A - ny-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
A - ny-where with Je - sus when He points the way.
A - ny-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

A - ny-where! A - ny-where! Fear I can - not know;
A - ny - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

* Verse 5 to be sung softly and slowly, omitting the Chorus.

93

How It Saves.

J. Gilchrist Lawson. Copyright, 1910, by Homer A. Rodeheaver. **Homer A. Rodeheaver.**

1. This full sal - va - tion just suits me, Oh, how it saves!
2. I feel its pow'r all thro' my soul, Oh, how it saves!
3. I'll love it on my dy - ing bed, Oh, how it saves!
4. I'll love it when I'm safe in heav-en, Oh, how it saves!
5. I'll love it thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how it saves!

It sets my soul at lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!
Its cleans-ing waves now o'er me roll, Oh, how it saves!
When Jor-dan's waves roll o'er my head, Oh, how it saves!
With all the ran-somed and for - giv - en, Oh, how it saves!
And joy in end - less lib - er - ty, Oh, how it saves!

CHORUS.

Oh, how it saves! Oh, how it saves!

I love, I love this full sal - va - tion, Oh, how it saves!

94 Grace Greater Than Our Sin.

Copyright, 1910, by D. B. Towner. Charles M. Alexander, owner.

Julia H. Johnston. International copyright secured. D. B. Towner.

1. Mar - vel - ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
2. Sin and de - spair like the sea waves roll, Threat-en the soul with
3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
4. Mar - vel - ous, in - fin - ite, match-less grace, Free - ly be-stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der, on Cal - va - ry's mount out-poured,
in - fin - ite loss, Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

CHORUS.

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. Grace, grace, God's
Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. Mar-vel-ous grace, In - fin-ite
Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive?

grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in; Grace,
Mar - vel - ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
grace, In - fin - ite grace,

95 Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. BY PERMISSION OF MRS L. E. SWENEY KIRKPATRICK. **Jno. R. Sweney.**

M. 80 =

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

Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

CHORUS.

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

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

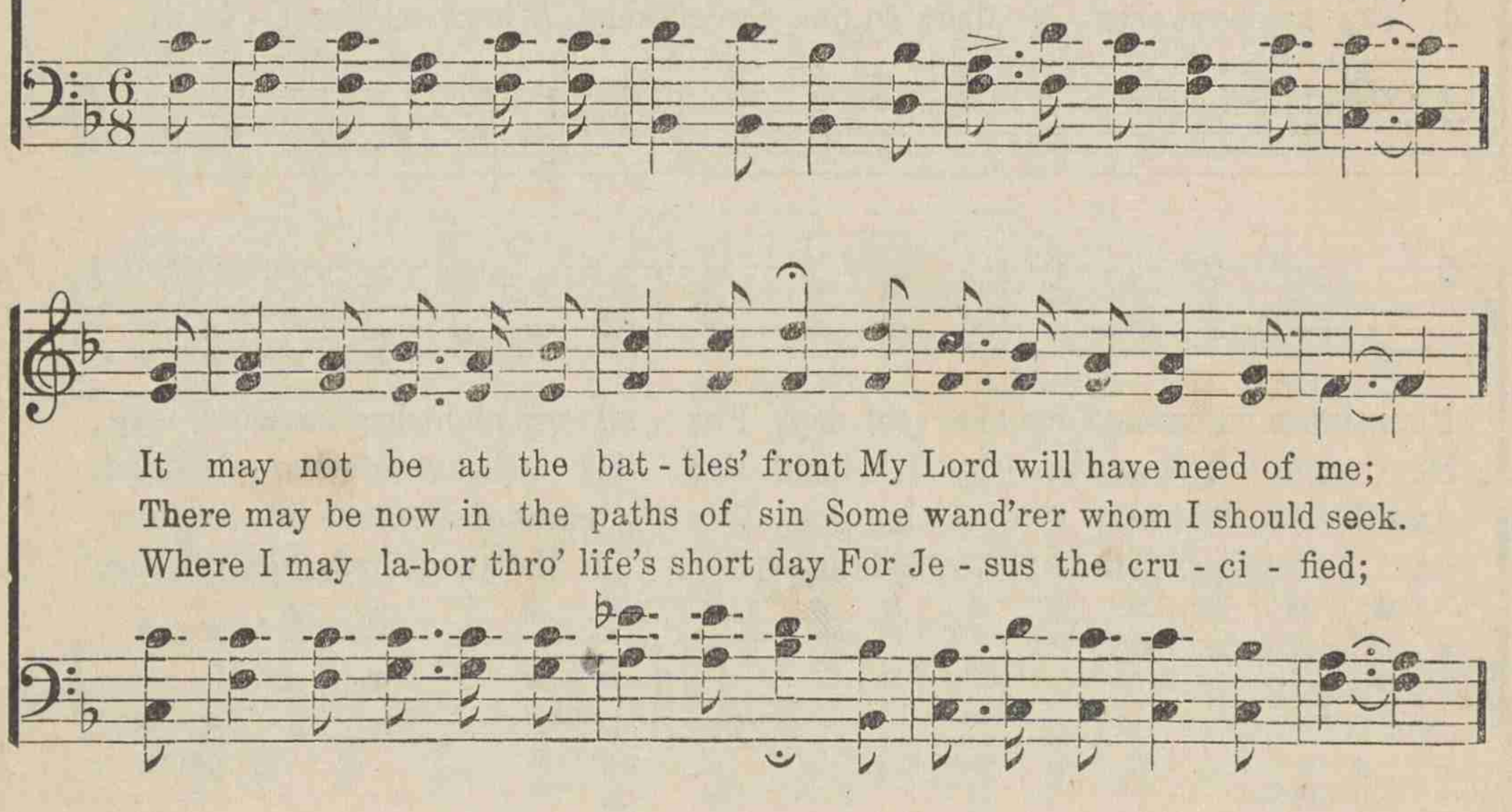
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore— My heav'n, my home for-ev - er-more!

96 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

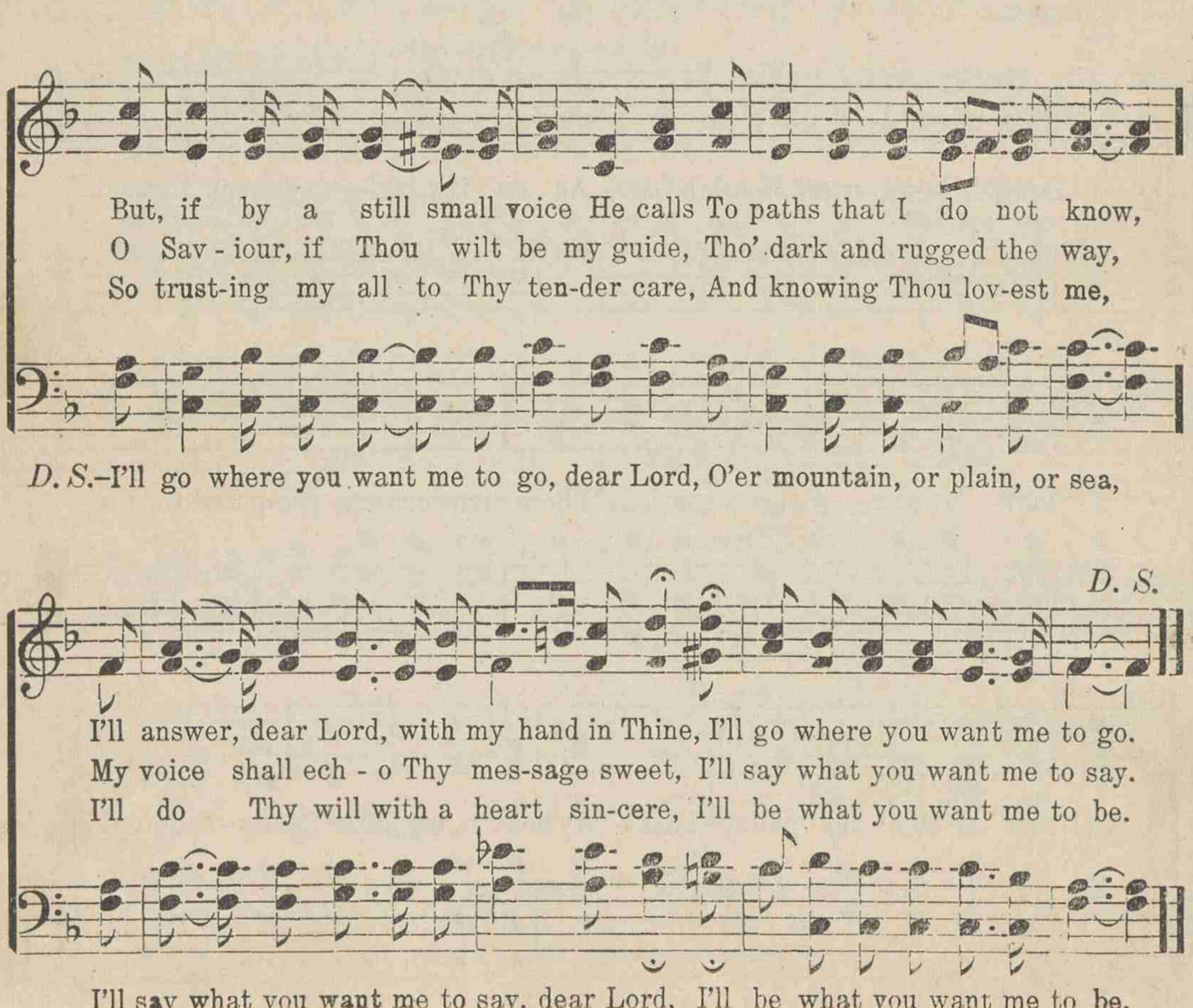
Mary Brown. Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell. By per. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner. **Carrie E. Rounsefell.**

Andante.

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



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



But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lov-est me,

D. S.–I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea,

D. S.

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

I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

97

Draw Me Closer.

Harriet H. Pierson. Copyright, 1920, by Chas. O. Miller. Chas. O. Miller.

DUET.

1. Draw me clos-er, Lord, to Thee, Day by day, day by day;
2. Draw me clos-er to Thy side, Day by day, day by day;
3. Draw me clos-er to Thy heart, Day by day, day by day;

This my on - ly song shall be, Draw me clos - er, Lord, I pray.
Be my com-fort and my guide, Lead me in the heav'nward way.
Keep me from the world a - part, Let me go no more a - stray.

By my sorrow and my loss, By the joy Thou sendest me,.....
By life's waters cool and still, On its wild and storm-y sea,.....
By the wonder of Thy love, By Thy grace so rich and free,.....

By the bur - den and the heav - y cross, Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
Let me learn to know Thy ho - ly will, Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee.
By Thy ho - ly spir - it from a - bove, Draw me clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

98 He Ransomed Me.

Julia H. Johnston. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY HOMER A. HAMMONTREE. J. W. Henderson.

M. 92 = ♩

1. There's a sweet and bless-ed sto - ry Of the Christ who came from glo-ry,
2. From the depth of sin and sad - ness To the heights of joy and glad-ness
3. From the throne of heav'n-ly glo - ry—Oh, the sweet and bless-ed sto - ry!
4. By and by, with joy in-creas - ing, And with grat - i - tude un-ceas - ing,

Just to res - cue me from sin and mis - er - y; He in loving-kindness sought me,
Je - sus lift - ed me, in mer-cy full and free; With His precious blood He bo't me,
Je - sus came to lift the lost in sin and woe In - to lib - er - ty all-glo-rious,
Lift-ed up with Christ for-ev - er-more to be, I will join the hosts there sing-ing,

ad lib.

And from sin and shame hath bro't me, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus ran-somed me.
When I knew Him not, He sought me, And in love di-vine He ran-somed me.
Tro-phies of His grace vic - to - rious, Ev - er-more re-joic - ing here be - low.
In the an - them ev - er ring - ing, To the King of Love who ran-somed me.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior, Who can take a poor lost sin - ner, Lift him

from the mi-ry clay and set me free! I will ev - er tell the sto-ry,

Hal - le-lu - jah!

He Ransomed Me.

ad lib.

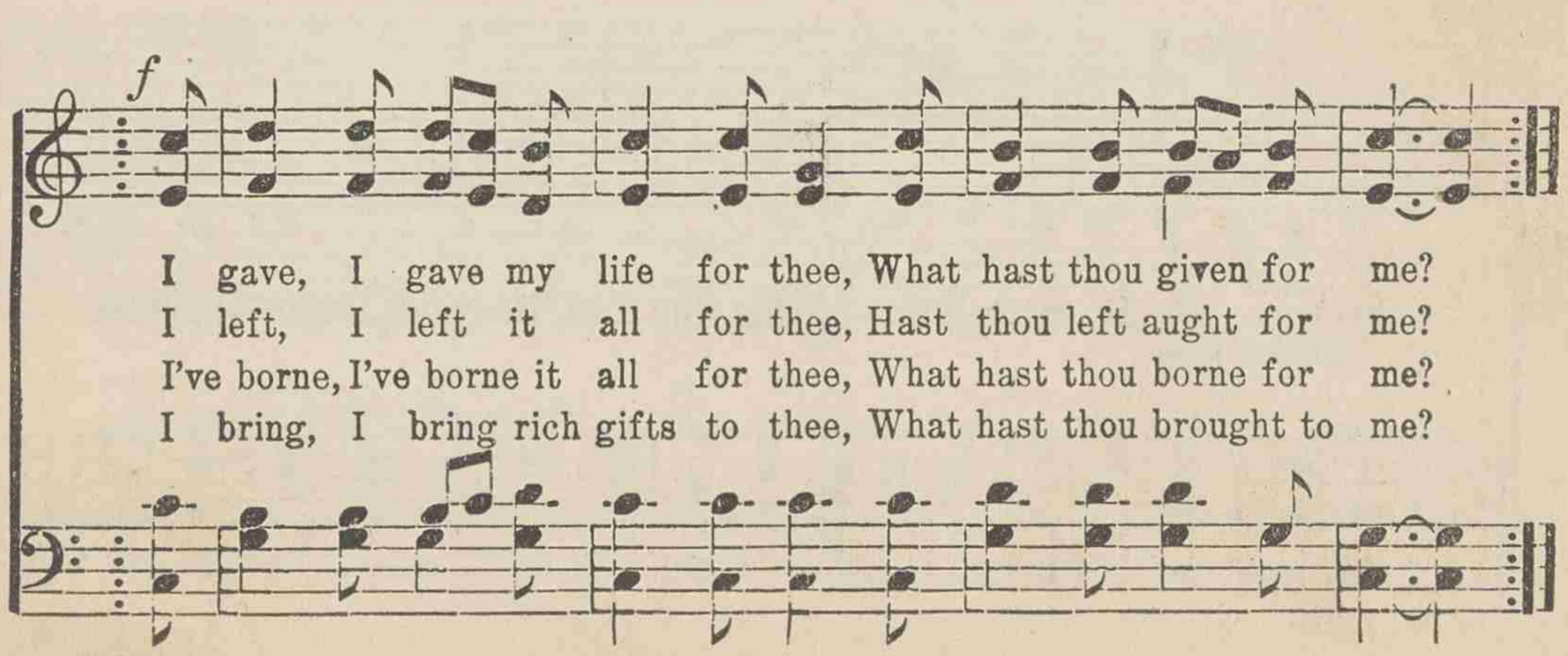


99 I Gave My Life For Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co. **P. P. Bliss.**







100 My Savior's Voice.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

M. 96 = ♩

1. I love to hear my Savior's voice—The voice that stilled the sea,
2. I love to hear my Savior's voice—The voice that healed the blind,
3. I love to hear my Savior's voice—The voice that plead for me,
4. I love to hear my Savior's voice! The voice death could not still

Spoke peace un - to my troub-led heart, And com - fort gave to me.
Brought light un - to my sight-less eyes, And heal - ing to my mind.
Be - neath the shad-ow of the Cross, In dark Geth-sem-a - ne.
Shall raise, tri-um-phant from the grave, All those who do His will.

CHORUS.

I love to hear my Savior's voice. No oth - er shall I
My Sav-ior's voice,

know;..... It is the voice of One who died, Be-cause He loved me so.
shall I know;

101 'Tis Jesus, the Saviour, You Need.

Rev. Alfred Barratt. Copyright, 1920, by B. B McKinney. B. B. McKinney.

1. When the load is heav - y you are called to bear, And your heart is burdened
2. When you fight a - gainst the pow'rs of sin and wrong, And your heart is feeble
3. Have you wandered from Him, is your heart untrue? Come and give yourself to
4. When your heart is troubled, and you long for peace, Seek-ing for the par-don
5. Put your trust in Je - sus, on His love re - ly, Time is like a riv - er,

with its grief and care; There is some-one near who will your sor-row share,
when it should be strong; Some one waits to fill your life with joy and song,
Him who died for you; He will lead you safe-ly all the jour - ney thro',
that will bring re - lease; Yearn-ing for the bless-ing that will nev - er cease,
roll - ing swift - ly by; When your work is end - ed and you come to die,

CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus, the Sav-iour, you need. 'Tis Je - sus, the Sav-iour, you need to - day, 'Tis Je - sus, the Saviour, you need al-way; When the pathway is drear-y and your heart sad and wea-ry, 'Tis Je - sus, the Sav-iour, you need.

102 Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
C. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

M. 104 = ♩

1. Once my way was dark and drear-y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low-ly, Grace to keep the trust-ing soul;
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto-ry, Oth-er souls to Je-sus win;

But the sky is bright and cheer-y, Since the full-ness of His love came in.
Pow'r to cleanse and make me ho-ly, Je-sus shall my yielded life con-trol.
For the cross is now my glo-ry, Since the full-ness of His love came in.

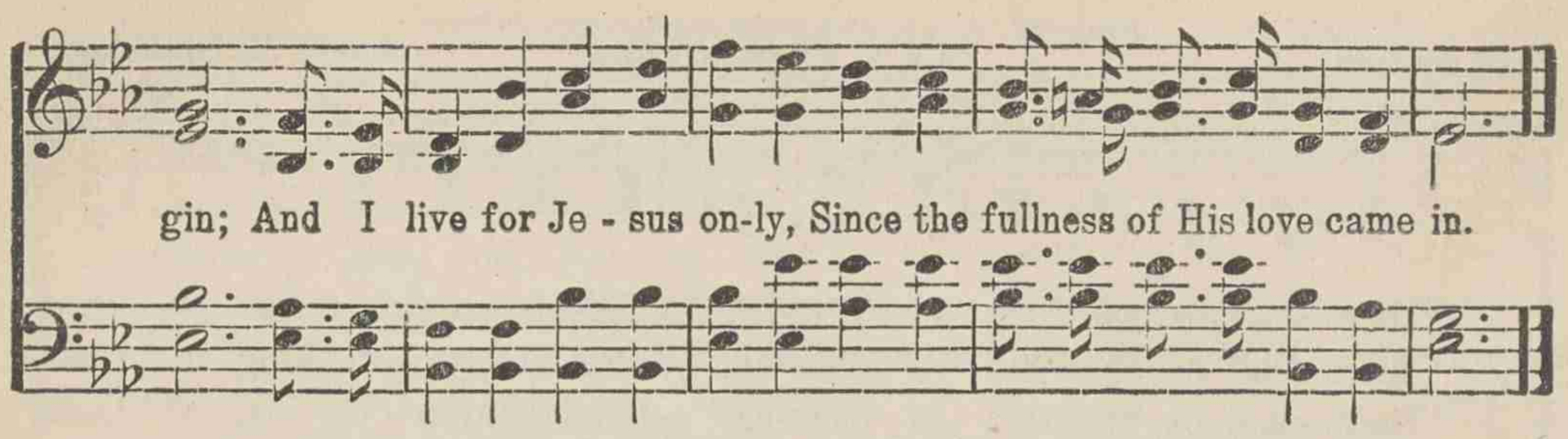
CHORUS.

I can nev-er tell how much I love Him, I can nev-er tell His love for me; For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathomed sea;

deep, unfathomed sea;

'Tis re-deem-ing love in Christ my Sav-ior, In my soul the heav'nly joys be-

Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

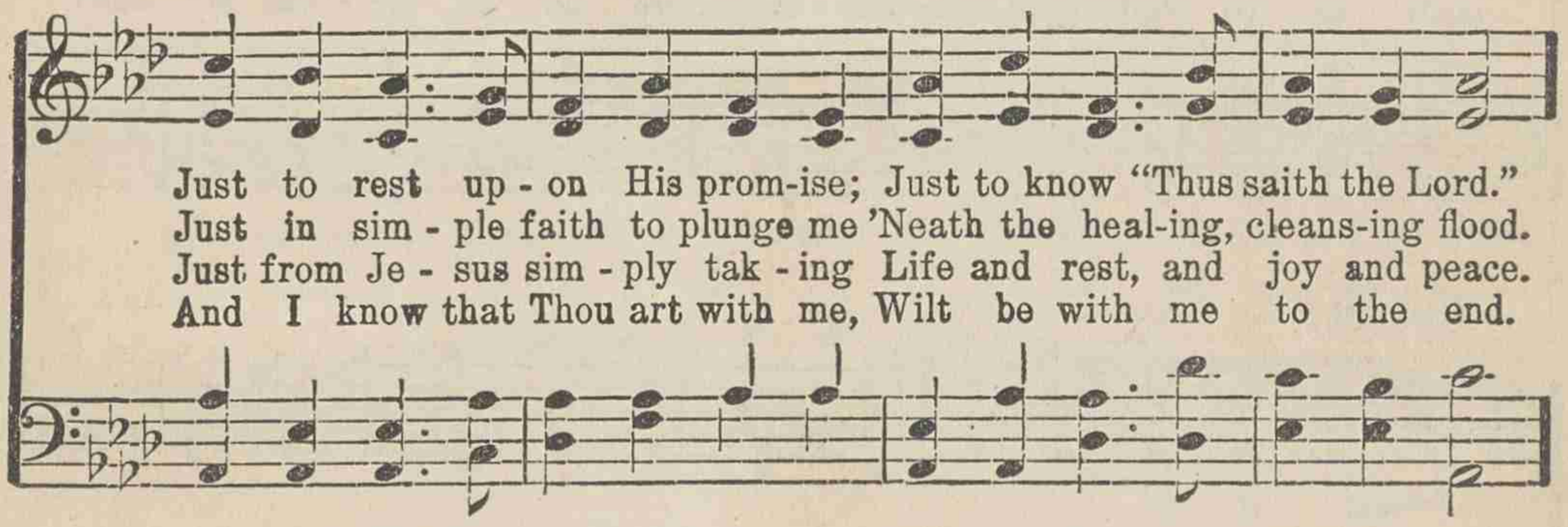


103 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

M. 92 = ♩









104 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY MRS. ADDIE MCGRANAHAN. RENEWAL.
CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.

El Nathan. **James McGranahan.**

M.63 = ♩

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

105 Every Time I Go To Jesus.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1920, by Jas. W. Jelks, Macon, Ga. Jas. W. Jelks.

1. There's a bless - ing for my soul in the heart di - vine, Ev - 'ry time I go to Je - sus; All my earth - ly cares de - part and a song is mine,
2. Per - fect glad - ness fills my heart and a - bides with - in, Ev - 'ry time I go to Je - sus; I for - get the wea - ry world and its gloom and sin,
3. I can feel my strength re-newed and my cour - age, too, Ev - 'ry time I go to Je - sus; Oh, I come a - way from Him, more and more to do,

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry time I go to Je - sus. Ev - 'ry time I go to Je - sus,
Ev - 'ry time I go to Je - sus; All my cares and trou - bles flee,
There's a bless - ing sweet for me, Ev - 'ry time I go to Je - sus.

106 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY MRS. ADDIE MCGRANAHAN. RENEWAL. CHARLES M. ALEXANDER, OWNER.
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Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. **James McGranahan.**

M. 88 = ♩

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

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

REFRAIN. M. 88 = ♩.

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

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

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

107 The Saviour of Love.

Rev. W. H Manshart. Copyright, 1920, by W. J. Morris. W. J. Morris.

DUET.

1. In the heart of my Sav-iour who came from a-bove, As a ran-som for sin— the Sav-iour of love, There are yearnings of mer-cy to seek and to
2. E'er I knew Him He loved me with pas-sion so pure, That He came to the world its pains to en-dure; In the gar-den He prayed and He wres-tled for
3. But the years passed a-way e'er I o-pened my heart, Tho' He wait-ed and longed His gifts to im-part; And He chid-ed nor scorned when an en-trance He
4. If your soul is a-wea-ry of liv-ing in sin, And a far bet-ter life you wish to be-gin; Turn a-way from the temp-ter to Je-sus a-

win Our souls from the wand'rings of sin.
me, And He paid the full debt on the tree. O the Sav-iour of love,
gained, But we supped, and His joy has re-mained.
bove, Give your heart to the Sav-iour of love.

CHORUS.

What a Sav-iour of love! Full of mer-cy and par-don and grace;

DUET. rit.

All my sin and my loss He has borne to the cross, And I know I shall see His face.

Small notes for instrument.

108 What If It Were To-day?

Mrs. C. H. M. Copyright, 1912, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
2. Sa - tan's do-min-ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
3. Faith-ful and true would He find us here If He should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow-er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
Sor - row and sigh-ing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
Watching in glad-ness and not in fear, If He should come to - day?

Com ing to claim His cho - sen Bride, All the re-deemed and pu - ri - fied,
Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
Signs of His com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn-ing light breaks in east - ern sky,

rit. *a tempo.*

O - ver this whole earth scat-tered wide, What if it were to - day?
When shall these glo-ries meet our eyes? What if it were to - day?
Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh, What if it were to - day?

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Joy to my heart 'twill bring;
Joy to my heart 'twill bring;

What If It Were To-day?

Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall crown Him King;.....
When we shall crown Him King;

Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre - pare the way;.....
Haste to pre - pare the way;

ritard.

G?o - ry, glo - ry! Je - sus will come some day.

109 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

110 The Message the Whole World Needs.

F. R. Arr. by B. B. McK. Copyright, 1920, by B. B. McKinney. B. B. McKinney.

1. Some are say-ing the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we preach something new; They are say - ing that Christ and His death on the cross,
2. Yes, the sto - ry is old, as the sun-light is old, Tho' it's new ev - 'ry morn all the same, As it floods all the world with its gladness and light,
3. Let us go out and tell to the wea - ry in heart, That the gos - pel can save from all sin; Let us com-fort the souls who are soon to de - part,
4. So with glad-ness we turn to this change-a-ble world, To the wan-d'rers who ought to take heed; With a heart for the message they'll join in our song,

CHORUS.

For this change-a-ble world will not do.
Kindling far - a - way stars with its flame. 'Tis the message the whole world
With the message that Christ rose a-gain.
'Tis the bless - ed old gos - pel they need.

needs, 'Tis the message the whole world needs; Tell the sto - ry far and wide

Of the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied, 'Tis the mes-sage the whole world needs.

111 Wonderful Name.

J. P. S. Copyright, 1916, by Rob't H. Coleman. J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is a name that is dear to me, A name in
2. No oth - er name holds the crim - son tide, Which flows so
3. I love no name like that name to - day, It takes all

which I see,..... The heal - ing foun - tain from
deep and wide,..... Th t ın its flow ev - 'ry
guilt a - way;..... If you'll re - ceive Him with

Cal - va - ry,— I love that name, 'tis Je - - sus.
sin can hide,— I love the name of Je - - sus.
out de - lay, You'll love the name of Je - - sus.

He..... is my an-chor sure, He..... keeps my soul se-cure;
He is my an-chor, He keeps my soul,

ff

He is my all, He'll not let me fall, O praise His name.

112 Singing On the Homeward Way.

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Albert C. Fischer. **James G. Garth.**

M. 100 = ♩

1. A thought now fills my heart with glad-ness, I'm think-ing of the
2. Tho' man - y tri - als o - ver - take me, And foes would fill me
3. To Je - sus I shall e'er be loy - al, And say what He would
4. My soul's best love to Him is giv - en, And till the dawn-ing

hap - py day When Je - sus took a - way my sad-ness:
with dis - may, I look to Him who won't for - sake me:
have me say; I'll proud - ly wave His ban - ner roy - al—
of that day, When I shall see His face in heav - en,

CHORUS.

I'm sing - ing on the home-ward way. I'm sing - ing o'er and o'er the
sto - ry, I'm sing - ing of His love each day; I'm sing - ing of His
grace and glo - ry, I'm sing - ing on the home - ward way.

113 Alone.

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B. H. P.

Ben H. Price.

Duet.

1. It was a - lone the Sav-ior prayed In dark Geth-sem-a - ne;
2. It was a - lone the Sav-ior stood In Pi - late's judgment hall;
3. A - lone up - on the cross He hung That oth - ers He might save;
4. Can you re - ject such matchless love? Can you His claim dis-own?

A - lone He drained the bit - ter cup And suf-fered there for me.
A - lone the crown of thorns He wore, For - sak - en thus by all.
For-sak - en then by God and man, A - lone, His life He gave.
Come, give your all in grat - i - tude, Nor leave Him thus a - lone.

REFRAIN. *Quartet.*

A - lone, a - lone, He bore it all a - lone; He
it was alone, yes, all alone, yes, all alone;
gave Him-self to save His own, He suf-fered, bled and died a-lone, a - lone.

114 Scatter Gospel Sunshine.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1920, by Jas. W. Jelks, Macon, Ga. Jas. W. Jelks.

1. In this world of shad-ows, in this life so sad, Cheer the lone and wea-ry
2. Ev - 'ry-where a-round you there are hearts to cheer, Souls that bow in sor - row,
3. Would you serve the Master till your life is o'er, Would you bring your trophies

with a car - ol glad; Sing the love of Je - sus, let your prais - es flow,
hearts that beat in fear; Tell them of the Sav - iour till His love they know;
to the gold - en shore, While the days are pass - ing and you are be - low,

rit.

CHORUS.

Scat-ter gos - pel sun-shine ev - 'ry-where you go. Scat - ter gos - pel sunshine

All day long; Scat-ter gos - pel sunshine With a song; Help the lost and

rit.

wea - ry, Christ the Lord to know; Scat-ter gos-pel sunshine, Ev - 'ry-where you go.

115 I Am Praying for You.

COPYRIGHT 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

S. O'Maley Cluff. Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo-
4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
brightness, Dear friend could I see you re-ceiv - ing one too!
glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

For you I am praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

116 Nailed to the Cross.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1899. BY TULLAR-MEREDITH CO. Grant Colfax Tullar.

Duet. Ad lib.

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead, That a
2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
3. I will cling to my Sav - ior and nev - er de - part— I will

soul so un-worth - y might live, And the path to the cross He was
cleans-es my heart of the dross, But "there's no con-dem-na - tion"—I
joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

REFRAIN.

will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for-give.
know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the cross. They are nail'd to the cross,
song in my heart, That my sins have been taken away.

pp

They are nail'd to the cross, O how much He was will-ing to bear! With what

rit.

an-guish and loss, Jesus went to the cross! But He carried my sins with Him there.

117 Blessed Redeemer.

Copyright, 1920, by Martin and Jelks.

Avis Burgeson Christiansen. **Harry Dixon Loes.**

1. Up Cal-v'ry's moun-tain one dread-ful morn, Walked Christ my Sav - iour,
2. "Fa-ther, for - give them," thus did He pray, E'en while His life - blood
3. O how I love Him, Sav-iour and Friend, How can my prais - es

wea - ry and worn; Fac - ing for sin - ners death on the cross,
flowed fast a - way; Pray - ing for sin - ners while in such woe—
ev - er find end; Through years un - num - bered on heav - en's shore

CHORUS.

That He might save them from endless loss.
No one but Je - sus ev - er loved so. Bless-ed Re-deem-er! precious Re-
My tongue shall praise Him for ev - er - more.

rit.

deem-er! Seems now I see Him on Cal - va - ry's tree; Wound-ed and

rit. pp

bleed-ing, for sinners pleading—Blind and un-heed-ing— dy - ing for me!

118 If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HALL-MACK CO. C. Austin Miles.

1. It may be in the val-ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know— if it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y-where!
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y-where!
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their bur - dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him— con- fess my judgments fair And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y-where!
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, con- tent an - y-where!

CHORUS.

If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go.. An - y where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Where e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv - i-lege here.. His

I'll go,

His cross, His

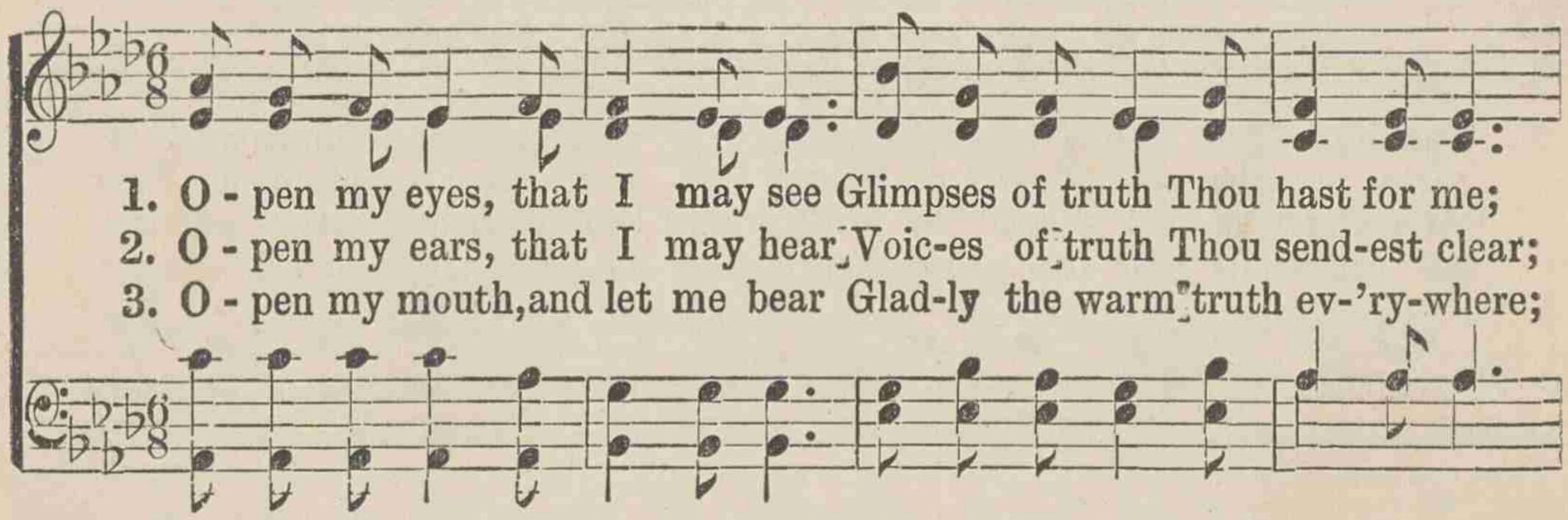
If Jesus Goes With Me.



119 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

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C. H. S. Chas. H. Scott.





CHORUS.





120 A Child of the King.

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

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

CHORUS.

I'm a child of the King, A child of the King; With Je - sus my Sav - iour I'm a child of the King.

121 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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

L. E. Jones.

M. 100 = ♩

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

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

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
There is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
There is pow'r,

122

Able, Willing, Mighty.

Copyright, 1914, by J. P. Scholfield.

J. P. S. Rob't H. Coleman, owner. J. P. Scholfield.

1. Je - sus is a - ble to save from sin, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
2. Je - sus is will - ing to save your soul, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
3. Je - sus is might-y to hold you fast, Why not ac-cept Him to - day?

A - ble to plant the new life with - in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
Will-ing to take you and make you whole, Je - sus is will - ing to - day.
Might-y to keep you un - to the last; Je - sus is might-y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

A - ble, a - ble, Je - sus is a - ble to save;.....

Parts.

Je - - - sus is a - ble to save;

Unison.

Will - ing, will - ing, Je - sus is will - ing to save;.....

Parts.

Je - - - sus is will-ing to save;

Unison.

Might - y, might - y, Je - sus is might - y to save;.....

Parts.

Je - - - sus is might-y to save;

Able, Willing, Mighty.



123 Come Forth.

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H. G. T. Herbert G. Tovey.



124 Make a Little Sunshine of Your Own.

Copyright, 1915, by Lorenz Publishing Co., in "His Worthy Praise" International copyright.

Florence A. Jones. **Ira B. Wilson.**

1. What if skies are cloud-y and the ra-diant sun On - ly for a lit - tle while hath shone!
2. Make a lit - tle sun-shine, love can find a way; Nev - er mind if sum-mer days be flown;
3. Make a lit - tle sun-shine for the lone and sad, Walk - ing where life's wintry winds have blown;

Banish tho'ts of sadness, drive the gloom away,
Some days must be cloudy, and the hap-py heart
You may be a sun-beam light-ing up their way,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Make a lit - tle sun - shine of your own.
Al - ways can make sun - shine of its own. Make a lit - tle sun-shine
Make a lit - tle sun - shine of your own.

Harmony.

of your own, Cheer the weary, sad, and lone; When the skies are cloudy

and the day is drear, Make a lit - tle sun - shine of your own.

125

Jesus.

Copyright, 1918, by W. M. Runyan. Owned by Rob't H. Coleman.

W. M. R.

William M. Runyan.

1. All that my soul in its sin can need, All that my
2. My on - ly claim for all sin for - giv'n, Ground for my
3. Bread for the soul when I hun - ger sore, Grace for my
4. More than my song can in love de - clare, More than all

faith in its pray'r can plead; Cen - ter of life and soul of my
hope of a home in heav'n; Pow - er thro' which my chains are all
heart when I thirst for more; Shel - ter - ing rock when storms 'round me
meas - ure of praise or pray'r; Com - fort and balm for sor - row or

CHORUS.

creed Is Je - sus to me.
riv'n Is Je - sus to me He is my Rock in a
roar Is Je - sus to me.
care Is Je - sus to me.

wea - ry land, He is my Spring 'midst the des - ert sand;

f *p*

Strength in my weakness that I may stand, Is Je -

126 Go Tell Of His Love To-day.

D. R. W. Copyright, 1914, by Rob't H. Coleman. Daniel R. Wade.

1. If the dear Sav - iour is pre - cious to you, Go tell it to - day, go
2. Tell of the Sav - iour who rose from the grave, Go tell it to - day, go
3. If when in sor - row He com-forts your soul, Go tell it to - day, go
4. When Je - sus gave up His life on the cross, Go tell it to - day, go

tell it to - day; Tell what His love un - to oth - ers will do, Go
tell it to - day; Tell how He suf-fered dear sin - ners to save, Go
tell it to - day; Tell how He guid - ed you in - to His fold, Go
tell it to - day; That by His dy - ing, death's pow - er was lost, Go

CHORUS.

tell of His love to - day. Go tell it, go tell it, Tell of His won - der-ful

t the Saviour is do-ing for you, Go tell of His love to - day.

127

Trust and Obey.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Proverbs xxi, 20.

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Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. R. Towner.

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

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

And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

128 Is It the Crowning Day?

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George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

M. 63 = 𝅗𝅥.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I would see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day, Glad day! Seem-eth I hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day, Glad day! Lights ap - pear on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
4. Faith - ful I'll be to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I will free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to-day.
He is "at hand" to-day.
He is my all to-day.

Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be; Je-sus my Lord I soon shall see. Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing day?

rit.

129 Stepping In the Light.

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.
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L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close-ly to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempt-ed to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Foot-steps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Upward, still upward we'll

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

130 A Hymn of Trust.

E. C. Dargan. Copyright, 1919, by E. C. Dargan. J. P. Scholfield.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

day grow long - er, My God, I trust Thee, I trust Thee ev - er-more!

131 Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. BY PERMISSION. Philip Phillips.

M. 76 = ♩

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jas-per walls
3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land So free from all sor-

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

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

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

132 He Saved Even Me.

James Rowe. Copyright. 1920, by S. J. Spencer. S. J. Spencer.

1. Long I was un - der the temp-ter's con - trol, Dark was my path-way and
2. Pleasures of e - vil no long - er in - vite, Je - sus is pleas-ure and
3. Won-der-ful blessings on me He be-stows, All my temp- ta-tions and
4. Wan-der-er, yield to my Sav -iour to - day, Rest in the arms of His

sad was my soul; Now I am fac - ing a heav - en - ly goal,
joy and de - light; This is my car - ol by day and by night
tri - als He knows; Help - ing me dai - ly to con - quer my foes,
love while you may; Then you shall sing on the heav - en - ly way,

CHORUS.

Je - sus has saved e - ven me..... Saved e - ven me, yes, bless His dear
name, Lift - ed me out of dark-ness and shame! Praising my Sav - iour I
ev - er shall be,.... Sing - ing with rap-ture, He saved e - ven me.

rit.

133 Standing On the Promises.

Copyright, 1886, by John H. Hood.
Used by per.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal- ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo- ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-iour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

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

Standing on the prom-is - es of God, my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the prom-is-es,

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

134 In That Beautiful Country.

I. E. R. Copyright, 1920, by I. E. Reynolds. I. E. Reynolds.

1. Our Sav-iour has gone there a place to prepare, In that beau-ti-ful coun-try;
2. What joy it will be when we see His dear face In that beau-ti-ful coun-try;
3. The streets are of gold and the Lamb is the light, In that beau-ti-ful coun-try;

A man-sion up there in that cit - y so fair, In that beau-ti - ful coun-try.
To meet all the souls who've been saved by His grace, In that beau-ti - ful coun-try.
The gates are of pearl in that cit - y so bright, In that beau-ti - ful coun-try.

CHORUS.

In that beau-ti-ful coun-try, in that land of de - light, There's no sorrow nor

sick-ness, there cometh no night, In that beau-ti - ful coun - try,

of per - en-ni-al spring, There dwelleth the ransomed, with Jesus their King.

135 Nothing Between.

Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley.

Words and music by C. A. Tindley. **Arr. by F. A. Clark.**

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

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

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

FINE. CHORUS.

mine; there's noth-ing be-tween.
all, there's noth-ing be-tween. Nothing between my soul and the Sav-iour,
solved, there's noth-ing be-tween.
last, with noth-ing be-tween.

clear! Let noth-ing be-tween.

D. S.

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

136 He Gave Himself For Me.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

J. W. V. J. W. Van DeVenter.

DUET.

M. 80 = ♩

1. The debt I owed I could not pay, For I was help-less from the fall;
2. The way was dark, I could not see, My hope was gone, my faith was small,
3. By faith I saw Him bleed and die! That dreadful day I now re-call,
4. He saved my soul that once was lost, He res-cued me, a worth-less thrall;
5. I found a place with-in His care, The gates of death can-not ap-pall;

Yet still I heard the Spir-it say That Je-sus paid it all.
Un-til the Word re-vealed to me That Je-sus paid it all.
When noth-ing else could sat-is-fy, Then Je-sus paid it all.
I won-der, when I count the cost, Why Je-sus paid it all.
His grace will keep me ev-er there, For Je-sus paid it all.

CHORUS.

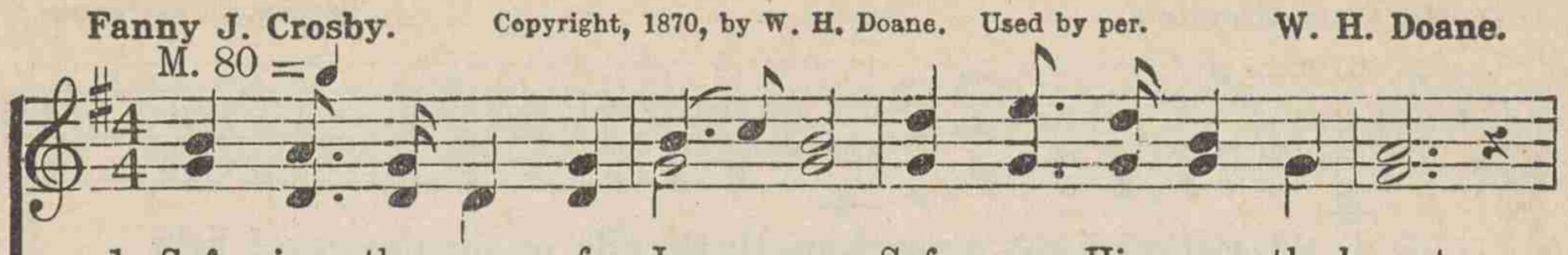
He paid my debt up-on the cross, He died to set me free;

When noth-ing else could pay the loss, He gave Him-self for me.

137 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

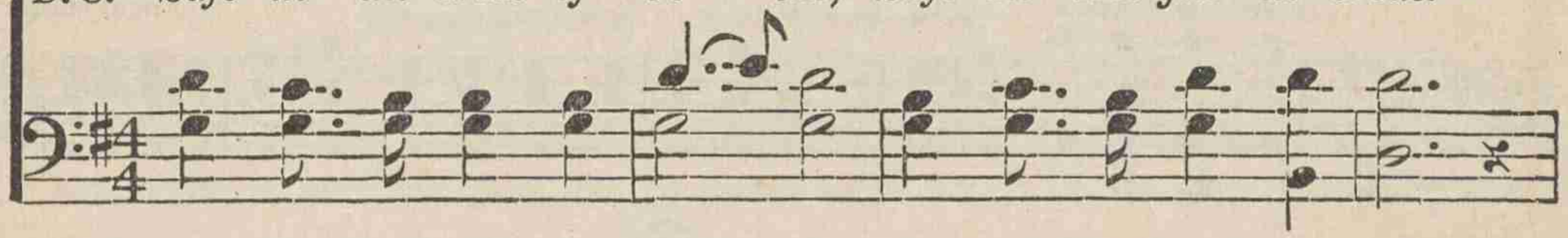
Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. **W. H. Doane.**

M. 80 =

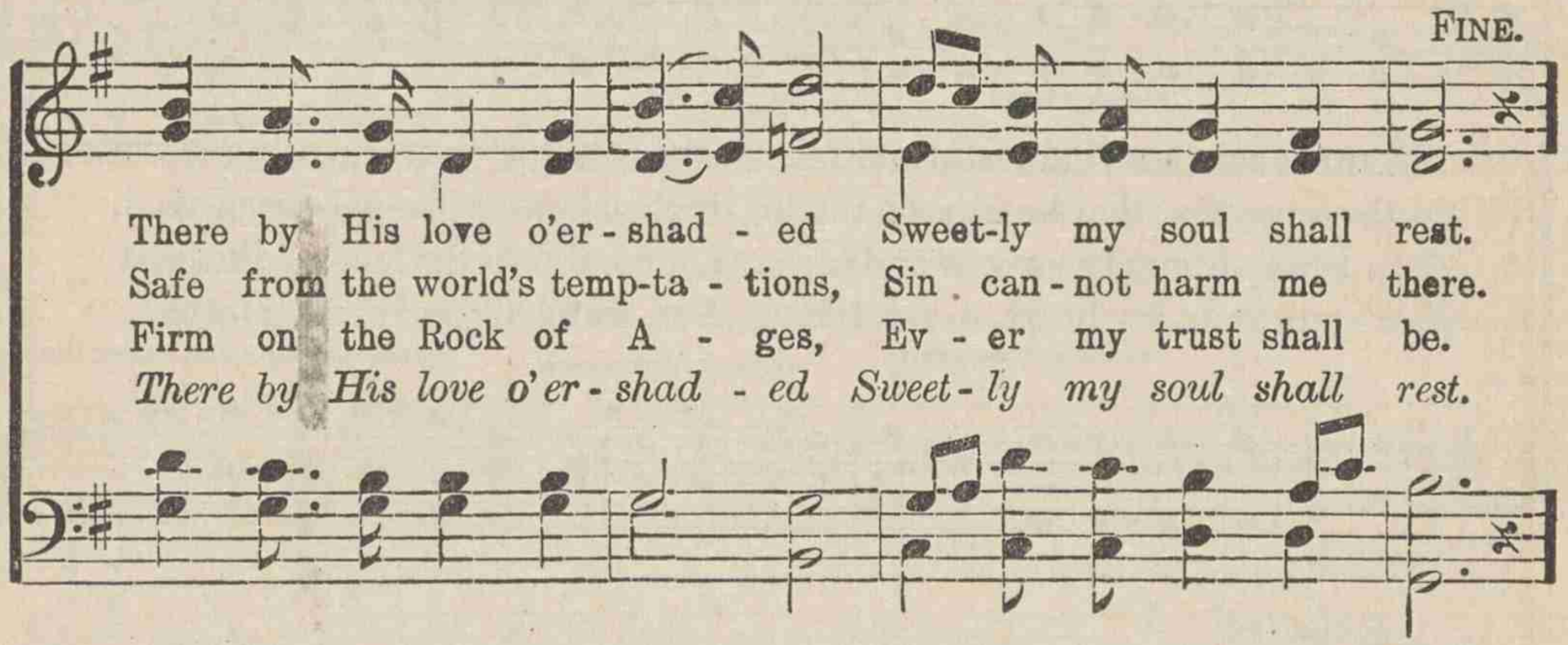


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

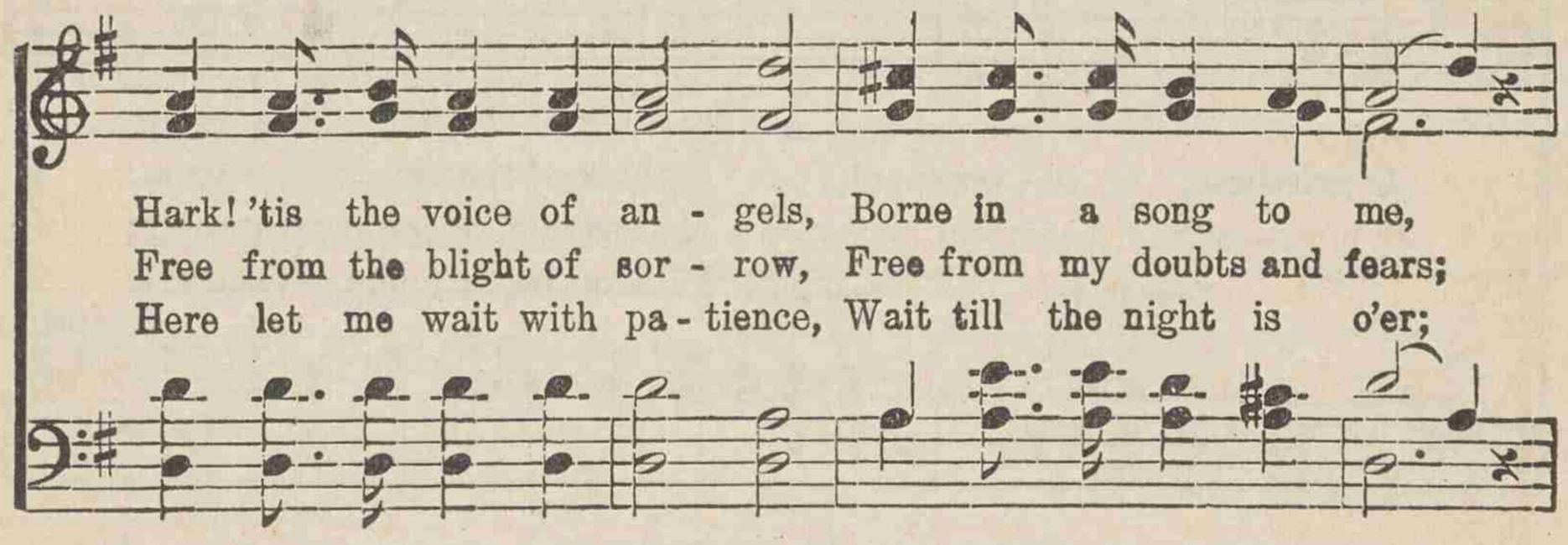
D. C.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—*



FINE.

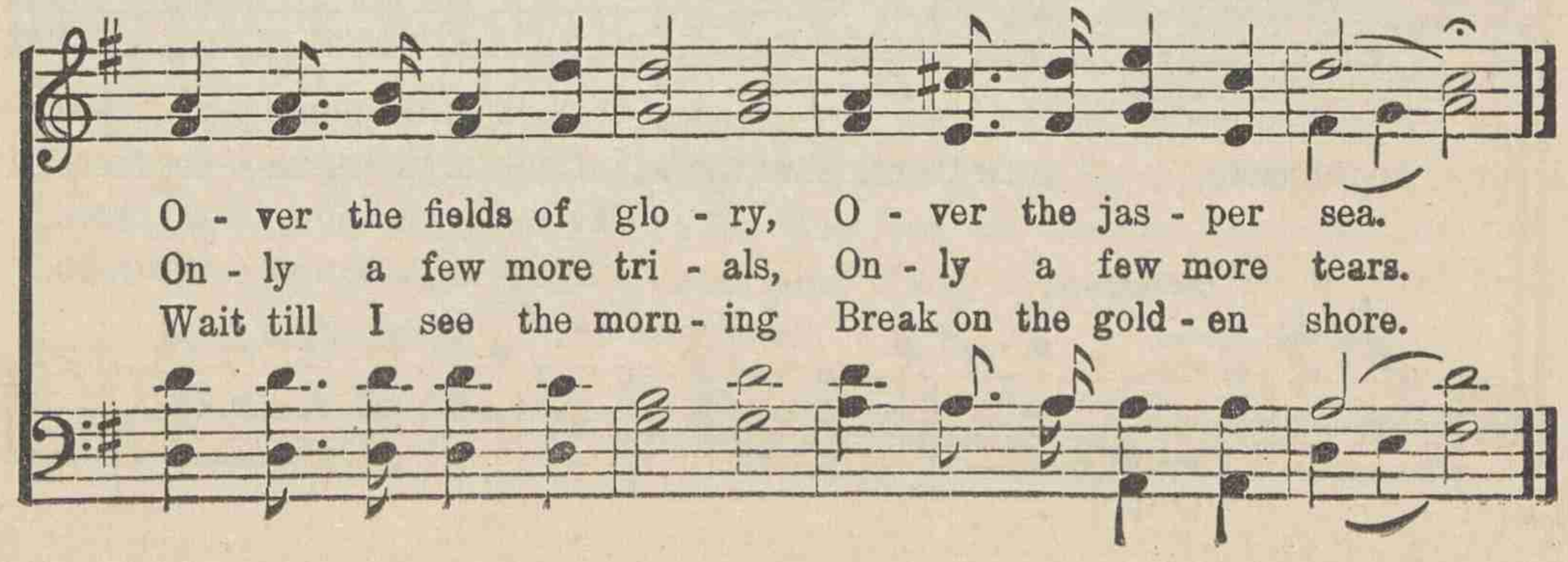


There by His love o'er - shad - ed Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

138 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane.

M. 96 = ♩

1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;

over there,

Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Man - y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.

REFRAIN.

O-ver there, o - ver there, O think of the home o-ver there;
O think of the friends o-ver there;
My Sav-ior is now o-ver there;
I'll soon be at home o-ver there;

Over there, over there, over there;

O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
O think of the friends o-ver there.
My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

O-ver there, o-ver there,

139 In the Secret of His Presence.

Copyright, 1913, by Geo. C. Stebbins
Renewal.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh. **Geo. C. Stebbins.**

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence, how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad-ow of His wing There is
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears; Oh, how
4. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and

pre-cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earthly cares can
cool and pleasant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my Saviour
pa - tient - ly He lis - tens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers; Do you think He
hide be-neath His shad-ow; this shall then be your re-ward; And whene'er you

nev - er vex me, nei - ther tri - als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
rests be - side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet; If I tried, I could not
ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet - ing place, You must find and hear the

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

140 It Just Suits Me.

Lizzie DeArmond. Copyright, 1912, by Hope Publishing Co. **J. C. Williams.**

1. Bless-ings falling 'round us like the sum-mer show'rs, Nature's voi-ces ring-ing
2. Balm - y breez-es blow-ing where the streamlets glide, Fragrant buds and blossoms
3. Mountain, hill and val - ley full of life and cheer, Showing forth the pow-er

thro' the sha - dy bow'rs, Birds in tune - ful measures singing glad and free,—
in the grass - es hide, Riv - ers sweeping on-ward to the broad blue sea,—
of our Fa - ther dear; Praise the great Cre-a-tor, praise Him joy-ful - ly,—

CHORUS.

This is such a good world, and it just suits me. It just suits me, it just suits me,

In ev - 'ry bud and blossom His love to see; This world is good to live in, and

sun - ny as can be; Our heav'n-ly Fa-ther made it, and it just suits me.

141 It Came Upon the Midnight.

Edmund H. Sears. **Richard S. Willis.**

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

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

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

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

142 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1876, BY W. H. DOANE. **W. H. Doane.**

M. 96 = ♩

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv-ants, Wheth - er it be noon or night, Faith - ful to Him, will He find us watch - ing,
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con-demns us,
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch-ing, In His glo - ry they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

rit.

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an - swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?

O can we say we are read - y, broth - er, Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come?

143 I Am Thine, O Lord.

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane. Renewal.

Fanny J. Crosby. Fannie T. Doane, owner. W. H. Doane.

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

144 He Whispers His Love to Me.

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V. McC. Vivian McCown.

M. 104 = ♩

1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus walks by my
2. When He scat-ters the gifts from His boundless store, And His show-ers of
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore - ly tried, It is then that I
4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no mu - sic on

side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be-
bless - ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum - ble and grate - ful for-
know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the

gin to low'r, And He whis - pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
get to be, Je - sus whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
vic - to - ry As He whis - pers His won - der - ful love to me.
hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im - part.

CHORUS.

He whispers His love to me, He whispers His love to me;
His love to me, His love to me;
Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis-pers His love to me.

145 My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast.

J. Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.

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

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

f CHORUS.

O come, an - gel band, come and a-round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home.

146

My Saviour.

Chas. M. F. Copyright, 1902, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per. Chas. M. Fillmore.

1. I've a Sav - iour, kind and tender, I've a Sav - iour full of grace,
2. For my sake He came from heav-en To this world of sin and shame;
3. Tho' I've oft - en been un-wor-thy, He has con - stant been, and true;
4. I've a Sav - iour, kind and tender, He would be your Sav-iour, too;

And a smile of winning sweet-ness Ev - er beams up - on His face.
Bore my guilt, tho' He was guilt-less, And tho' blameless, took my blame.
Tho' I wronged Him, He for-gave me When I would my vows re-new;
Will you not ac-cept the par - don Which He free - ly of - fers you?

In my heart's shrine of af - fec - tion He shall hold the high-est place.
Can I ev - er cease to love Him, And His good - ness to pro-claim?
Tho' I spurned Him, He with kindness My re - bel - lious heart did woo.
Take Him now as your Re - deem - er, Earth has not a friend so true.

CHORUS.

How I love Him!..... How I love Him!..... Since for me..... He bled and died; How I love..... Him!
How I love Him! How I love Him! Since for me He bled and died; How I love Him!

My Saviour.



147 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Used by permission. A. J, Showalter.

148 Jesus Saves.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY JOHN J. HOOD.

Priscilla J. Owens. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**



1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



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



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



149 He Took My Sins Away.

Words arranged. Copyright, 1919, by Ada Page Towner. **Ada Page Towner.**

1. I came to Je - sus worn and sad, He took my sins a - way;
2. My load of sin I could not bear, He took it all a - way;
3. No con - dem-na - tion in my heart, He took it all a - way;
4. If you will come to Christ to - day, He'll take your sins a - way;

His won-drous love has made me glad, He took my sins a - way.
And now on Him I roll my care, He took my sins a - way.
His per - fect peace He doth im - part, He took my sins a - way.
And keep you in the nar - row way; He'll take your sins a - way.

CHORUS.

He took my sins a - way, He keeps me day by day; O I'm so glad He

saved my soul, And took my sins a - way; He took my sins a - way; He keeps me

day by day; O I'm so glad He saved my soul, And keeps me day by day.

150 We'll Understand it Better By and By.

Copyright, 1915, by C. A. Tindley. Used by per.

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley. **Arr. by F. A. Clark.**

1. We are tossed a - bout and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time, Som - bre skies and howl - ing winds oft suc - ceed a bright sun-shine, In that land of
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands, Want of shel - ter and of food—thirst-y hills and bar - ren lands, We are trust-ing
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand, All the ways that God would lead to that bless - ed prom - is'd land, But He guides us
4. Temp - ta-tions, hid-den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares, And our hearts are made to bleed for a thoughtless word or deed, And we won - der

per - fect day, when the mists have roll'd a - way, We will un - der-stand it
in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word, We will un - der-stand it
with His eye, and we'll fol - low 'till we die, For we'll un - der-stand it
why the test, when we try to do our best; But we'll un - der-stand it

D. S.—For we'll un - der-stand it

FINE. CHORUS.

bet - ter by and by. (by and by.) By and by, when the morn-ing comes,
All the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto-ry how we've o-ver-come,

D. S.

151 Nobody Knows But Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by Robert H. Coleman, Dallas, Tex.

Frances Ridley Havergal, alt. **Rev. Jackson Leslie.**

1. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,—'Tis but an old re - frain,
2. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,—'Tis mu - sic for to - day,
3. Bur-dens might be so heav - y That dear ones could not bear
4. No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: My Lord, I bless Thee now

But it is new to my heart, Now as it comes a - gain.
And thro' the hard - est tri - als, Helps me a - long the way.
To know the bit - ter heart-aches They could not come and share.
For the great gift of sor - row, That no one knows but Thou.

CHORUS.

No - bod - y knows but Je - sus: Is it not bet - ter so,

That no one else but Je - sus, My own dear Lord, shall know?

152 I'll Be True.

J. W. J. Copyright, 1920, by Rob't H. Coleman J. W. Jelks.

1. Je - sus calls us in - to His serv-ice to - day, We must
2. Look a - round us, ma - ny are stray-ing to - day; We can
3. Oh, the joy of serv - ing our Sav-iour and King; Oh, the
4. Would you know the sweet-ness of serv-ice to - day? Trust in

heed His mes-sage without de - lay, He will guide us mak-ing the
help them turn from their sin a - way; Show them Je - sus, might-y to
joy, our troph-ies to Him we bring, He is com - ing, oh, what a
Je - sus, He is the on - ly way; God is faith - ful, might-y to

path-way plain, He will use us, He will turn our loss to gain.
save from sin; He is a - ble, He will put new life with - in.
joy un - told, When we see Him and the joys of Heav'n un - fold.
save is He; Sim - ply trust in Him who died on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

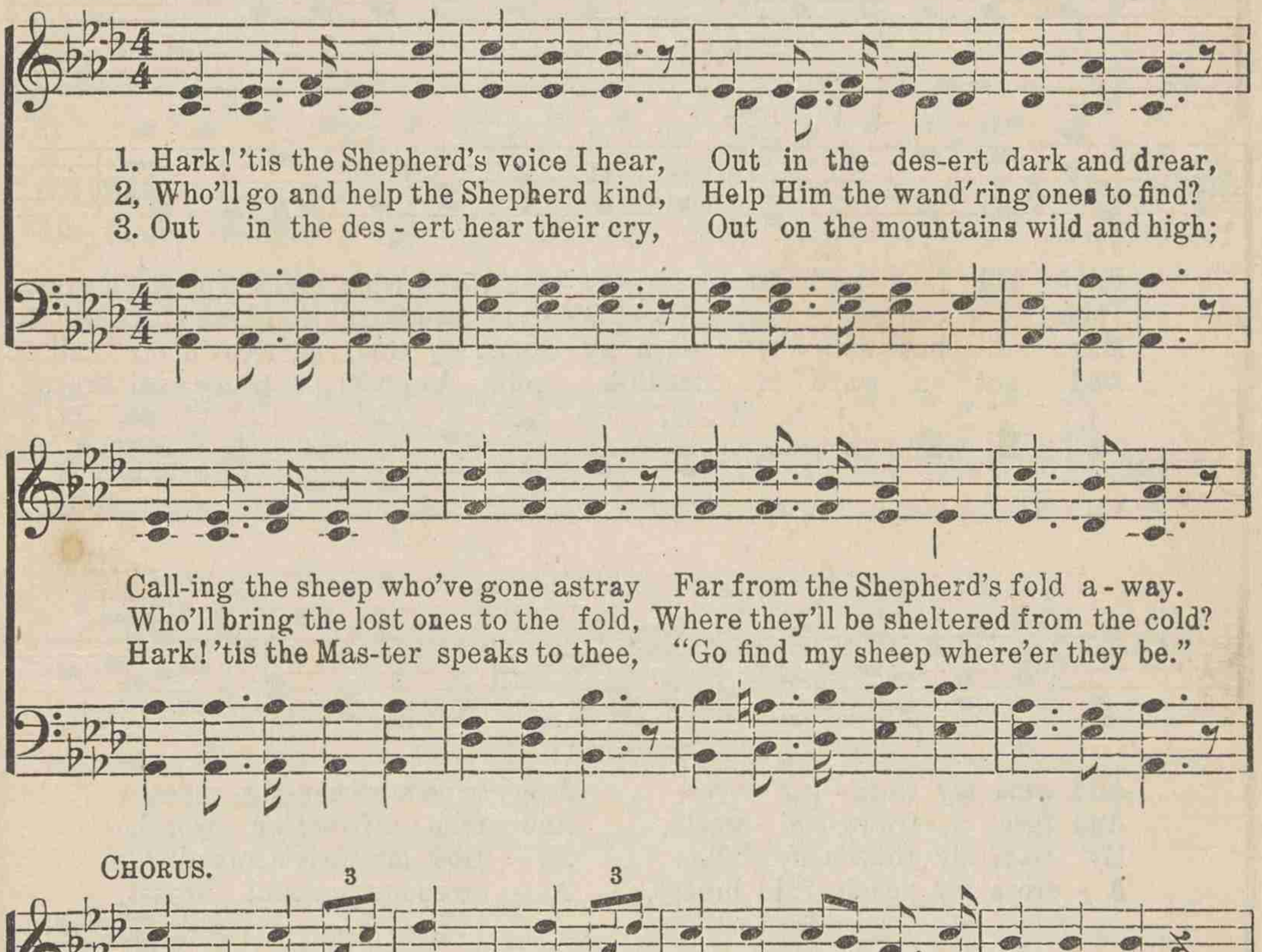
I'll be true; Faith-ful to Him each day; I'll be true;
Fol - low - ing Him all the way. I'll be loy - al; Through sunshine and

I'll Be True.



153 Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. Copyright, 1885, by W. A. Ogden. By per. **W. A. Ogden.**



154 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Lowry.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
3. Let cares, like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sorrow fall!
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,

I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll, A - cross my peace - ful breast.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,
And face a frown-ing world, And face a frowning world,
My God, my Heav'n my all, My God, my Heav'n, my all,
A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peaceful breast,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n my all.
And not a wave of trou - ble roll, A - cross my peace-ful breast.

155 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. **Joseph P. Holbrook.**

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

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

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

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

156 He Will Not Let Me Fall.

COPYRIGHT. 1910, BY ACKLEY & RODEHEAVER.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. My faith temp - ta - tion shall not move, For Je - sus knows it all,
2. When grief is more than I can bear—Too weak am I to call—
3. Some-times I fal - ter, filled with fear, I can - not see at all,

And holds me with His arm of love—He will not let me fall.
If I but lift my heart in pray'r, He will not let me fall.
His voice I nev - er fail to hear—"I will not let thee fall."

CHORUS.

He will not let me fall, He will not let me fall,
He will not let me fall,

He is my Strength, my Hope, my all, He will not let me fall.

157 The Unclouded Day.

Words and melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.



1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau-ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His



tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a-way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears



D. S.—*O they tell me of a home*

FINE.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.
in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold.
ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day.



where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed day;

158 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. **Arthur Sullivan.**

M. 112 = ♩

1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er voic - es In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go!
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. 'Gainst that Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, Which can nev-er fail. Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

159 Sail On!

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

Solo and Chorus. M. 80 = ♩

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vass torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS. M. 88 = ♩

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on!..... God

sail on! sail on!

lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

* rit. e dim. *p p*

* May close here

160 We're Marching to Zion.

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Rev. I. Watts. Rev. Robert Lowry.

M. 66 = ♩.

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

sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne,
heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King, May speak their joys abroad,
heav'n-ly fields, Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high,

And thus surround the throne, And thus

CHORUS.

And thus surround the throne.
May speak their joys abroad. We're marching to Zi-on, Beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
Or walk the gold-en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high.

sur - round the throne. We're marching on to Zi - on,

Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.

Zi-on, Zi-on,

No. 161. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. By permission. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - dious songs of the blest,
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib- ute of praise,

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by - and-
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the
by - and - by, by - and - by,

sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
In the sweet by - and - by,

CHORUS.

162 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Charles Wesley. Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est Heav'n a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
3. Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of right-eous - ness!
4. Come, De - sire of na - tions, come! Fix in us Thy hum - ble home:

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled."
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off-spring of a vir - gin's womb.
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings:
Rise, the wom-an's con-qu'ring seed, Bruise in us the ser - pent's head;

Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die;
Ad - am's like-ness now ef - face, Stams Thine im - age in its place:

With an - gel - ic hosts pro - claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men to ap-pear, Je - sus our Im - man - uel here.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Sec - ond Ad - am from a - bove, Re - in - state us in Thy love.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.



163 Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L. Copyright Property of Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by per. Robert Lowry.



164 Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.

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

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

CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear-y,
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you. }

165 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat; I wait, bless-ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with-

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans-ing I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

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

166 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. **Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."**

M 100 = ♩

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

tramp-ling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos-om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

MALE VOICES

167 I Want My Life to Tell.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Copyright, 1906, by The Lorenz Publishing Co. **E. S. Lorenz.**

1. A-mid life's bus-y, hurry-ing throng The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong,
2. I want to be a bea-con light, To cheer way-far - ers in their night,
3. I want my life with Je - sus hid, That I may do what He shall bid;
4. To wealth and fame I would not climb, But I would know God's peace sublime,

While I am trav - el - ing a - long, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And help them on their way a - right; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
I want to love as Je - sus did; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And ev - 'ry-where and all the time I want my life to tell for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I want my life (I want my life) to tell for Je - sus! I want my life (I want my life) to tell for Je - sus, That ev - 'ry-where I go Men may His goodness know, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.

168

He Will Keep.

Copyright, 1911, by M. J. Babbitt.
Rob't H. Coleman, owner.

Julia H. Johnston. M. J. Babbitt.

1. Je - sus Christ is my sal - va-tion, He will keep; From the
2. When life's per-il o'er me hov - ers My de-
3. When I come to earth's dark riv-er He will keep; When the

pow - er of temp-ta - tion He will keep; From the world's bewitching snare,
fense-less head He cov - ers, He will keep; In the dead - ly grasp of pain
flesh and spir - it quiv - er He will keep; Un - der-neath my Saviour's arm

Tho' it find me un - a - ware, Je - sus Christ, whose name I bear, He will
He is nev - er sought in vain, He who turns our loss to gain, He will
He'll sup - port in fear's a - larm, And from ev - 'ry loss and harm He will

CHORUS.

keep. He will keep..... from ev - 'ry foe, Fear-less-
He will keep. He will keep from the foe,

ad lib.

ly..... with Him I go, For my Sav-iour is di-vine, I am
Fear-less-ly with Him I go,.....

He Will Keep.



169 Fair Eden-Land, My Home.

Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1906, by The Lorenz Publishing Co. **Ira B. Wilson.**









170 A Watchman in the Night.

Julia H. Johnston. Copyright, 1918, by M. J. Babbitt. M. J. Babbitt.

1. Where the night of sin lies dark - ly, And a - far the wan-d'rers roam,
2. It is night up - on the wa - ter Where life's bil-lows toss and roar,
3. Not my own, the word of warn - ing Or the light of help and cheer,

I must keep the watch - fire burn - ing That will guide the wea - ry home;
I must keep my watch - fire gleam-ing On the sands up - on the shore;
But to me has been en - trust - ed Je - sus' mes - sage, sweet and clear;

'Tis my Lord who loves the sin - sick That has made this du - ty mine;
'Tis for this that Christ my Sav - iour Hath in love de - liv - ered me,
I can call to those in dark - ness Or far out up - on the foam;

He has giv - en to my keep - ing This fair gleam of light di - vine.
That my light may help an - oth - er Who is out up - on the sea.
I can keep my own light burn - ing That may guide the wan-d'rer home.

CHORUS.

I'm a watch-man..... in the night, I'm a

I'm a watch-man in the night,

A Watchman in the Night.

keep - er..... of a light; For the wanderer's re-turn-ing I must
I'm the keeper of a light;

keep the watch-fire burn-ing, I'm a watch-man; I'm a watchman in the night.

171 Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Anon. **Joanna Kinkel.**

1. When storms a - round are sweep-ing, When lone my watch I'm keep - ing,
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis-tress - es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid tempt - ers' voi - ces call - ing,
When from its dan - gers shrink - ing, When in its dread deeps sink - ing,
All thro' the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,

CHORUS.

Re-mem-ber me, O Might - y One! Re-mem-ber me, O Might-y One!

172 The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John. Copyright, 1884, by H. R. Palmer. Used by permission. **H. R. Palmer.**

SOLO, *ad lib.* (*Declamatory style.*)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span That bridg-es the
3. "See the lights from the pal - ace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the

wea - ried, and spent in my light; And I seek for a pal - ace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit - la - den vines—My for - tune! my all! for

Slower, and sustained.

rests on the hill, But be- ween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill."
me! if I knew—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sits thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

* CHORUS.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray fri - ar cowled in

li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright gold - en span That

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

The Wayside Cross.

CODA. *pp To be sung after last stanza.*

bridges the wa-ters so safe-ly for man. That bridges the waters so safe-ly for man.

173 What Did He Do?

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Arr. Copyright, 1910, by O. F. Pugh.
Hope Publishing Co., owner.

Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen. Arr. by O. F. Pugh.

1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry: Count-ed once a - mong the lost,
2. No an - gel could His place have ta - ken, High-est of the high tho' He:
3. Will you sur - ren-der to this Sav - iour? To His scep-ter hum - bly bow?

Yet, One came down from Heaven's glo - ry, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for - sa - ken Was One of the God-head Three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor; He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

Where is He now? In Heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In

174 My Anchor Holds.

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W. C. Martin. **D. B. Towner.**

M. 96 = ♩

1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv - en soul,
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep;
3. Troub-les al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms obscure the light of day,

I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
But in Christ I can be bold,—I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, ye
And it holds..... my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev - er
then, ye gale,

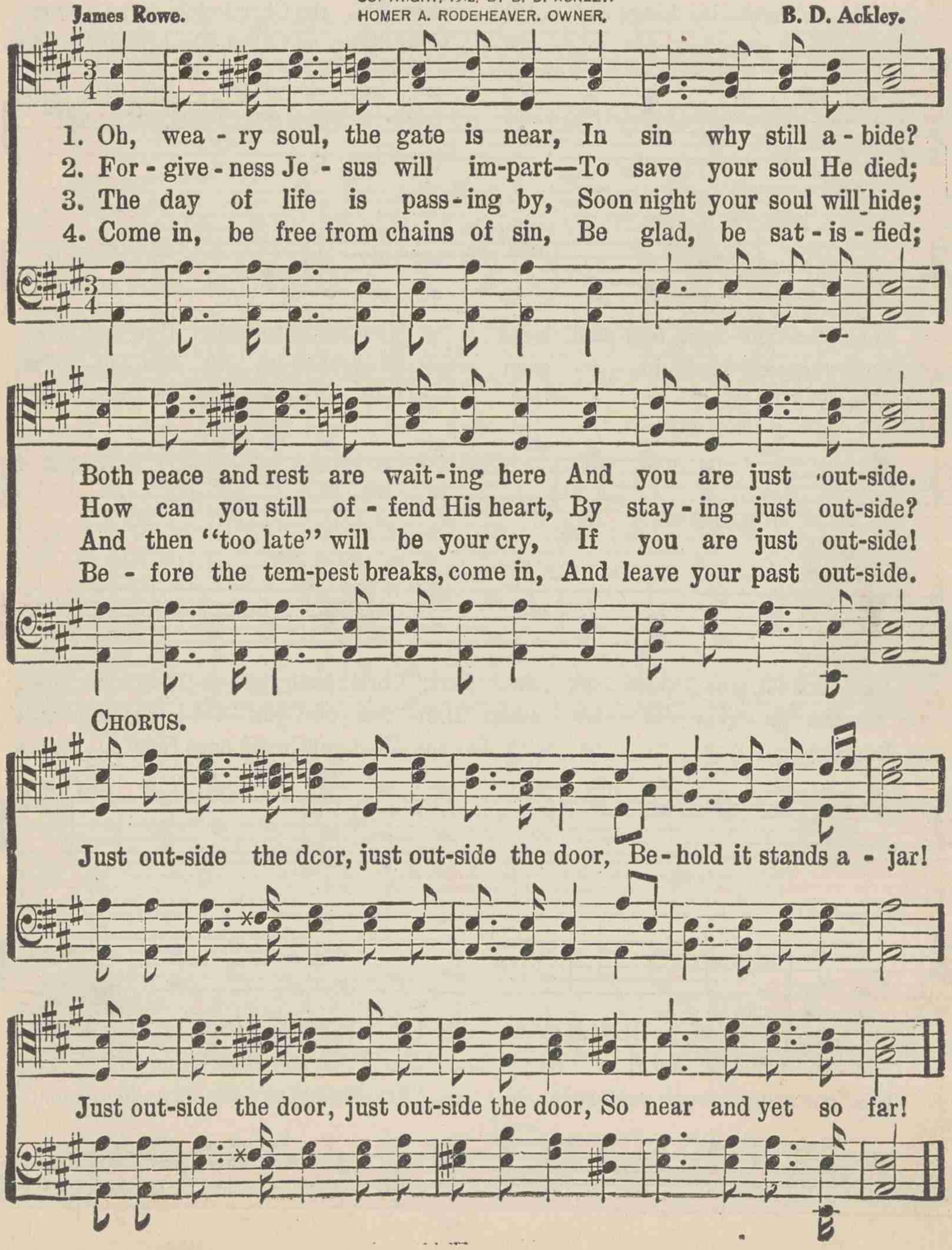
My Anchor Holds.



175 Just Outside the Door.

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James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.



CHORUSES.

176 The Glorious Message.

L. H. Miller. Copyright, 1920, by Chas. O. Miller. **Chas. O. Miller.**

1. What a mes - sage, glo-rious mes - sage, Je - sus came from heav'n to give,
2. Not as earth - ly kings and rul - ers Did the Christ child come to earth,
3. Glo - rious mes-sage of of sal-va - tion! Bless - ed Christ who brought it near,

That poor sin - ners, lost and need - y, Now might turn to Him and live!
He was crad - led in a man - ger, Brought to us by low - ly birth.
Won-drous hope of life e - ter - nal! Hap - py meet-ing in the air!

Un - to Paul, the "chief of sin - ners," Christ hath spok-en from a - bove,
Yet the an - gels did ac - claim Him "Son of God," "the Lord most high;"
Rap-tur - ous joy to be with Je - sus, Meet our loved ones face to face!

Giv - ing par - don, peace and bless - ing, Prov - ing all with - in His love.
"Un - to you is born a Sav - iour," Rang the an - them from the sky.
This, our song through endless a - ges, "Praise the Lord for sav - ing grace."

The Glorious Message.

CHORUS.



177 Awakening Chorus.

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

M. 76 =

1. A- wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
A-wake! a - wake!

2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A - wake! a - wake! a - wake!

peat, re - peat a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re - peat. re - peat Till all

wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a - wake! And light is beam-ing

earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth And shout a - new

Male voices in Unison.

from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with
glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-

Full harmony.

glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the tri-umph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

Unison.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
is sin backward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

Full harmony.

Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

Men of Valor.

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

M. 104 =

PRELUDE.

1. Men of val - or, of all a - ges, Join the con - flict as it
2. Men of val - or, sin as - sail - ing With no fear of weak - ly
3. Men of val - or, rise in num - ber! In your tents no lon - ger

ra - ges; Young and old the fight en - gag - es, Lend now your aid!
fail - ing, 'Tis the tho't of right pre - vail - ing Strengthens the arm.
slum-ber, Nor the val - iant hosts en - cum - ber, Rouse ye, be true!

Sounds of tu - mult now are near - ing; Might - y is the foe ap-
"God and home" the watch-word ev - er; Chains of e - vil you must
See! the heart of sin is quak - ing! Her de - fense is sure - ly

pear - ing; On - ward go, in spite of jeer - ing, Be not a - fraid!
sev - er; Du - ty calls! be faith-less nev - er,— God shields from harm!
break-ing! To your du - ty then a - wak - ing, God calls for you.

Men of Valor.

CHORUS.

Bu - gles call - ing, Foes are fall - ing! Brave-ly now de - fend the
Bu - gles call - ing, Foes are fall - ing! Brave - ly now de-

right! Souls are plead - ing, Cour-age need - ing, You must
fend the right! For souls are plead - ing, Cour - age need - ing,

help to win the fight! Christ o - bey - ing, Nor de-
You must help to win the fight! Christ o - bey - ing,

lay - ing, To the front in haste, a - way! Be a
Nor de - lay - ing, To the front in haste, a - way!

sol - dier true; There is need of you In the ranks to - day.

179

Holy Is the Lord.

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Edith Sanford Tillotson. **Offenbach.**
Arr. by I. H. Meredith.

1. Hark, O hark, a cho-rus that swells, A won-der-ful song of praise,
2. Hark, O hark, by an-gels of light That anthem of praise is sung,

How its strain of glo-ry ex-cels All oth-ers that lips could raise,
There in realms ce-les-tial and bright His name is on ev-'ry tongue,

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

"Ho-ly is the Lord of Hosts," It ech-oes from the skies,
"Ho-ly is the Lord of Hosts," A-round His throne they sing,

"Ho-ly is the Lord of Hosts," The list-'ning earth re-plies.
"Ho-ly is the Lord of Hosts," Let mor-tal an-swer 'ring.

SOLO, SOPRANO OR TENOR.

For bless-ed is His Name,.... Bless-ed all oth-ers a-bove,
All hail, Re-deem-er, King,..... Hon-or and glo-ry are Thine,

Holy Is the Lord.

E - ter - nal - ly the same,.... Boundless and great in His love.
Our trib - ute we would bring,.... Prais-ing our Mon-arch di - vine.

PARTS. *rall.*

Blessed His name, Boundless His love.
Hail to our King, Monarch di - vine.

Blessed His Name,..... Boundless His love..... .....
Hail to our King,..... Monarch di - vine.....

REFRAIN. *A tempo.*

Join, O join the cho - rus that rings, O join it with

glad ac - cord, Praise, O praise the greatest of kings, O wor - ship and

D. C. CODA. (*After last verse.*)

praise the Lord, For ho - ly is the Lord.....

180 Praise the World's Redeemer.

(To my friends, Dr. E. J. Bulgin and Geo. L. Rose.—F.)

James Rowe. Copyright, 1912, by Albert C. Fisher. **Albert C. Fisher,**

Unison.



1. Come, ye faith-ful lov - ers of Je - sus, your voic - es raise,.....
2. Bright-ly shine His bea-cons of free-dom on hills and plains;.....
3. Sing, re-joice, for Christ our Redeemer shall reign a - lone,.....

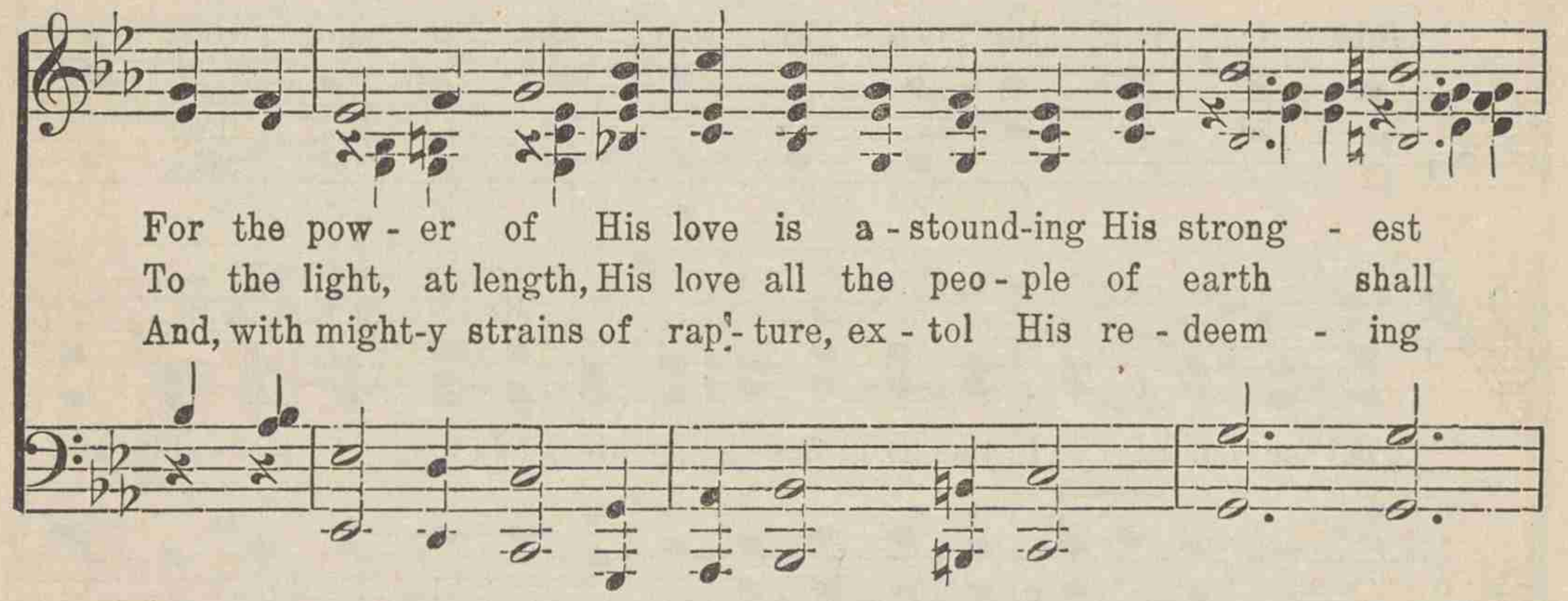




Wake the hills and val - leys with an-thems of ster - ling praise,....
Mil - lions, thro' His won - der - ful love, have been loosed from chains;....
All the earth shall gath - er to - geth - er be - fore His throne,....



For the pow - er of His love is a - stound-ing His strong - est
To the light, at length, His love all the peo - ple of earth shall
And, with might-y strains of rap - ture, ex - tol His re - deem - ing



foes;..... Win - ning all the hearts of the peo - ple He
bring—.... E - ven o'er earth's ul - ti - mate re - gions His
grace,..... For His love is win - ning and sav - ing the

Praise the World's Redeemer.

CHORUS.



181 Rejoice and Sing.

Avis Burgeson Christiansen. Copyright, 1920, by Jelks and Martin. **Harry Dixon Loes.**

Soprano. **Full Choir.** **Soprano**

1. Christ the Lord was born in Beth - le - hem, Je - sus, our Sav - iour; Lived and
2. From the tomb we hear the an - gels sing, "Christ hath as - cend - ed." Glo - ry
3. Let all earth join with the hosts on high In joy - ous sing - ing; Let His

Choir. **Soprano.**

died to ran - som sin - ful men, Praise Him for - ev - er! From the grave He
to our bless - ed ris - en King, Death's pow'r is end - ed. Sin no more shall
prais-es fill the vault-ed sky, Glad trib - ute bring-ing. Sin is van-quished,

Choir.

rose in pow'r and might, O'er sin vic - to - rious. Sing!....
tri - umph o'er the world, Christ is the Vic - tor.
death and night are o'er, Peal out the sto - ry. Sing and re - joice!

Stentato cres.

Sing!..... Joy hath dis-pelled the gloom of night.
Love's gold - en ban - ner is un - furled.
Sing and re - joice! Je - sus shall reign for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Rejoice and sing! (Rejoice and sing!) Rejoice and sing! (Rejoice and sing!) The Lord of

Rejoice and Sing.

Hosts is ris'n on high..... Ex-alt His name,..... His pow'r pro-
ris'n on high. Exalt His name,

claim,..... For He is ris'n no more to die..... O
His pow'r proclaim, no more to die.

earth, re-joice..... with heart and volce,..... The King of
O earth, re-joice with heart and voice,

kings is on the throne,... The hosts of sin..... must yield to
kings is on the throne, The hosts of sin

Him,..... And Christ shall reign su-preme a-lone.
must yield to Him, reign a-lone.

ad lib.

182 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

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H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil - lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet - ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with - in my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul;
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad - ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
And I per - ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con - trol.
And with joy I shall make the best har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall o - bey Thy will, Peace . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

cres.

ev - er it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The

ff *m*

Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*

bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

p *pp*

sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

183 Thy Banner Is Love.

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Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and music. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. Praise waits in Zi - on, O Sav - iour for Thee,.....
2. Thou art ex - alt - ed for - ev - er on high,.....
3. Praise waits in Zi - on Thy dwell - ing so fair,.....
4. Praise waits in Zi - on, O Sav - iour for Thee,.....

There in its beau - ty Thy face we shall see,.....
An - gels a - dore Thee, arch - an - gels re - ply,.....
Proph - ets and mar - tyrs Thy tri - umph de - clare,.....
There shall the wea - ry from sor - rows be free,.....

Thou art ex - alt - ed, all oth - ers a - bove,.....
Ev - er re - peat - ing, the joy - ful ac - claim,.....
Arm - ies are com - ing their troph - ies to bring,.....
There with the faith - ful u - nit - ed and blest,.....

rall.

Truth is Thy scep - ter, Thy ban - ner is love.....
Great is Je - ho - vah and ho - ly His name.....
Shout - ing all glo - ry to Je - sus our King.....
Soon we shall en - ter the ha - ven of rest.....

Thy Banner Is Love.

CHORUS.

Might - y in bat - tle, grand and vic -
Might-y in bat-tle, might-y in bat-tle, grand and vic-to-rious,

to - rious Thou art di-rect - ing our
grand and vic-to-rious, Thou art di-rect-ing, Thou art di-rect-ing,

path - way be-fore us, Thou art ex -
Thou art di-rect-ing our path-way be-fore us, Thou art ex-alt-ed,

alt - - ed all oth - - ers a - bove,.....
Thou art ex-alt-ed, Thou art ex-alt-ed all oth-ers a-bove,

rall.

Truth is Thy scep - ter Thy ban - ner is love.....
Truth is Thy scepter, truth is thy scepter Thy banner, Thy banner, Thy banner is love.

184 Help to Fill the World With Singing.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
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M. 104 = ♩

1. Help to fill the world with sing - - ing, Keep the hap-py bells a-
2. When the skies are dark-est o'er you, When the joys of life ig-

sing-ing, hap-py sing-ing,
o'er you, dark-est o'er you,

swing - ing, Send the ech-oes wild-ly ring - - ing
swing-ing, ev - er swing-ing, ring-ing, wild-ly ring - ing,
nore you, And the way is dark be-fore you,
nore you, joys ig-nore you, fore you, dark be-fore you,

O - ver all the earth from shore to shore. Do your part to ban-ish sor - - -
sor-row, ban-ish
Song will rift and drive the clouds a-way. Heavy burdens will seem light - -
light-er, will seem

row; Do not wait un-til to-mor - row; Here and there,
sor-row; mor-row, till to-mor-row,
er; Ev-'ry day will be the bright - er For a song,
light-er; bright-er, be the bright-er,

Yon-der, ev - 'ry-where, Lie bro-ken hearts and lives you may re - store.
As you go a-long Tow'rd that fair cit - y of e - ter-nal day.

Help to Fill the World With Singing.

CHORUS.

sing,.....

a song for you to sing,
There's a song for you to sing, for you, and Bells on - ly you may

ring,..... Just a word some-one nev - er heard Will cheer a
for you to ring,

lone - ly way;.....
lone-ly, wear-y way, will cheer a lone-ly way; There's a yoke for you to

wear,.....

yoke for you to wear, There's a cross for you to bear,.....
wear, to wear, and
for you to bear,

Do your part with a will - ing heart To bring a bright-er, bet-ter day.

Invitation Songs.

185 Jesus is Calling.

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

Fanny J. Crosby. **George C. Stebbins.**

M. 63 = ♩.



1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je - sus is waiting, O come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je - sus is pleading, O list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;





Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Farther and far-ther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick-ly a - rise and a - way.



CHORUS.



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



Je - sus is call - ing, Is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,



186 Softly and Tenderly.

USED BY PER, HOPE PUBLISHING CO.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

M. 40 = ♩.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho 'we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home!
Come home, come home,

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

rit.

187 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

M. 152 = ♪

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

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

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - derer, come!
bnt to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail: "Al - most—but lost!"

188 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

Geo. F. Root.

M. 63 = ♩.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, O why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in? O
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your

Why Do You Wait?

Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

189 Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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C. C. Case.

M. 96 = ♩.

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Jesus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

190 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

M. 84 = ♩

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

FINE.

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

D. S.—*O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

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

191 Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. **Wm. Bradbury.**

M. 100 = ♩

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

Just as I Am.



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



192 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. **Rev. L. Hartsough.**



193 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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Wm. O. Cushing. **Geo. F. Root.**

M. 108 = ♩

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a
   See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way, Wel - com-
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the
   Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day; An - gels
   Tell the joy - ful ti - dings, bear it far a - way, For a

D. C.—*'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might-y sea, Peal - ing*

FINE. CHORUS.

soul re - turn - ing from the wild;
ing His wear - y, wan-d'ring child.
wan-d'rer now is rec - on - ciled;
born a - new, a ran-somed child.
swell the glad tri - um-phant strain;
pre - cious soul is born a - gain.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the

forth the an - them of the free.

D. C.

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

194 Only Trust Him.

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

M. 100 = ♩

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the

Only Trust Him.

CHORUS.

give you rest by trusting in His word.
crimson flood that washes white as snow.

{ On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him,
{ He will save you, He will save you,

On-ly trust Him now;
He will [*Omit . . . . .*] save you now.

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

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

195 Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

M. 126 = ♩

1. 'Tis the promise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un-to him who on
2. Tho' the pathway be lone-ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Sure-ly Je-sus is
3. Man-y loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng; They are safe now in
4. Lit-tle chil-dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their
5. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS.

Je-sus His Son will be-lieve.
a-ble to car-ry me thro'.
glo-ry, and this is their song: Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on
song of sal-va-tion they sing.
prais-es for-ev-er will be:

the Son; I am saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One; fied One.

196 Glory to His Name.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. **Rev. J. H. Stockton.**

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin; Je - sus so sweet-ly a-bides with-in;
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have entered in;
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to His name.
There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo ry to His name.

Glo - ry to His name; There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His name.

197 The Old-Time Religion.

Unknown.

CHO.—'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth - ers,

'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.
It was good for our moth - ers, And it's good e - nough for me.

2. Makes me love everybody.
3. It has saved our fathers.
4. It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5. It was good for the Hebrew children.
6. It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7. It was good for Paul and Silas.
8. It will do when I am dying.
9. It will take us all to heaven.

198 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.

M. 66 = ♩

1. I hear the Sav-ior say: "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a-lone, Can
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim; I'll
4. And when, be-fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je-sus

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone. Je-sus paid it
wash my garments white In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
died my soul to save!" My lips shall still re-peat.

all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

199 While Jesus Whispers.

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W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je-sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

Devotional Songs.

✣ ✣ ✣

200 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. H. S. Cutler.

M. 104 = ♩

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

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

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

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low,—He fol-lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
They bowed their heads the stroke to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n, To fol-low in their train.

201 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. **J. S. Norris.**

M. 88 = ♩

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

D.C.–*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

D. C.

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

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

202 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. **Arr. by William H. Monk.**

M. 120 = ♩

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

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

203 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. **W. A. Fischer.**

M. 72 = ♩

1. I am com - ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;

CHO.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

D. C. for Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

204 Higher Ground.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

M. 72 = ♩

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

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

Higher Ground.

CHORUS.

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

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

205 Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. H. Doane.**

M. 50 = ♩.

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

FINE.

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

D.S.–*Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.*

CHORUS. D. S.

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

206 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. **C. C. Converse.**

M. 84 = ♩

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

FINE.

D. S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

207 The Solid Rock.

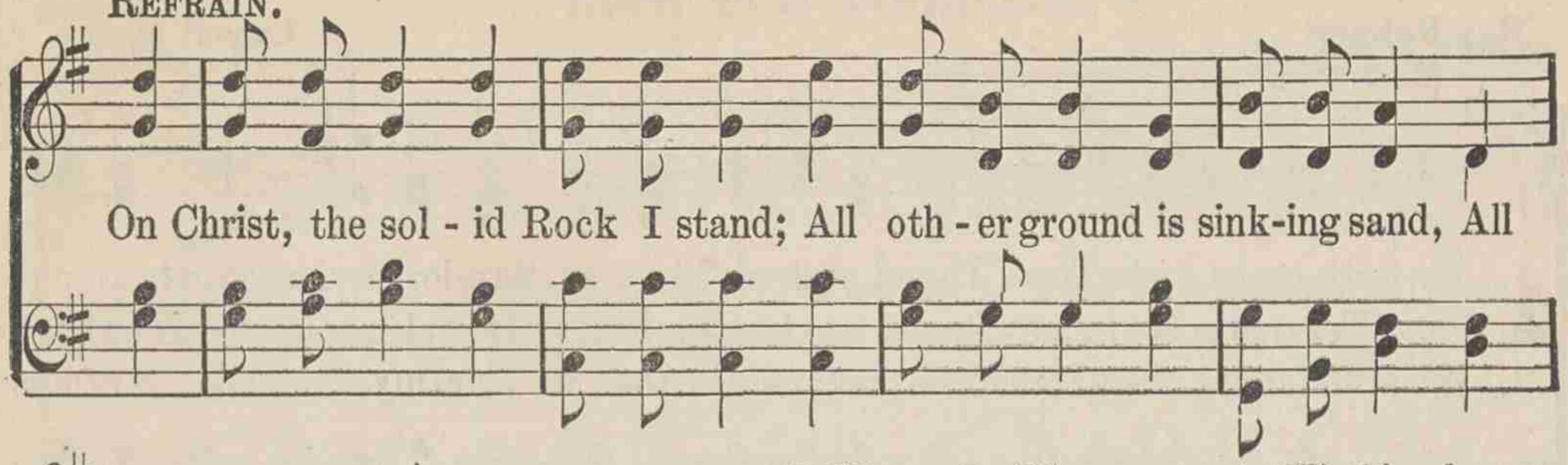
Edward Mote. **Wm. B. Bradbury.**

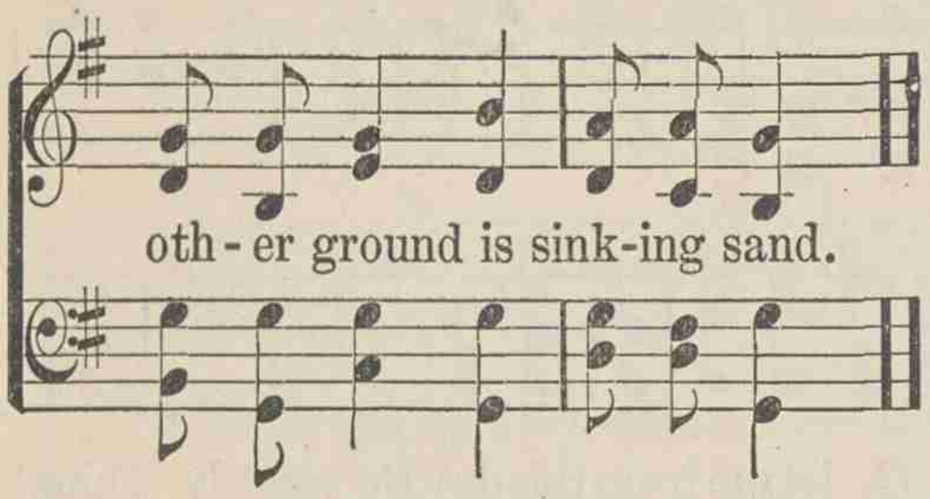
M. 66 = ♩

1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   { I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je-sus' name.
2. { When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace:
   { In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale, My an - chor holds with - in the vale.

The Solid Rock.

REFRAIN.





3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

208 Savior, More Than Life.

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F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

Fanny J. Crosby. **W. H. Doane.**

M. 69 = ♩



FINE.

D.S.–*May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

209 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**

M. 48 = 𝅗𝅥

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-ior di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv-ing 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 tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a-side.

210 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

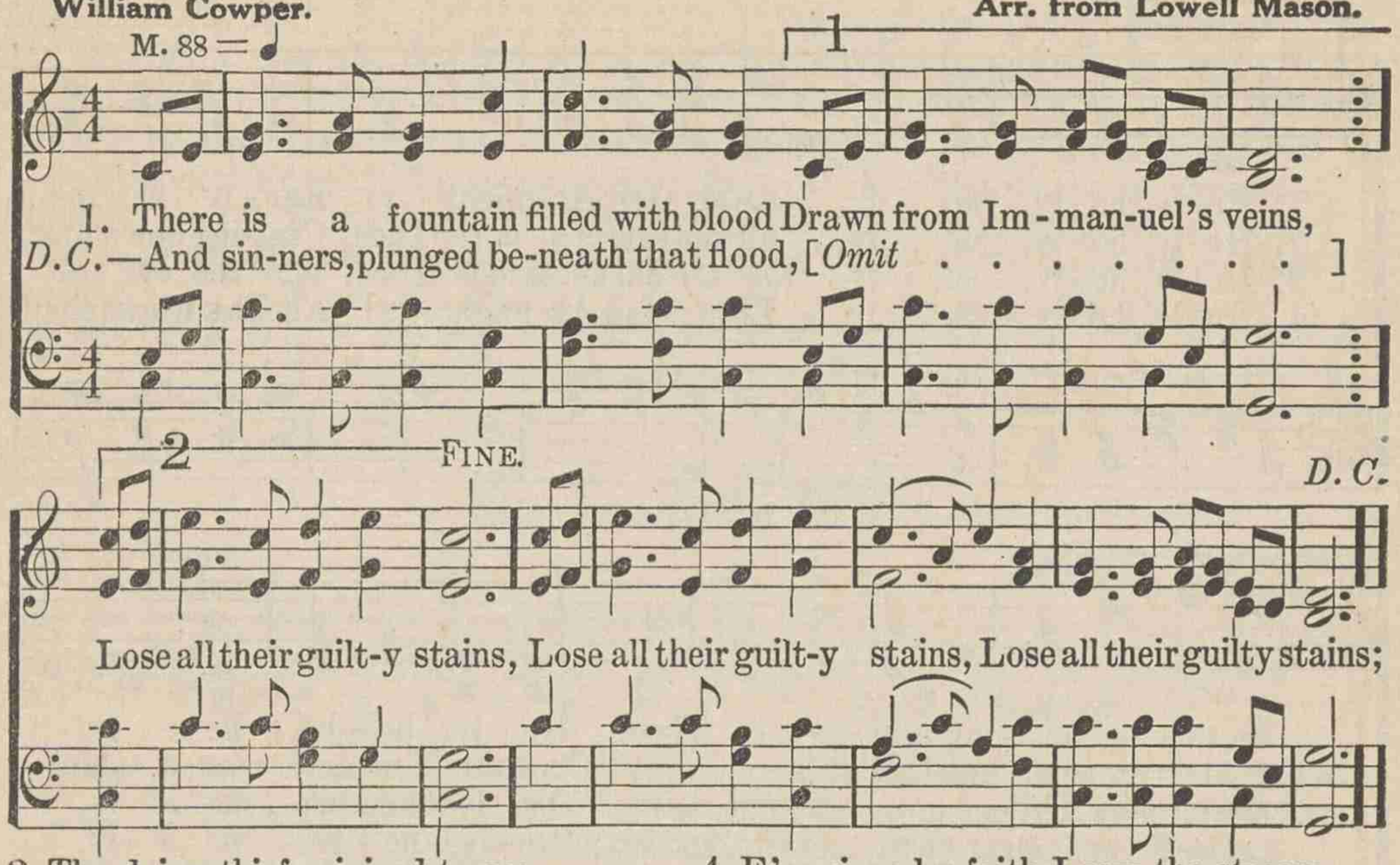
William Williams **Thomas Hastings.**

M. 69 = 𝅗𝅥

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land: / I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: } Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow; / Let the fier - y, cloud-y pil - lar Lead me all my journey thro': } Strong De-liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield; Strong Deliv'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears subside; / Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Canaan's side: } Songs of prais-es I will ev - er give to Thee; Songs of praises I will ev - er give to Thee.

211 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. Arr. from Lowell Mason.



2 The d ing thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

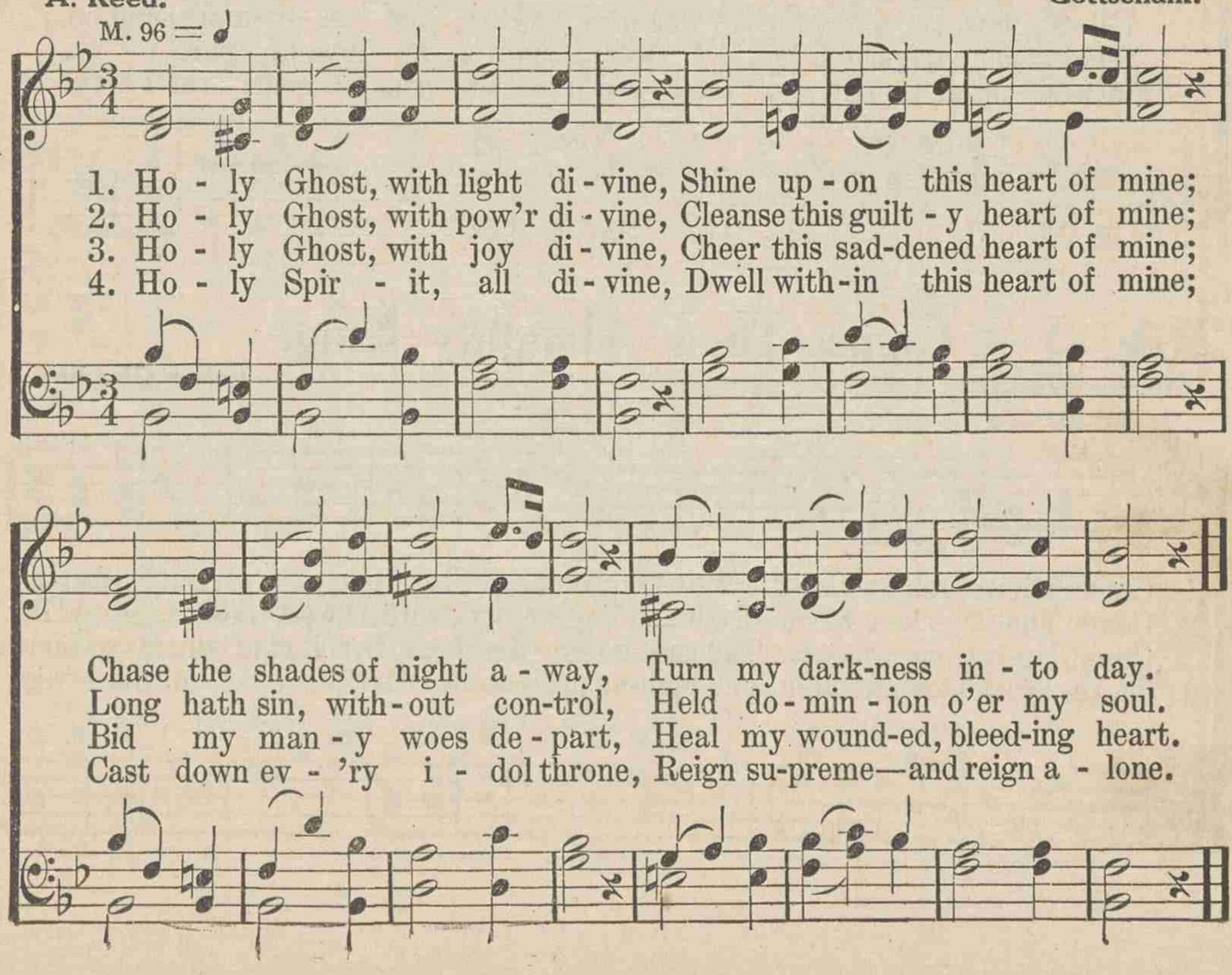
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

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.

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.

212 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



213 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. **John B. Dykes.**

M. 92 = ♩

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their gold-en crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see: On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly;

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty!

214 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. **Felice Giardini.**

M. 100 = ♩

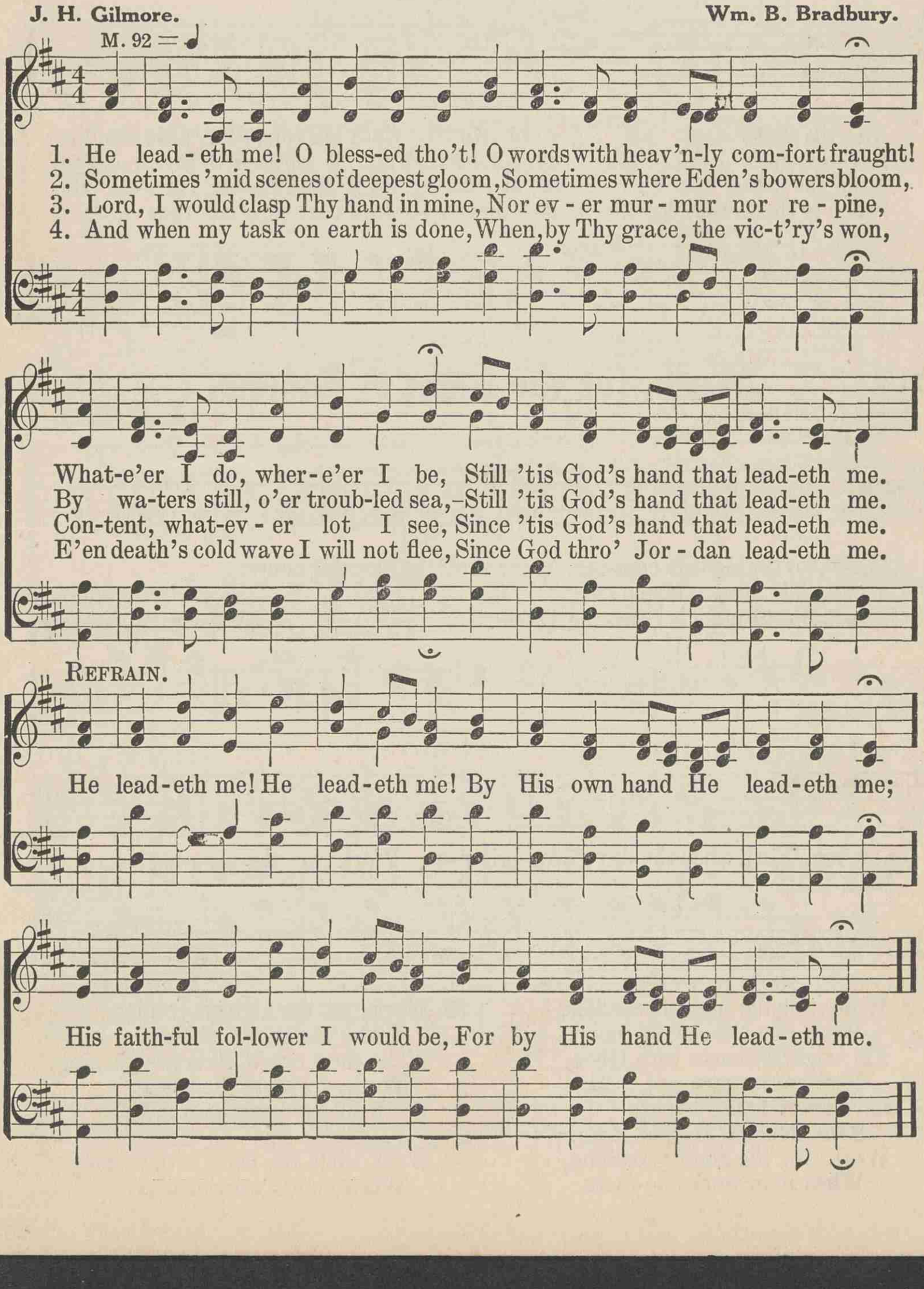
1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-
2. Come, Thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho-ly Com - fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais-es be Hence, evermore! His sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.



215 He Leadeth Me.

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



216 In the Cross of Christ.

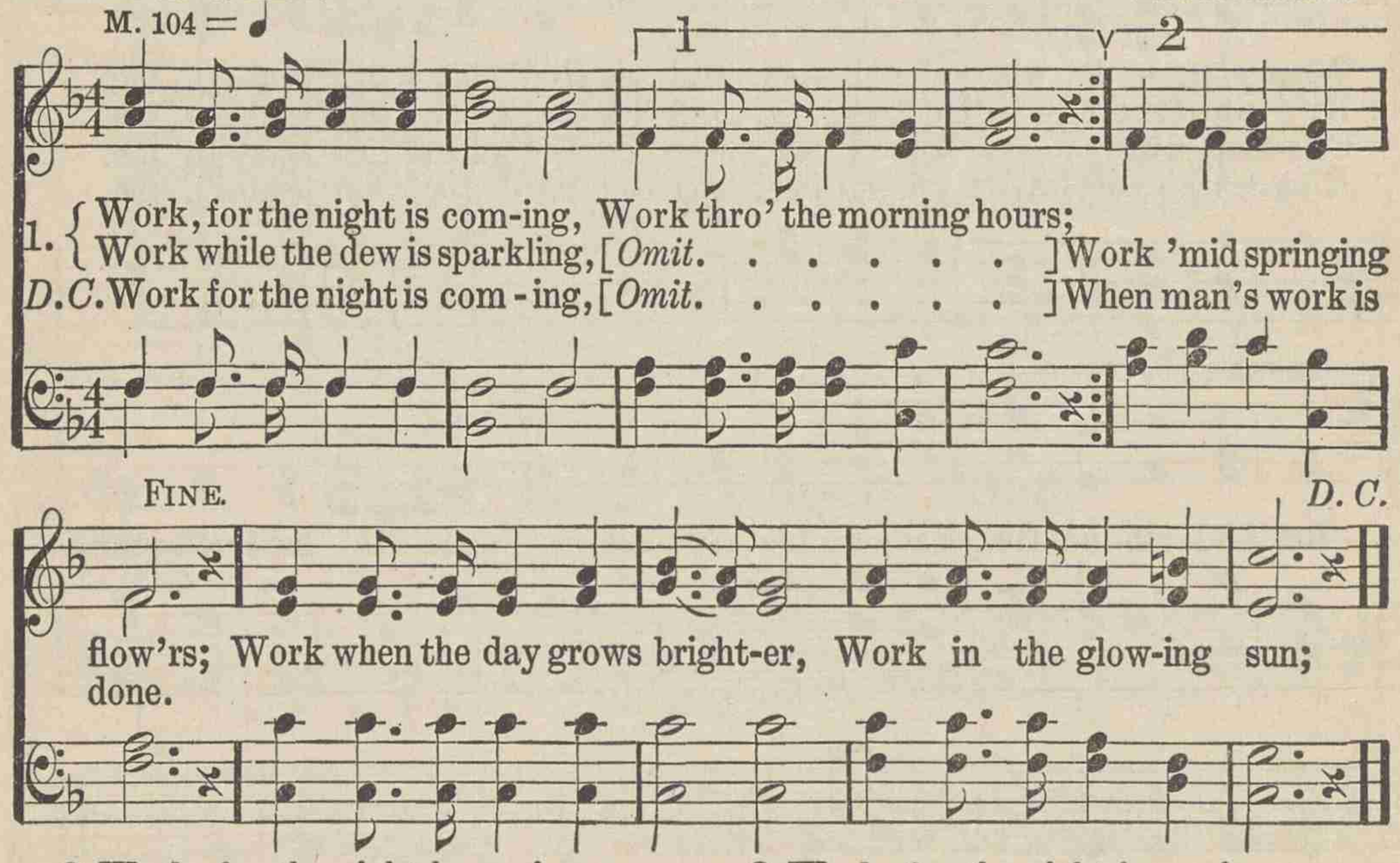
Sir John Bowring. **Ithamar Conkey.**



217 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. **Lowell Mason.**

M. 104 = ♩



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

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

218 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

M. 108 = ♩

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
4. "When thro' fi-ery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf - ficient, shall

ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o - verflow; For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy
be thy sup-ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-

ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je-sus have fled?
gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deep - est dis - tress, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est distress.
sume, and thy gold to re - fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re - fine."

219 How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Anne Steele.

M. 60 = 𝅗𝅥

220 Close to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. **S. J. Vail.**

M. 80 = ♩

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

f. FINE.

All a - long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

D.S.–All a - long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.–Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.–Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

1–3. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

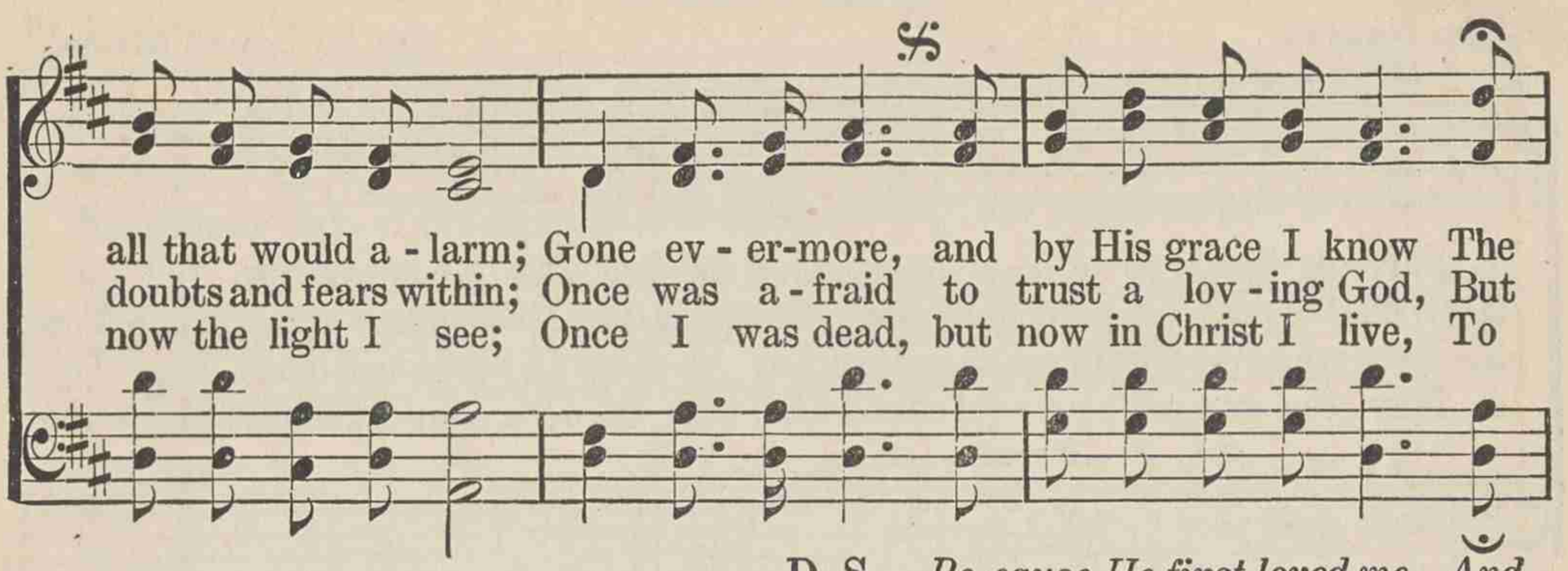
221 I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. **S. C. Foster.**

M. 84 = ♩

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

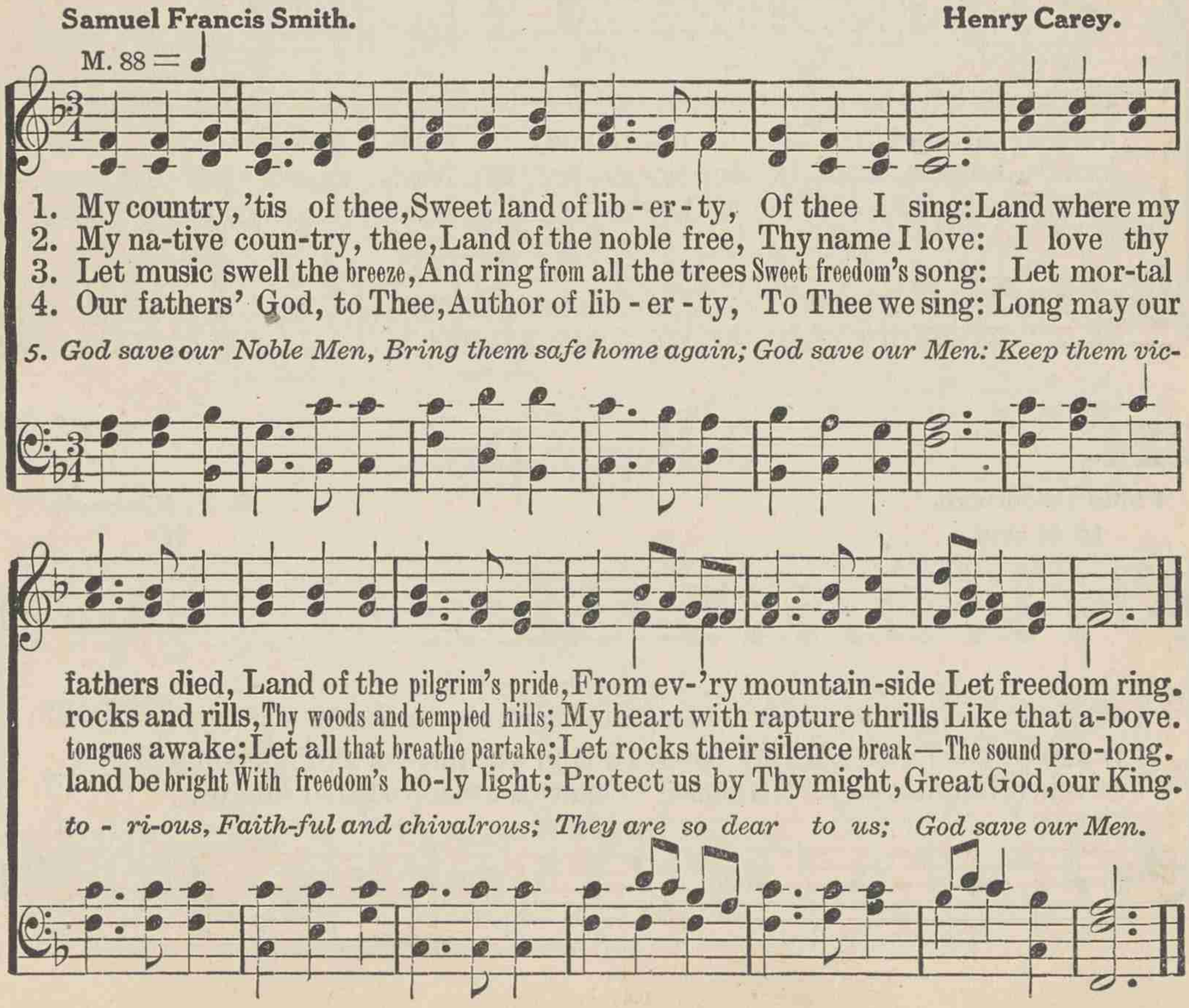
I Love Him.





222 America.

Samuel Francis Smith. **Henry Carey.**



223 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton **Arr. by Lowell Mason.**

M. 72 = ♩

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro 'the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near: May Thy
4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, comfort saints; Make the

now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day: Day of
rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af-
fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re - lief to all com - plaints: Thus may

all the week the best, Emblems of e - ter - nal rest. of e - ter - nal rest.
world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee. rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er-last-ing feast. ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove. join the church a - bove.

224 O Happy Day.

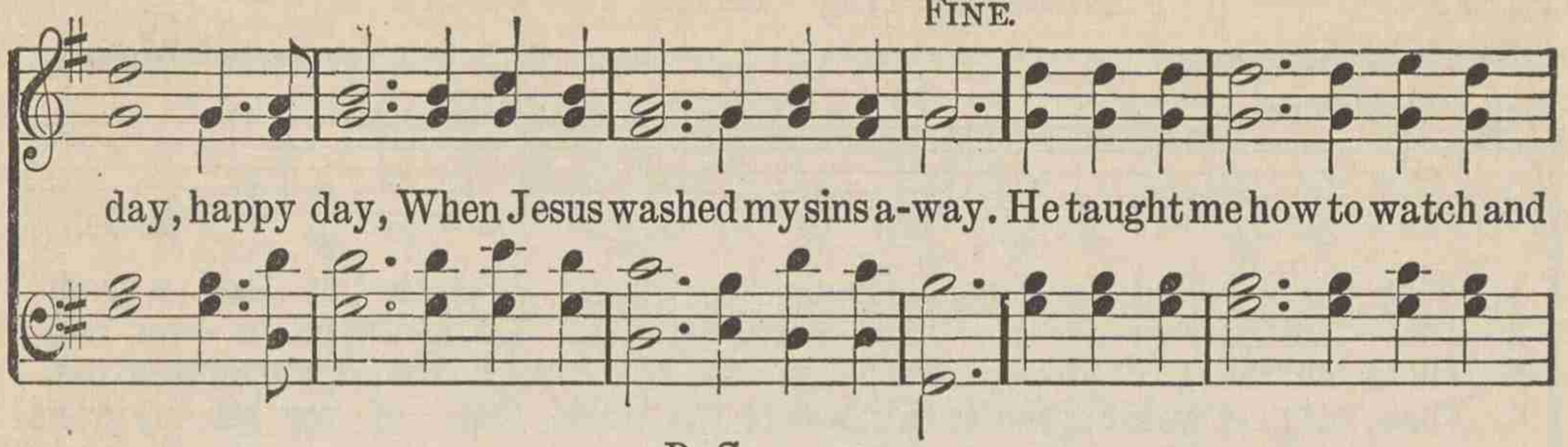
Philip Doddridge. **E. F. Rimbault.**

M. 60 = 𝅗𝅥

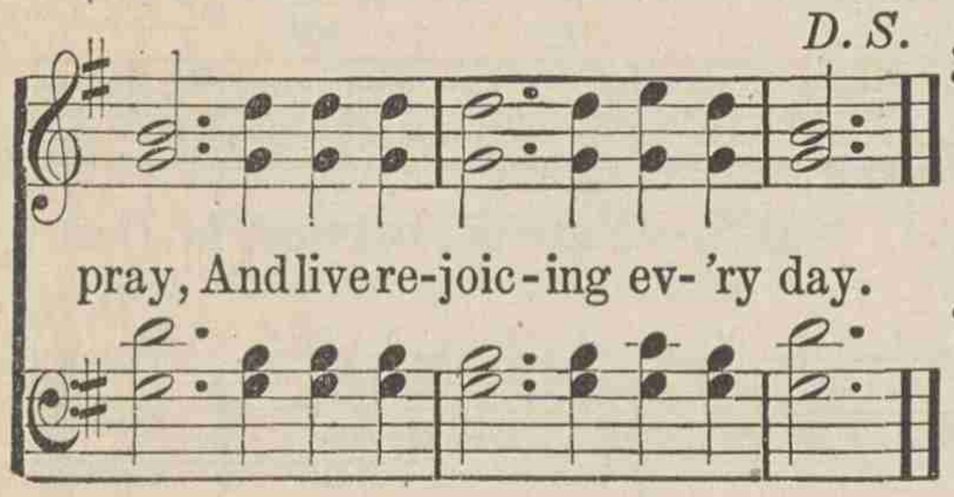
1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad. } Hap - py
2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! / Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap - py

O Happy Day.

FINE.



D. S.



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

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

225 Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. **G. F. Handel.**

M. 88 = ♩



226 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**

M. 126 = ♩



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs



D.S.—*Near-er, my God, to Thee,*

FINE. *D. S.*



That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,

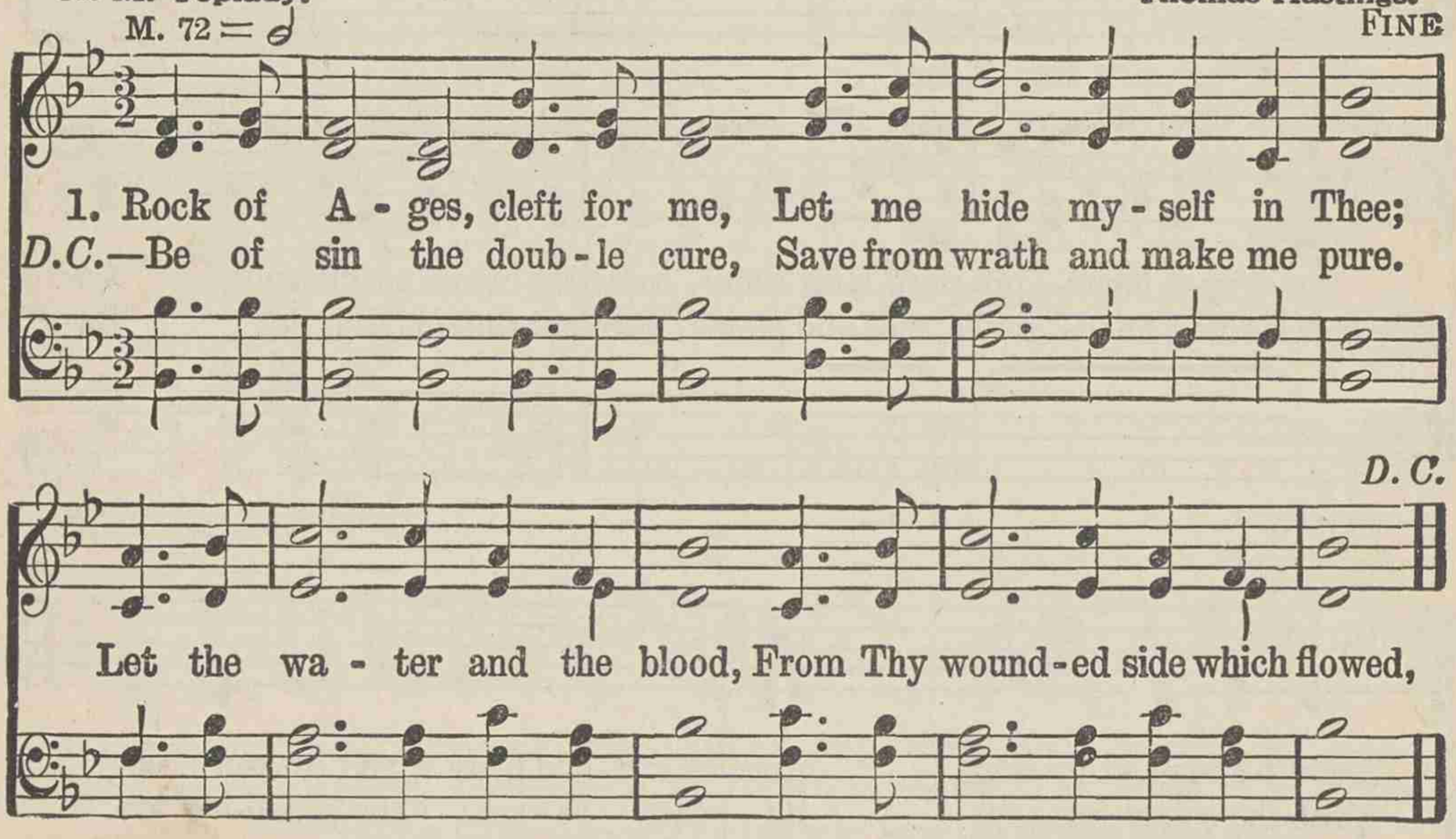
Near - er to Thee!

227 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. **Thomas Hastings.**

M. 72 = 𝅗𝅥

FINE



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,

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.

228 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. William B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure ond changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,

Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me,
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Grace of God so strong and bound-less, Mag - ni - fy them all in me,

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
E - ven me, E - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

229 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

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

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

230 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.

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

died, and is now gone a - bove.
Saviour, and scattered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le-
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.

CHORUS.

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

231 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen.

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

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

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

232

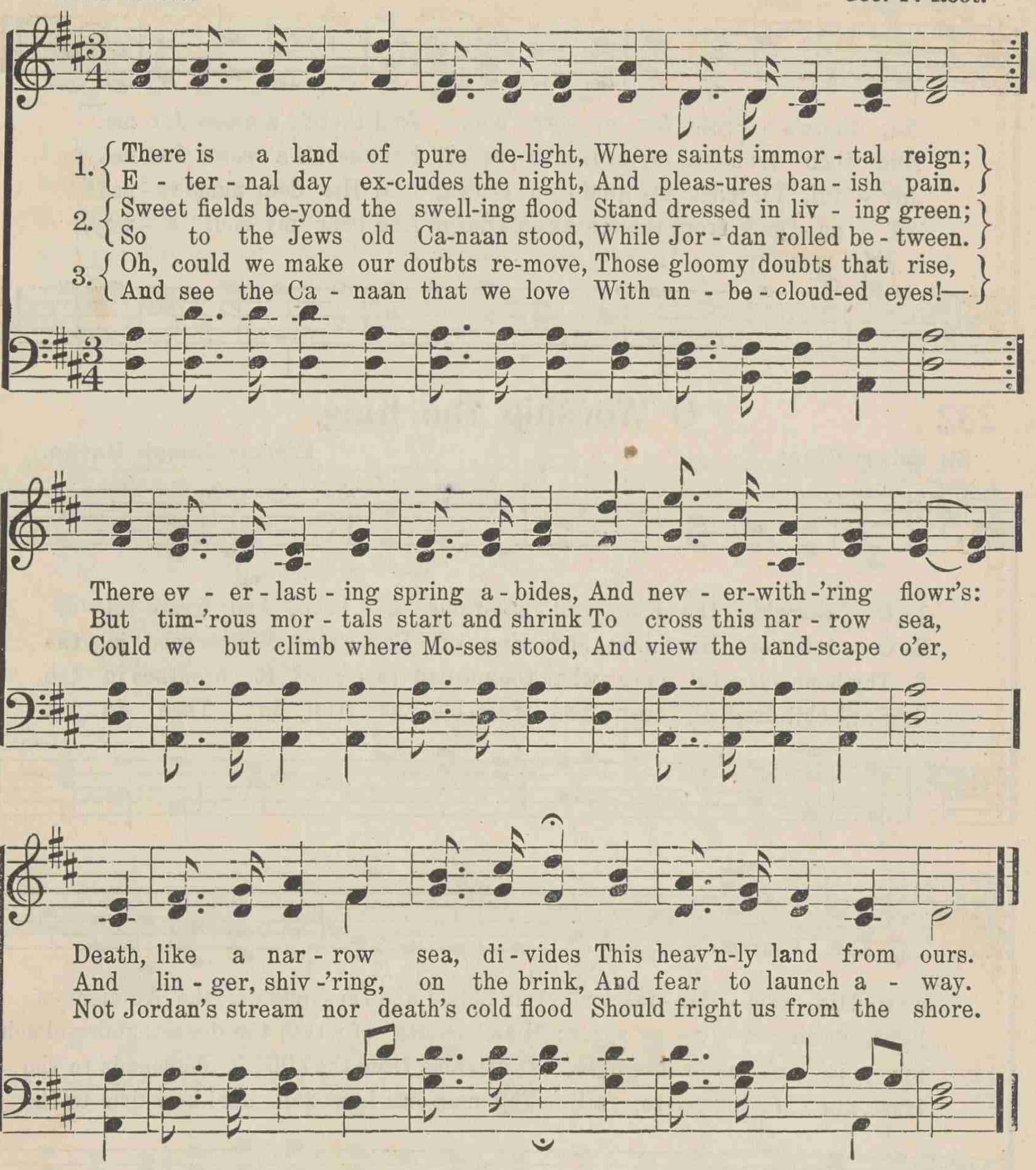
O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. **Francis Joseph Haydn.**

1. O wor-ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten - der! how firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

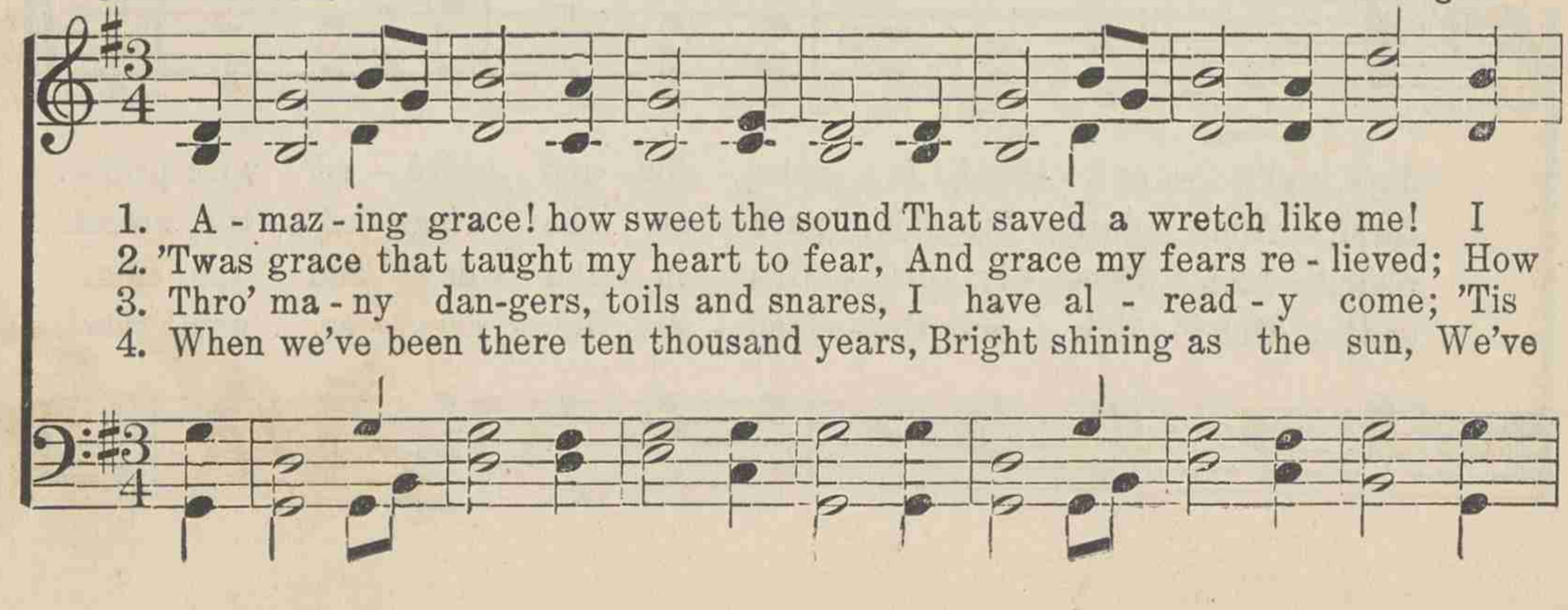
233 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. Geo. F. Root.



234 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arranged.

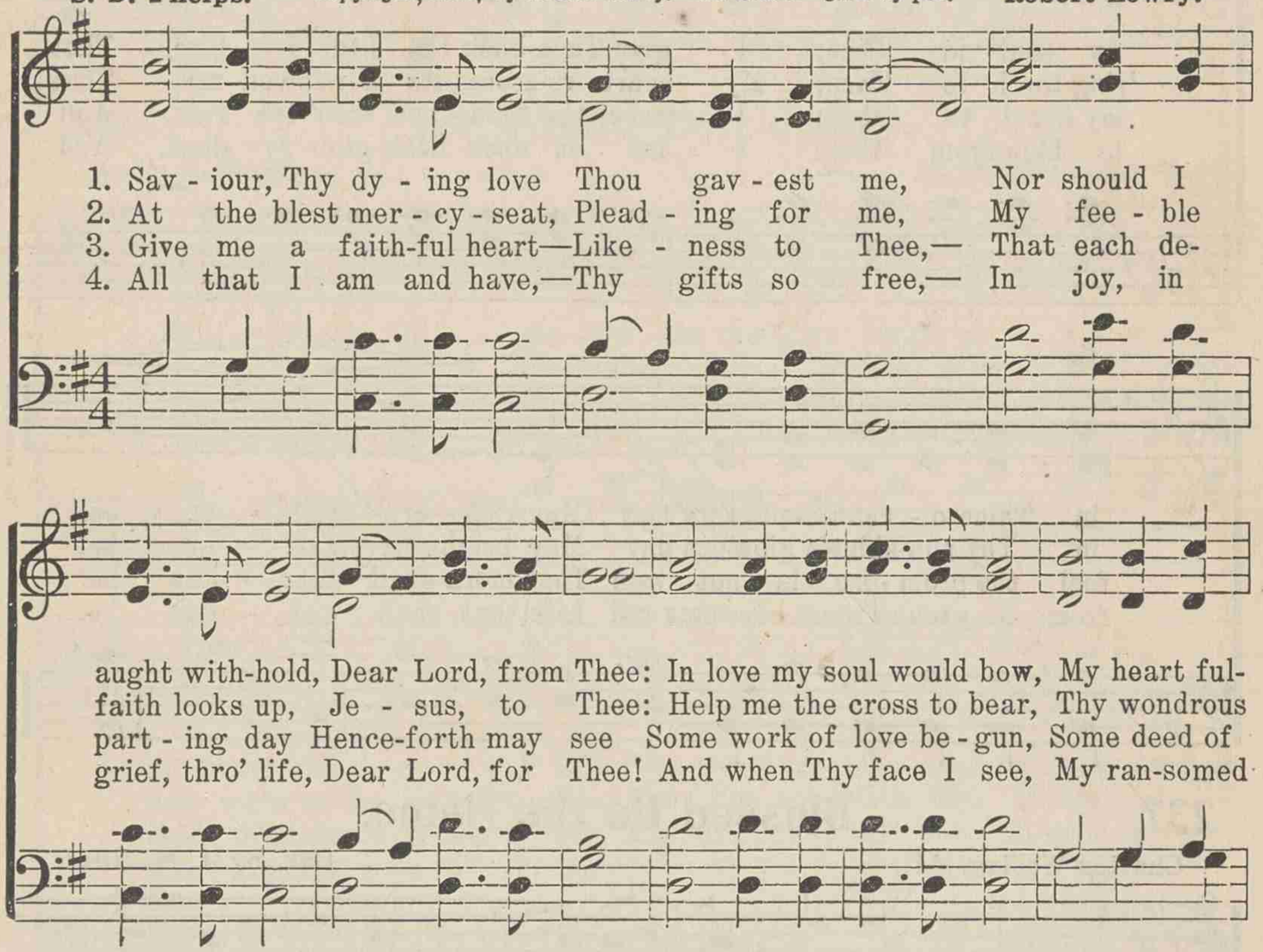


Amazing Grace.



235 **Something for Jesus.**

S. D. Phelps. Copyright, 1899, by Robert Lowry. Renewal. Used by per. **Robert Lowry.**



236 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. A. L. Peace.

p

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-
2. O Light that fol - l'west all my way, I yield my flick-
3. O Joy that seek - eth me thro' pain, I can - not close
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask

y soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That
my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
to hide from Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

237 Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou - sand tongues to sing, Bless - ed be the name
   { The glo - ries of my God and King! Bless - ed be the name
2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless - ed be the name
   { 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless - ed be the name
3. { He breaks the pow'r of can - celed sin, Bless - ed be the name
   { His blood can make the foul - est clean, Bless - ed be the name
4. { I nev - er shall for - get the day, Bless - ed be the name
   { When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Bless - ed be the name

Blessed Be the Name.

of the Lord! of the Lord! Bless - ed be the name, bless - ed

be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

238 We Would See Jesus.

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

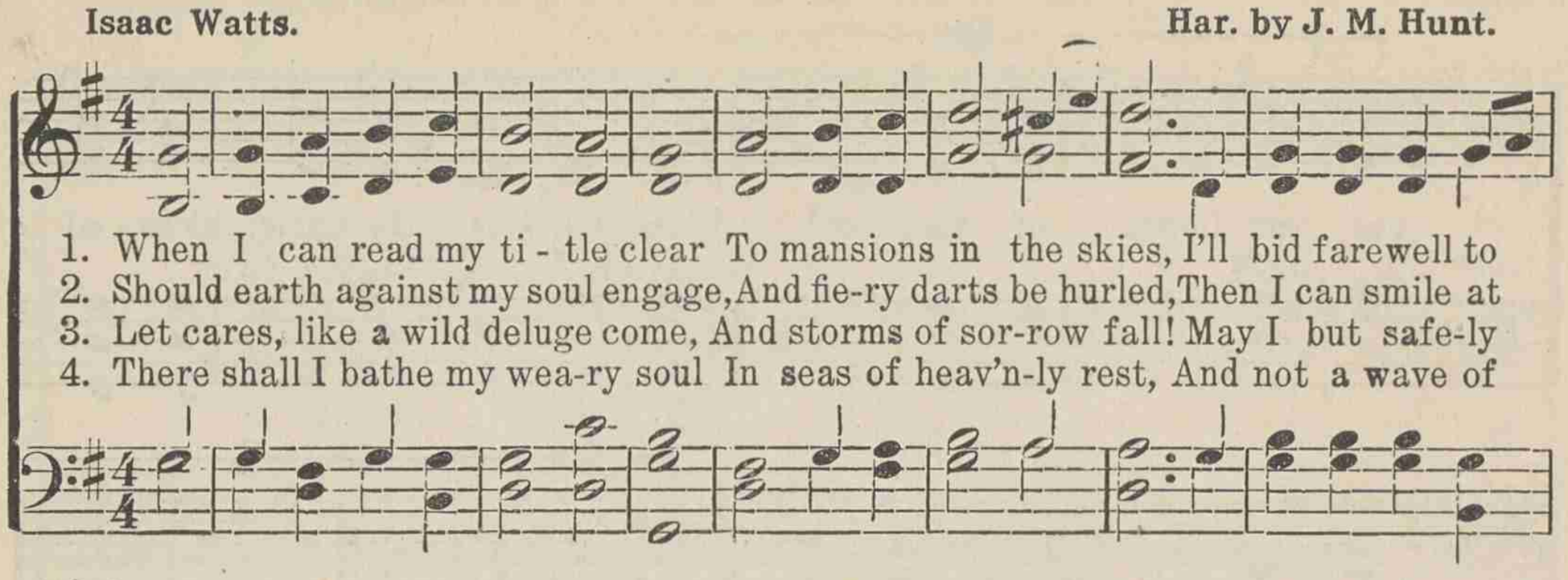
1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where- on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
feet were set by sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i-
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil-grim-age are
will - ing-ness come with the sight; We must see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en,

strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
plead - ing; Then wel - come, day! and fare - well, mor - tal night.

239 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. **Har. by J. M. Hunt.**



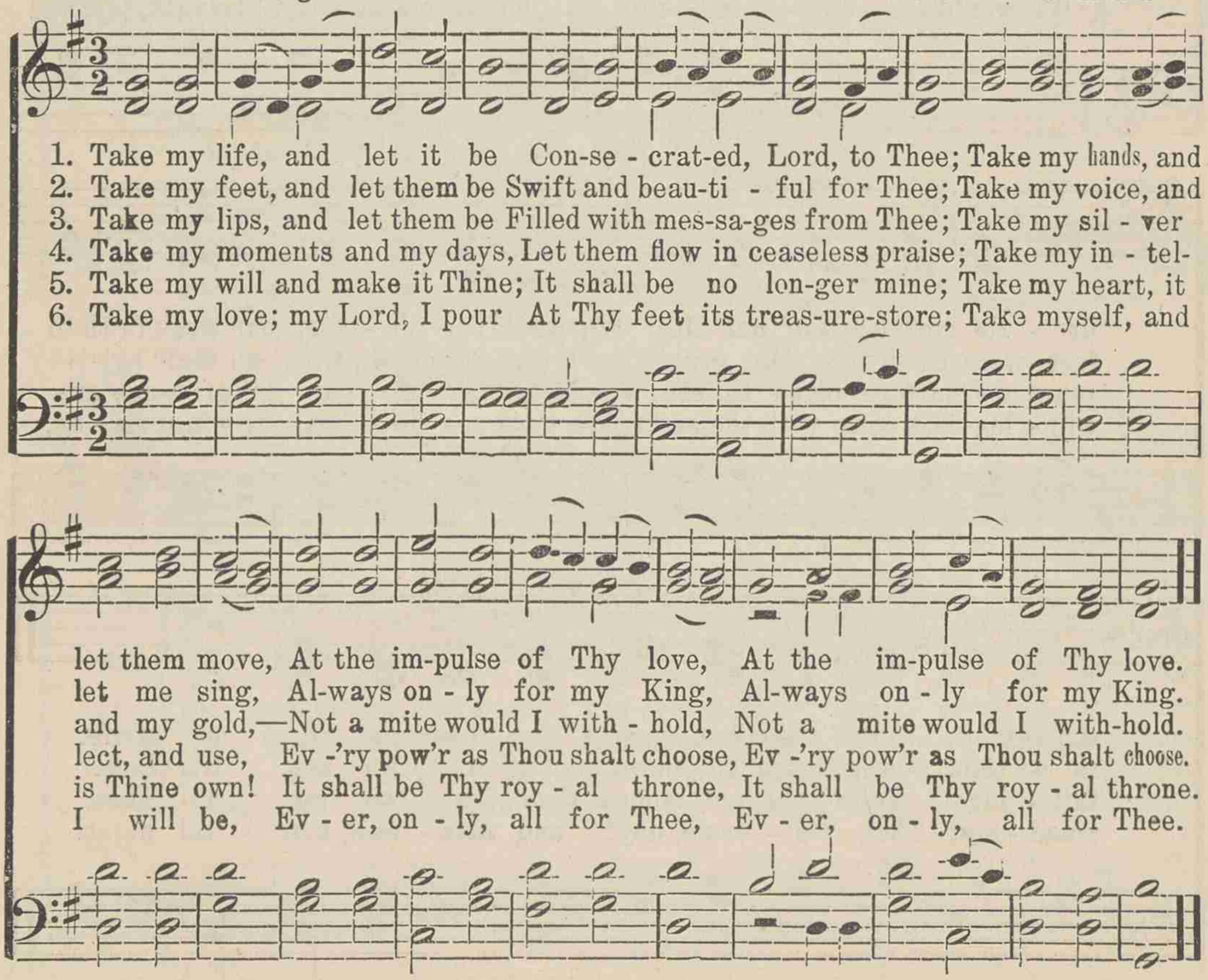
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fie-ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at
3. Let cares, like a wild deluge come, And storms of sor-row fall! May I but safe-ly
4. There shall I bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of



ev -'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Satan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
reach my home, May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
trouble roll, And not a wave of trou-ble roll A - cross my peaceful breast.

240 Take My Life.

Frances R. Havergal. **Abraham H. Malan.**

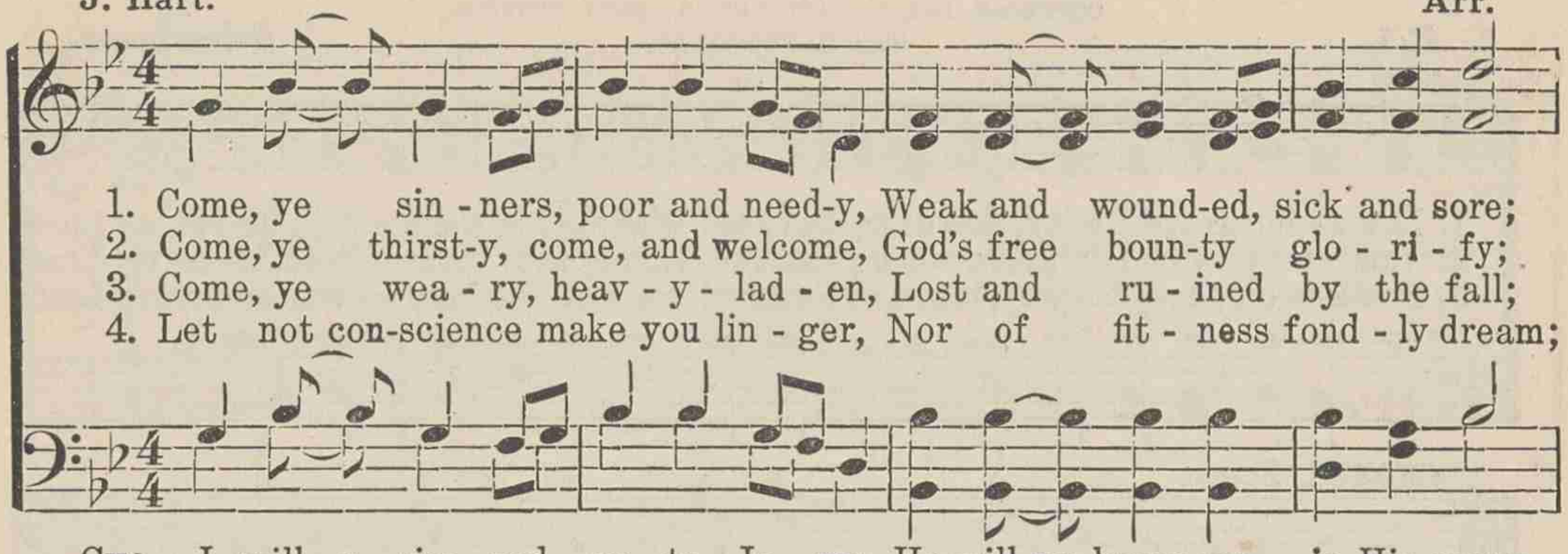


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges from Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise; Take my in - tel-
5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no lon-ger mine; Take my heart, it
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure-store; Take myself, and

let them move, At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing, Al-ways on - ly for my King, Al-ways on - ly for my King.
and my gold,—Not a mite would I with - hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect, and use, Ev -'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev -'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
is Thine own! It shall be Thy roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

241 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

J. Hart. Arr.

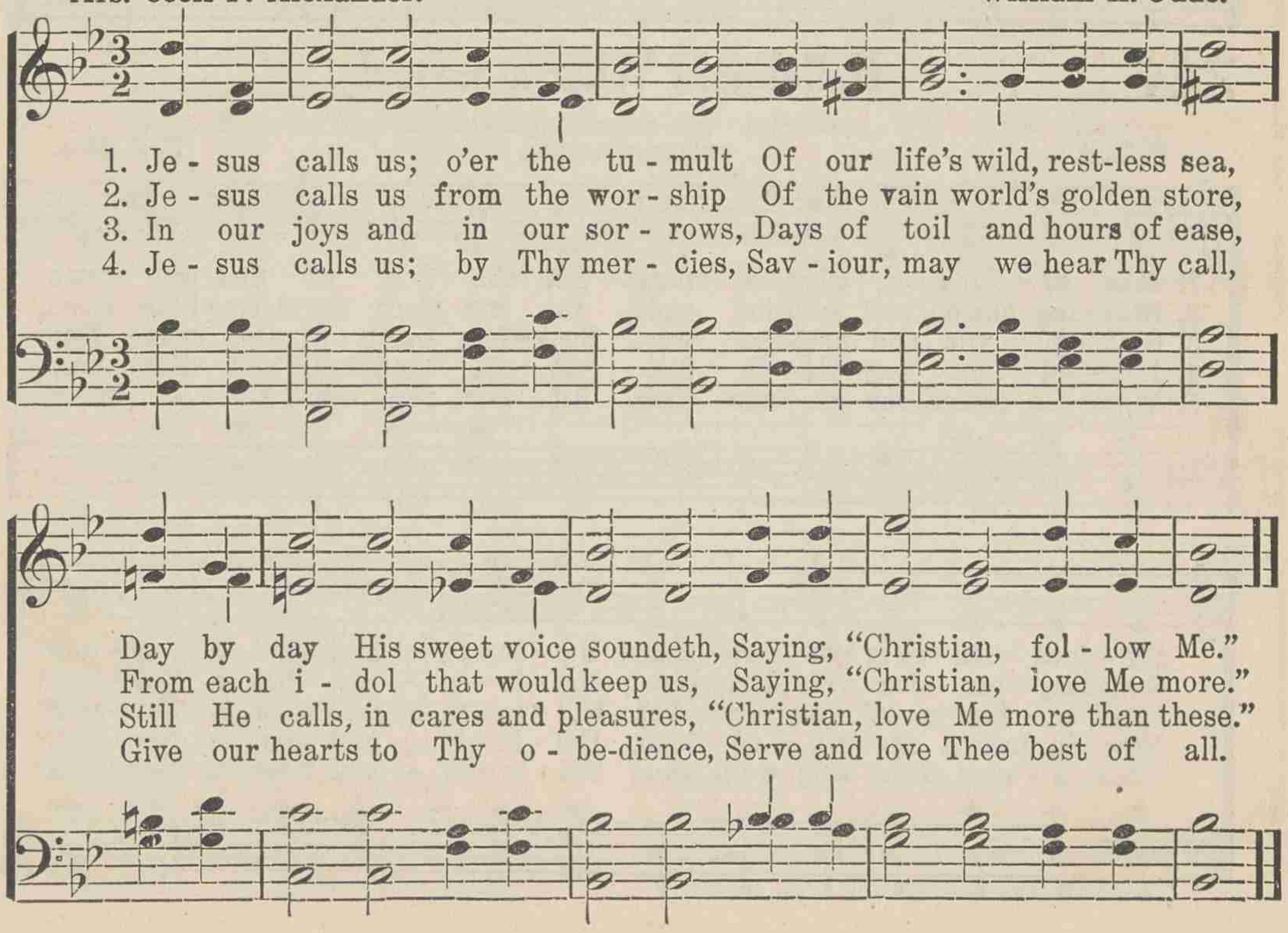


D. C. for Chorus.



242 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. William H. Jude.



243 Christ Arose!

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R. L. Robert Lowry.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je-sus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day, Je-sus, my Lord!
2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je-sus, my Saviour! Vain-ly they seal the dead, Je-sus, my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey, Jesus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a-way, Je-sus, my Lord!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Up from the grave He a-rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes;
He arose, He a-rose;
He a-rose a vic-tor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
saints to reign; He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
rit.
He a-rose! He a-rose!

244 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

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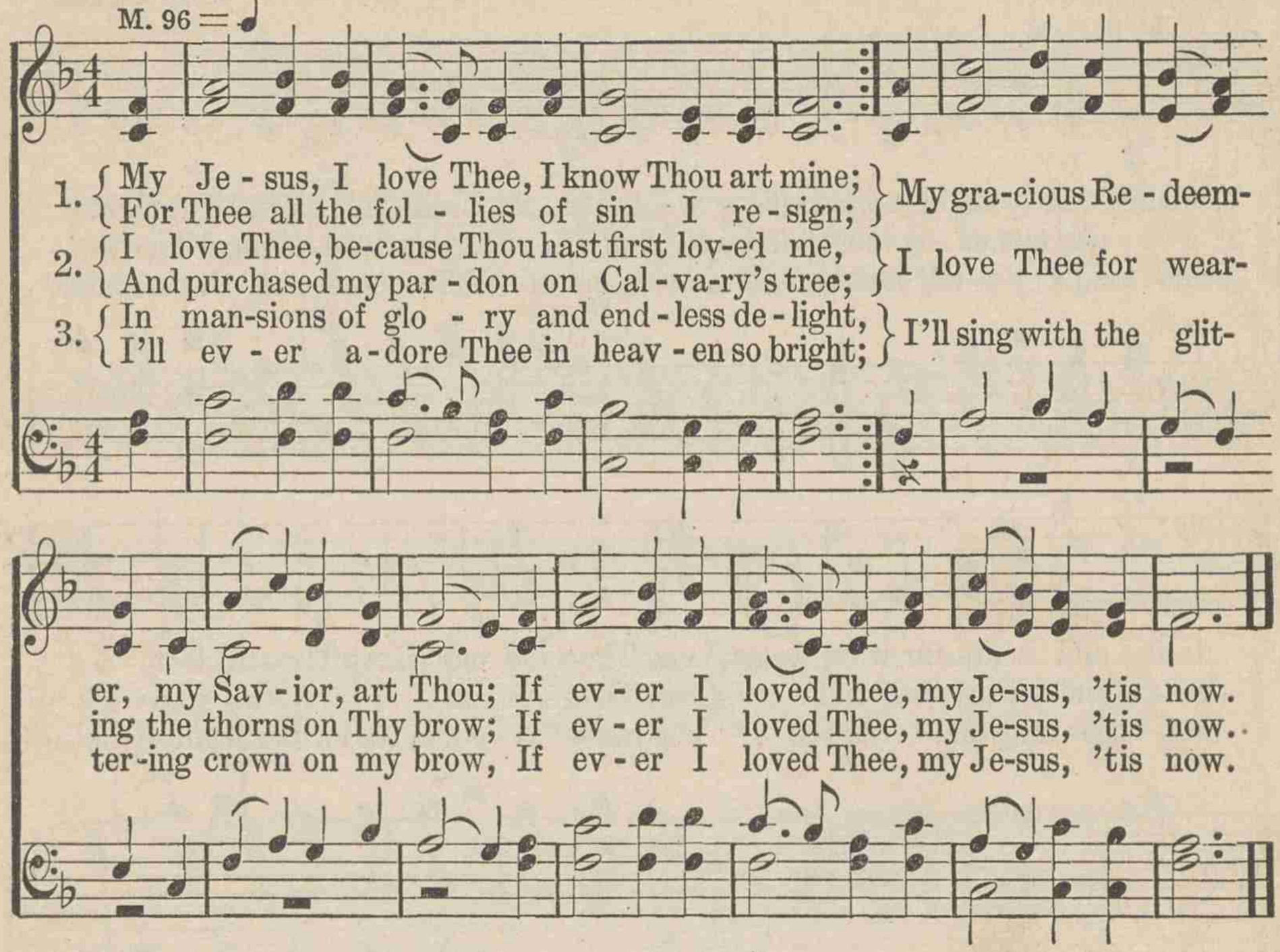
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!

245 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.



246 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

W. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.



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."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

247 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. **J. B. Dykes.**

M. 58 = ♩

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a -mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

248 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. **J. E. Gould.**

M. 80 = ♩ FINE.

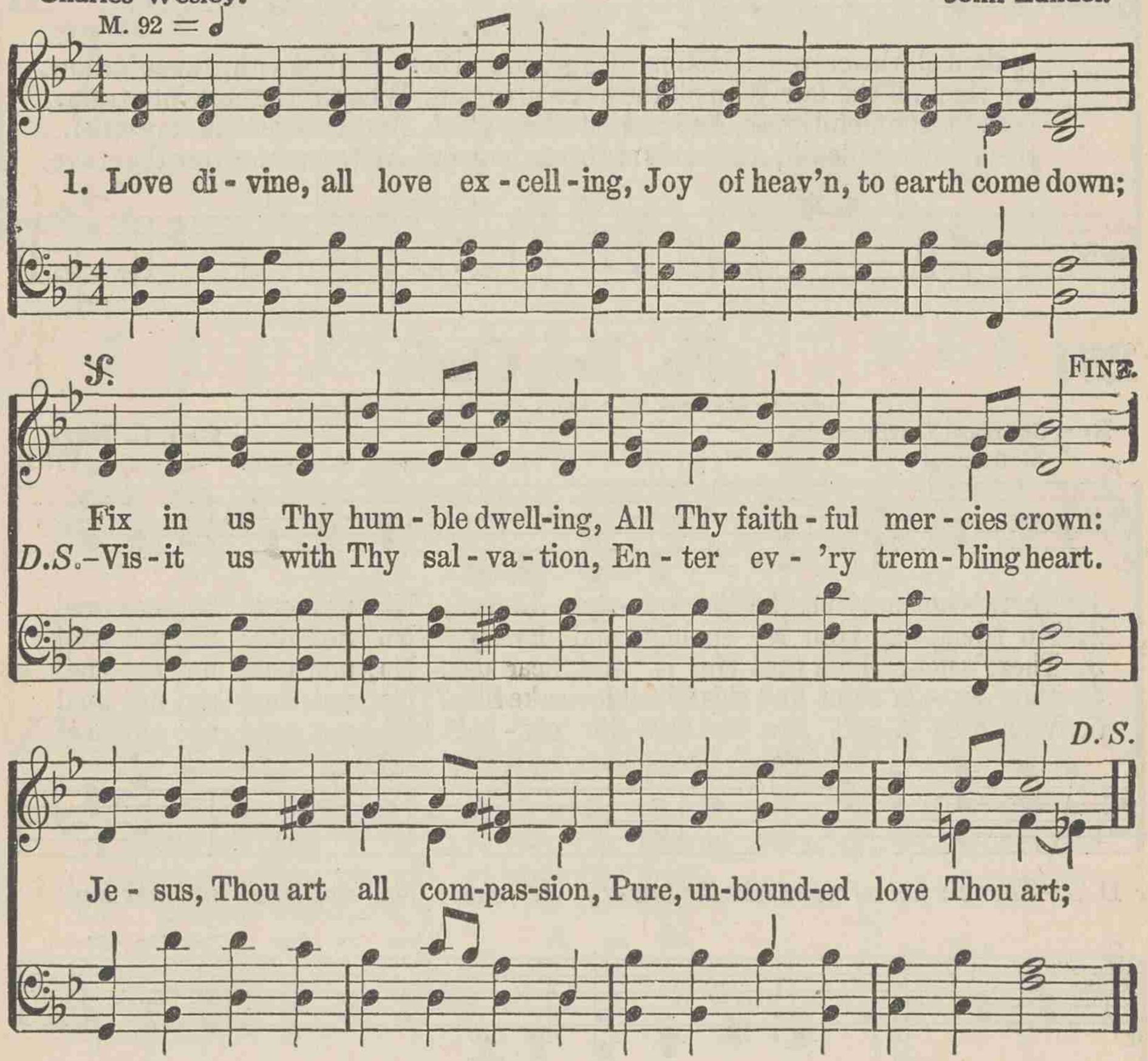
1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
D.C.–Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.*C.*–Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.–May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.



249 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.



2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

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

250 Majestic Sweetness.

Samuel Stennett. **Thomas Hastings.**

M. 44 = 𝅗𝅥.

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Savior's brow; His head with
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare Among the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me

radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair Who fill the heav'nly train, Who fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
tri-umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

251 No, Not One!

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

M. 84 = ♩ FINE.

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

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

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

No, Not One.

CHORUS. D. C.

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

252 Rescue the Perishing.

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Fanny J. Crosby. **William H. Doane.**

M. 80 = ♩

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

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

CHORUS.

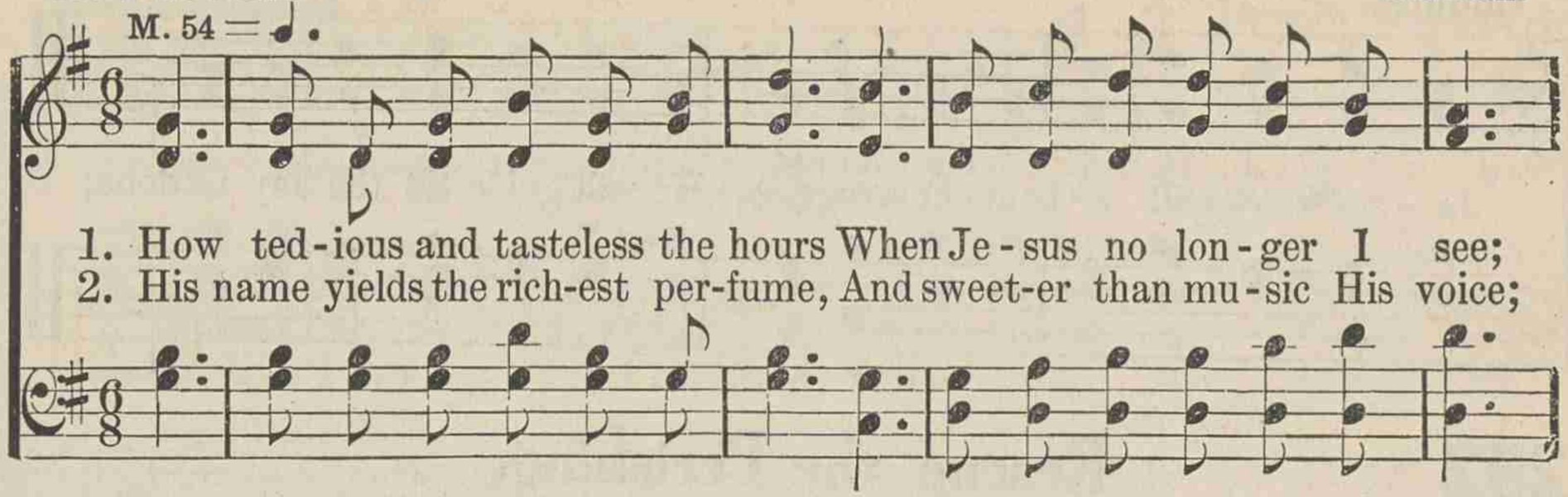
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

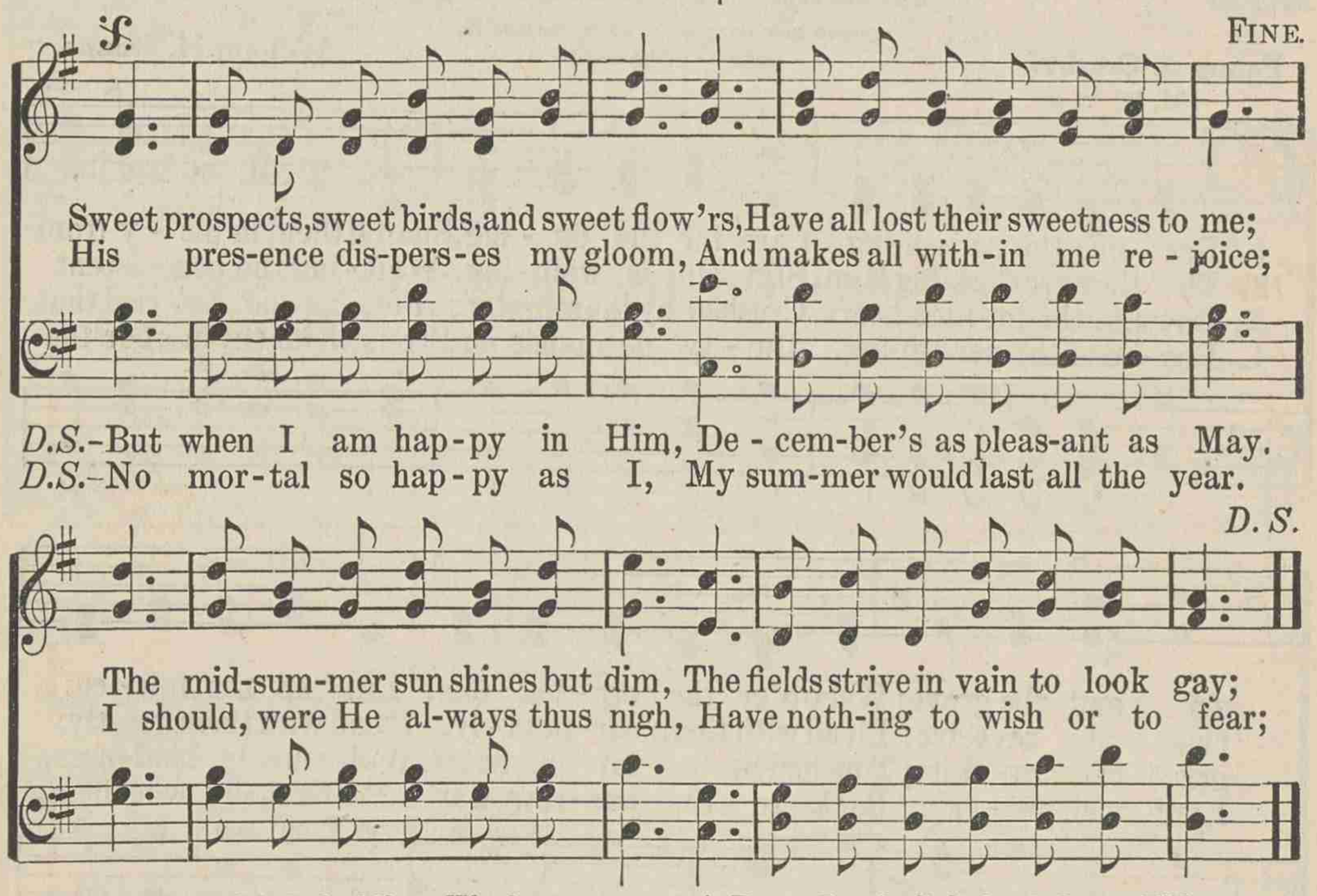
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

253 How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. **German.**

M. 54 = ♩.





3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

254 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. **John Wyeth.**

M. 66 = ♩

Fine.



Come, Thou Fount.



2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

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

255 Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield, Jr. **George J. Webb.**



256 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**

M. 92 = ♩.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord.... of all.

257 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. **Simeon B. Marsh.**

M. 96 = ♩ FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo- som fly,
   { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }
D.S.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
   { Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me. }
D.S.–Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

D.C.



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

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

258 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth P. Prentiss. **William H. Doane.**



259 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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

M. 108 = ♪

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la-tion share,

FINE.

And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D.S.–And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
D.S.–I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height I view my home, and take my flight;
D.S.–And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!

D. S.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

260 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. **Hans George Naegeli.**

M. 84 = ♩

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

Blest Be the Tie.



261 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. **William F. Sherwin.**



262 Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. **William Caldwell.**

M. 96 = ♩

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate: His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood: His lov - ing - kind - ness, O how good!

Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how free!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how great!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - lng kind - ness, O how strong!
Lov-ing kind-ness, lov - ing kindness, His lov - ing kind - ness, O how good!

263 O Could I Speak.

S. Medley. **Lowell Mason.**

M. 96 = ♩

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will bring me home,

O Could I Speak.

Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin, and wrath di-vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all-
And I shall see His face; Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

Gabriel while He sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Tri-um-phant in His grace, Tri-um-phant in His grace.

264 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. **Ad. by J. G. Walton.**

M. 96 = ♩

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

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

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

265 There' a Great Day Coming.

Used by per. W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and
The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a sad day

com - ing by and by; When the saints and the sin - ners shall be part - ed
com - ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to them that
com - ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I

CHORUS. *m*

right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come? Are you read-y?
know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

pp

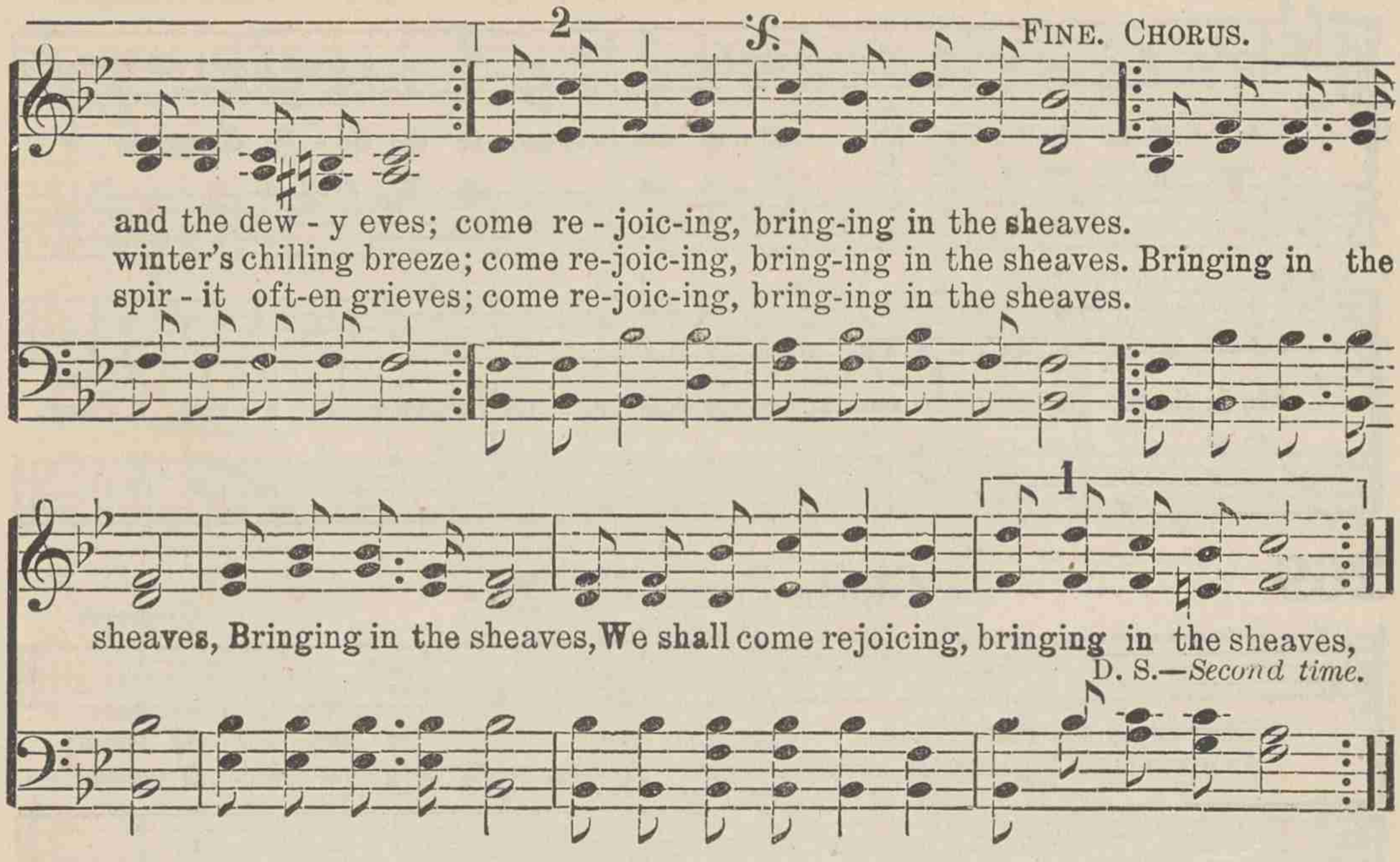
Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

266 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

1. Sowing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noontide
   Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, We shall [*Omit . . .*
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fearing nei-ther clouds nor
   By and by the har-vest and the la - bor end - ed, We shall [*Omit . . .*
3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Master, Though the loss sustained our
   When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome, We shall [*Omit . . .*

Bringing in the Sheaves.



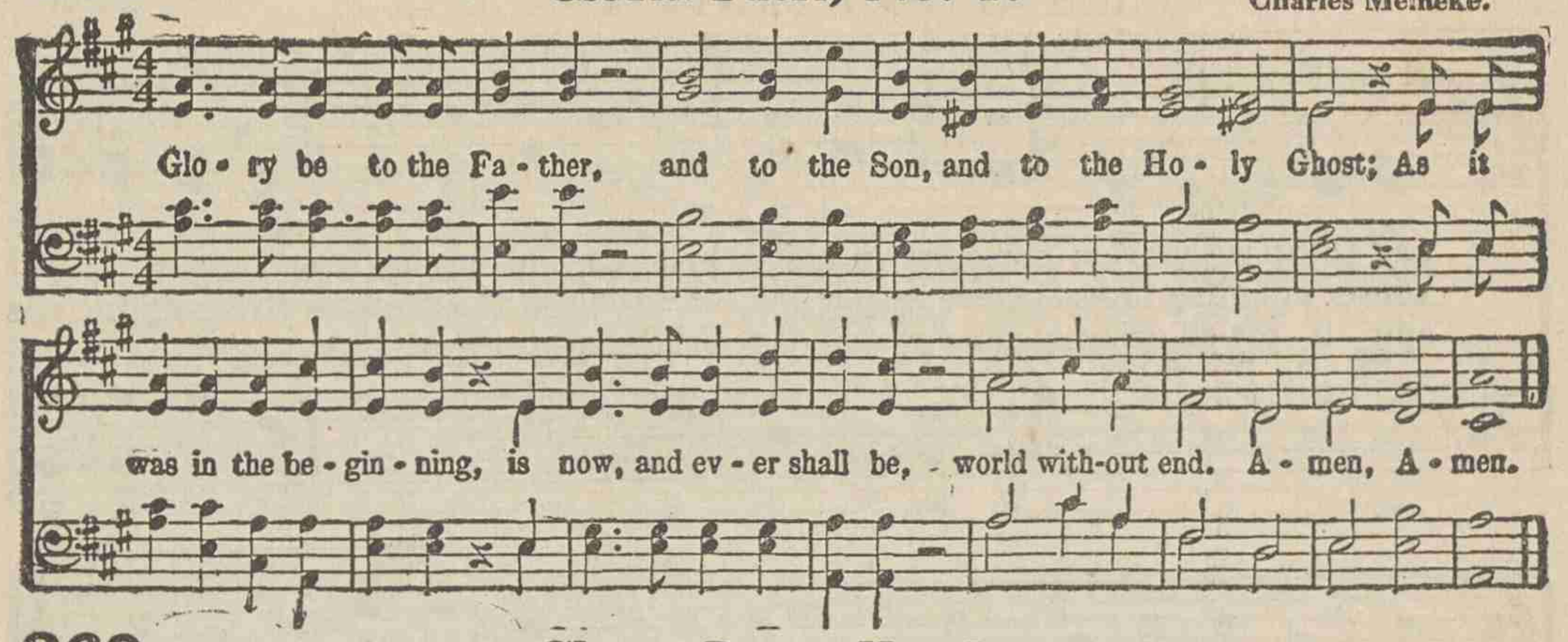
267 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.



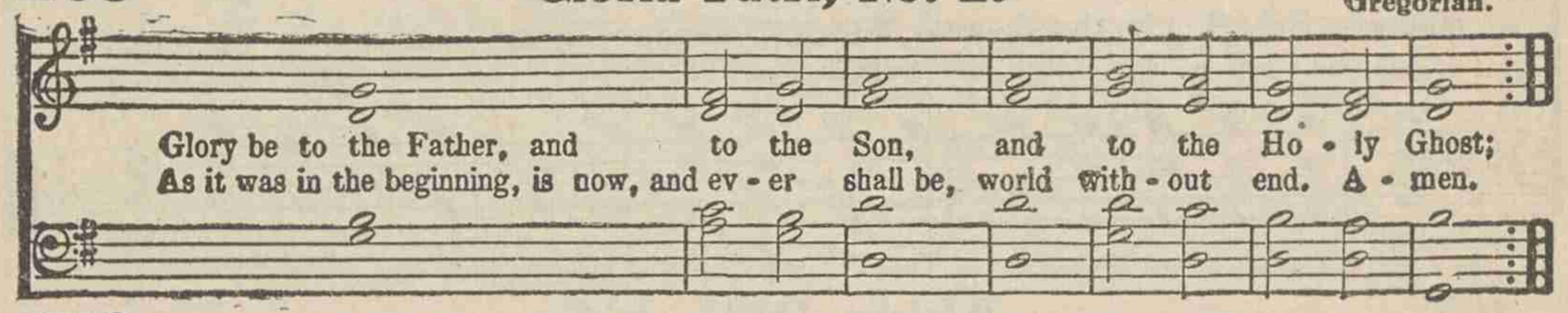
268 Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



269 Gloria Patri, No. 2.

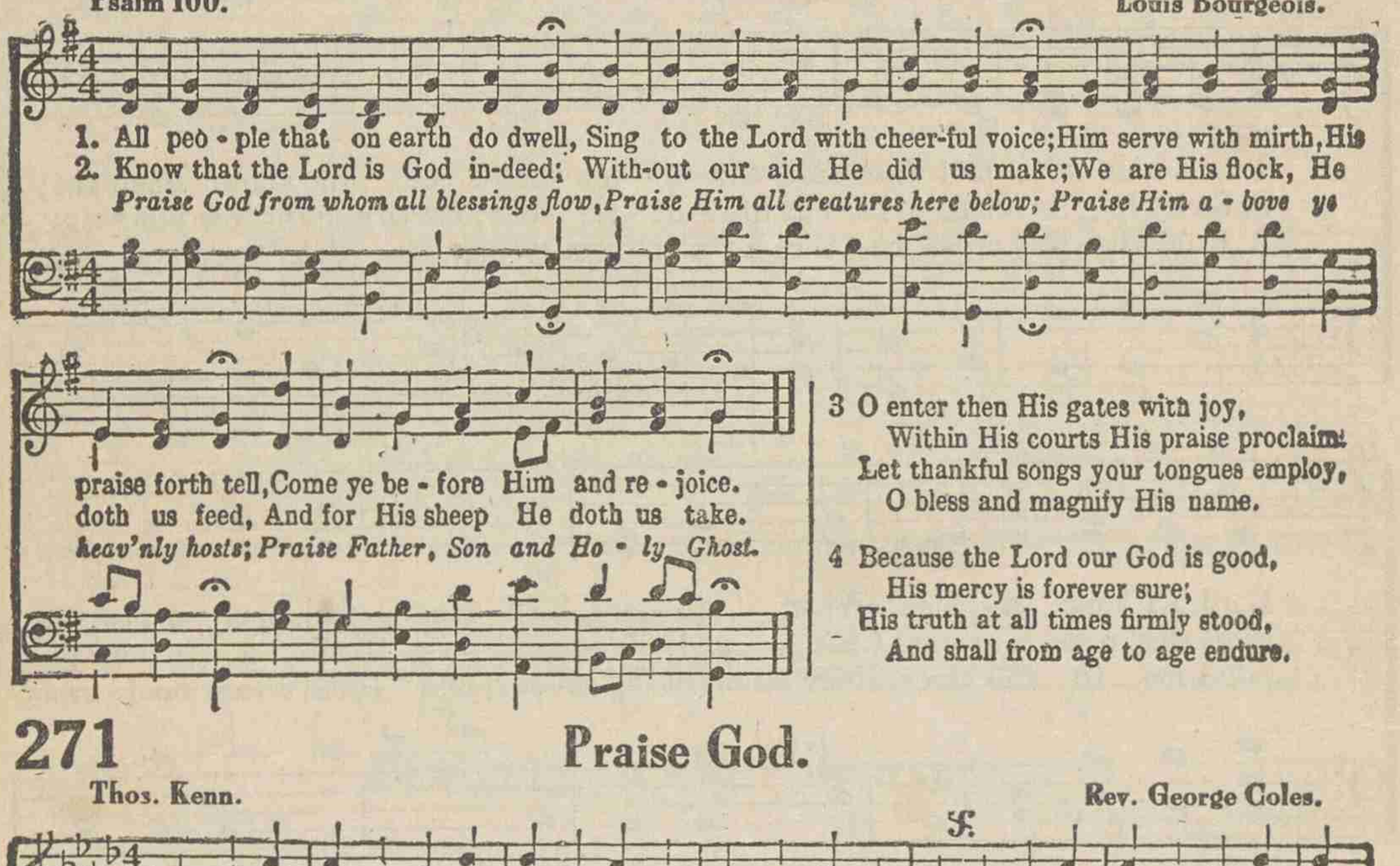
Gregorian.



270 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.



3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

271 Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles.

INDEX

A No.

A Child of the King.....120
A Hymn of Trust.....130
A Ruler Once Came to Jesus 43
A Star in the Cloud..... 78
A Thought Now Fills My..112
A Watchman in the Night.170
Abide With Me 267
Able, Willing, Mighty.....122
Alas and Did 21-229
All Hail the Power of.....256
All That My Soul.....125
All the Way My Saviour... 85
Alone 113
Almost Persuaded.....187
Amazing Grace 234
America.....222
Amid Life's Busy, Hurrying 167
Am I aSoldier of the Cross.109
An Old Account Settled.... 80
Anywhere With Jesus..... 92
Are You Washed in the 81
Are You Weary..... 34
At the Cross 21
Awake! Awake!.....177
Awake, My Soul, to Joyful 262
Awakening Chorus 177

B

Battle Hymn of the.....166
Beulah Land 95
Blessed Assurance..... 44
Blessed be the Fountain... 22
Blessed be the Name.....237
Blessed Redeemer 117
Blessings Falling Round ..140
Blest be the Tie 260
Break Thou the Bread of ..261
Brighten the Corner..... 46
Brightly Beams Our..... 41
Bringing in the Sheaves...266
Bring Them In.....153
By Faith I See Thy Happy.169

C

Christ Arose.....243
Christ Receiveth Sinful....106
Christ, the Lord Was Born.181
Close to Thee 220
Come, Ev'ry Soul By Sin ..194
Come Forth.....123
Come Thou Almighty King214
Come Thou Fount 254
Come, Ye That Love the...160
Come, Ye Faithful Lovers .180
Come, Ye Sinners Poor and 241
Count Me One..... 51

D

Dear to the Heart of the... 74
Does Jesus Care..... 57
Down at the Cross 196
Down in the Valley 5
Do Not Wait Until Some... 46
Do You Love the Blessed .. 42
Doxology.....270
Draw Me Closer..... 97
Dwelling in Beulah Land.. 76

E

Ev'ry Day I Need Thee.... 90
Ev'ry Time I Go to Jesus..105

F

Faith of Our Fathers 264
Fair Edenland, My Home .169
Far Away the Noise of..... 76
Far From the Fold of God. 72
Follow On..... 5
Friend Without Jesus..... 12
From Heaven Above..... 40

G No.

Give of Your Best to the... 54
Gloria Patri 268-9
Glory to God, I am Saved.. 47
Glory to His Name.....196
Gone From My Heart.....221
Go Tell of His Love Today.126
Grace Greater Than Our... 94
Guide Me, O Thou Great ..210

H

Hark! Oh Hark! a Chorus..179
Hark! the Herald Angels ..162
Hark! 'Tis the Shepherd's 153
Have Thine Own Way, Lord 33
Have You Been to Jesus.... 81
Have You Forgotten God.. 18
Hallelujah! 'Tis Done.....195
Hallelujah! What a Saviour 244
He Did Not Die in Vain.... 36
He Gave Himself For Me..136
He Keeps Me Singing..... 16
He Leadeth Me 215
He Ransomed Me 98
He Saved Even Me.....132
He Took My Sins Away ...149
He Whispers His Love to..144
He Will Keep 168
He Will Not Let Me Fall..156
He's a Wonderful Saviour . 13
Hear the Call to Service ... 51
Help to Fill the World 184
Higher Ground.....204
Holy Ghost With Light ...212
Holy, Holy, Holy 213
Holy is the Lord 179
Holy Spirit Faithful Guide 246
Home of the Soul 131
How Firm a Foundation218-219
How It Saves..... 93
How Long Must We Wait?. 82
How Tedious and Tasteless 253

I

I Am Coming Lord 192
I Am Coming to the Cross.203
I Am Happy Today..... 38
I Am Praying For You.....115
I Am Somewhat Old 70
I Am Thine, O Lord 143
I Am Trusting Lord, in....203
I Am Walking With My ... 69
I Came to Jesus Worn and.149
I Can Hear My Saviour 201
I Choose Jesus.... 20
I Come to the Garden Alone 9
I Do Not Know why Oft ... 29
I Gave My Life For Thee .. 99
I Have a Saviour..... 115
I Heard My Saviour Sweetly 58
I Hear the Saviour Say.....198
I Hear Thy Welcome Voice 192
I Know Not Why God's.... 1
I Know Whom I Have 1
I Love Him 221
I Love to Hear My.....100
I Love to Tell the Story ... 61
I Love to Think of Jesus... 10
I Need Thee Every Hour .. 63
I Shall Stay With Jesus.... 60
I Want My Life to Tell 167
I Was Lost in Sin 13
I Was Sinking Deep in Sin 50
I Will Arise and Go to 241
I Will Sing 49
I Will Sing You a Song....131
If Jesus Goes With Me.....118
If the Dear Saviour is.....126
I'll Be True 152

I No.

I'll Go Where You Want... 96
I'm Pressing On the 204
In That Beautiful Country.134
In the Christian's Home in 164
In the Cross of Christ I 216
In the Garden..... 9
In the Heart of My Saviour 107
In the Secret of His.. 139
In This World of Shadows.114
Is it the Crowning Day?....128
It Came Upon the.....141
It Just Suits Me 140
It May Be in the Valley....118
It May Not Be On the..... 96
It Was Alone.... 113
I've a Saviour Kind and....146
I've Reached the Land of.. 95
I've Wandered Far Away..190

J

Jesus.....125
Jesus Calls Us 242
Jesus Calls Us into His.....152
Jesus Christ is My Salvation168
Jesus Comes With Power... 22
Jesus, I Come 8
Jesus is Able to Save From 122
Jesus is All the World to .. 17
Jesus is Tenderly Calling .185
Jesus is Coming to Earth..108
Jesus Keep Me Near the ...205
Jesus Leads 39
Jesus, Lover of My Soul 155-257
Jesus May Come Today....128
Jesus, My Saviour, Came to 6
Jesus Paid it All.....198
Jesus Saves.....148
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me ...248
Joy..... 26
Joy to the World 225
Just a Few Days 48
Just As I Am 191
Just Outside the Door.....175

L

Lead, Kindly Light..... 247
Leaning On the.....147
Let the Lower Lights Be... 41
Let Us Praise the Saviour . 2
Like a Shepherd, Tender.. 39
Long Have We Sought..... 82
Long I Was Under.....132
Lord God of Might.....130
Lord I Hear of Showers of.228
Lord, I'm Coming Home...190
Lord, Jesus, I Long to Be..165
Love Divine.....249
Love Lifted Me..... 50
Loving Kindness..... 262
Low in the Grave He Lay..243

M

Majestic Sweetness 250
Make a Little Sunshine....124
Make Me a Blessing 64
Make Me What You Want. 68
"Man of Sorrows" 244
Many Strange Voices Are.. 45
Marvelous Grace..... 94
Master the Tempest is.....182
Men of Valor.....178
Meet Me There..... 56
Mine Eyes Have Seen the .166
More About Jesus..... 77
More Love to Thee. 258
Must I Go—and Empty.... 31
Must Jesus Bear the Cross.231
My Anchor Holds.....174

INDEX.

M No.

My Blessed Lord Was 36
My Country 'Tis of Thee ..222
My Faith Looks Up to.....209
My Faith Temptation 156
My Father is Rich in 120
My Hope is Built on.....207
My Jesus, I Love Thee 245
My Latest Sun is Sinking .145
My Saviour. 146
My Saviour First of All.... 62
My Saviour's Voice 100

N

Nailed to the Cross 116
Naught Have I Gotten..... 3
Nearer, My God, to Thee..226
Nearer, Still Nearer..... 15
Near the Cross.....205
Nobody Knows But Jesus..151
No, Not One 251
Nothing Between Me and.. 59
Nothing Between My Soul 135
Nothing But the Blood 71

O

O Could I Speak 263
O For a Thousand Tongues 237
O Happy Day.... 224
O Jesus, My Life, My..... 78
O Listen to Our Wondrous 173
O Love That Will Not Let.236
O They Tell Me of a Home 157
O Think of the Home Over 138
O What Rapture, We Shall 86
O Worship the King.....232
Of Jesus Love That Sought 52
Oh, How I Love Jesus..... 75
Oh, How it Saves..... 93
Oh, Weary Soul, the Gate..175
On a Hill Far Away..... 7
On Jordan's Stormy Banks. 37
On the Happy, Golden..... 56
Once My Way Was Dark ..102
One Day..... 14
Only a Sinner..... 3
Only Trust Him.....194
Onward, Christian Soldiers 158
Open Mine Eyes That I ...119
Our Saviour Has Gone.....134
Out Of My Bondage 8

P

Pardon at Calvary..... 58
Pass Me Not, O Gentle..... 89
Praise God 270-271
Praise the World's.....180
Praise Waits in Zion.....183

R

Redeemed By the Blood.... 47
Rejoice and Sing.....181
Remember Me, O Mighty..171
Rescue the Perishing 252
Rest For the Weary.....164
Revive Us Again.....230
Ring the Bells of Heaven..193
Rock of Ages 227

S

Safe in the Arms of Jesus..137
Safely Through Another..223
Sail On.....159
Saved 6

S No.

Saviour, More Than Life ..208
Saviour, Thy Dying Love..235
Scatter Gospel Sunshine..1 4
Shall We Gather at the....163
Silent Night! Holy Night!. 67
Since Jesus Came Into My. 35
Since the Fullness of His..102
Sing Them Over Again to. 23
Singing on the Homeward 112
Sinners Jesus will Receive 106
Smile, Smile, Smile 73
Softly and Tenderly.....186
Some Are Saying the Story 110
Some Day He'll Make it... 29
Something For Jesus 235
So May You..... 4
Sowing in the Morning....266
Standing on the Promises.133
Stand Up For Jesus..... 255
Stepping in the Light 129
Sunshine in the Soul..... 79
Sun of My Soul 202
Sweet By and By 161
Sweeter as the Years Go By 52
Sweet Hour of Prayer.....259

T

Take My Life and Let it Be 240
Take the Name of Jesus... 53
Tell it to Jesus 34
Tell Me the Old, Old Story. 65
Tell Me the Story of Jesus. 19
The Death Bells Tolled....123
The Debt I Owed.....136
The Fight is On..... 88
The Glorious Message 176
The Glory of His Love..... 2
The Home Over There.....138
The Message the Whole...110
The Old Fashioned Faith . 70
The Old Rugged Cross 7
The Old Time Religion....197
The Old Time Way..... 42
The Promised Land..... 37
The Saviour and the Sinner 83
The Saviour For Me 40
The Saviour of Love.....107
The Solid Rock.....207
The Son of God Goes Forth 200
The Unclouded Day 157
The Wayside Cross 172
The Whole Wide World ... 30
There is a Fountain 211
There is a Land of Pure...233
There is a Name I Love to. 75
There is a Name That is...111
There is Nothing Between 59
There is Power in the 121
There Shall Be Showers of. 104
There Was a Time on Earth 80
There Was One Who Was .116
There's a Blessing For My 105
There's a Great Day.....265
There's a Land That is....161
There's a Sweet and Blessed 98
There's No Friend Like... 27
There's Not a Friend Like 251
There's Room at the Cross. 83
There's Sunshine in the... 79
There's Within My Heart. 16
This Full Salvation..... 93
Tho' the Angry Surges 174
Tho' the World to Sin..... 60
Though Your Sins Be As .. 11
Thou Mayst shun the Lord 87
Thou My Everlasting.....220
Thy Banner is Love.....183

T No.

Trust and Obey.....127
Trying to Walk in the 129
'Tis Jesus the Saviour You 101
'Tis So Sweet Just to Know 144
'Tis So Sweet to Trust in ..103
'Tis the Old Time Religion 197
'Tis the Promise of God ...195

U

Up Calvary's Mountain....117
Upon a Wide and Stormy .159

W

Walking With Jesus..... 69
We are Tossed About.....150
We Have Heard a Joyful...148
We Praise Thee, O God 230
We Shall Be Like Him 86
We Would See Jesus ..... .233
We'll Understand it Better 150
We're Marching to Zion...160
What a Fellowship 147
What a Friend.....206
What a Message 176
What a Wonderful Change 35
What Can Wash Away My. 71
What Did He Do? 173
What if it Where Today?..108
What if Skies are Cloudy..124
What Rejoicing That Will. 84
Whatsoever He Saith 45
What Then? 87
What We Need is Jesus.... 91
When He Cometh..... 25
When I Can Read My..154-239
When I Need Someone 20
When I Think How He.. . 55
When Jesus Comes to.....142
When Love Shines In 22
When My Life Work is.... 63
When the Load is Heavy..101
When the Roll is Called.... 28
When the Trumpet of the. 28
When the Way is Dark.... 91
When Storms Around Are.171
When We Meet in Glory... 84
When We Walk With the .127
When You are Burdened .. 73
Where He Leads Me.....201
Where the Gates Swing.... 48
Where the Night of Sin....170
Which Way Shall I Take?.172
While Jesus Whispers 199
While We Pray 189
Whiter Than Snow.....165
Who is There Among You? 24
Whosoever Meaneth Me... 38
Who Will Go? 24
Why Do You Wait?.....188
Why Not Now?.....189
Will Jesus Find Us 142
Won at Last..... 72
Wonderful Name 111
Wonderful Words of Life.. 23
Work For the Night is.....217
Would You Be Free?.....121

Y

Ye Must Be Born Again.... 43
Yield Not to Tempation... 65

TOPICAL INDEX

Assurance

An Old Account Settled ... 80
Blessed Assurance..... 44
Dwelling in Beulah Land . 76
I Know Whom I Have..... 1
Jesus, Lover of My Soul...155
Safe in the Arms of Jesus .137
Saved..... 6
Wonderful Name 111

Atonement

Are You Washed in the.... 81
At the Cross..... 21
Blessed Be the Fountain .. 32
He Gave Himself For Me..136
Nothing But the Blood 71
Redeemed By the Blood of 47
There is Power in the 121

Baptism

Anywhere With Jesus..... 92
Down in the Valley 5
Shall We Gather at the....163
Where He Leads Me 201

Children

Brighten the Corner..... 46
I Choose Jesus..... 20
It Just Suits Me.....140
Make a Little Sunshine of 124
Scatter Gospel Sunshine...114
Smile! Smile! Smile!..... 73
The Glory of His Love..... 2
Walking With Jesus..... 69
When He Cometh..... 25

Christ

Able, Willing, Mighty.....122
Alone 113
At the Cross..... 21
He Keeps Me Singing..... 16
I Need Thee Every Hour.. 63
Jesus is All the World to Me 17
More About Jesus..... 77
My Saviour 146
My Saviour First of All ... 62
Nothing But the Blood.... 71
Oh, How I Love Jesus 75
Tell Me the Story of Jesus. 19
'Tis Jesus, the Saviour, You 101
What We Need is Jesus.... 91

Christ's Coming

Is it the Crowning Day....128
One Day..... 14
What if it Were Today 108
When He Cometh..... 25
When the Roll is Called... 28
Will Jesus Find Us 142

Christmas

Hark! the Herald Angels.162
It Came Upon the Midnight141
Silent Night! Holy Night!. 67

Choruses

Awakening Chorus 177
Help Fill the World With.184
Holy is the Lord.....179
Master, the Tempest is....182
Praise the World's.....180
Rejoice and Sing 181
Sail On..... 159
The Fight is On..... 88
The Glorious Message.....176
Thy Banner is Love 183
What if it Were Today.... 108

Comfort

A Child of the King 120
Dear to the Heart of the... 74
Does Jesus Care..... 57
Every Time I Go to Jesus.105
In the Garden..... 9
Jesus is all the World to Me 17
My Saviour's Voice.....100
Nearer, Still Nearer..... 15
Nobody Knows But Jesus..151
Safe in the Arms of Jesus..137
Some Day He'll Make it... 29
Take the Name of Jesus... 53
Tell it to Jesus..... 34
Tell Me the Old, Old Story 66
Tell Me the Story of Jesus. 19
Wonderful Words of Life.. 23

Confession

Sweeter as the Years Go By 52
The Saviour For Me..... 40

Consecration

Have Thine Own Way, ... 33
I Am Thine, O Lord..... 143
Make Me What You Want. 68
Nearer, Still Nearer..... 15

Cross

Alone 113
Am I A Soldier of the.....109
At the Cross..... 21
Blessed Redeemer 117
Nailed to the Cross 116
Pardon at Calvary..... 58
The Old Rugged Cross 7
There's Room at the Cross. 83

Decision

I Choose Jesus 20
I'll Go Where You Want .. 96
I Shall Stay With Jesus ... 60
Nothing Between.....135
Ye Must Be Born Again ... 43

Devotional

Have Thine Own Way, Lord 35
I Gave My Life For Thee.. 99
I Need Thee Every Hour.. 63
Open My Eyes, That I May 119

Duets

A Star in the Cloud..... 78
Draw Me Closer 97
He Gave Himself For Me .136
How Long Must We Wait. 82
My Saviour 146
Nailed to the Cross 116
Sweeter as the Years Go By 52
There's No Friend Like.... 27
The Saviour of Love.....107
Though Your Sins Be 11
When I Think How He.... 55
Where the Gates Swing ... 48
Won at Last..... 72

Faith

Faith of Our Fathers 264
Hallelujah, 'Tis Done.....195
He Leadeth Me 215
My Faith Looks Up to.....209
Standing on the Promises.133
The Old Fashioned Faith.. 70
The Solid Rock 207

Funeral

Home of the Soul.....131
Jesus, Lover of My Soul...257
Lead Kindly Light 247
Nearer, My God, to Thee..226
Rock of Ages 227

Grace

Amazing Grace.....234
Come Thou Fount.....254
Grace Greater Than Our .. 94
He Gave Himself For Me .136
Only a Sinner..... 3
Saved 6

Guidance

All the Way My Saviour... 85
Anywhere With Jesus..... 92
Guide Me, O Thou Great..210
If Jesus Goes With Me 118
In the Garden..... 9
Safely Through Another ..223
Take the Name of Jesus... 53
Walking With Jesus 69

Heaven

Beulah Land..... 95
Home of the Soul.....131
In That Beautiful Country 134
Meet Me There..... 56
My Latest Sun is Sinking.145
My Saviour First of All.... 62
Rest For the Weary.....164
Shall We Gather at the....163
Sweet By and By 161
The Home Over There 138
The Promised Land..... 37
There is a Land of Pure...233
The Unclouded Day 157
We'll Understand it Better 150
We're Marching to Zion...160
When We Meet in Glory... 84

Holy Spirit

Come Thou Almighty 214
Holy Spirit Faithful Guide 246
Holy Ghost With Light....212
Open My Eyes That I... .119
Whatsoevor He Saith..... 45

Invitation

Almost Persuaded 187
Are You Washed in the.... 81
Christ Receiveth Sinful....106
Come, Sinner Come.....199
Count Me One..... 51
Friend Without Jesus..... 12
I Am Coming Lord 192
I Will Arise and Go to.....241
Jesus Calls Us 242
Jesus, I Come 8
Jesus is Calling 185
Just As I Am.....191
Lord, I'm Coming Home ..190
Only Trust Him.....194
Softly and Tenderly 186
Where He Leads Me.....201
Whosoever Meaneth Me... 38
Why Do You Wait.....188
Why Not Now 189

Joy

Dwelling in Beulah Land. 76
He Keeps Me Singing..... 16
He's a Wonderful Saviour. 13
He Loved Even Me 132
He Took My Sins Away...149
I Love to Tell the Story... 61
I Will Sing..... 18
Joy 26
Joy to the World.....225
Oh, Happy Day 224
Ring the Bells of Heaven..193
Since Jesus Came Into My 35
Since the Fullness of His .102
Singing on the Homeward 112
Smile, Smile, Smile..... 73
Stepping in the Light.....129
Sunshine in the Soul 79
Sweeter as the Years Go By 52
Walking With Jesus..... 69
We Shall Be Like Him 86

Judgement

Almost Persuaded.....187
There's a Great Day.....265
When the Roll is Called... 28

Lord's Supper

Alas and Did My Saviour..229
Break Thou the Bread of..261
In the Cross of Christ 216
There it a Fountain 211

Love

He Whispers His Love to..144
I Love Him.....221
I Love to Tell the Story ... 61
I Love to Think of Jesus .. 10
Love Divine.....249
Love Lifted Me 50
More Love to Thee 258
My Jesus I Love Thee.....245
Love That Wilt Not Let...236
Tell Me the Old, Old Story. 66
The Saviour of Love.....107
When Love Shines in..... 22

Male Voices

A Watchman in the Night.170
Fair Eden Land, My Home 169
He Will Keep.....168
I Want My Life to Tell 167
Just Outside the Door.....175
My Anchor Holds..... ..174
Remember Me, O Mighty .171
The Wayside Cross 172
What Did He Do.....173

Missions

Bring Them In 153
Go Tell of His Love Today 126
How Long Must We Wait . 82
I'll Go Where You Want.. 96
Jesus Saves.....148
The Message the Whole...110
The Whole Wide World.... 30
Who Will Go 24

Patriotic

America.....288
Battle Hymn of the.....166

Praise and Thanksgiving

All Hail the Power 256
Blessed Be the Name 237
Christ Arose.....243
Come Thou Fount 254
Glory to His Name 196
Hallelujah ! What a Savior 244
Loving Kindness 262
O Could I Speak 263
O Worship the King.....232
Praise God 271
Revive Us Again 230
The Glory of His Love 2

Prayer

Higher Ground 204
I Am Praying For You 115
In the Secret of His.....139
Pass Me Not 89
Sweet Hour of Prayer 259
What a Friend 206

Redemption

Blessed Redeemer 117
He Did Not Die in Vain ... 36
He Ransomed Me... 98
I Know Whom I Have 1
Pardon at Calvary 58
Redeemed By the Blood... 47

Repentance

Almost Persuaded 187
I Am Coming Lord 192
I Will Arise and Go to.....241
Jesus, I Come 8
Lord, I'm Coming Home ..190
Nothing But the Blood.... 71

Security

He Will Not Let Me Fall..156
Leaning on the.....147
Safe in the Arms of Jesus..137
Standing on the Promises.133

Service

Brighten the Corner..... 46
Bringing in the Sheaves...266
Bring them in.....153
Give of Your Best to the ... 54
Go Tell of His Love Today 126
I'll Be True 152
I'll Go Where You Want .. 96
Let the Lower Lights Be.. 41
Make Me a Blessing 64
Must I Go Empty Handed. 31
Something For Jesus 235
Whatsoever He Saith..... 45

Temperance

Onward Christian Soldiers 158
Stand Up For Jesus.....255
The Fight is On..... 88
Yield Not to Temptation.. 65

Trust

A Child of the King 120
Anywhere With Jesus 92
Follow On..... 5
Tis So Sweet to Trust.....103
Trust and Obey.....127

Warfare

Am I a Soldier.....109
Onward Christian Soldiers 158
Stand Up For Jesus.....256
The Fight is On 88
The Son of God Goes Forth 200

Warning

Almost Persuaded 187
There's a Great Day 265
What Then? 87