32,297

4959

VICTORIOUS SONGS

ENLARGED

By REV. L. L. PICKETT

COPYRIGHT, 1921,
BY L. L. PICKETT

	EACH	DOZEN	HUNDRED
PRICE	25c	$3.00	$22.00

ROUND NOTES OR SHAPES
ALWAYS STATE CHOICE

PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Hymn
1922
Pick

PREFACE

There is room for a book made up of songs that have been tested and have captured the singers of the religious world. Songs that have moved the hearts of multitudes and that yet live in those hearts. You will here find the songs you love and others that while new to you are loved by a host of God's people.

This book is cheap only in price; its tone is good, its quality high. Try at least Nos. 1, 2, 6, 8, 14, 18, 24, 25, 32, 39, 40, 42, 50, 54, 56, 65, 67. 71, 88, 92, 100. You will find this book suitable for various uses, but especially valuable for revival work. Pray as you sing, brethren, and the glory will come down.

L. L. PICKETT.

VICTORIOUS SONGS

1

I AM SAVED, GLORY, GLORY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

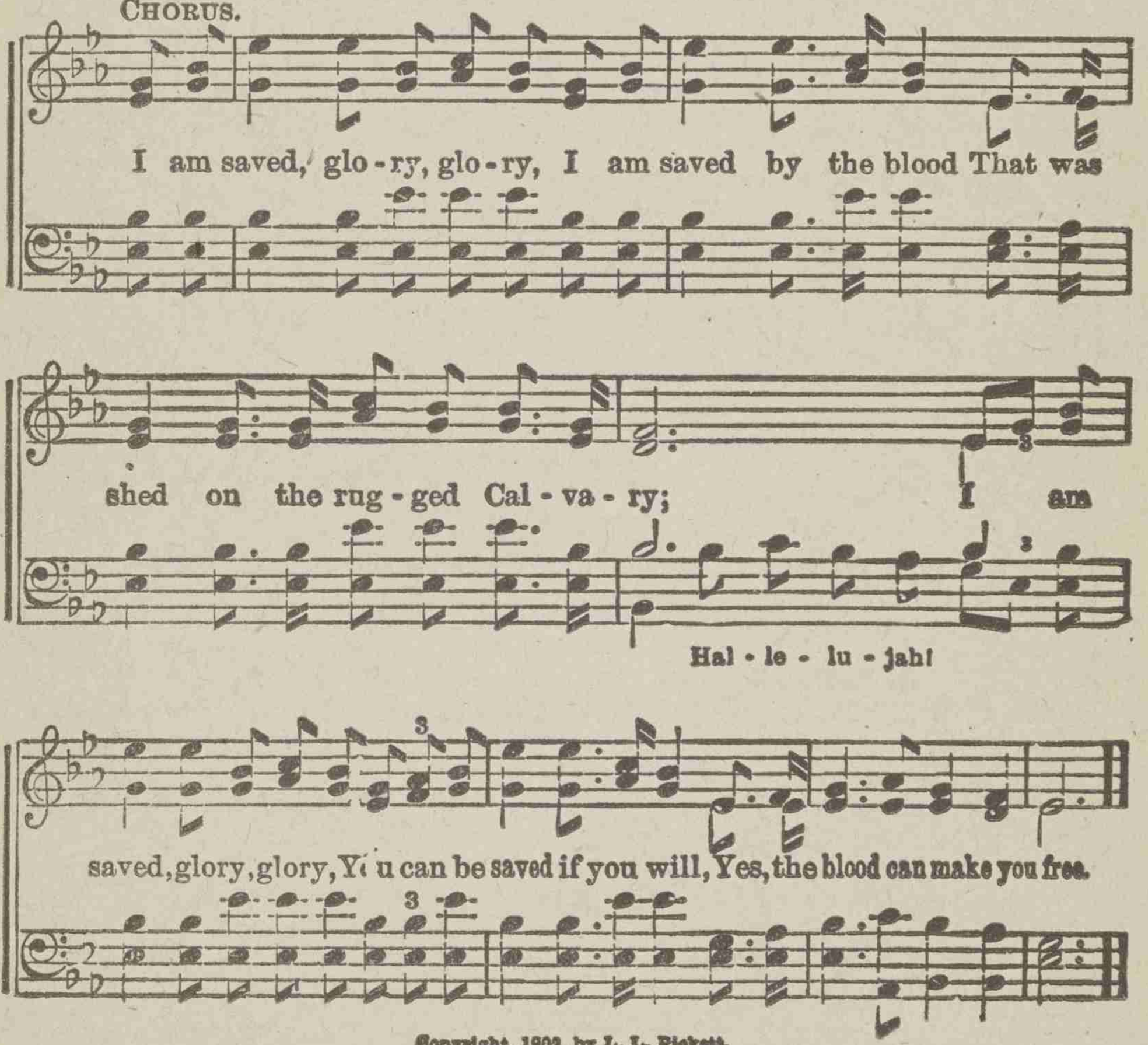
L. L. PICKETT.
Chorus by JNO. MCPHERSON.



1. For - ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleeding side;
   This all my hope, and all my plea, "For me the [*Omit. . .*] Sav-ior died."
2. My dy-ing Savior and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
   Sprinkle me ev-er with Thy blood, And cleanse and [*Omit. . .*] keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
   Wash me, but not my feet alone, My hands, my [*Omit. . .*] head, my heart.
4. Th' atonement of Thy blood apply, Till faith to sight im-prove,
   Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my [*Omit. . .*] soul be love.



CHORUS.



I am saved, glo - ry, glo - ry, I am saved by the blood That was shed on the rug - ged Cal - va - ry; I am saved, glory, glory, You can be saved if you will, Yes, the blood can make you free.

Hal - le - lu - jah!

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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.

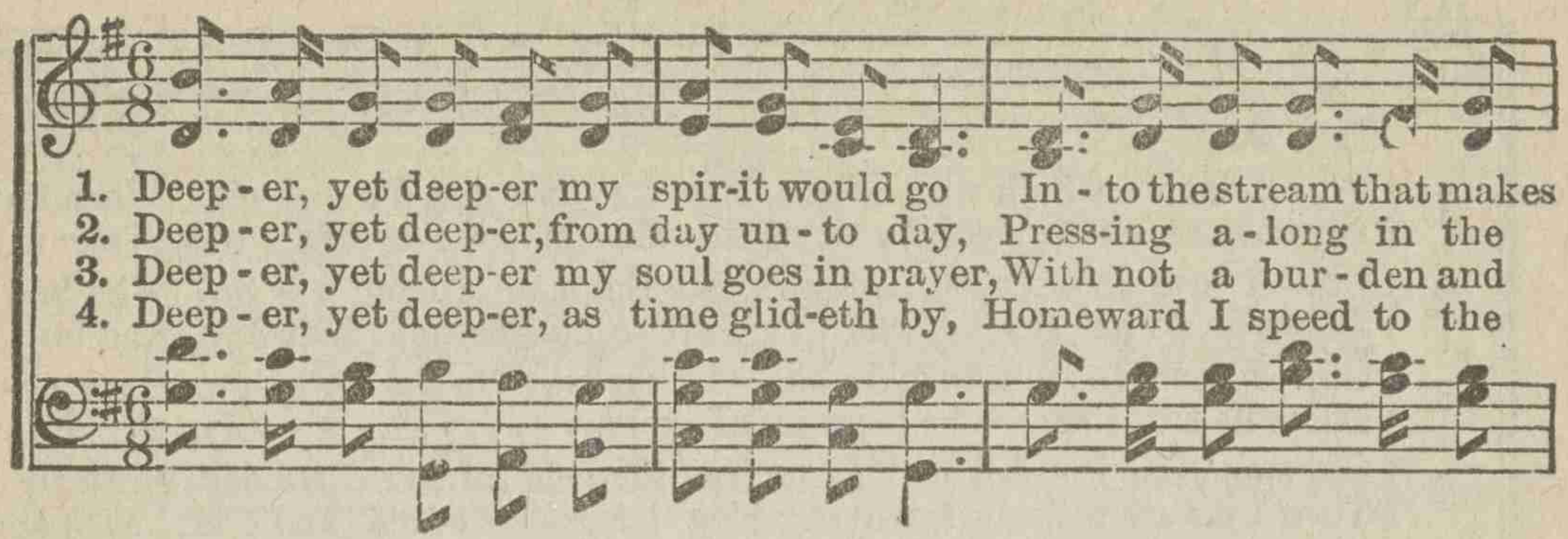
now be true, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.
song of cheer, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are. Bright-en the cor-ner
life may feed, Bright-en the cor-ner where you are.

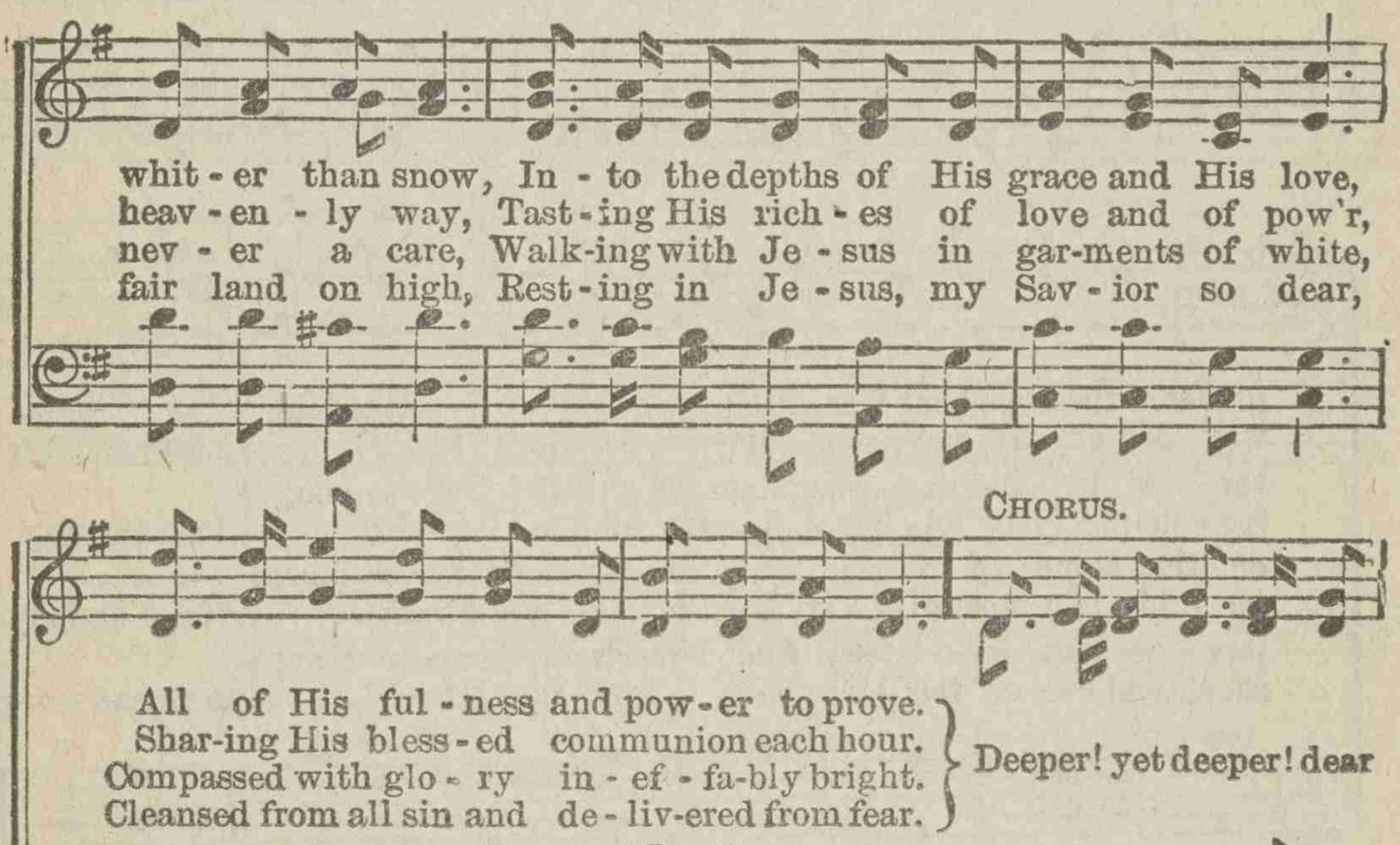
where you are! Bright-en the cor-ner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Jesus where you are!

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

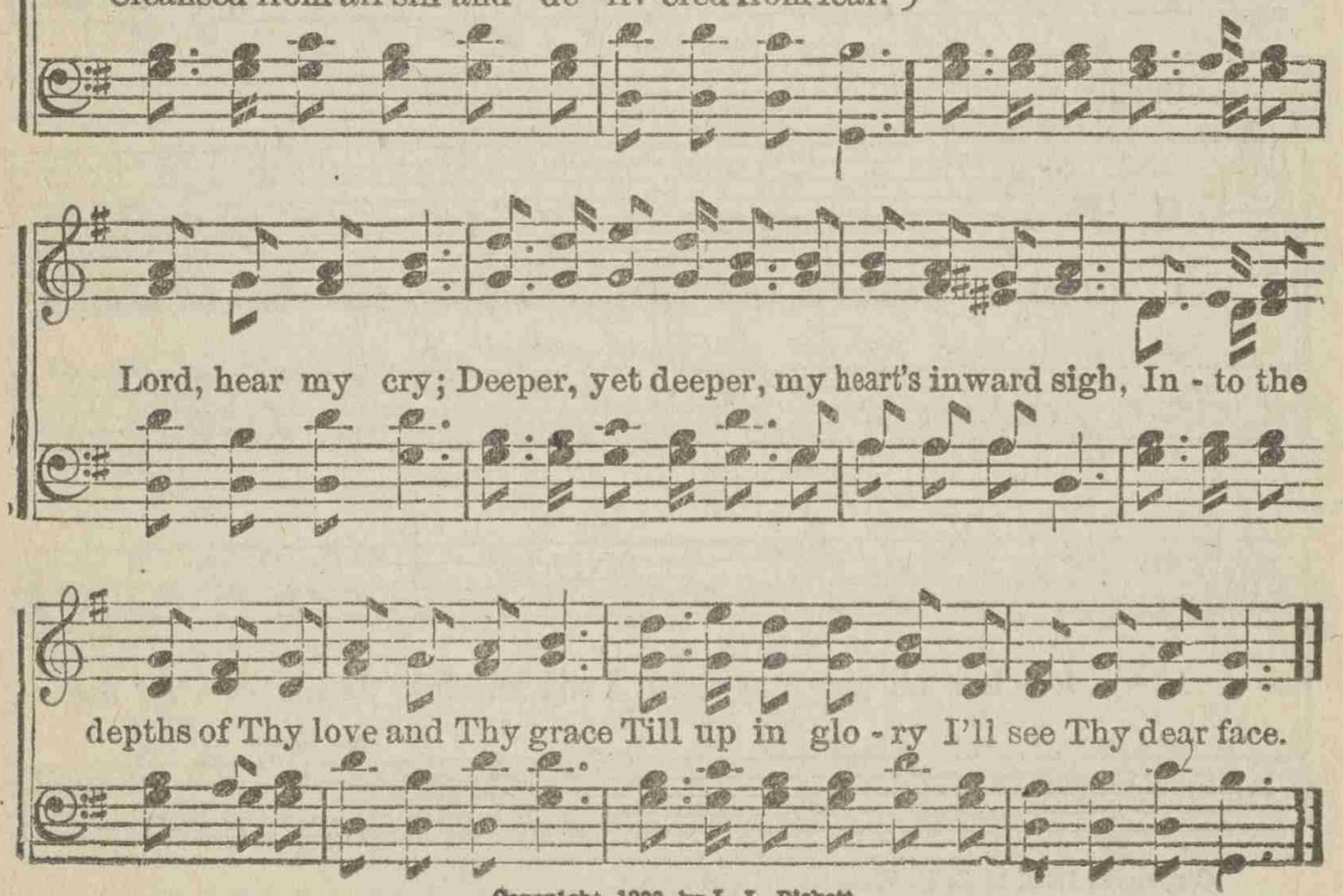
DEEPER, YET DEEPER.

L. L. PICKETT. Rev. LUTHER R. ROBINSON.





CHORUS.



Copyright, 1908, by L. L. Pickett.

I LOVE TO WALK WITH JESUS.

C. F. W. C. F. Weigele.



1. Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus, As dis - ci - ples did of old, When he
   How he came to bring deliv'rance To the cap-tives in dis - tress, Take a-
2. Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus, Like the man of long a - go, Who had
   Je-sus heard his cry for mer - cy, Gave to him his sight that day, And im-
3. Oh, I love to walk with Je-sus—All the way to Cal - v'ry go, Gaze up-
   There he tells me how he loves me, Takes my ev-'ry sin a - way; So I'll
4. Oh, sometime I'll walk with Jesus In the land of end - less day, When my
   Then I'll walk with him for-ev-er, Sing his prais - es o'er and o'er; Laugh and



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



CHORUS.



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



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



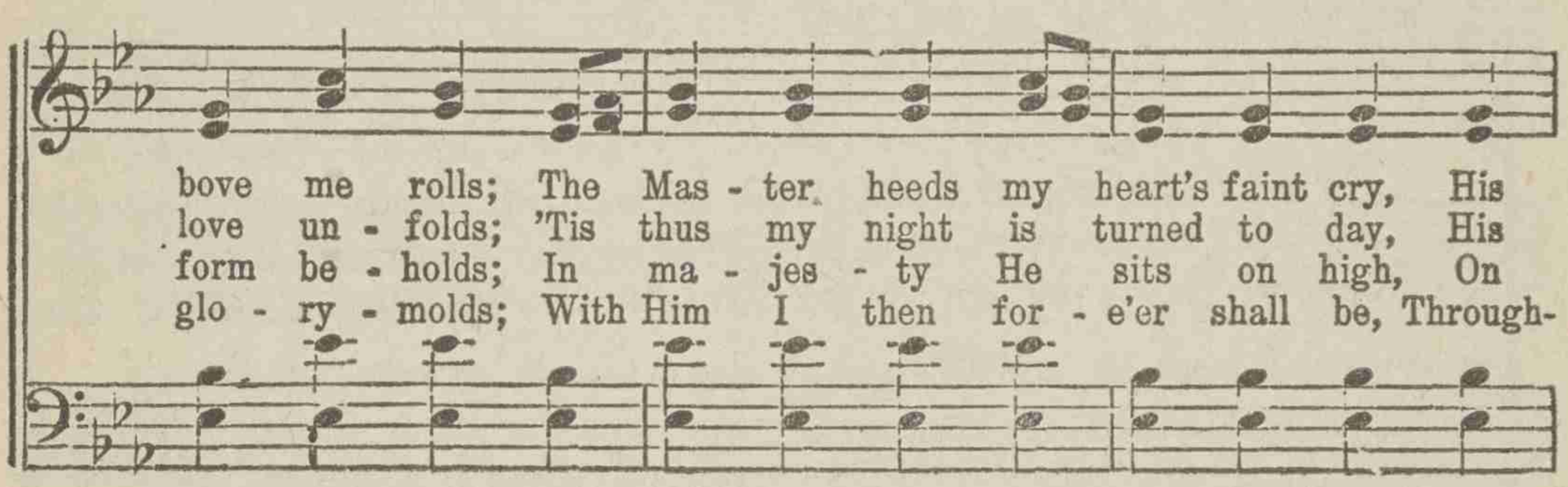
Copyright, 1902, by C. F. Weigele. Used by per.

THE GLORY HOLDS.

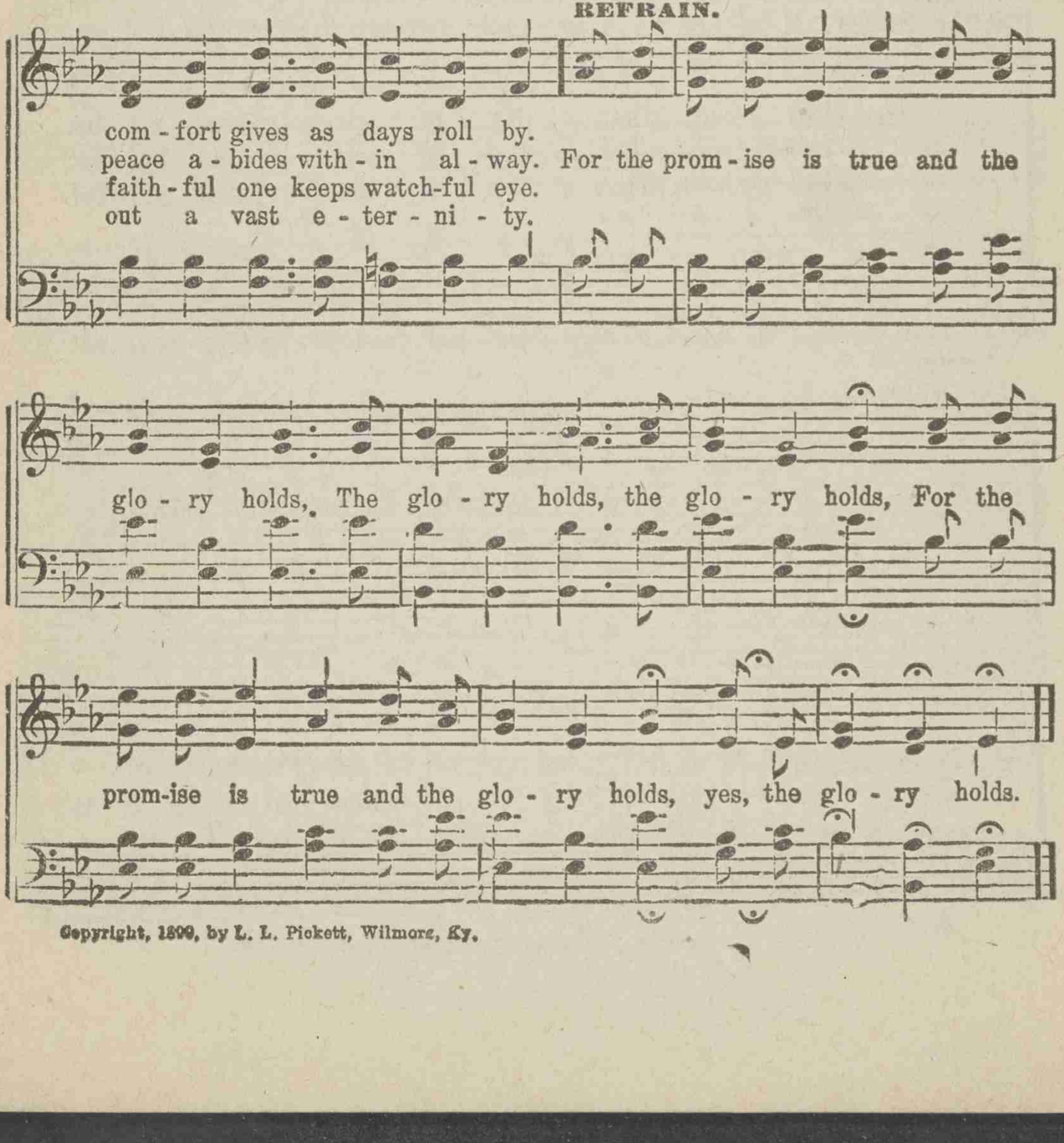
Inscribed to the memory of Mrs. Hulda A. Rees, on whose dying testimony the words were written. See MATT. 24: 35.

REV. L. L. PICKETT. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1899, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

WHAT A DAY OF VICTORY.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY HOMER A. RODEHEAVER.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past, we re-ceive the crown at last, What a

day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we reach the oth - er side where the
day of vic-to - ry that will be! When we join the an - gel throng in the
day of vic-to - ry that will be! When be-fore the King we stand in that

faith-ful shall a-bide, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last-ing song, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!
ev - er - last-ing land, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!

D. S.—*pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!*

CHORUS.

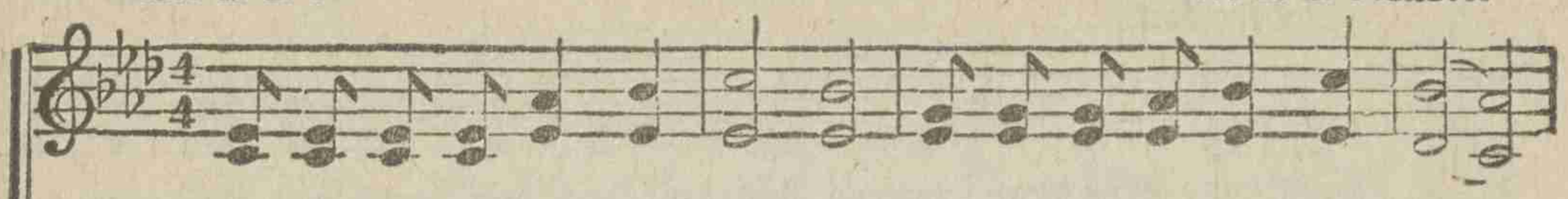
What a day of vic - to-ry, vic - to-ry, vic - to - ry! What a

day of vic - to-ry that will be! When ho-san-nas glad we sing in the

D. S.

TELL US OF ITS CLEANSING POWER.

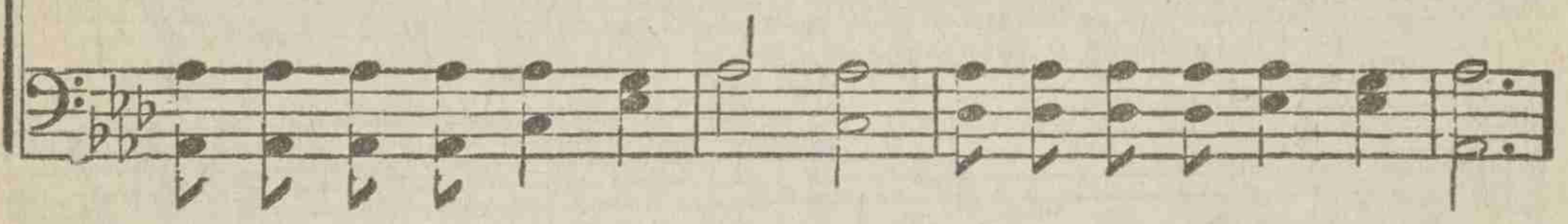
Rev. L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



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



Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett.

Rev. J. B. KENYON. 4th verse by L. L. P. C. C. GREENWOOD.

Not too fast.

1. Long mine eyes were drowned in tears, And my soul was filled with fears,
   For thro' many a wea - ry day, O'er a long and des - ert way
2. Now I doubt and fear no more, All my heart with bliss runs o'er,
   Skies a - bove me nev - er lower, Bright is ev - 'ry fleet - ing hour,
3. O how pre - cious is His grace! O to come to that fair place
   There be - fore His shin - ing seat All his saint - ed ones shall meet,
4. Will you join us, broth - er dear, While His voice of love and cheer
   Ev - 'ry day you wait is lost, Sad will be the fear - ful cost

1. And I heed - ed not the swift - ly pass - ing years;
   From the fold of Christ, my Shep - herd, (*Omit.*) . . . I did stray.
2. And I can but love Him, praise Him and a - dore;
   And I sing the day of Je - sus' (*Omit.*) . . . might - y pow'r.
3. Where our souls may drink the light of His dear face!
   Cast - ing down their crowns be - fore His (*Omit.*) . . . pierc - ed feet.
4. Now is call - ing you— O hast - en to His side;
   If you blind - ly spurn at last the (*Omit.*) . . . Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me, And my head is sweet - ly pil - lowed on His breast;
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me,

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves me,
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! His she - ki - nah cov - ers me and I am blest.

Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett.

A WONDERFUL REFUGE.

Miss E. E. HEWITT. 4th verse by L. L. P. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A won - der - ful ref - uge in Je - sus I found; I'm safe a - mid life's roll - ing sea; Tho' light-nings may flash and the
2. Then come, sin - ner, come to this Shel - ter so true, This cov - ert from wind and from rain; O run to this ref - uge pro
3. O won - der - ful ref - uge that nev - er shall fail! To save us, "He's faithful and just!" Tho' stars pass a - way and the
4. I'll hide 'neath His wings when by sor - row op-pressed, Nor fear in the storm's darkest hour, Se - cure from all dan - ger, will

thun-ders re-sound, I'll rest in the Rock cleft for me. (cleft for me.)
vid - ed for you, And life ev - er - last - ing ob-tain! (ob - tain!)
sun shall grow pale, In Je - sus se - cure - ly we trust. (we trust.)
find sweet-est rest, For lo! I am kept by His pow'r. (by His pow'r.)

CHORUS.

A won-der-ful ref-uge is Je - sus, Here I'll a - bide, Safe by His side;
A won- der - ful ref - uge is Je - sus, In Him I safe - ly hide.

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett.

I'M ON THE ROCK AT LAST.

Copyright, 1913, by L. L. Pickett, St. Augustine, Fla. By per.

REV. HERBERT BUFFUM. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

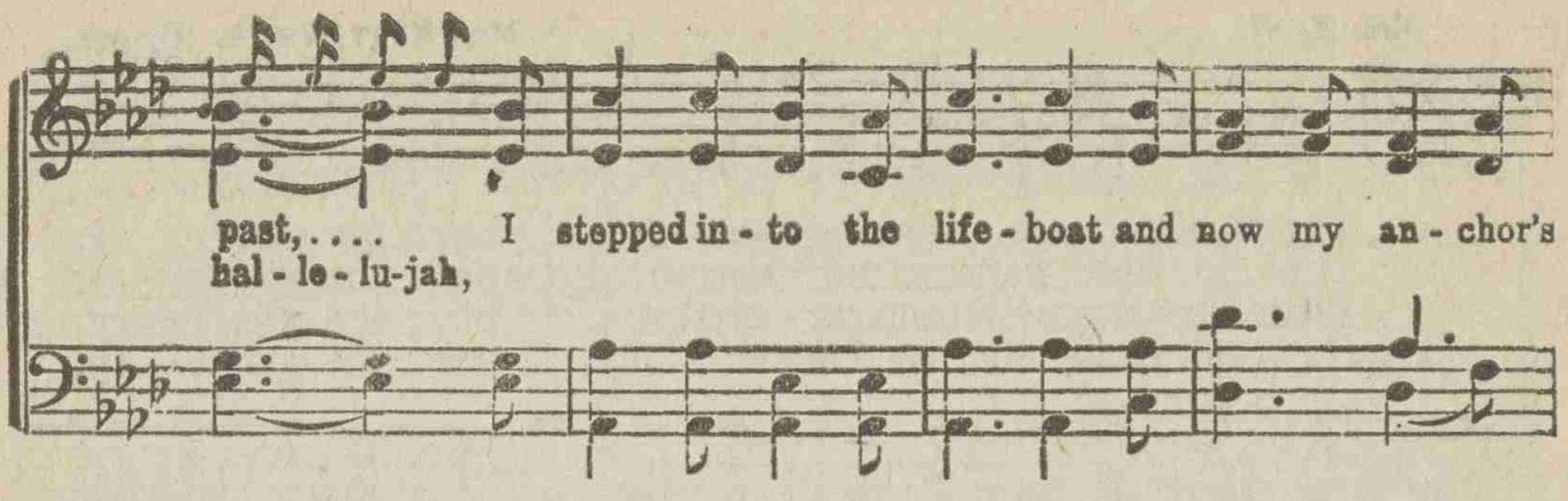
1. My lit - tle bark was tempest-tossed, and drift-ing with the tide; I had no chart or compass true, no pi - lot for my guide; A life-boat came
2. I built my house up - on the sand which could not stand the test, For when the storms of life swept o'er, my heart was sore distressed; I called on Christ
3. When Satan comes to buf - fet now, when fiercely beats the tide, I do not fear the an - gry gale, but in the rock I hide, And there I sing
4. And here up - on the rock I'll stay, till Je - sus comes a - gain, And catch-es up His wait-ing Bride a thousand years to reign; And then I'll sing

to res - cue me when hope was almost past; I entered and now I can sing,
to save me from the fu - ry of the blast; I've found the sure foundation now,
with trusting heart, tho' clouds may overcast; I'm safe - ly hid - den in the Cleft
this song anew with all earth's sor-rows past; All glo - ry be to Calv'ry's Lamb,

CHORUS.

I'm on the rock at last. I'm on the rock at last,.... I'm on the
I'm on the rock at last, I'm on

Rock at last,.... No more I sail a storm - y sea, My wan - der-ings are
the Rock at last,



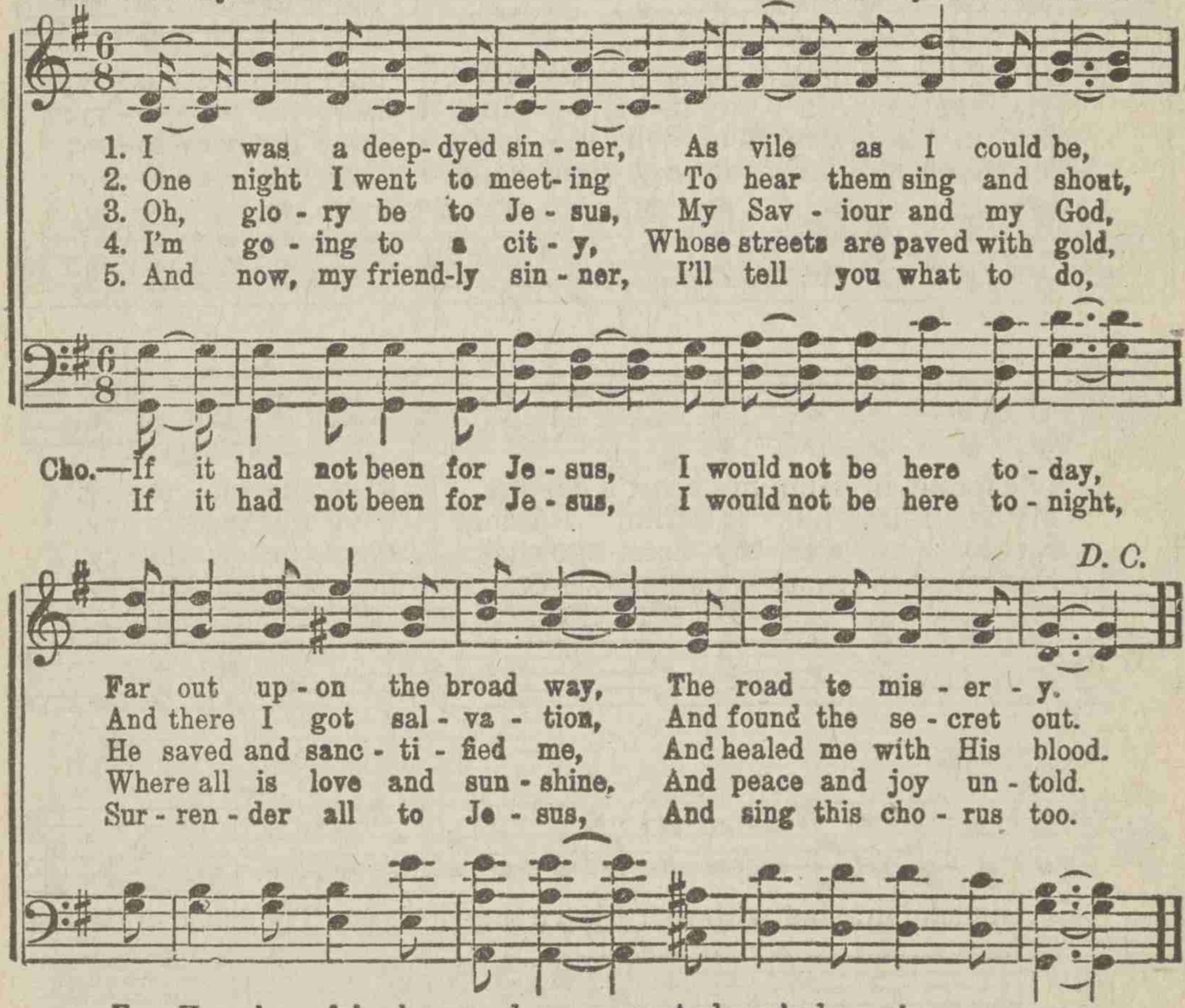


11

IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR JESUS.

Copyright, 1904, by A. F. Ingler, Lynn, Mass. By per.

Furnished by C. H. C. Arr. by A. F. INGLER.



I HAVE THE VICTORY.

Mrs. K. W. Mrs. KENT WHITE. By per.

1. The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me, I have the vic - to - ry;
2. Tho' in the fier - y fur - nace tried, I have the vic - to - ry;
3. With free-dom now from in - bred sin, I have the vic - to - ry;
4. He's tak - en all my doubts a - way, I have the vic - to - ry;

From ev - 'ry trace of sin I'm free, I have the vic - to - ry;
With Je - sus now I'm cru - ci - fied, I have the vic - to - ry;
While Je - sus reigns su-preme with-in, I have the vic - to - ry;
And keeps me by His pow'r each day, I have the vic - to - ry;

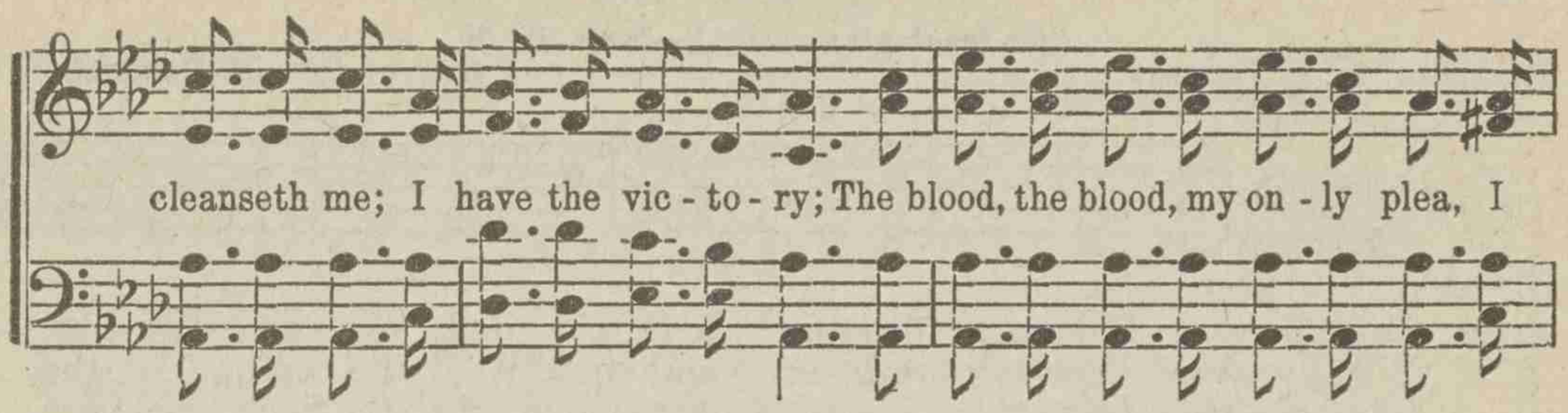
On wings of love my soul mounts high'r, I have the vic - to - ry;
Tri - umph-ant in my heart, I sing, I have the vic - to - ry;
Tho' un - seen pow'rs of hell a - wake, I have the vic - to - ry;
Tho' thousands fall at my right hand, I have the vic - to - ry;

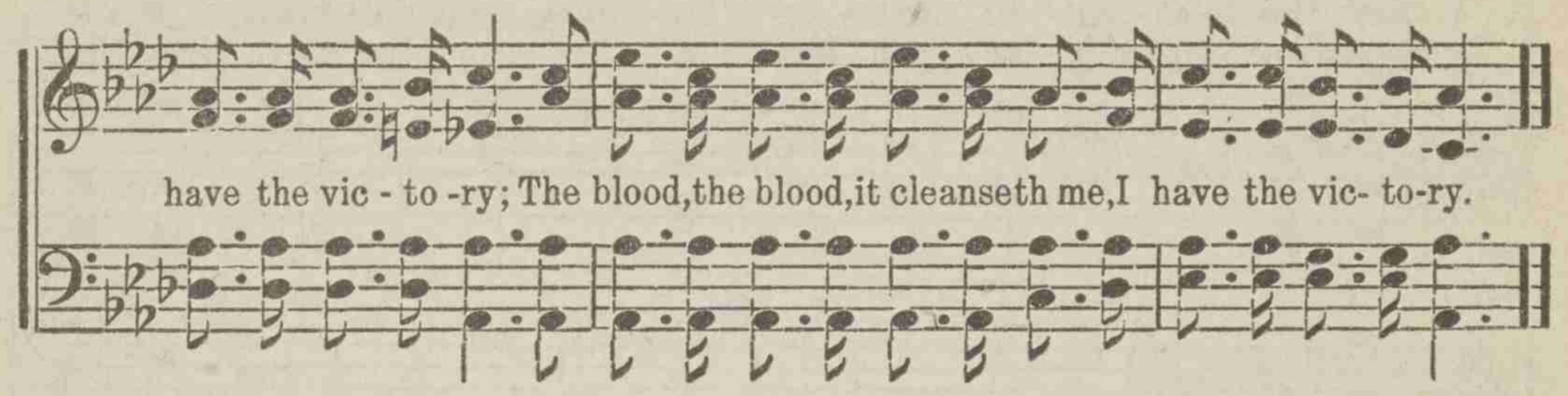
Iv'e found in Him my heart's de - sire, I have the vic - to - ry.
My troph - ies all to Him I bring, I have the vic - to - ry.
No foes can e'er my cour - age shake, I have the vic - to - ry.
I've found the grace where-in we stand, I have the vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Oh! hallelujah, sing with me, I have the vic-to-ry; The blood of Je-sus

I HAVE THE VICTORY. Concluded.



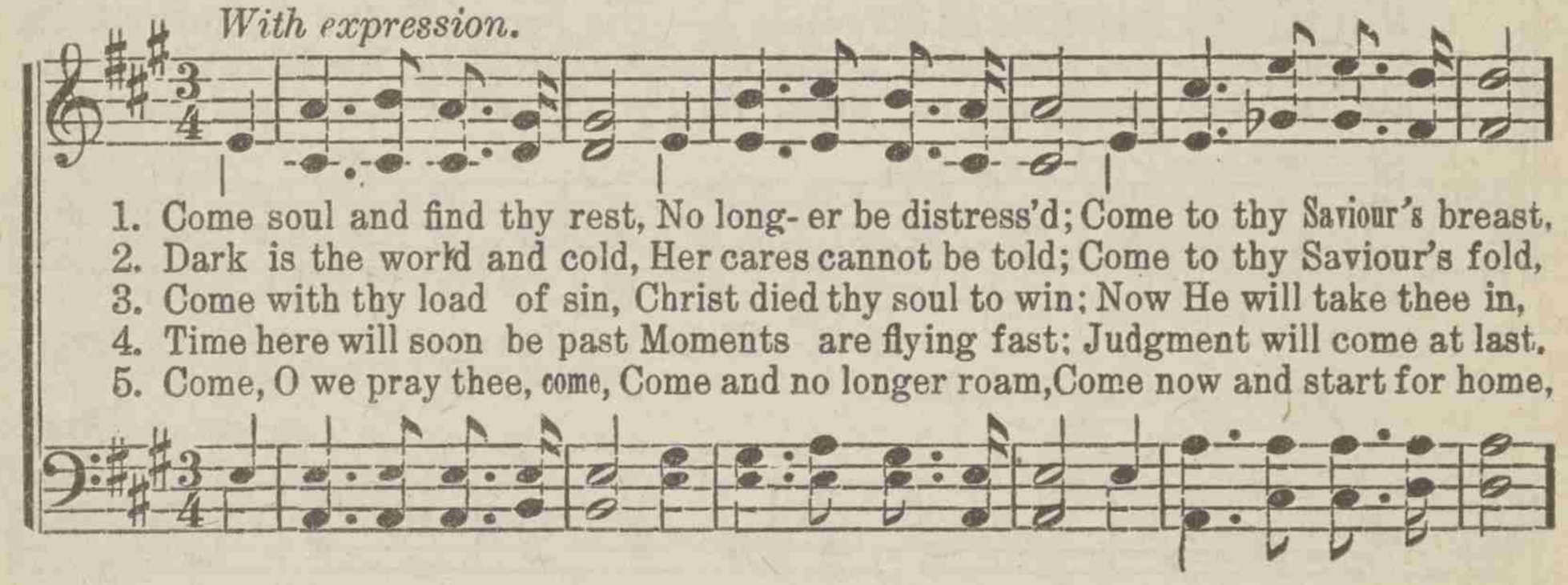


13

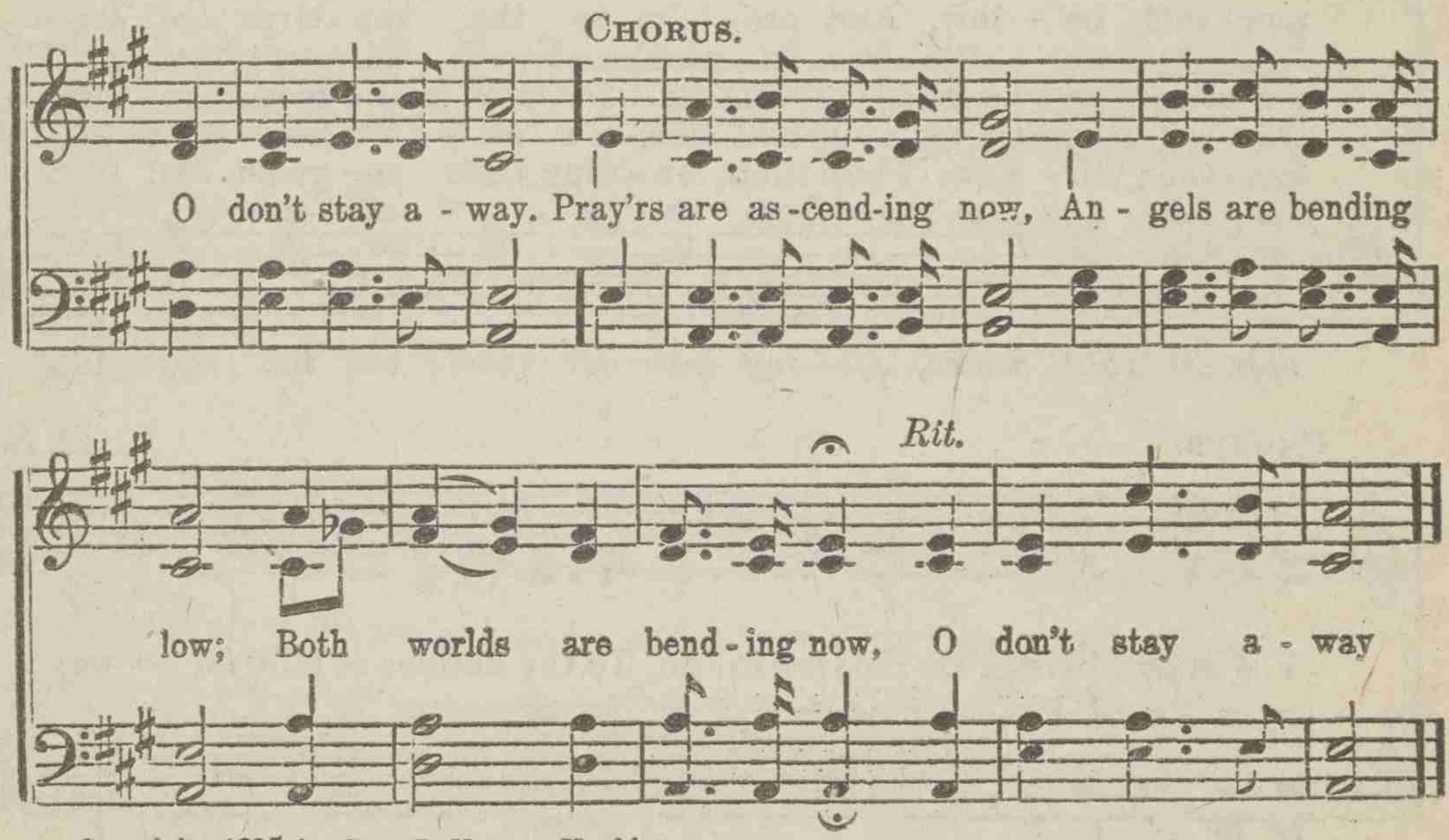
O DON'T STAY AWAY.

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

With expression.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1895, by Geo. C. Hugg. Used by per.

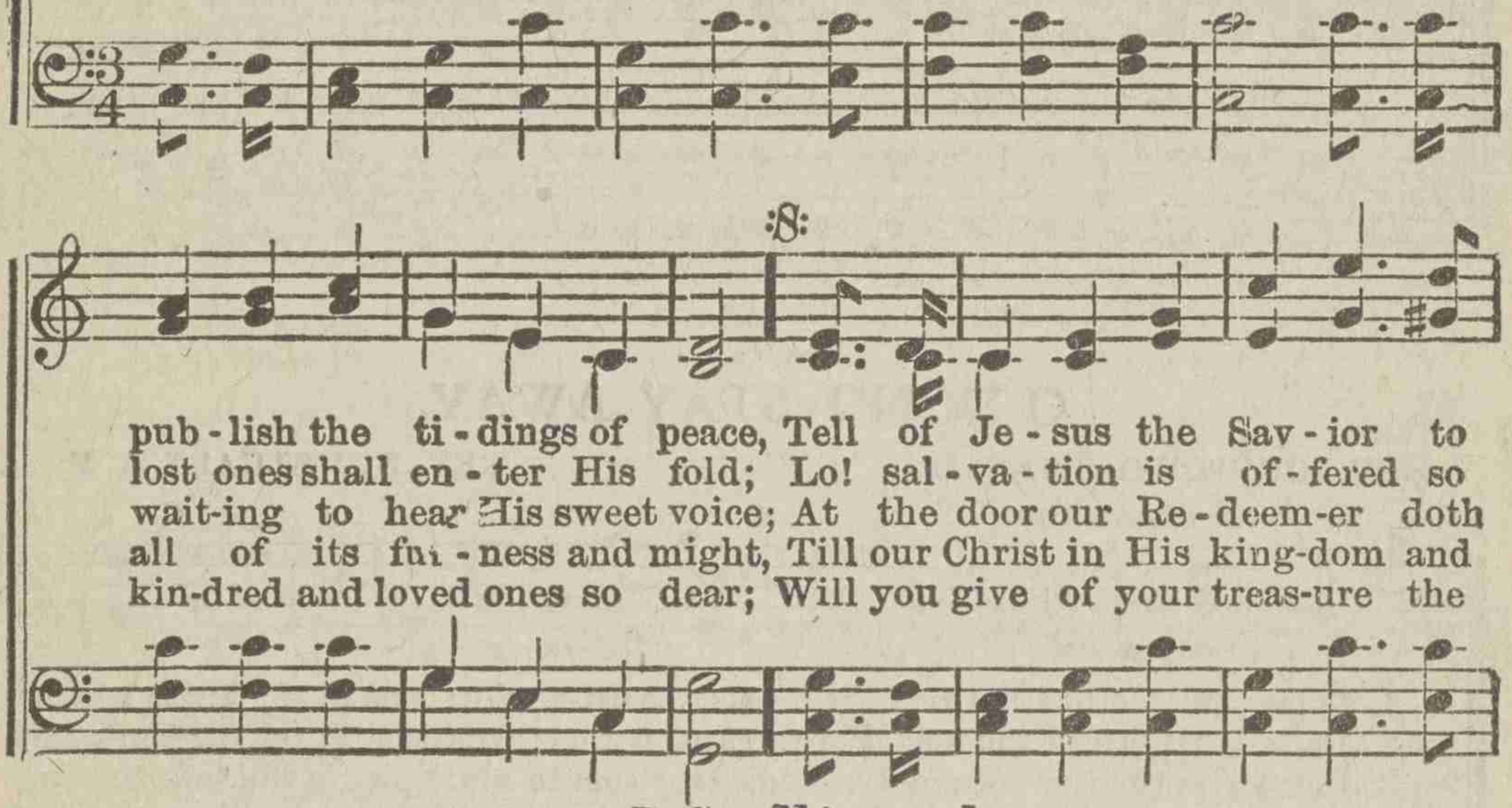
I WILL GO.

"Go teach all nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. To the na - tions our Mas - ter hath bid - den us go, There to pub - lish the ti - dings of peace, Tell of Je - sus the Sav - ior to
2. Will you heed Him, my broth - er, and speed with the call, Till the lost ones shall en - ter His fold; Lo! sal - va - tion is of - fered so
3. Far a - way o'er the o - cean are lambs of His flock, Who are wait-ing to hear His sweet voice; At the door our Re - deem-er doth
4. Let us hast - en to car - ry the mes - sage di - vine, In all of its fu - ness and might, Till our Christ in His king-dom and
5. Some are go - ing in per - son a - cross the blue wave, Leav-ing kin-dred and loved ones so dear; Will you give of your treas-ure the



D. S.—*Ne'er a dan - ger or wor - ry my spir - it shall know, If my Sav - ior with - in me shall stay.*

Fine.

mor - tals be - low, And pro-claim to the cap - tives re - lease.
free - ly to all, Nor is purchased with sil - ver or gold.
pa - tient - ly knock, He would en - ter and make them re - joice.
glo - ry shall shine, And shall ban - ish all dark-ness with light.
hea - then to save From their sin - ning, their an - guish, and fear?

CHORUS. D. S.

I will go where'er He bids me to go, To the nations or isles far a - way;

Copyright, 1903, by L. L. Pickett.

JESUS WILL SHOW YOU.

E. O. Devan. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. Do you want to gain the vic - t'ry o - ver sin, Would you o - ver wrong the tri-umph sure - ly win, Would you wear the vic-tor's wreath up - on your brow!
2. Would you in this life the great- est good en- joy, Would you all your pow- ers for the right em- ploy, Would you have this glad- ness, find it e - ven now!
3. Would you find a rest-ing place where strife is o'er, Would you dwell with Him in bliss for ev - er-more, Where with rich-est bless-ings He would you en - dow!

Chorus.

Trust yourself to Je - sus, He will show you how! Trust yourself to Je - sus,
He will show you how, He is read - y, will - ing, He will help you now!
Trust yourself entirely to His tender care, He will keep you all the time and ev'rywhere.

Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

L. L. P. L. L. Pickett.

1. There's a message to be told To the wand'rers from the fold, Tell the world of
2. See them now on ev-'ry side Knowing not the Christ who died, Tell the world of
3. O ye fathers, quickly heed! Rushing forth with greatest speed. Tell the world of
4. Mothers, too, now join our band Going out thro' all the land, Tell the world of
5. Far a-way across the sea, Hear the wail of ag-o-ny, Tell the world of
6. Soon the crowning time will come, All the faithful gather home, Tell the world of

Je-sus ev-'ry day; He invites the lost to come To His own eternal home,
Je-sus ev-'ry day; Here is work for hand and brain, And we know 'tis not in vain,
Je-sus ev-'ry day; Lin-ger not an-oth-er hour; In the Spirit's living pow'r
Je-sus ev-'ry day; While you linger, lo, they die! Heed, O heed the thrilling cry!
Je-sus ev-'ry day; Haste you now with word of peace. Bid them find in Him re-lease,
Je-sus ev-'ry day; There we'll see Him face to face, Who redeemed us by His grace,

CHORUS.

Tell the world of Je-sus ev-'ry day. Tell the world of Je-sus,

All the world of Je-sus, Tell the world of Je-sus ev-'ry day; In the

darkness of the night, Point the lost ones to the light, Tell the world of Jesus ev'ry day.

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett.

COVERED BY THE BLOOD.

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

NELLIE EDWARDS. RAN. C. STOREY.

Not too fast.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

My sins are all cov-ered by the blood, Mine in - iq - ui-ties so vast,
precious blood,

Have been blotted out at last, My sins are all cov-ered by the blood.
precious blood.

Copyright, 1904, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

I'LL BE A SOLDIER FOR JESUS.

ISAAC WATTS.
2nd verse and Cho. by Mrs. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Introduction.

Unison.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low - er of the Lamb?
2. The fight is on, the call to arms Is sound - ing far and near,
3. 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?
And to the bat - tle's front a - way We hast - en with a cheer.
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

Female voices.

Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
For God and ho - li - ness we fight, Nor lay our ar - mor down,
When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all His ar - mies shine,

Male voices.

Play in octaves.

While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Till faith has been ex-changed for sight, And we've ob - tained the crown.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies The glo - ry shall be thine.

Copyright, 1912, by J. M. Harris. By per.

I'LL BE A SOLDIER FOR JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.



SPEAK TO ME, JESUS.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend."—Ex. 33: 11.

L. L. P. Adapted by L. L. PICKETT.

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend'rest tone;
2. Speak to Thy children ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way;
3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst re-veal Thy will;

Whisper in loving kindness: "Thou art not left a-lone." O-pen my
Fill them with joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray. May they in
Let me know all my du - ty, Let me Thy law ful - fill. Lead me to

heart to hear Thee, Quickly to hear Thy voice, Fill Thou my soul with
con - se-cra-tion Yield their whole lives to Thee, Hasten Thy coming
glo - ri - fy Thee, Help me to show Thy praise, Gladly to do Thy

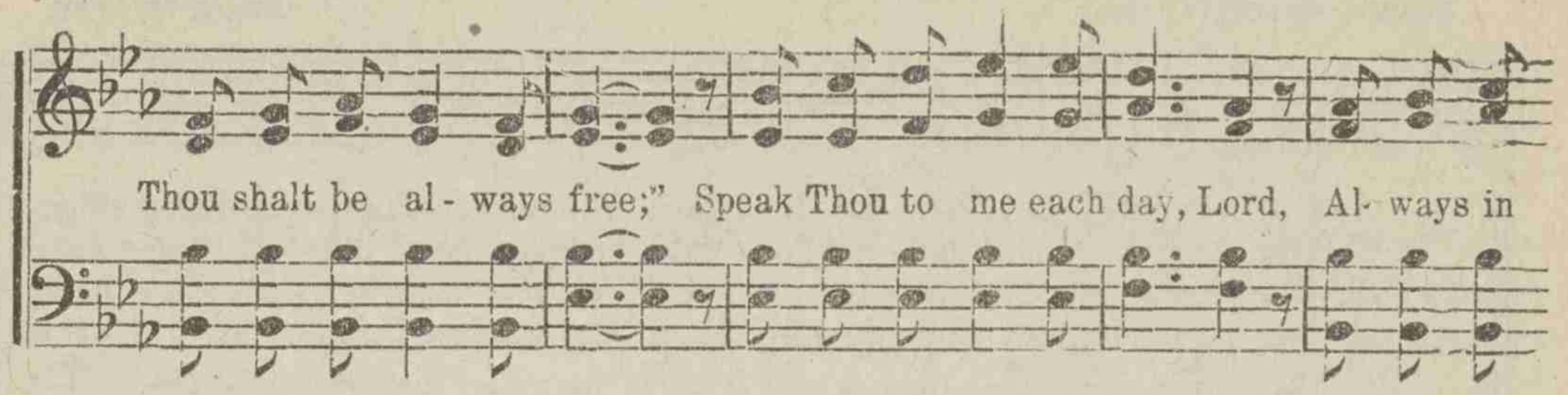
CHORUS.

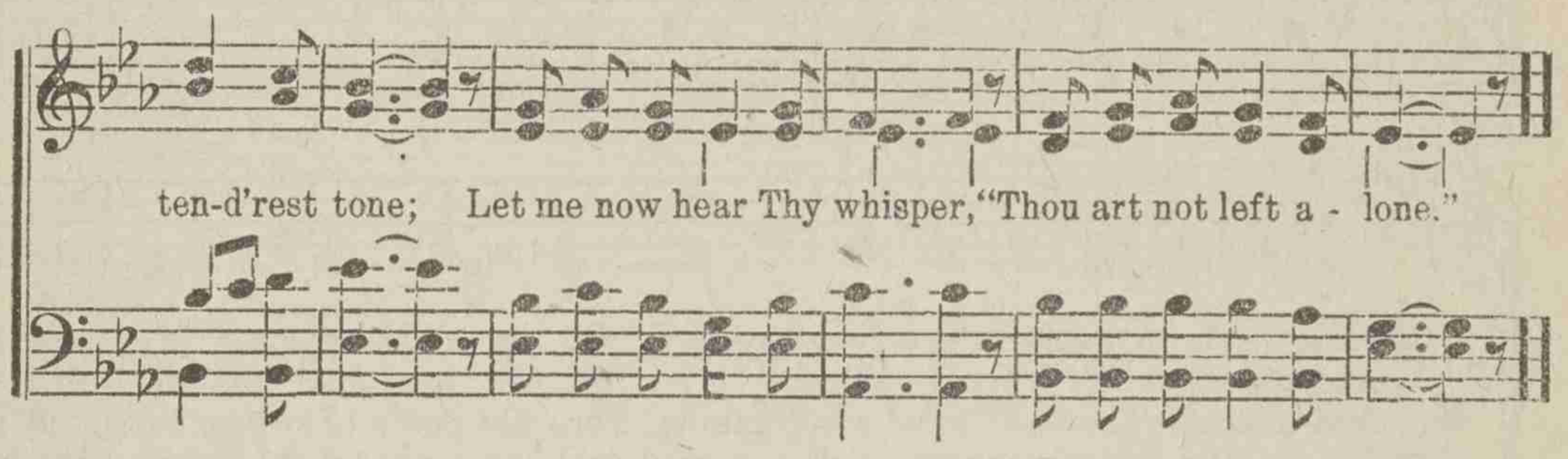
praises, Let me in Thee re - joice.
kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see. Speak Thou in softest whispers,
bidding, Honor Thee all my days.

Whispers of love to me; "Thou shalt be al-ways conq'ror,

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

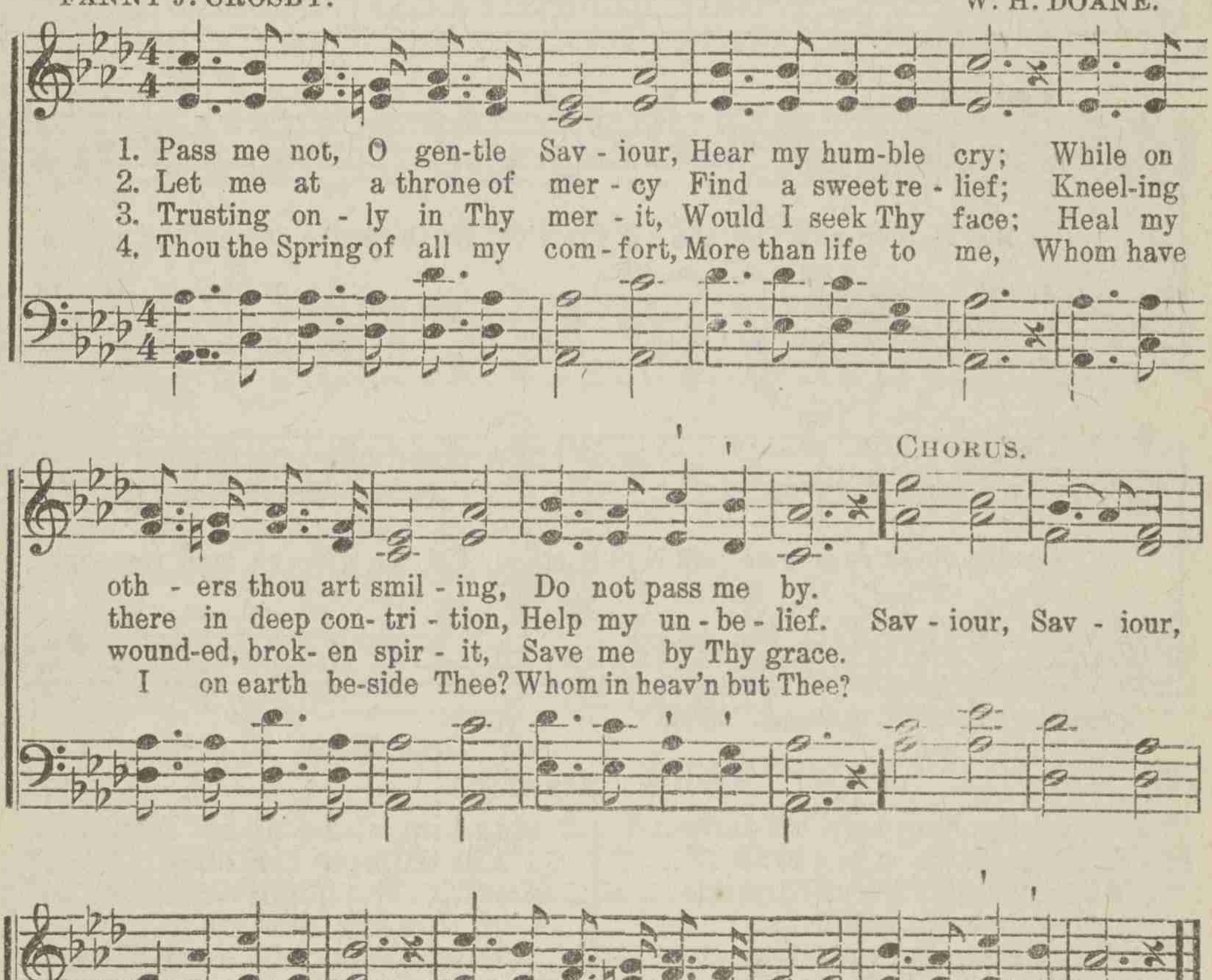
SPEAK TO ME, JESUS. Concluded.





20. PASS ME NOT.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

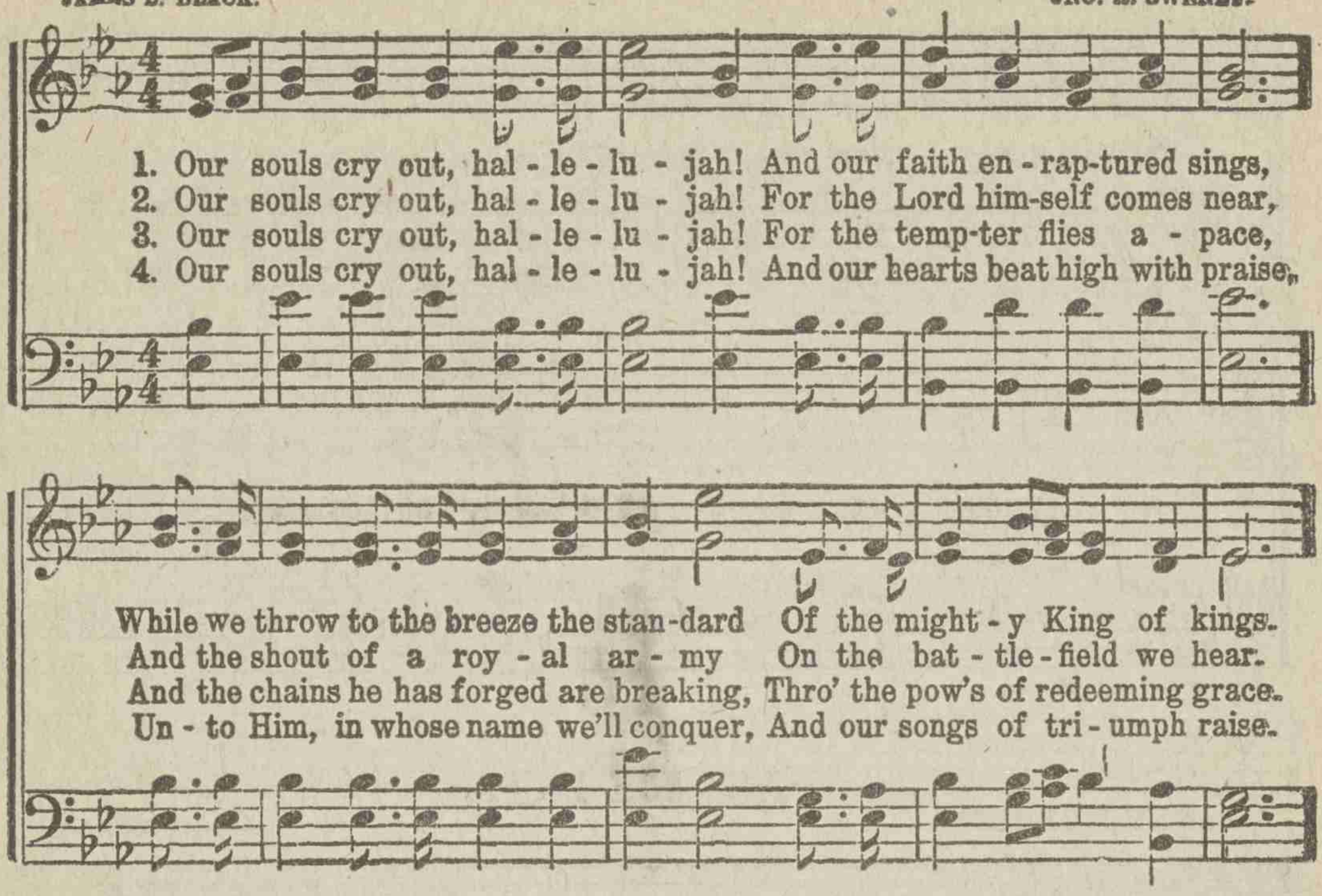


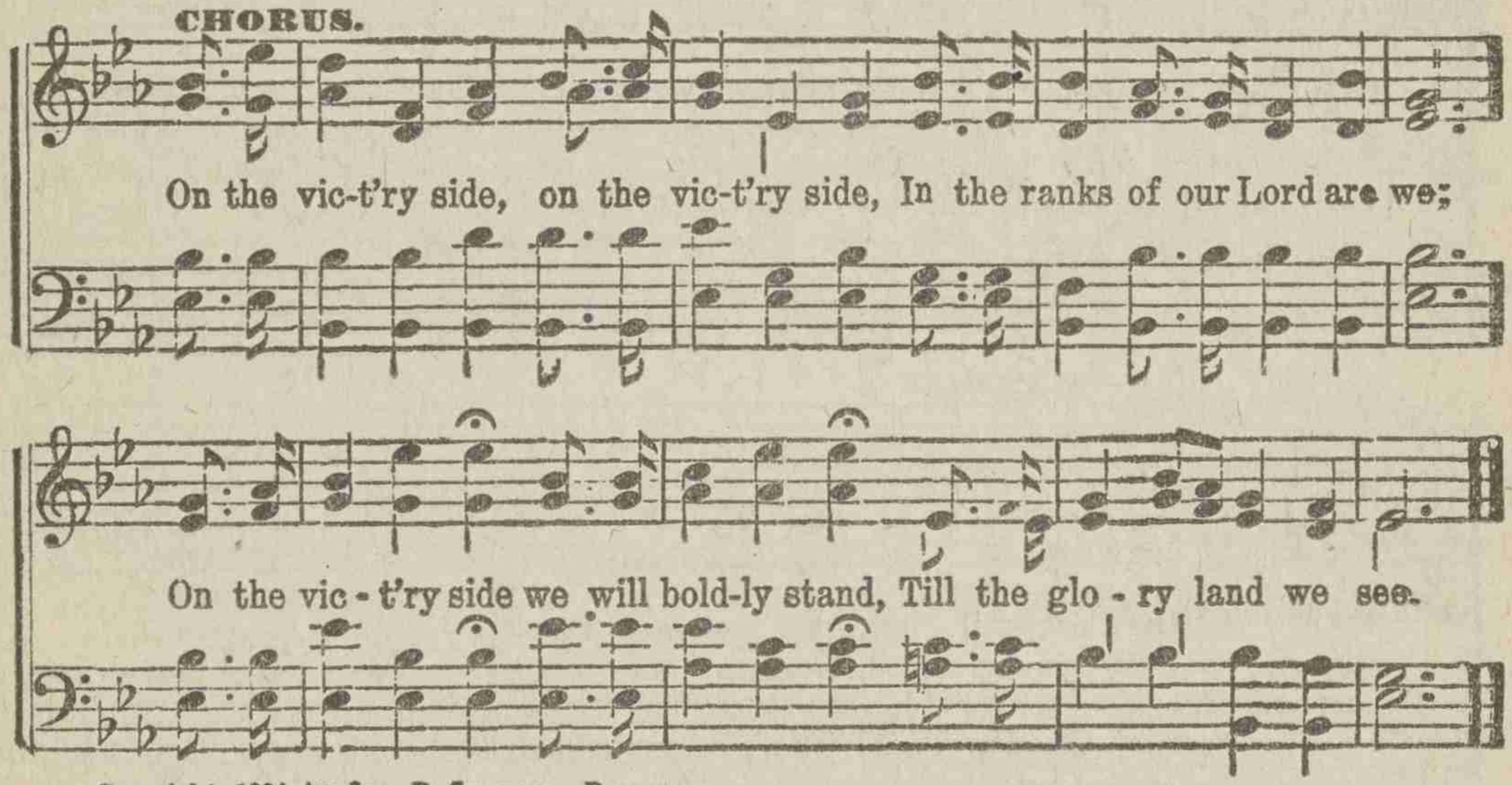
Copyright, 1898, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by permission.

ON THE VICTORY SIDE.

"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith."—1, John 5: 4.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.





Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

WEBB. (Key of B♭.)

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

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



Words and arr. copyright, 1898, by L. L. Pickett. Melody by per. of Oliver Ditson & Co., owners of copyright.

HAPPY ON THE WAY AM I.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I am sing-ing and I'm shout-ing all a-long the pil-grim way,
2. Tho' the clouds may gath-er o'er me and I hear the thun-der roll,
3. What tho' for-tune may prove fick-le, and my fond-est hopes may fade?
4. I have giv-en all to Je-sus, ev-'ry bur-den, ev-'ry care,
5. So with joy I will press for-ward till I reach that gold-en land,

Hap-py on the way am I;..... I am walk-ing and I'm talk-ing with my Sav-iour ev-'ry day, Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... Not a storm can cause a rip-ple o'er the wa-ters of my soul, Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... I am still an heir to glo-ry, then why should I be dis-mayed? Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... Now He leads me thro' green pas-tures, and by wa-ters still and fair, Hap-py on the way am I.
Hap-py on the way am I;..... All the way I will keep sing-ing till I join that blood-washed band, Hap-py on the way am I.

CHORUS.

Singing! shouting! all a-long the way, To that blessed home on high;
With my Saviour walking, walk-ing ev-'ry day. Hap-py on the way am I.

Copyright, 1904, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

HAPPY ON THE WAY.

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. In God's book we read in words that brightly glow, His command that His redeemed should all say so; Give Him thanks for He is good in all His ways, He has made us
2. Joy a-bounds with-in my hap-py soul to - day, For my grievous sins have all been washed away; Peace that passeth un-der-stand-ing fills my heart, Sure-ly I have
3. Since the day when Je-sus pardoned all my sin, Since I start-ed out a home in heav'n to win, Since the cross of Je - sus has been made my choice, Life has been all
4. Tho' the pres-ent way is pleas-ant un - to me, Yet a brighter prospect on be- fore I see; Heaven's glo - ry I'll en - joy when this life's o'er, And with Je - sus

CHORUS.

hap-py, sing His glorious praise! Happy, hap-py, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
found in life the bet - ter part.
sunshine, in Him I re - joice.
I will live for - ev - er - more. Happy, singing day by day,

Happy, hap-py, sing-ing all the way; Hap-py, hap-py,
Happy, praising Je-sus now, Hap-py, singing all the way

glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Hap-py on the way to heav - en day by day!

Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

BE IN TIME.

REV. C. P. JONES. Arr.

1. Life it - self is ver - y brief, Like the fall-ing of a leaf, Like the
2. Fair-est flow- ers soon de - cay, Youth and beau-ty fade a -way, O, you
3. Time is glid- ing swift-ly by, Death and judgment draweth nigh, To the
4. Sin -ners, heed the warning voice,Make the Lord your fi-nal choice, Then the

bind - ing of a sheaf, Be in time. Fleet- ing days are tell - ing fast,
have not long to stay, Be in time. When the Spir - it bids you come,
arms of Je - sus fly, Be in time. O, I pray you count the cost,
an - gels will re - joice, Be in time. Come from dark-ness in - to light,

That the die will soon be cast; Ere the fa - tal line be past, Be in time.
Sin - ner, do not longer roam, Lest you seal your helpless doom,Be in time.
Ere the fa - tal line be cross'd,And your soul in hell be lost, Be in time.
Come, let Je- sus set you right,Come,and start for heav'n to-night,Be in time.

CHORUS.

Be in time, sin- ner, Be in time; While the voice of Je - sus

calls you, Be in time; If in sin you long - er wait, You may

Used by permission.

BE IN TIME. Concluded.

rit.

find no o - pen gate; Ere your sad cry be "Too late," Be in time.

27 NONE BUT CHRIST.

C. P. J. REV. C. P. JONES.

1. "None but Christ," my soul is cry - ing; Sweet-est peace there comes to me,
2. Rag - ing storms of sore af - flic - tion, Sweeping o'er life's o - pen sea,
3. Earth's reproach I bear with pleas-ure, If for Christ it all may be,
4. Short or long may be my jour - ney, Ere Thy face, O Lord, I see,
5. Should the mon-ster, Death, come nigh me, To dis- solve this house of clay,

Ev - er - last - ing joy and pleas-ure, Since, O God, I'm stayed on Thee.
Fright me not: I've cast my an - chor, And my mind is stayed on Thee.
Thou, I know, wilt ne'er for - sake me, Since my mind is stayed on Thee.
Yet e'en now, I know Thou'rt with me, Since my mind is stayed on Thee.
Still I'll make the Christ my ref - uge, And will trust in Him for aye.

CHORUS.

Stayed on Thee, Stayed on Thee;
Stayed on Thee, yes, stayed on Thee, Stayed on Thee, yes, stayed on Thee;

Sweet- est peace with - in a - bid - eth, Since my mind is stayed on Thee.

Copyright, 1907, by C. F. Weigele. By per.

RALLY ROUND THE CROSS.

THE BATTLE SONG OF VICTORY.

E. F. M. E. F. MILLER.

1. A - gain we have come in Je - ho - vah's name, The bat - tle to fight and the vic-t'ry gain, We'll gird on the ar - mor and to the con-flict go, And in the name of Je - sus we'll con-quer ev - 'ry foe.
2. When Is - rael of old marched a - round the wall, They blew with their trumpets and shouted all; Then down came the walls, and they took the might-y king; To God they gave the glo - ry, who did sal - va - tion bring.
3. Our fa - thers, we know, to the Lord were true, They took up the sword and they battled thro'; They're safe now in glo - ry and looking down to - night, They call to you and me to be faith - ful in the fight.
4. We all must en - gage if a crown we'd wear, And yon - der with Je - sus the glo - ry share; Then let all be true as we in - to bat - tle go, And res - cue ev - 'ry sin - ner from death and all its woe.
5. The con - flict will soon be for - ev - er o'er, The summons will come from the oth-er shore; And then home to glo - ry re-joic-ing we will go, To praise Him for the vic - t'ry He gave us here be - low.

CHORUS.

Then ral - ly! ral-ly! ral - ly round the cross! No one ev - er there will suf-fer

Copyright, 1884, by E. F. Miller. Used by permission.

RALLY ROUND THE CROSS. Concluded.

loss; And in the name of Je - sus we'll face the dead - ly foe,

And vic - to - ry will perch up - on our ban - ner as we go.

29 HOW MUCH I OWE!

C. S. & T. P. H. T. P. HAMILTON.

Duet or Quartet.

1. When Je- sus died on Cal - va - ry, When Je - sus died it was for me,
2. My Je - sus in Geth - sem - a - ne, Passed thro' the di - rest ag - o - ny,
3. When on the cross those cru - el nails Gave me a Christ that nev - er fails,
4. When I shall reach that gold - en shore, To dwell with Him for - ev - er-more,

I oft-times won - der shall I know How much I owe, how much I owe.
'Twas all for me He suffered so, How can I tell how much I owe.
And from His wounds there came a flow That saves from sin—how much I owe.
Ten mil - lion years may come and go, I can - not tell how much I owe.

D. S. *But what He did for me. I know, I can - not tell how much I owe.*

CHORUS. D. S.

How much I owe for love di- vine, How much I owe that Christ is mine!

Copyright, 1909 and 1915, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

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

1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's, Je - sus my
2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near, Keep-ing me
3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheer-ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

Sav - iour sal - va - tion af - fords, Gives me His Spir - it, a
safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
dark - ness, but now it is day," Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
lu - jahs to Je - sus, my King; Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re -

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

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved, saved by pow - er di-vine;

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus the Sav-iour is mine.

Copyright, 1903, by W. J. Kirkpatrick, 2009 N. 15th St., Phila., Pa.

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

Dedicated to Mrs. M. B. Hadley, Missionary to Africa.

REV. I. B. REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Far a - way,..... beyond the sea, Where the fields.... are bright and fai
2. Hark! I hear..... the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap - ers! why so slow!"
3. Just be - yond..... the roll-ing tide The up - lift - ed hand I see;
4. Fa - ther, moth - er, sis- ter, dear, I must bid..... you all a- dieu;
5. Bear me on,..... thou restless sea, Let the winds.... the canvas swell;

1. Far a-way, beyond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair,

There's a call,..... a plaintive plea; I must has - ten to be there.
To the vine - yard far a - way, Earthly kin - dred, let me go.
Lo! the gates..... are o - pen wide, And the lost..... are call-ing me.
Hark! the call..... is sounding clear, There's a work..... for me to do.
*Af - ric's shore..... I long to see, Na - tive land,.....farewell, farewell.

There's a call a plaintive plea; I must hasten to be there.

Chorus.

Let me go,..... I can-not stay, 'Tis the Mas - ter calling me;
I can-not stay, Master, 'tis the Master,

Let me go,..... I must o- bey, Na -tive land,.....farewell to thee.
I must obey, Farewell to thee.

*Substitute names of countries to suit.

From "Golden Harp." Used by permission.

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

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

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

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

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

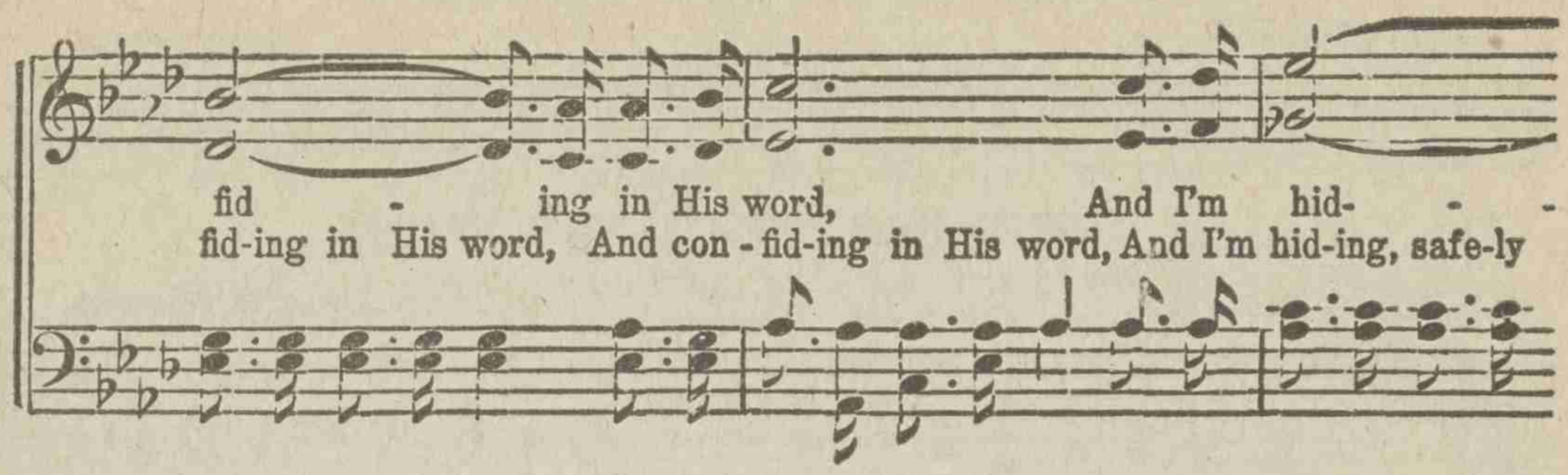
I have lost my-self in Je-sus, I am sink-ing in - to God.
And His pre-cious blood each moment Keeps me cleans'd and free from sin.
E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
Sav-iour, Sanc-ti - fi - er, Keep-er, Glo-rious Lord and com - ing King.

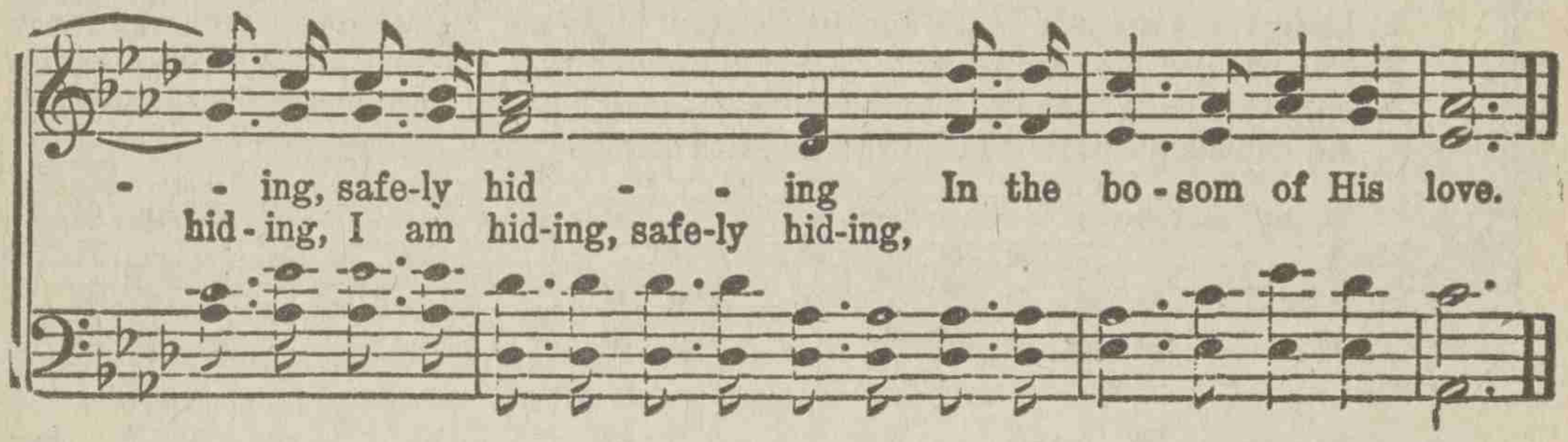
CHORUS.

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

Copyright, 1891, by W. J. Kirkpatrick.

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.—Concluded.

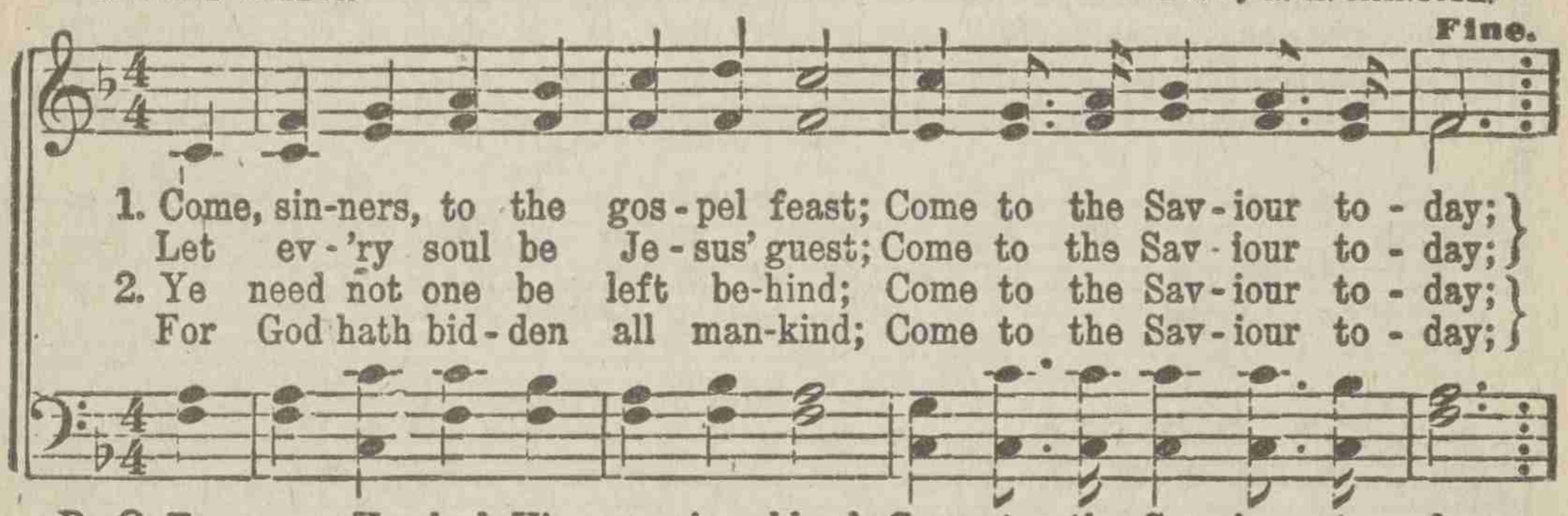


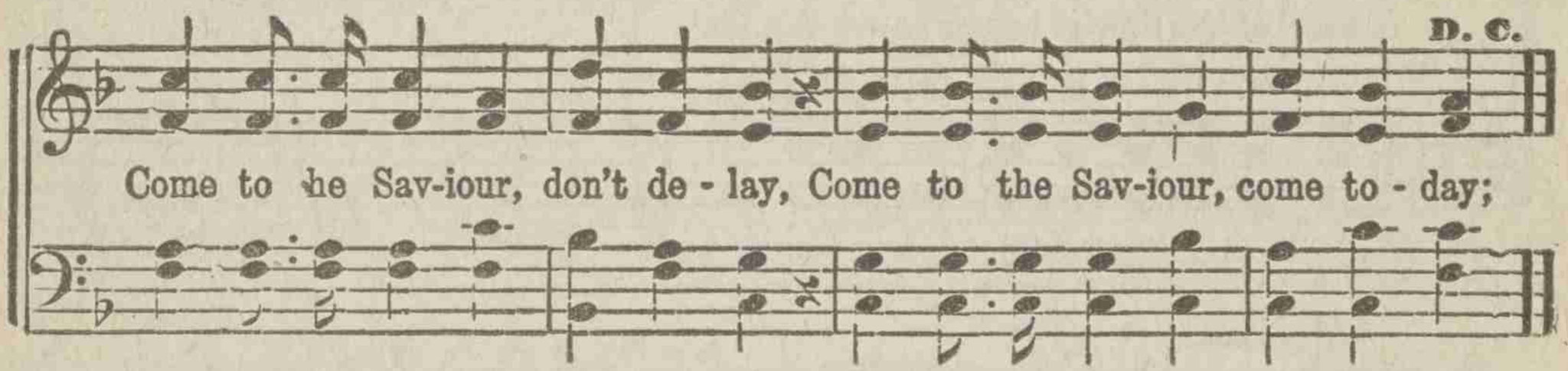


33

COME TO THE SAVIOUR TODAY.

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.





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

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

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppresse
Ye restless wand'rers after rest.

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

7 My message as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Christ and live.

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

Copyright, 1895, by The R. M. McIntosh Co. By per of Leonard Daugherty

THE BREATH OF THE SPIRIT.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Long years we have yearned for the showers of bless-ing, Have earnestly prayed for a-
2. The life has been fruitless, the heart dry and thirsty, The task of the Master seemed
3. No tithes have been bro't to the store-house of heaven, Our powers for service long
4. No souls have been won for the kingdom of glo-ry, But pow-er for serv-ice we

bun-dance of rain; Praise God, some are singing the new song of heav-en, The
giv-en in vain; But now ev-'ry day is a day of rich blessing, The
dormant have lain; But now ev-'ry im-pulse is used to God's glo-ry, The
now may ob-tain; Then glad-ly as reap-ers we en-ter the harvest, The

Fine. CHORUS.

breath of the Spir-it brings power a-gain.

Pow - er a-gain,.....
Pow-er a-gain is on us to-day,

D. S.

Pow - er a-gain,..... Our hearts have been tuned to the sweet refrain, The
Coldness and sin are ta-ken a-way,

Copyright, 1908, by E. O. Excell, Winona, Ky.

WON'T YOU COME TO JESUS NOW?

KATE ULMER. JNO. R. BRYANT.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

Copyright, 1905, by L. L. Pickett.

BE AN OVERCOMER.

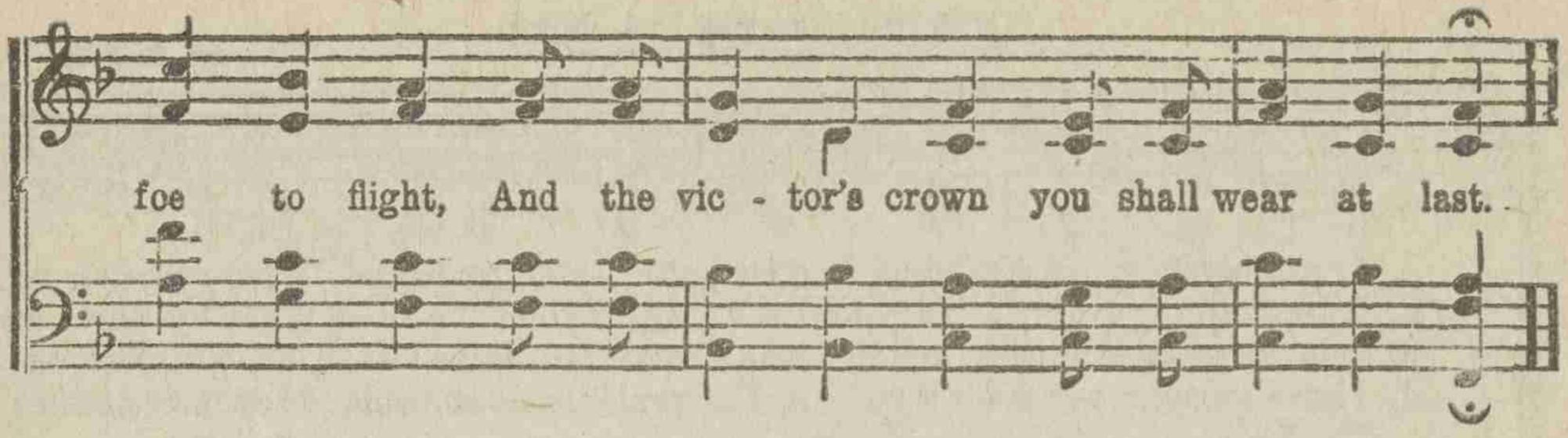
C. W. NAYLOR. ENCOURAGEMENT. A. L. BYERS. By per.

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

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

CHORUS.

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



KEEP IN SIGHT OF THE CROSS.

Copyright, 1910, by L. L. Pickett.

REV. M. S. BROWN. 5th. v. by L. L. P. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

"If we walk in the light."—I. John 1.

Arr. L. L. P.

1. I am walking in the light And my path is shining bright, Where there is no more of night I now dwell, This vain world I bid adieu, And its pleasures fade from view, All things now to me are new, All is well.
2. I have glo-ry for a prize And a crown beyond the skies When from earth we shall arise, Pure and white, I shall then with Jesus reign, And gain, And be pure from ev'ry stain In His sight.
3. I have an-gel food to eat And no hon-ey is so sweet, It is most de-li-cious meat To the soul, On His promise I a-bide And my soul is sat-is-fied, For I feel the crimson tide O'er me roll.
4. I have garments wrought with gold And their val-ue is un-told, They have neither moth or mould, Bless the Lord, I have jew-els rich and rare, And a mansion bright and fair, For His will is written there, In His word.

CHORUS.

Je-sus saves day by day, Sweetly keeps all the way. All my burdens He bears, Ev-'ry care; Soon I'll lay my ar-mor down And at Je-sus' feet sit down And re-ceive a star-ry crown O-ver there.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

PRAY THE GLORY DOWN.

Copyright, 1913, by L. L. Pickett.

J. W. W. REV. J. W. WILSON.

1. When the soul is thirst-y, and things seem hard and dry; When oft you're led to ques-tion, and then you won-der why, If you would solve the doubting, and
2. When the faith-ful Dan-iel went to the li - on's den, And pur-posed in his heart that he'd not bow down to men; The world-ly-wise of Bab-'lon at
3. Read how the a-pos-tles were in an up-per room, And all of one ac- cord at the morn-ing, night and noon; The twen- ty and one hundred were
4. There were Paul and Si - las, thrown in the Roman jail, Un - til the Lord drew near them and went the pris'ners' bail; All help-less were these brethren and

sure - ly win the crown, Go quick-ly to your clos-et and pray the glo- ry down.
Dan-iel cast a frown, But He had wondrous vic'try, he prayed the glory down.
pray- ing all a - round, All faith-ful to the promise, they prayed the glory down.
of not much re- nown, But God was surely with them: they prayed the glory down.

D. S.—*chamber, And pray the glo-ry down.*

CHORUS.

The mists will clear away, There's joy for ev - 'ry frown; Go in thy se - cret chamber, And pray the glo-ry down.

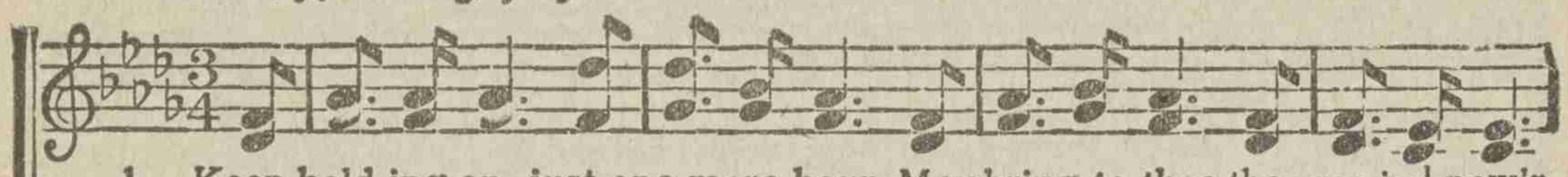
D. S.

KEEP HOLDING ON.

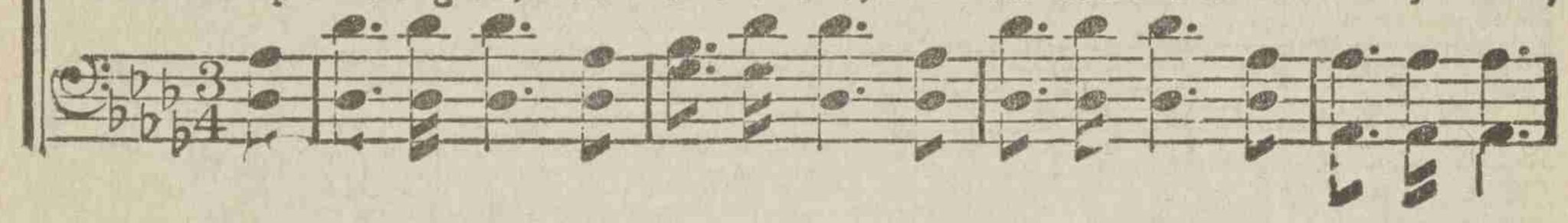
"Men ought always to pray and not to faint,—Luke 18:1,

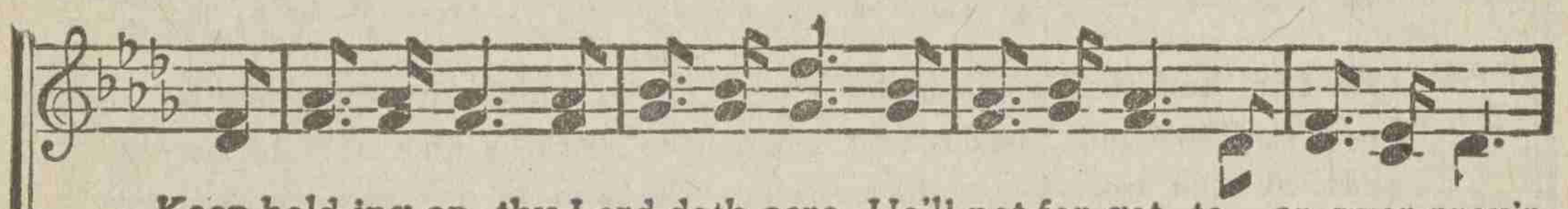
REV. W C. POOLE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Earnestly, Thoughtfully.

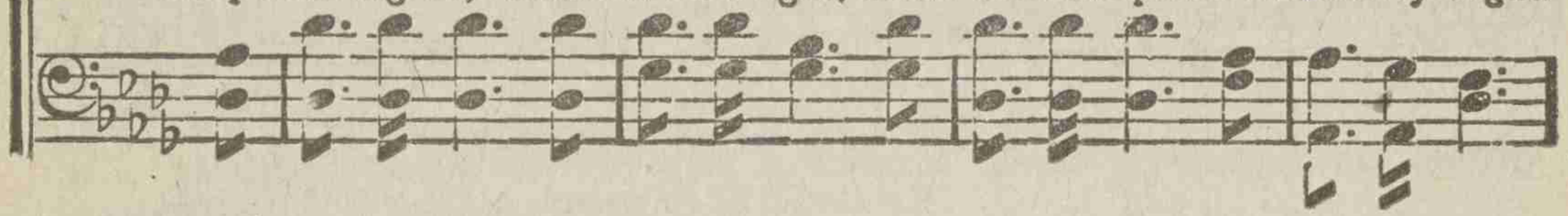


1. Keep hold-ing on, just one more hour, May bring to thee the prom-ised pow'r,
2. Keep hold-ing on, Christ knows thy need, He doth the hun-gry spar-rows feed,
3. Keep hold-ing on, no hand but thine, Can break thy hold on Christ di-vine,
4. Keep hold-ing on, un - to the end, For near at hand is Christ thy friend,

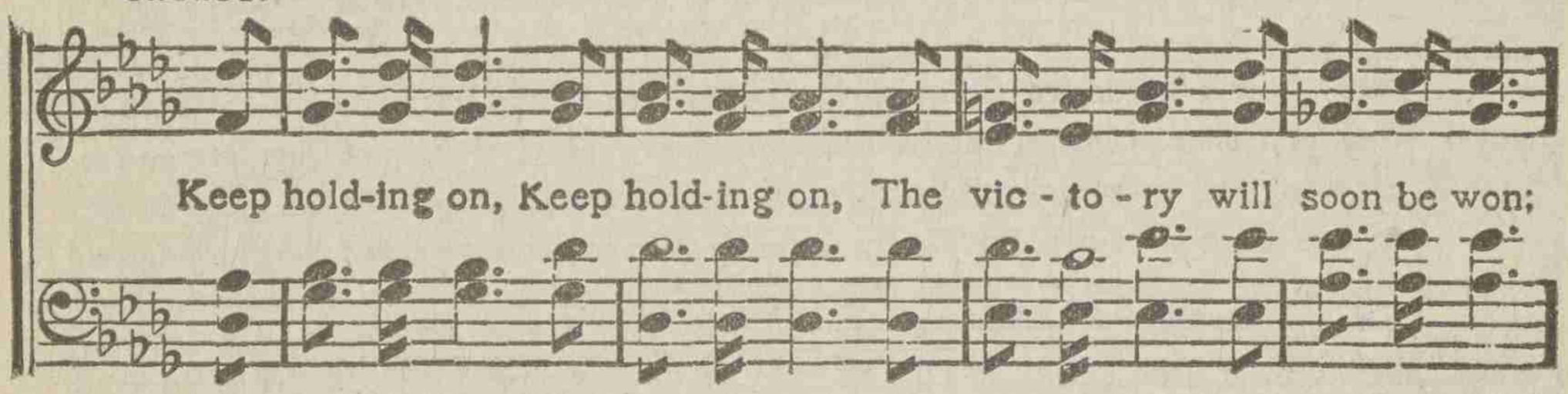




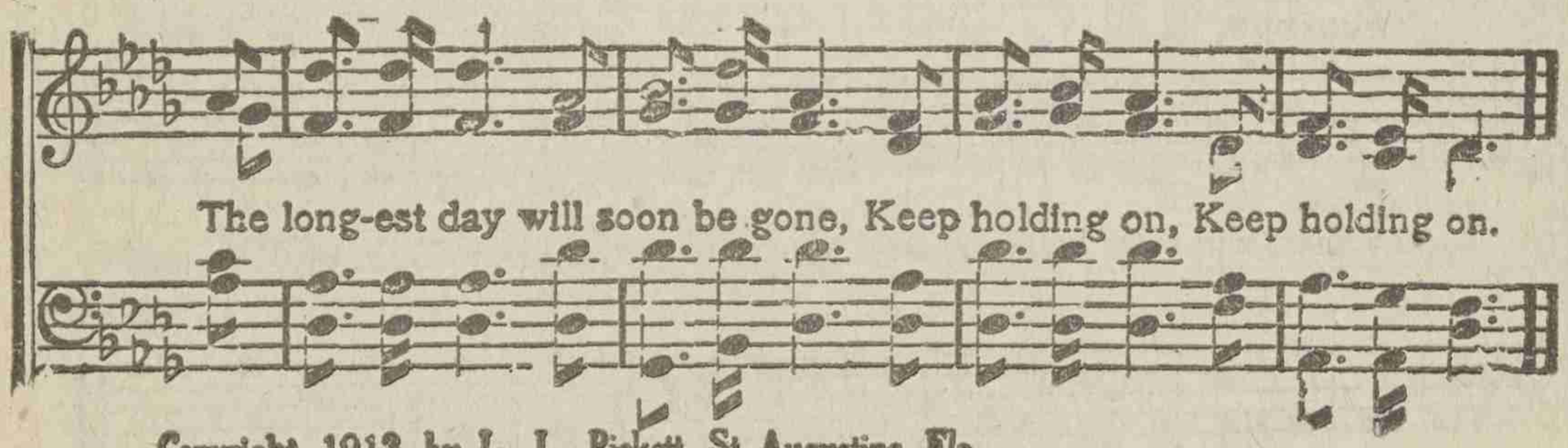
Keep hold-ing on thy Lord doth care, He'll not for-get to an-swer pray'r.
Keep hold-ing on, He'll hear thy cry, Thy Lord is watch-ing from on high,
Keep hold-ing on and Christ to thee, Will send at last the vic - to - ry,
Keep hold ing on, 'till heav-en's light, Shall take the place of earth-ly night.



CHORUS:



Keep hold-ing on, Keep hold-ing on, The vic - to - ry will soon be won;



The long-est day will soon be gone, Keep holding on, Keep holding on.

Copyright 1913, by L. L. Pickett, St. Augustine, Fla.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHTEST SIDE.

"Our light affliction, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. 4: 17.

A. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. When the clouds of trouble gather O'er your path below, And there's naught but darkness
2. When there comes a trying conflict, Meet it with a smile, Tho' the fury of the
3. Clouds all keep their greatest beauty, Toward the shining sun, There the golden and the
4. Think ye not of days yet coming, God provides we know, He can send the blessed

in your earthly lot. Do not think the gloom is lasting, If the storm should blow,
storm may prove severe; Hope is heaven's greatest blessing, Just a little while
silver hues abound; If the shadows grow still deeper, Since the day begun,
sunshine or the rain; In the Saviour trust for guidance, He the light will show,

REFRAIN.

And the sun with all his glo-ry shin-eth not.
It may picture out some beauty there to cheer. **Look on the brightest side**
Faith must wing her flight where sunshine can be found.
Then the brightest side of life we'll see again.

Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side of life,
ev-er look, yes,

Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side, Look on the brightest side of life.

Copyright, 1900, by L. L. Pickett.

SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf - fer loss—To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken-
out a mur - mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in

mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high-er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev - er be.
love for e - ven me.
our Re - deem - er's praise.

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

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;

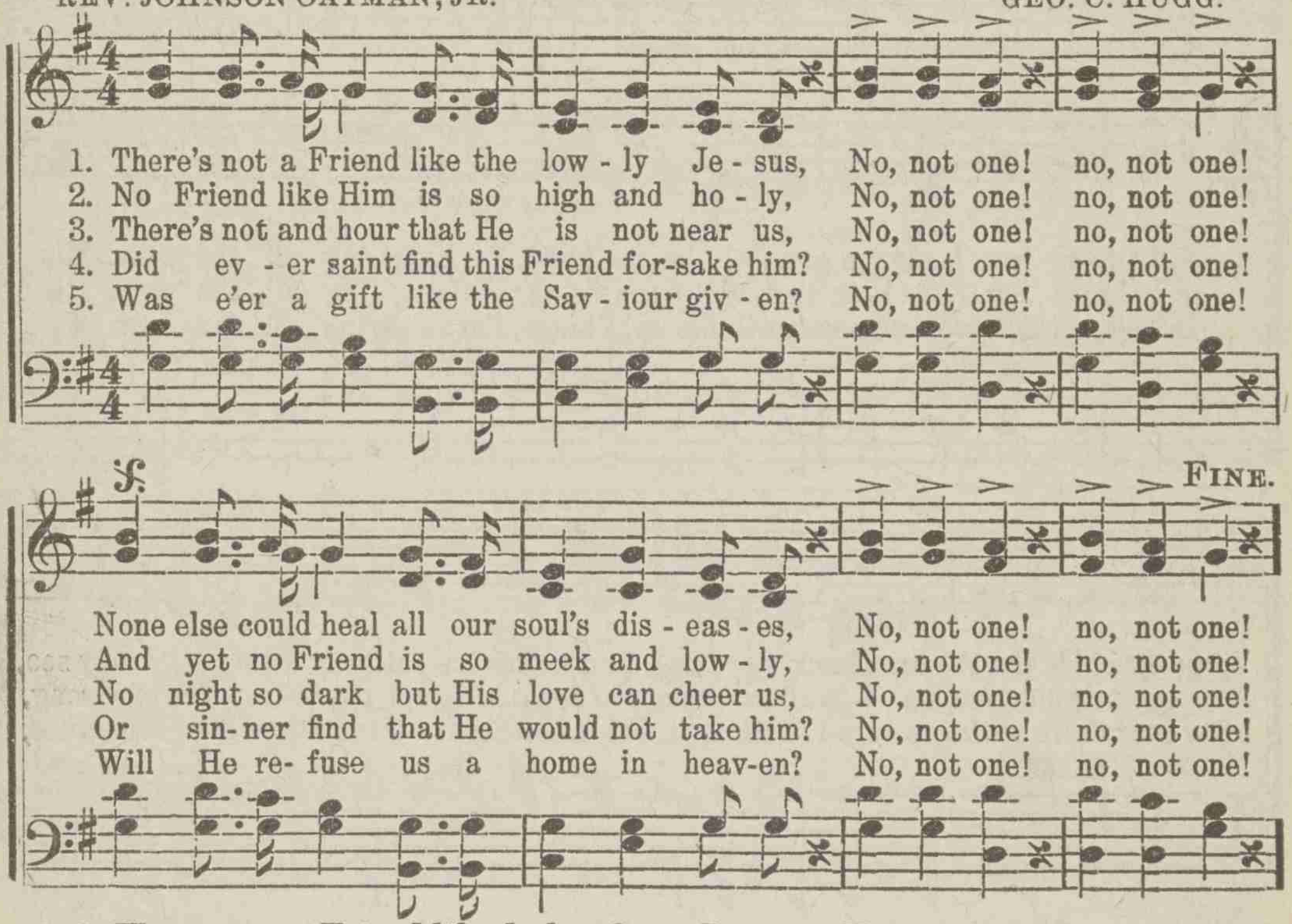
SWEETER AS THE YEARS. Concluded.



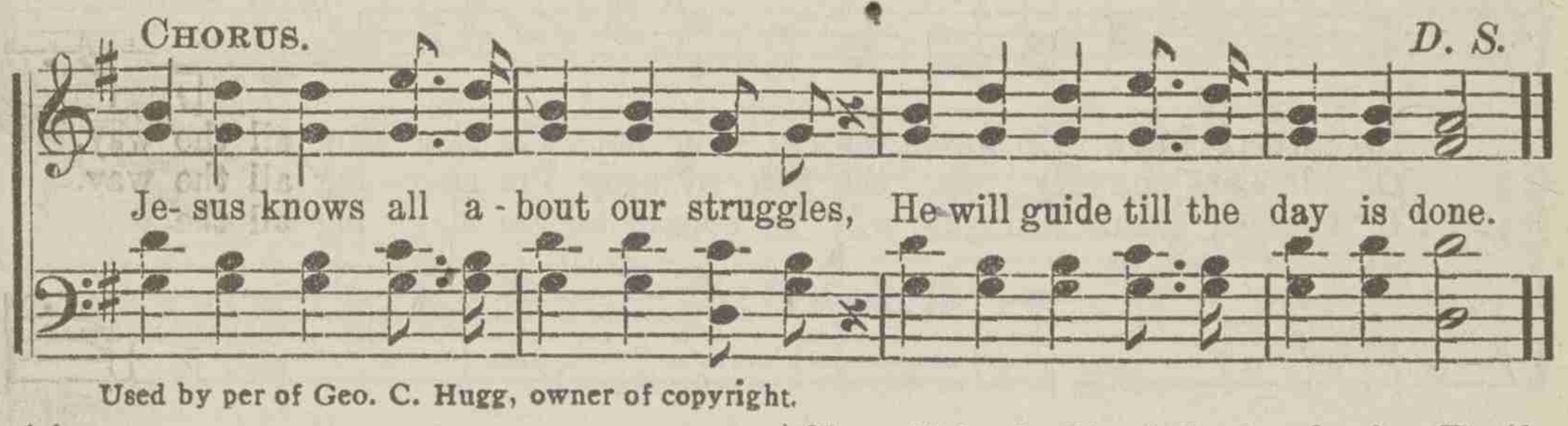
43

NO, NOT ONE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.



CHORUS. D. S.



Used by per of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

44

Key of D.

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

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

2 Living beneath the shade of a cross,
Counting the jewels of earth all as dross,
Cleans'd in the blood flowing free from His side,
Jesus can save you, for you He died.

3 If you want boldness, take part in the fight.
If you want purity, walk in the light,
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Jesus can cleane you, for He cleans'd me.

4 If you want Jesus to reign in your soul;
Plunge in the fountain and you shall be whole,
Wash in the blood that is flowing for thee,
Jesus can cleanse you, for He cleans'd me.

SINGING ALL THE WAY.

L. R. M. L. R. MINOR.

1. I'm go-ing home to Ca-naan's hap-py land, I'm sing-ing all the way;
2. When Sa-tan seeks my feet to lead a-stray, I'm sing-ing all the way;
3. Tho' thorns sometimes along my way may grow, I'm sing-ing all the way;

Hal-le-lu-jah!

My Sav - iour leads me gen - tly by the hand, I'm sing - ing all the way. His
I know my Sav - iour then will be my stay, I'm sing - ing all the way. His
In heav'n the flow'rs of peace will bloom, I know, I'm sing - ing all the way. My

presence bids the shadows back-ward flee, And makes the pathway bright that I may see,
eye to guide me as I walk a - long, No foe can tempt me in-to paths of wrong,
Sav-iour there with rap-ture I shall meet, Friends long since gone, and loved ones I shall greet,

In love I know He watch - es o - ver me, I'm sing - ing all the way.
Of Je - sus on - ly is the hap - py song I'm sing - ing all the way.
O then my peace and joy will be com-plete, I'm sing - ing all the way.

CHORUS.

I'm sing-ing all the way, (all the way), I'm sing-ing all the way, (Hal-le-lu-jah);

Copyright, 1908, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

SINGING ALL THE WAY.—Concluded.

Rit.

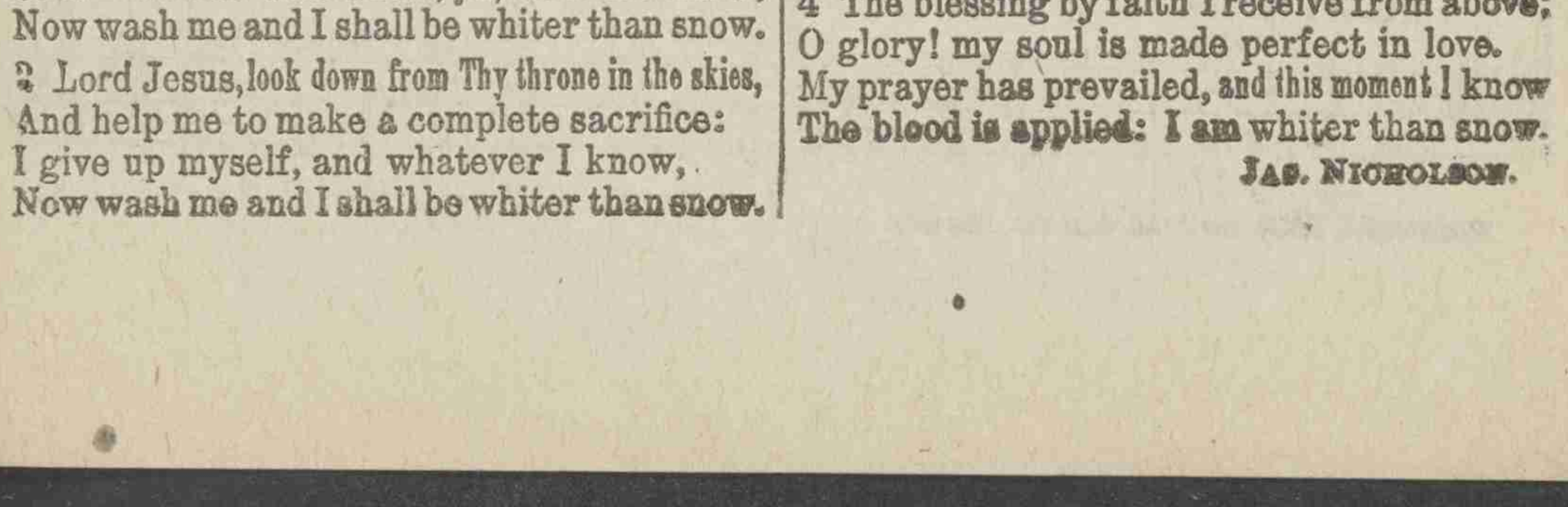


HE LOVES ME.

L. L. PICKETT. ARR.



REFRAIN. *D. S.*



Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

LORD JESUS, I LONG TO BE.

KEY OF A.

1 Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice:
I give up myself, and whatever I know,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 The blessing by faith I receive from above;
O glory! my soul is made perfect in love.
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied: I am whiter than snow.

JAS. NICHOLSON.

CONSTANTLY ABIDING.

MRS. W. L. M. MRS. WILL L. MURPHY.

1. There's a peace in my heart, that the world never gave, A peace it cannot take a-
2. All the world seemed to sing of a Saviour and King, When peace sweetly came to my
3. This treas-ure I have in a tem-ple of clay, While here on His footstool I

way; Tho' the tri - als of life may surround like a cloud, I've a peace that has
heart; Troubles all fled a-way and my night turned to day, Blessed Je-sus, how
roam; But He's com-ing to take me some glo-ri-ous day, O - ver there to my

CHORUS.

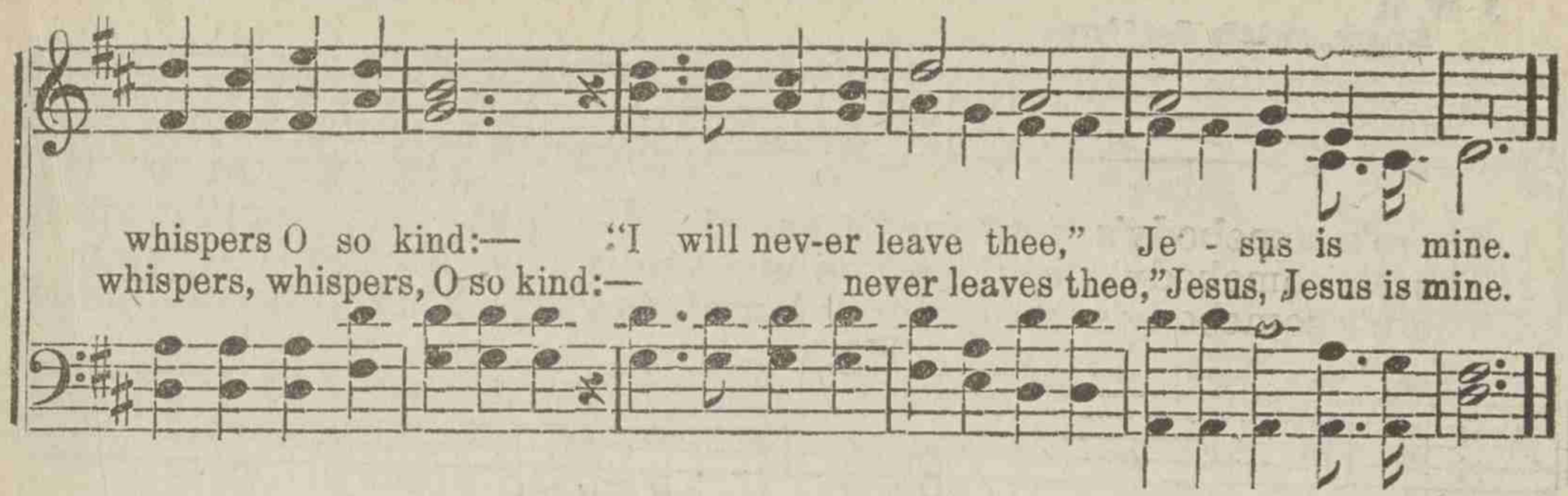
come there to stay! Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing,
glorious Thou art!
heav - en - ly home! Constantly a - bid - ing, constantly a - bid-ing,

Je - sus is mine; Con - stant-ly a - bid - ing,
Jesus is mine, yes, Jesus is mine; Constantly a - bid - ing, constantly a-biding,

rap - ture di-vine; He never leaves me lone - ly,
rapture divine, O rapture divine; He never leaves me, never leaves me lonely,

Copyright, 1908, by J. M. Marsh. By per.

CONSTANTLY ABIDING. Concluded.



49

READY.

"Behold thy servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 Sam. 15: 15.

S. E. L. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



CHORUS.



Copyright, 1903, by Charlie D. Tillman. By per.

IS IT YOUR SOUL?

J. W. R.

Mrs. L. L. Pickett.

Slow, with feeling.

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

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

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

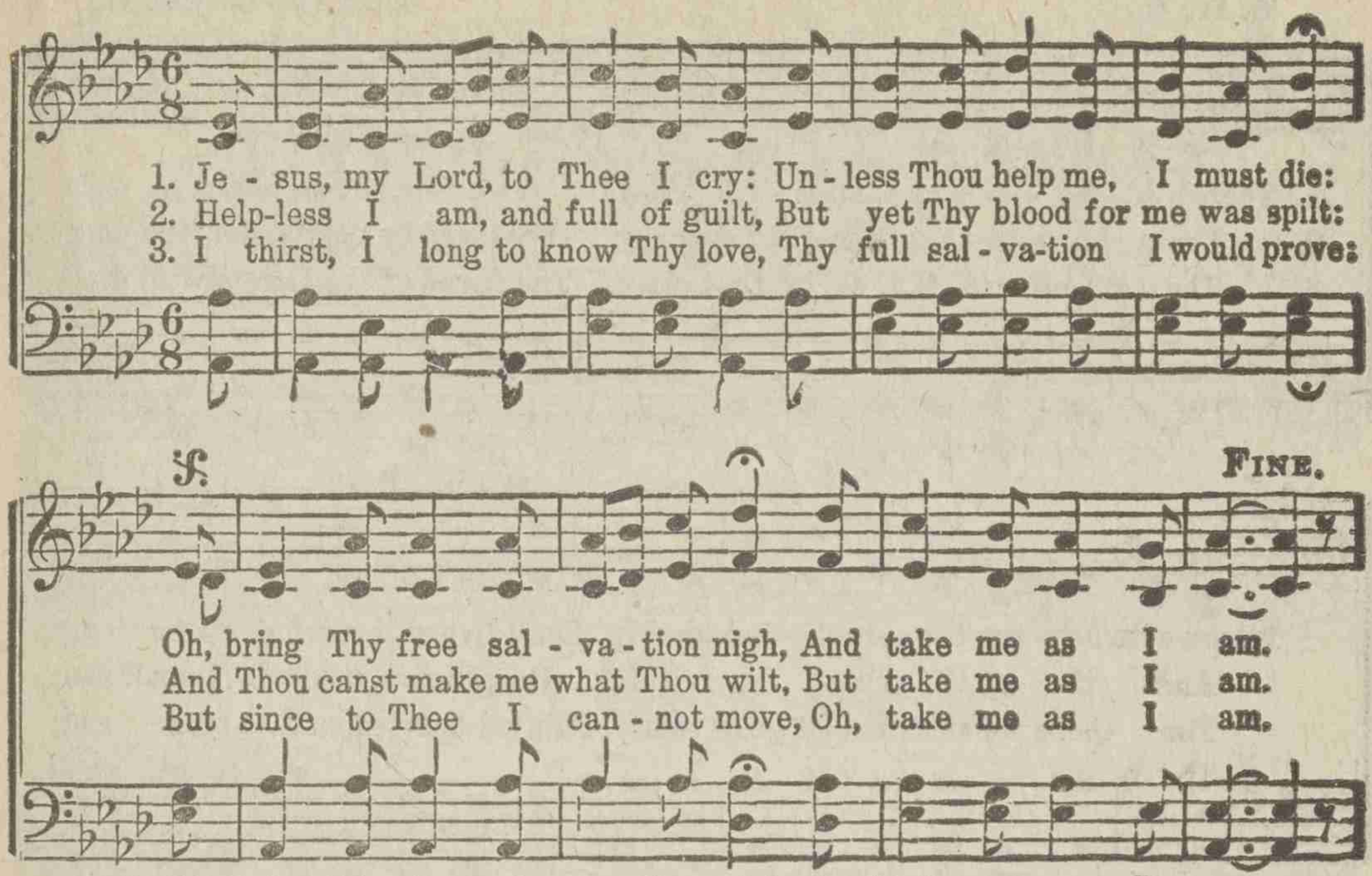
Calvary's light, 'Tis lost in the darkness, unsaved to-night, Tho' bright glow the
welcome above, No hope for the future, no part in His love, Unknown to the
sorrow and pain, Somebody's soul will have lived in vain, Shut out in the

Rit.

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

Copyright, 1899, by L. L. Pickett.

51 **TAKE ME AS I AM.**



52 **NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.**

Key G.

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

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

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

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

53 **BLESSED BE THE NAME.**

Key A.

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

CHORUS.

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

2 His holy name is my high tower,
A shelter from the blast;
Here safely hid from Satan's power,
All burdens down I cast.

3 There is no refuge such as this,
Where we can safely hide;
In which we taste unchanging bliss,
Whene'er our souls are tried.

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

—L. L. Pic

I WILL LOOK FOR YOU THERE.

H. W. S. HOWARD SWERTEN.

1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit-y, A cit - y, so bright and so fair,
2. I've a home in that beau-ti - ful cit-y, Prepared by the Sav-ior for me;
3. The streets are all gold in that cit-y, The saved of the Lord are all glad,

Where with Je - sus the sanc-ti - fied whol-ly, Shall live without sor-row or care;
And if by His grace I am faithful, Its glo-ries, no doubt, I shall see;
For there we shall nev-er grow weary, Fainted-hearted, or dreary, or sad;

Where the tri - als of earth are for-got-ten, And ev - 'ry en - tan-gled af - fair,
Where the faithful and sanctified tried ones With Him all His glories shall share,
All life's bat-tles for-ev - er now o-ver, Bright crowns, all be-jew-el'd, we'll wear,

Where the bat-tles of life are re-ward-ed, Oh, friend, I will look for you there.
Dear soul, are you trying to be one? Oh, friend, I will look for you there.
Shout the prais-es of Je-sus for - ev - er, Oh, friend, I will look for you there.

CHORUS.

I will look for you there, I will look for you there, When life's battles are

Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett.

I WILL LOOK FOR YOU THERE.—Concluded.

o - ver, I will look for you there, Where with harps of pure gold, And with

rich - es un - told, With Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I will look for you there.

55

I'VE BEEN REDEEMED.

Furnished by E. A. F. Arr. by A. F. I.

Cheerfully.

1. I've been re - deemed, all glo - ry to the Lamb, Je - sus has
2. O sin - ner, list - en, I once was lost like you, But Je - sus
3. I am so glad I've found the way of life, Free from all
4. I'm go - ing home, all glo - ry to the Lamb, Je - sus will

CHO.—*I've been re - deemed, yes, I have been re - deemed, Glo - ry to*

loved me, I'm saved, I know I am; O won - drous love that
found me, and saved me thro' and thro'; Now He is wait-ing for
sor - row, from sin, and from strife; I am so glad I'm
take me now just as I am; Soon I'll be there with

Je - sus! 'Tis sweet for me to know; I've been re - deemed, yes,

D. C. for Chorus.

caused my Lord to die, Now will I serve Him, then reign with Him on high.
you to make a start, Come to Him quickly and choose the bet-ter part.
in this ho - ly way, O hal - le - lu - jah! I'm hap-py night and day.
friends who've gone be-fore, O hap - py meet-ing! we'll meet to part no more.

I have been re-deemed, O hal - le - lu - jah! my soul is white as snow.

Copyright, 1902, by The Metropolitan Church Association. By per.

IT SAVES ME NOW.

(Dedicated to the Ramsey, Ind., Camp.)

L. L. P. Psa. 25: 14. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

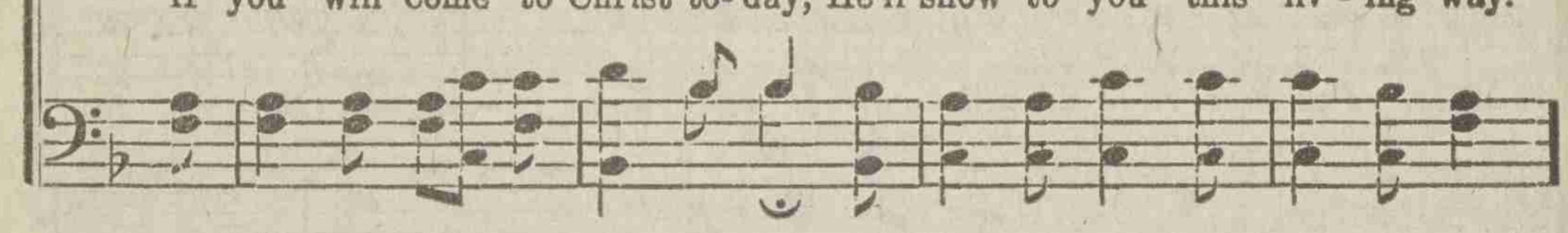


1. The blood of Je - sus shed for me, Up - on the rug - ged Cal - va - ry,
2. It saves me from my guilt so great, It saves me from my lost es - tate,
3. It saves from sin's pol - lut - ing stain, It saves from Sa-tan's pow'r and reign;
4. It saves with-out and saves with - in, And purg-es out the seed of sin;
5. Al - tho' I can - not tell to you This se - cret old, yet ev - er new,





A - vails to set me free from sin, Brings par-don, peace and joy with-in.
It saves me from my dark, dark past, Gives peace and joy that time out-last.
It saves from all that brings de-feat, And makes my vic - to - ry com-plete.
'Tis thus my soul is sanc - ti - fied, And in my Ref - uge I a - bide.
If you will come to Christ to-day, He'll show to you this liv - ing way.



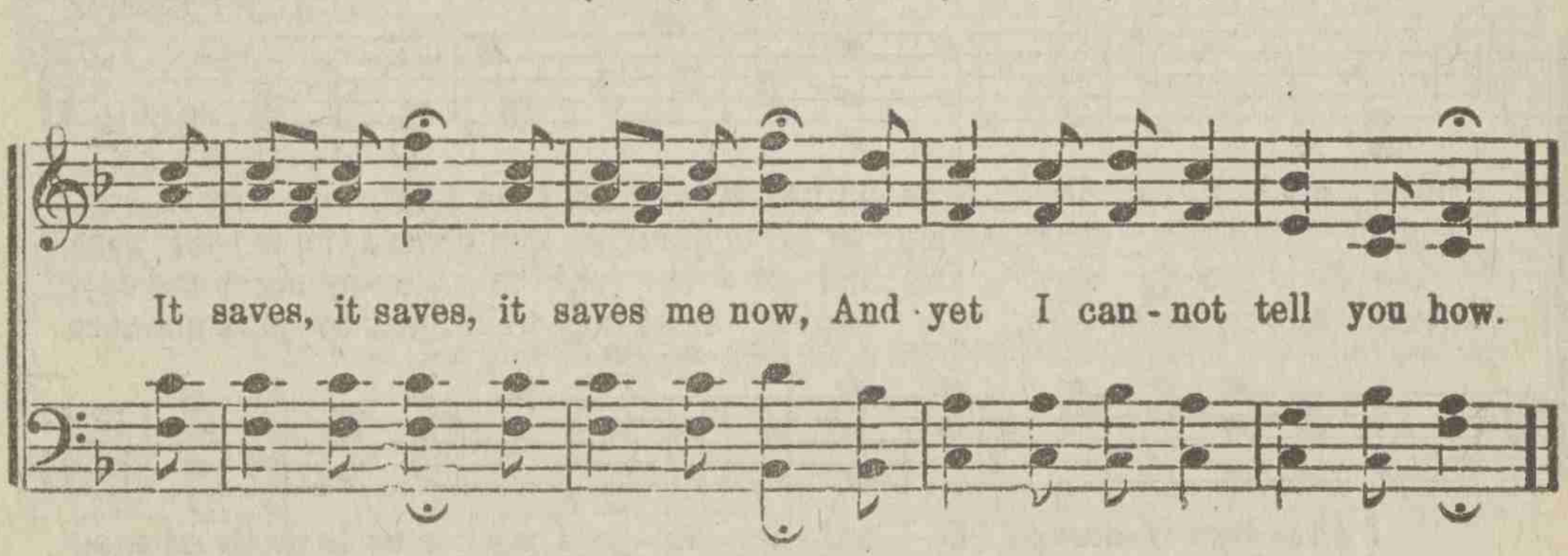
CHORUS.



It saves and cleans-es me just now, Al - tho' I can - not tell you how;



It saves, it saves, it saves me now, And yet I can - not tell you how.



Copyright. 1915 by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

TRUSTING IN MY SAVIOR.

"Trust in Him at all times."—Psa. 62: 8.

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

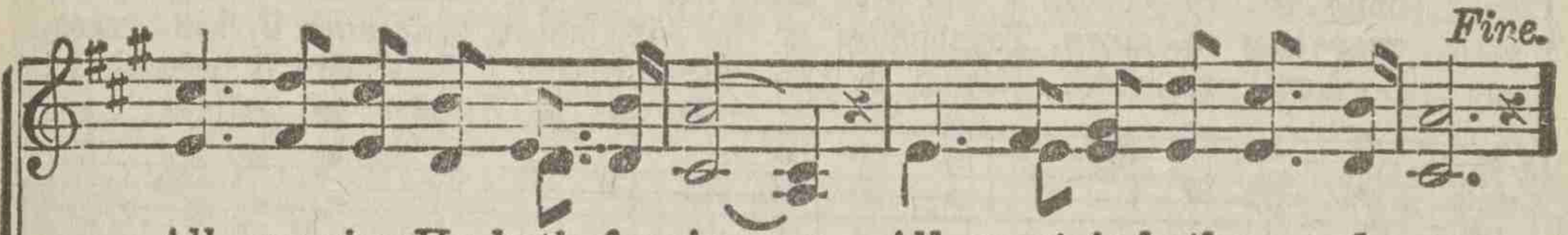
Good for Solo, Duet, or Quartet.



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

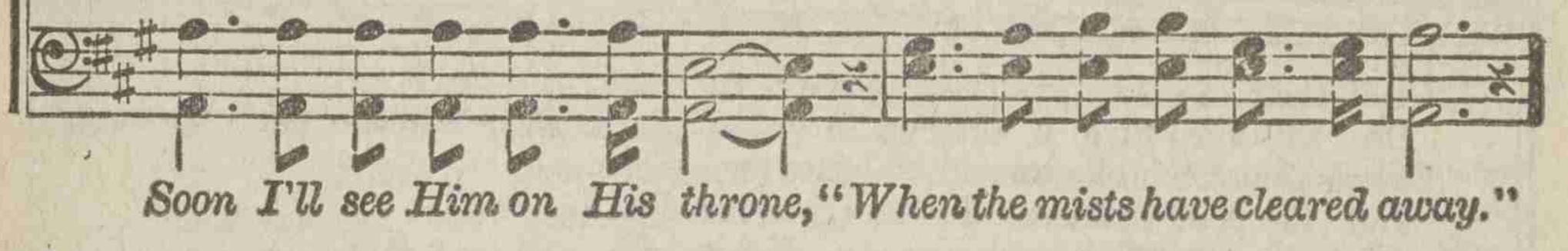


CHO.—*I am trusting Him a - lone, Trusting Him both night and day;*

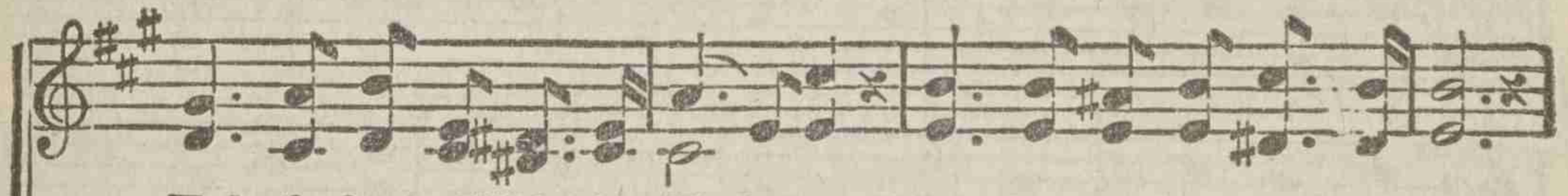


Fine.

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



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



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



D. C.

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

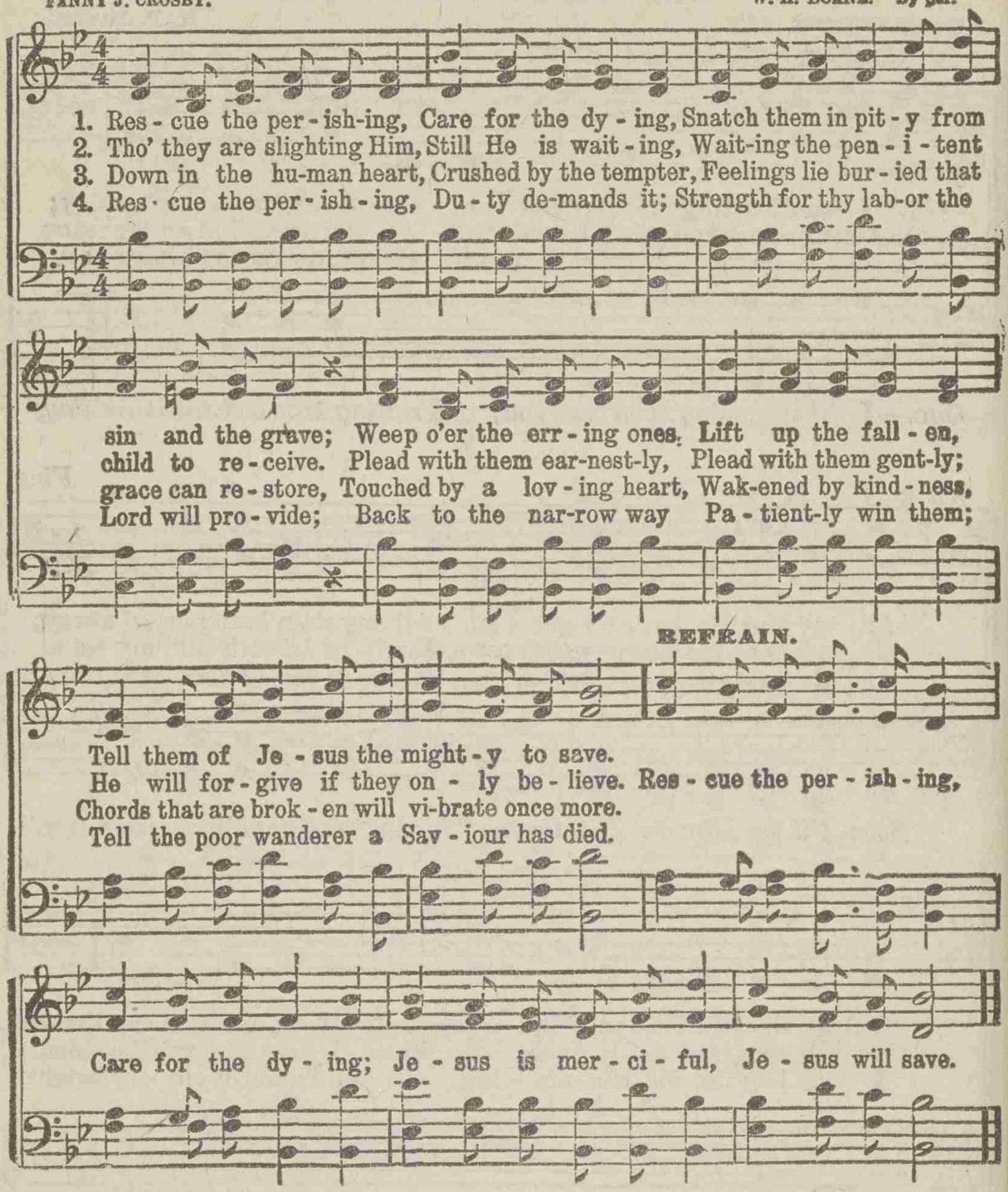


Arr. copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett. Melody used by per. of H. P. Gordon.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

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

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



THE CHILD OF A KING. (Key F.)

1 My Father is rich
In houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth
Of the world in His hands
Of rubies and diamonds,
Of silver and gold
His coffers are full,
He has riches untold!

Cho.—I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King.

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

H. E. BURR.

OVERCOMING POWER.

W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARSH.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

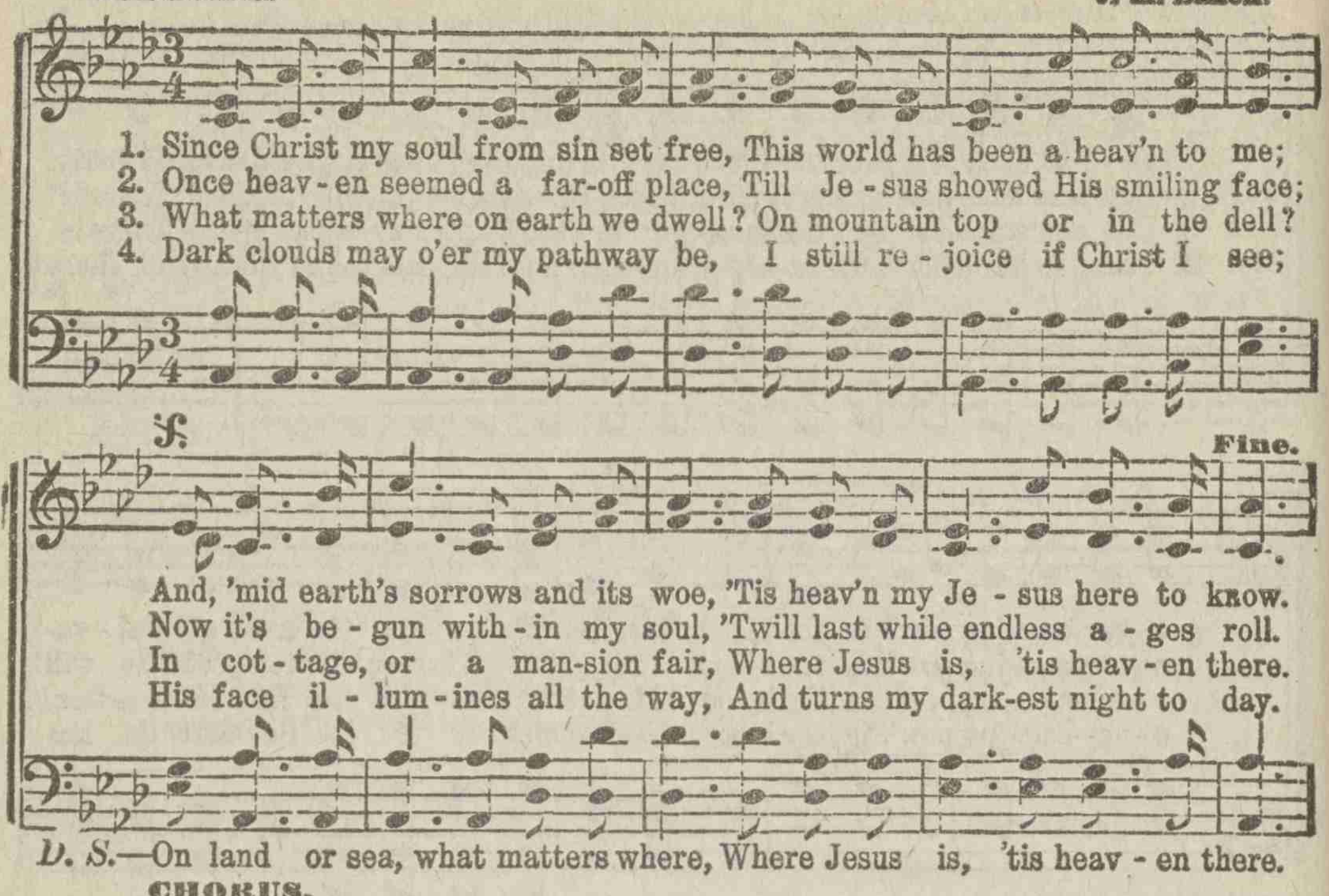
There is o - ver-com-ing pow'r for your soul this hour, There is o - ver-com-ing

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

Copyright, 1908, by L. L. Hall & Williams, Dr.

61 **WHERE JESUS IS 'TIS HEAVEN.**

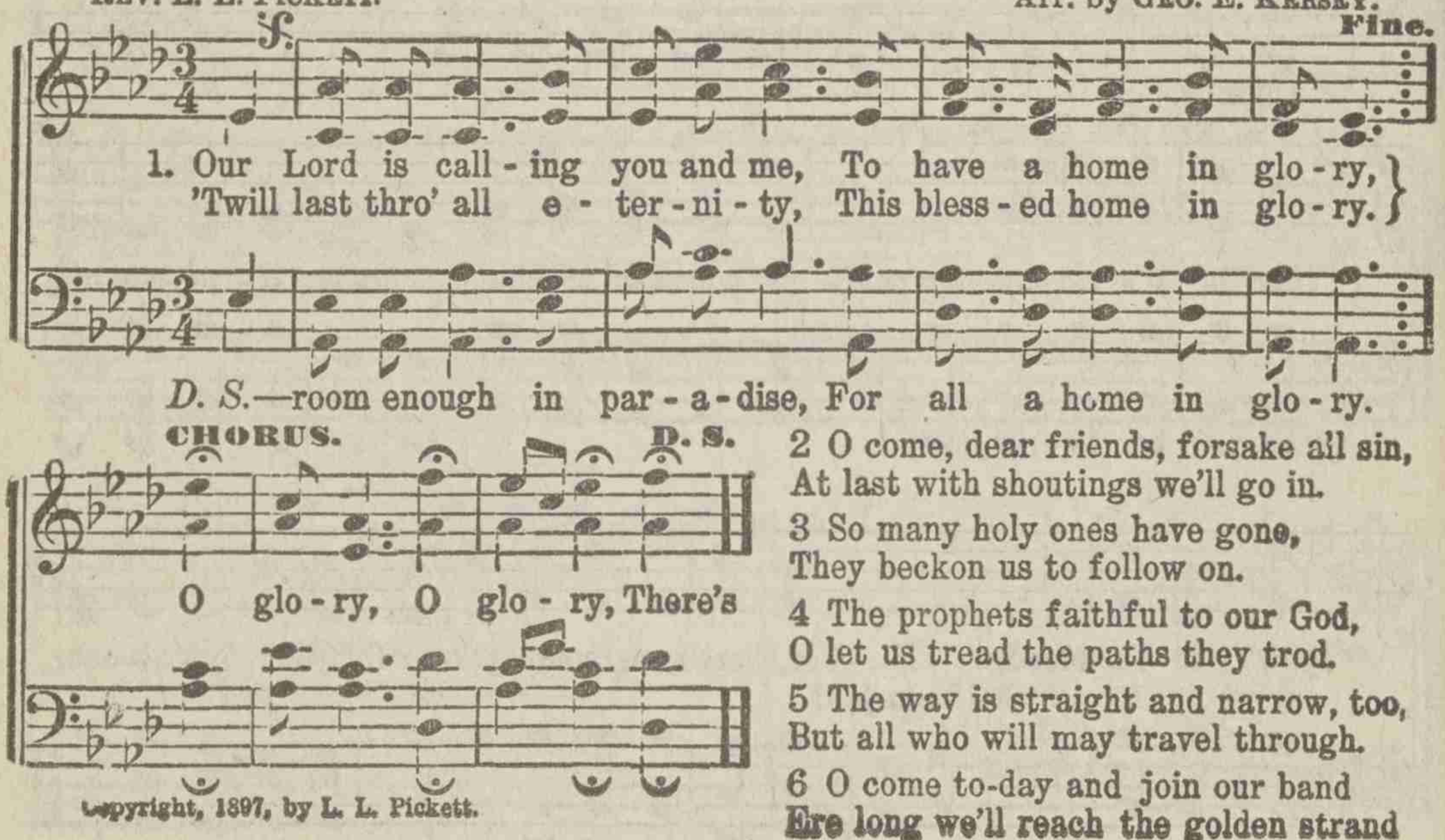
O. M. BUTLER. J. M. BLACK.



Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Black. Used by per.

62 **A HOME IN GLORY.**

REV. L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by GEO. E. KERSEY.



2 O come, dear friends, forsake all sin,
At last with shoutings we'll go in.

3 So many holy ones have gone,
They beckon us to follow on.

4 The prophets faithful to our God,
O let us tread the paths they trod.

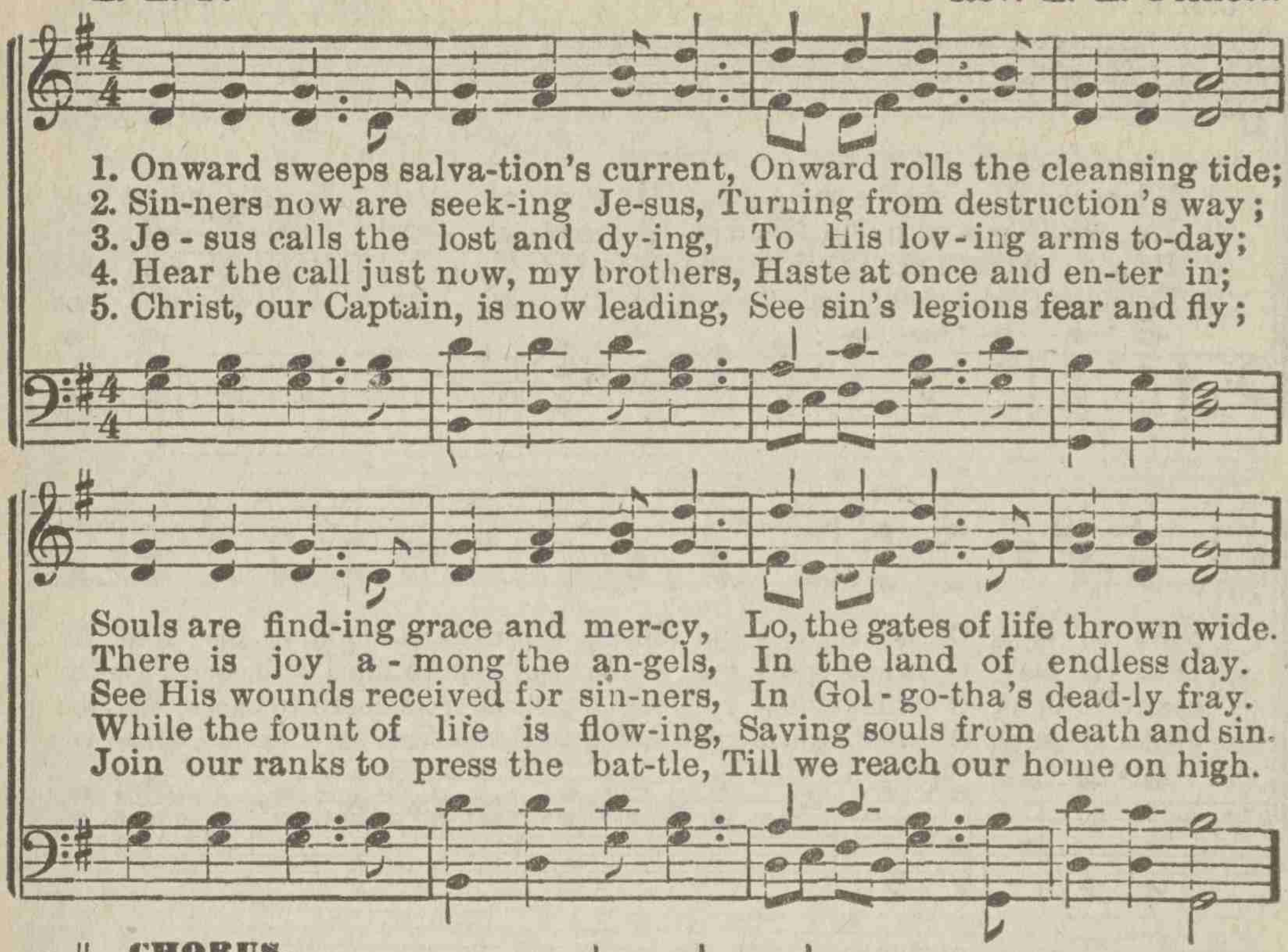
5 The way is straight and narrow, too,
But all who will may travel through.

6 O come to-day and join our band
Ere long we'll reach the golden strand

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

ONWARD.

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



Copyright, 1900, by L. L. Pickett.

ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. KEY OF F. ROM. 12: 1. Arranged.

1 All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my being's ransomed powers·
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All my days and all my hours.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding,
Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise;
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.

4 O what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Let me rest beneath His wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.

65

O WHAT GLORY!

L. L. P.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. When the King shall come a-gain, O what glo - ry! In His might and pow'r to reign, O what glo - ry! He shall crush the might-y foe And His king-dom o - ver-throw, All His maj - es - ty shall show, O what glo - ry!
2. We shall hail with joy the day, O what glo - ry! For all sin shall fade a - way, O what glo - ry! Earth shall then be filled with peace, Ev- 'ry sin and sor-row cease, And His kingdom e'er increase, Won - drous glo - ry!
3. Heav'n and earth shall then u-nite, O what glo - ry! Man with man shall cease to fight, O what glo - ry! Right prevail from shore to shore, We the King shall stand before, Death shall then be known no more, Won - drous glo - ry!
4. Friend, if Christ should come to-day, In His glo - ry, Could you rise and glad - ly say, "O what glo - ry!" Are you saved from ev - 'ry sin, Have you peace and joy with-in? Heav'nly rap-ture will you win? That will be glo - ry!

CHORUS.

O what glo - ry, match-less glo - ry! As the sun His face shall shine, Won - drous glo - ry! Naught can then His pow'r withstand, He shall

Copyright, 1915, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

O WHAT GLORY! Concluded.

Rit.

reign in ev - 'ry land, And His king-dom, O how grand, Match-less glo - ry!

M. H. C. REV. M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

1. There's a song I love to sing, E - ven prais-es to the King, Since my
2. Per - fect peace He gives to me, And His love is like the sea, Flow-ing
3. I have hap - pi-ness and joy That the world can not de-stroy, And my
4. When my work on earth is wrought And each bat - tle here is fought, I shall

soul is saved and sanc-ti - fied; All my sins are washed a-way, I'm re-
from the fount-ain, o - pen wide; I have plunged beneath the flood, I am
long - ing heart is sat - is - fied; Noth-ing now have I to fear, For my
cross the roll-ing, surg-ing tide; On the streets of shin-ing gold, Where the

joicing night and day, For I'm liv-ing on the glo - ry side.
cleans'd in Jesus' blood, And I'm liv-ing on the glo - ry side. I am hap - py
Lord is al-ways near, And I'm liv-ing on the glo - ry side.
beauties are un-told, I'll be liv-ing on the glo - ry side.

D. S.–*When the stormy bil-lows roll, He's the refuge of my soul, And I'm living on the glo-ry side.*

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

as can be, For the Saviour walks with me, And I'm sure no e - vil can be - tide;

Copyright, 1915, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

67

HE'LL TAKE YOU THROUGH.

J. V. R.

JAMES V. REID.

Slow, with expression.

1. In the midst of joy and bless-ing, And when all the way seems bright,
2. It may seem God does not hear you, And with-holds the gift you seek;
3. Think not strange of fier - y tri - al, Which is sent your faith to try,
4. When af - flic - tion is up - on you, You may say as Job of old,
5. Then, O broth - er, nev - er wav-er, E - ven tho' in pris - on cast,

Clouds may come which seem dis-tress - ing, And they may ob - scure the light;
Then just learn to trust His si - lence, When the Fa - ther does not speak;
Tho' it means great self - de - ni - al To live for Him, or yet to die;
"When He's test - ed, when He's tried me, I shall then come forth as gold."
Tho' you lose all world - ly fa - vor, You will gain a crown at last.

Tho' you weep at night with sor - row And the gloom op -press- es you,
Let your heart new cour -age bor - row For His prom - is - es are true;
Count it joy to share Christ's sorrow, Glad-ness then will come to you;
Then take cour - age in your sor - row, Cease your sighs; let tears be few;
And when tri - als all have end - ed, If to Je - sus you've been true,

Joy is sure to come to - mor-row,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
He'll re - ward your faith to - mor-row,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
For there's sure a bright to - mor-row,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
Just re - mem-ber on the mor-row,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.
Then the pearl - y gates will o -pen,—He'll take you thro', He'll take you thro'.

Copyright, 1911, by James W. Reid, Oakland City, Ind. Per I. G. Martin, owner.

HE'LL TAKE YOU THROUGH. Concluded.



68 I Am Coming.

Key of G.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rev. Wm. McDonald.

CONSTANT VICTORY.

Inscribed to Evangelist Fred St. Clair, by whom theme was suggested.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS

1. In the bat- tles for the Lord there al- ways is, Vic-to- ry thro' faith,
2. In the time of fierce temp-ta-tion still is mine, Con-stant vic-to - ry,
3. Tho' I walk thro' vales of sor-row and of woe, Con-stant vic-to - ry,
4. Are you long-ing to have vic-t'ry in your soul, Con-stant vic-to - ry,

Vic - to - ry thro' faith; There is noth-ing half so glo - ri - ous as
last - ing vic - to - ry; Tho' the pow'rs of sin and dark-ness may com-
last - ing vic - to - ry; God is with me and I fear not for I
last - ing vic - to - ry; Let God's sanc-ti - fy- ing Spir - it take con-

CHORUS:

this, We may have the vic - to - ry.
bine, Still we have the vic - to - ry. Con-stant vic - to - ry, last-ing
know, I have con-stant vic - to - ry.
troll, Then you will have vic - to - ry.

vic - to - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah praise the Lord, (O praise the Lord,)

Constant vic-to - ry, Sweep-ing vic-to - ry, Hal-le- lu-jah, Praise the Lord.

Copyright 1913, by L. L. Pickett, St. Augustine, Fla

THE HEALING WATERS.

W. P. WEIMAR. Rev. L. L. FICKETT.

1. Oh, the joy of sins for-giv'n, Oh, the bliss the blood-wash'd know,
2. Now with Je - sus cru - ci - fied, At His feet I'm rest - ing low;
3. Oh, this pre-cious per - fect love! How it keeps the heart a - glow,
4. Oh, to lean on Je - sus' breast, While the tem-pests come and go!
5. Cleans'd from ev - 'ry sin and stain, Whit-er than the driv - en snow,

Oh, the peace a - kin to heav'n, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Let me ev - er-more a - bide Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Stream-ing from the fount a - bove, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Here is bless - ed peace and rest, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.
Now I sing my sweet re-frain, Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow.

CHORUS.

Where the heal - - ing wa - ters flow, Where the
Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, Where the

joys . . . . ce - les-tial glow, Oh, there's peace . . . . and
joys ce - les - tial glow, Where the joys ce - les - tial glow, Oh, there's peace and rest and love,

rest and love, Where the heal - - ing waters flow!
Oh, there's peace and rest and love, Where the healing waters flow, Where the healing waters flow!

Copyright, 1909, by L. L. Fickett.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS.

The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. 6: 14.

G. B. REV. GEO. BENNARD.

SOLO.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so despised by the world; Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rugged cross stained with blood so divine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-

suff'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a- bove,
beau-ty I see, For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad'ly bear, 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
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, the

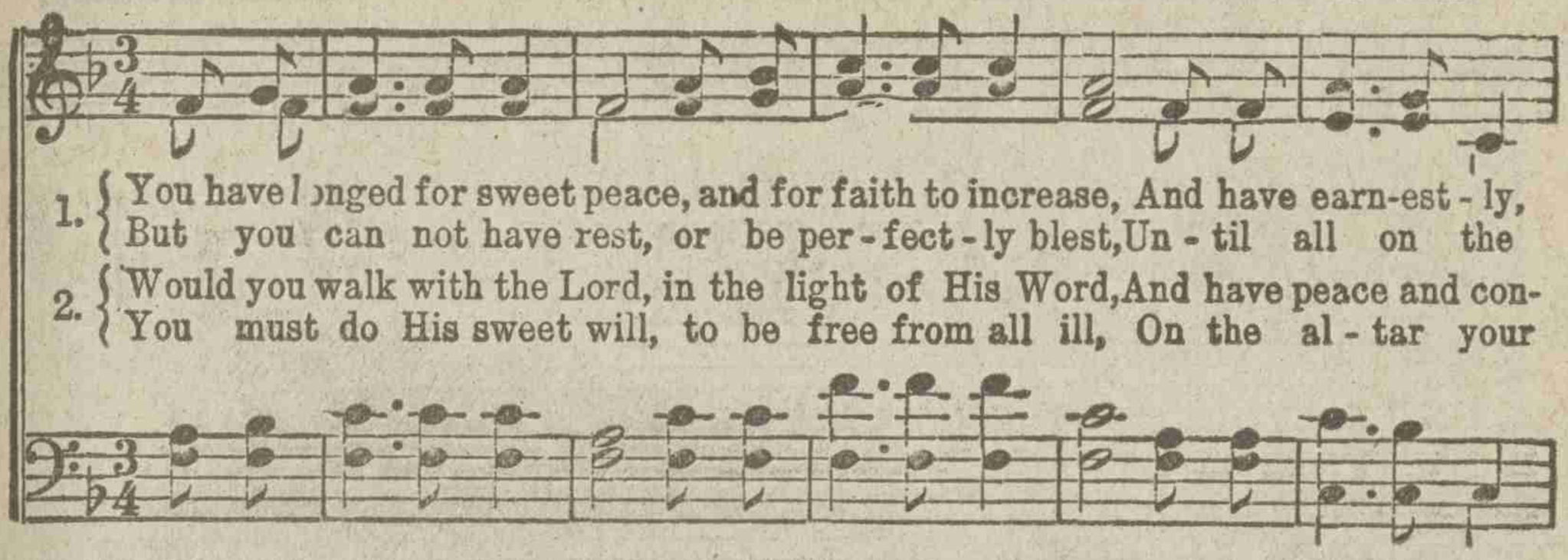
cross,..... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rugged cross,

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

Words and music copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard. By per,

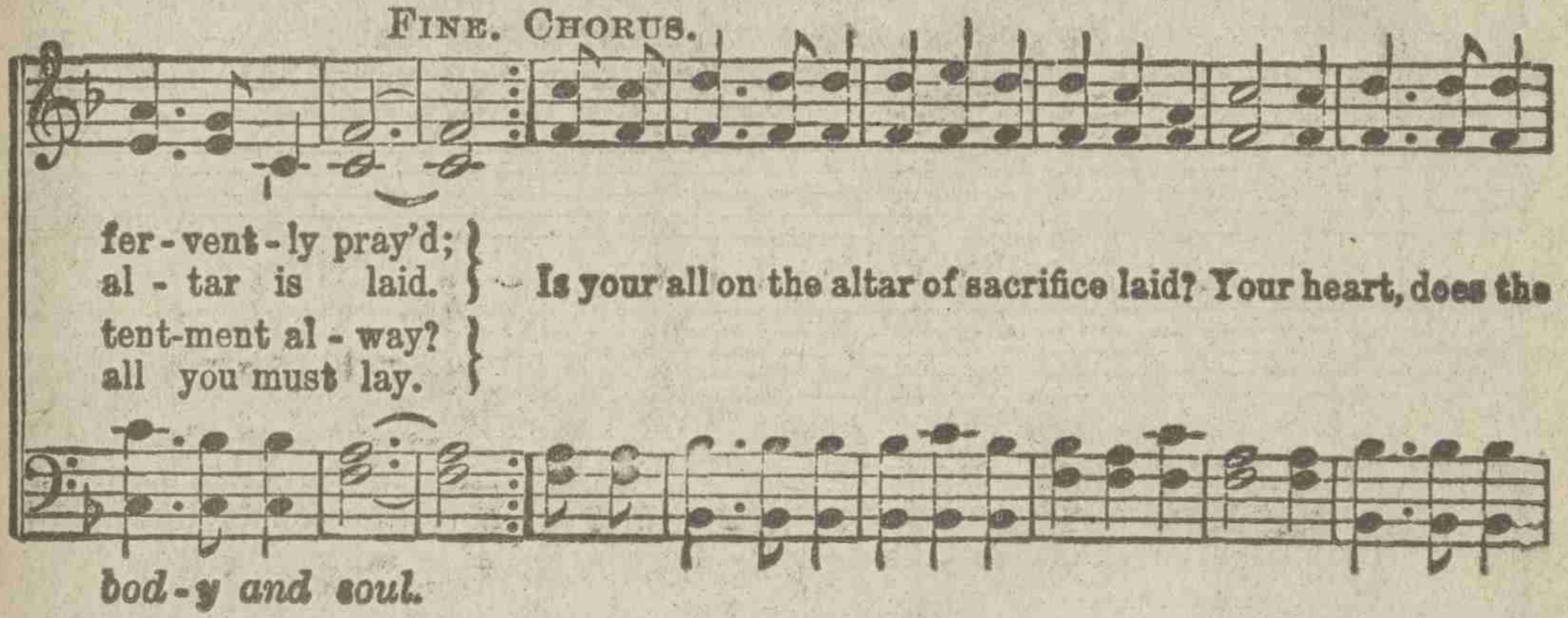
IS YOUR ALL ON THE ALTAR?

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



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

FINE. CHORUS.





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

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

Copyright, 1900, by E. A. Hoffman.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

ELIZABETH REED. Alt.



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

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

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

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

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

74 ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. B. PHILIP P. BLISS.

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

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

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

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

75 LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

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

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

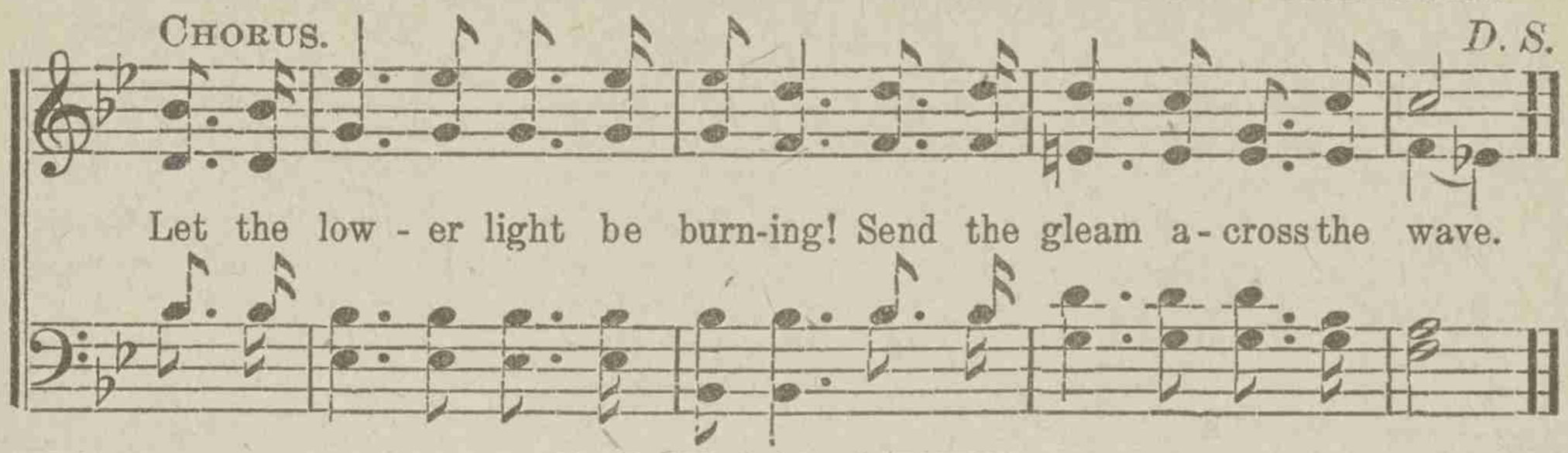
FINE.

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

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

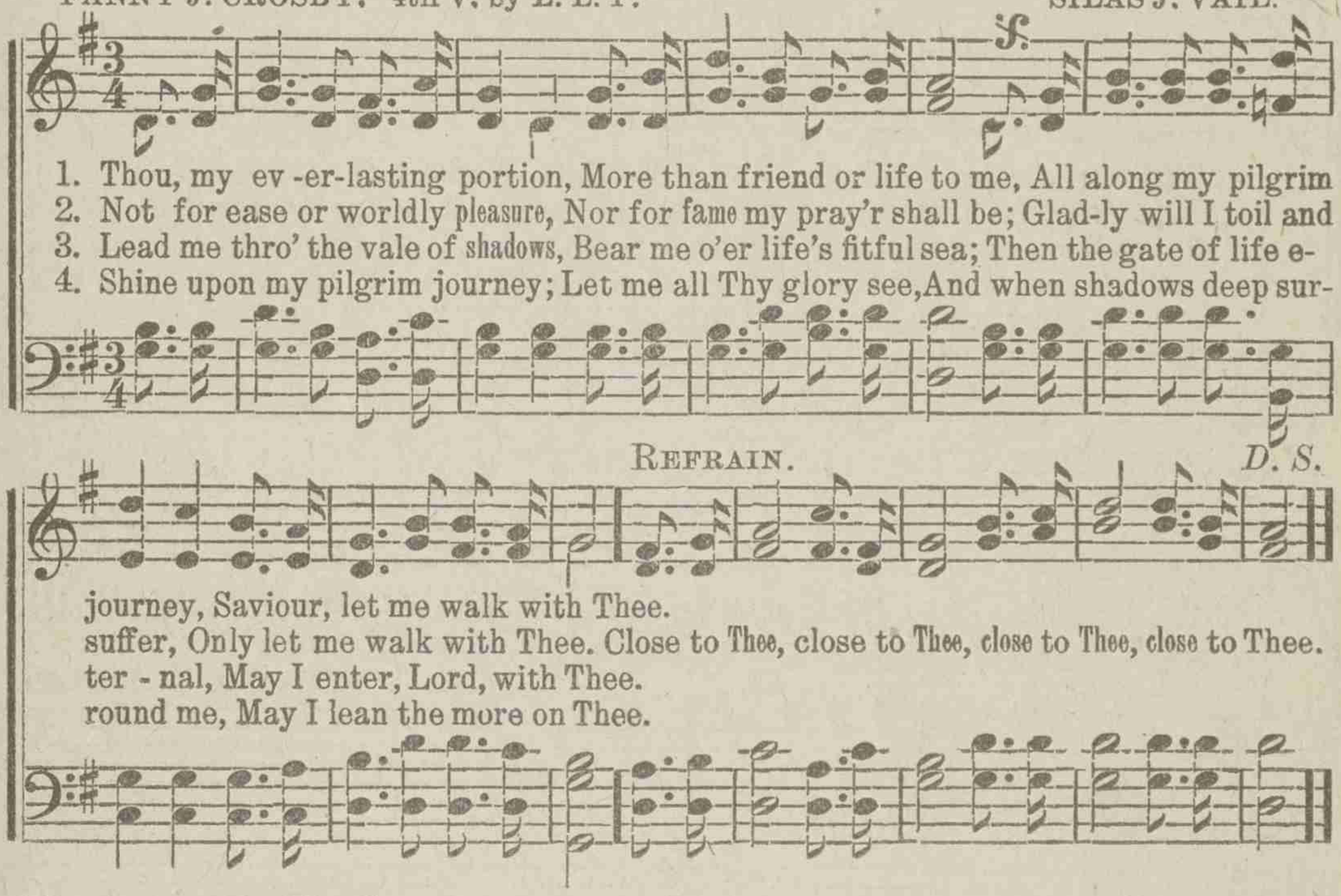
By per. John Church Co., owners.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING. Concluded.



76 CLOSE TO THEE.

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



77 A Shelter.

Key of F.

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

CHORUS.

Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A weary land, a weary land,
Oh, Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
A shelter in the time of storm.

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

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

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

78 Are You Washed?

Key of A.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

WHERE THEY NEVER SAY "GOOD-BYE."

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

1. When the saints awake in the morn of life Where no clouds shall obscure the sky,
2. Not a tear shall fall or a pang be felt, In that cit - y of God most high;
3. Here we meet a-while in the walks of life, But the mo-ments swift-ly fly;
4. All the good and pure who have washed their robes Never more shall be called to die;

Shall we join their ranks and go out no more, Where they never say "Good-bye?"
But a flow of song and a tide of praise, Where they never say "Good-bye."
There the ransomed hosts shall not part again, For they never say "Good-bye."
Will we meet them there 'neath the tree of life, Where they never say "Good-bye?"

CHORUS.

Shall we join them, shall we join them, Nevermore to weep or sigh?
Shall we join them, gladly join them, shall we join them over there?

2d CHO.—Will you meet me, etc.

Shall we join them, shall we join them, Where they never say "Good-bye."
Shall we join them in that city, shall we join them over there?

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

JESUS NOW IS CALLING.

R. E. H. R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Come, ye wea-ry and oppressed, Je-sus now is call-ing you; Come to Him, He'll
2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Je-sus now is call-ing you; He has made the
3. Tho' your sins like scar-let be, Je-sus now is call-ing you; From your sins He'll
4. Come, ye wand'rers from the fold, Je-sus now is call-ing you; Oh, His love can

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson.

JESUS NOW IS CALLING.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

give you rest—Still He bids you come. Jesus now is calling, calling.
sac - ri - fice—Still He bids you come.
set you free—Still He bids you come.
ne'er be told—Still He bids you come. calling, calling,

call-ing, Je - sus now is call - ing you— Call - ing you to come.
call-ing,

81

RESTING BY AND BY.

REV. W. E. PENN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Christians, are you grow-ing wea - ry? There'll be rest-ing by and by;
2. Have you ma - ny hours of anguish? There'll be rest-ing by and by;
3. Cheer up, then, no long - er fear-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by;
4. Let us work and keep on pray-ing, There'll be rest-ing by and by;

Is your path-way dark and drear - y? There'll be rest - ing by and by.
Where your souls will no more lan-guish; There'll be rest - ing by and by.
When you see our Lord's ap-pear - ing, There'll be rest - ing by and by.
If we come, His word o - bey - ing, There'll be rest - ing by and by.

D. S. When the toils of life are o - ver, There'll be rest - ing by and by.

CHORUS.

There'll be rest - ing by and by, There'll be rest - ing by and by.

D. S.

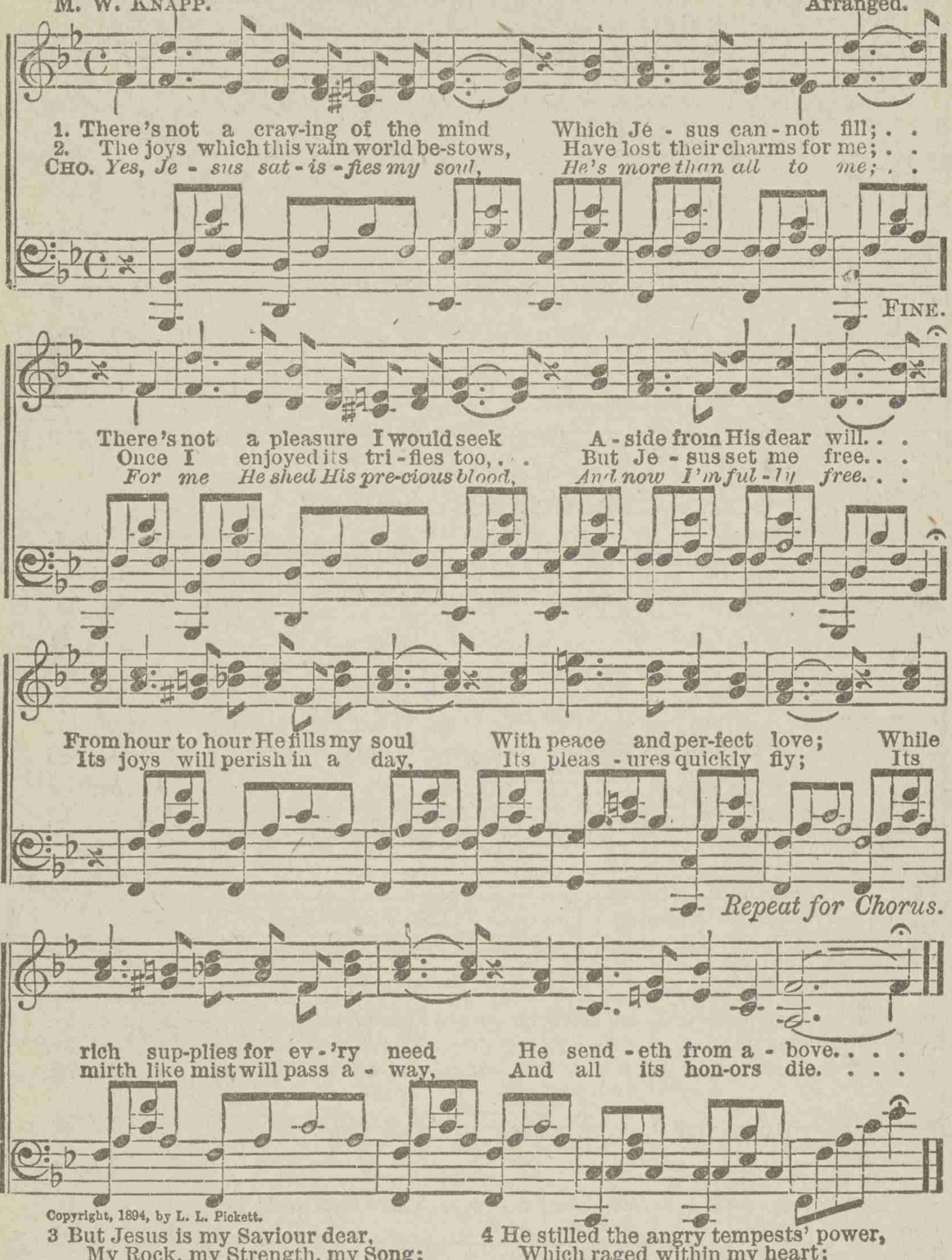
Fine.

From "Harvest Bells," by per.

I AM SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures." Ps. xxxvi: 8.
"He satisfieth the longing soul." Ps. cvii: 9.

M. W. KNAPP. Arranged.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

3 But Jesus is my Saviour dear,
My Rock, my Strength, my Song;
My Wisdom and my Refuge Safe,
To Jesus I belong.
He is my Advocate with God,
My Way, my Life, my Light,
My Great Physician and my Friend,
My Guide by day and night.

4 He stilled the angry tempests' power,
Which raged within my heart;
And bade each sinful passion there,
To speedily depart.
Yes, Jesus is my all in all,
He satisfies my soul,
For me He died on Calvary,
And now He makes me whole.

THE FEAST OF LOVE.

"I will come in and sup with him and he with me."—Rev. 3: 20.

Third verse by L. L. Pickett. G. R. Street. By per.

1. Child of sor-row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-
2. Pain-ful days and months and years, In this darksome vale of tears, But thro'
3. Christ our Lord will give re - lief, In the hour of pain and grief, If you

cape from ev - 'ry snare, Trust in God. Hu-man strength is weak and vain,
all the Sav-iour cheers, All the way. He will gent - ly lead us on,
learn to trust His grace, All the way. While we live and when we die,

Let not sin its pow'r re-gain, Hum-bly ask and help ob - tain, From thy God.
He will nev - er leave His own, Till we reach His shining throne, Safely there.
He can ful - ly sanc-ti - fy, Then we'll reign with Him on high, Safe at home.

D. S. That the Saviour from a-bove, Has prepared for those who prove Worthy there.

CHORUS.

We'll be there, yes, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo-ry calls us, we'll be there,
we'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, To en - joy the feast of love,
we'll be there,

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re-ward His ser-vants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry they shall share;

Rit.

Faith-ful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright.
When to the Lord we re - store our tal-ents, Will He answer thee—Well done?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us, We shall have a glo-rious rest.
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?

REFRAIN.

Oh, 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 watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Key B-Flat. S. F. SMITH.

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

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

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

86 **ALL HAIL THE POWER.**

REV. E. PERRONET. (Coronation.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. 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;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
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.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

87 **THE SOLID ROCK.**

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness seems to veil His face I rest on His un-chang-ing grace; In ev-'ry
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood; When all a -

CHORUS.

trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and storm - y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

THE MURDER MILLS SHALL GO.

L. L. P.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

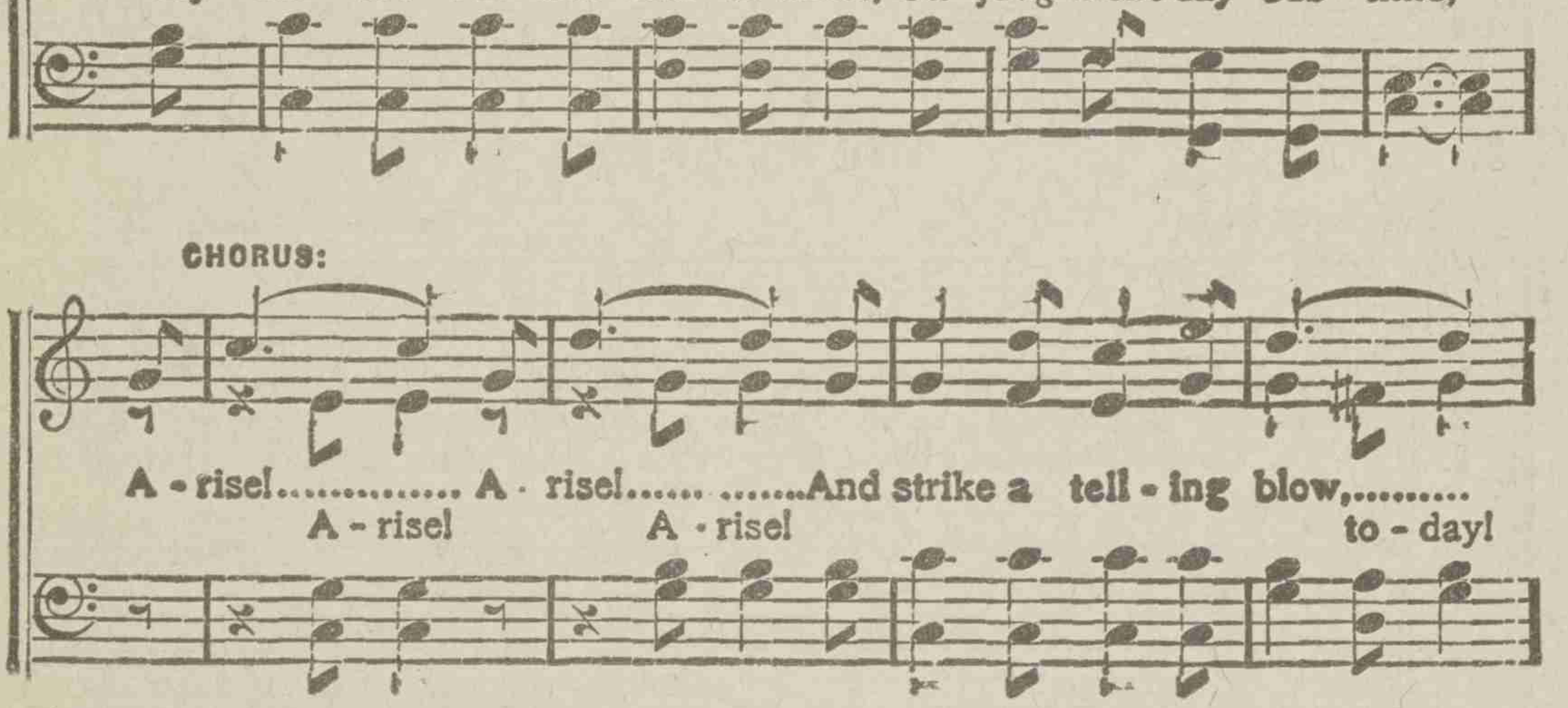


1. The li-quor traf-fic is a crime, It caus-es grief and woe;
2. Some tell us "If you let a-lone, The whis-key, rum and beer;"
3. But this is false, as we can show, By thous-ands on the brink;
4. A mul-ti-tude of lit-tle ones, Who nev-er quaff the bowl:
5. Some talk a-gainst the li-quor men, And curse them black and blue;
6. But I'm for Pro-hi-bi-tion straight, I vote it ev-'ry time;



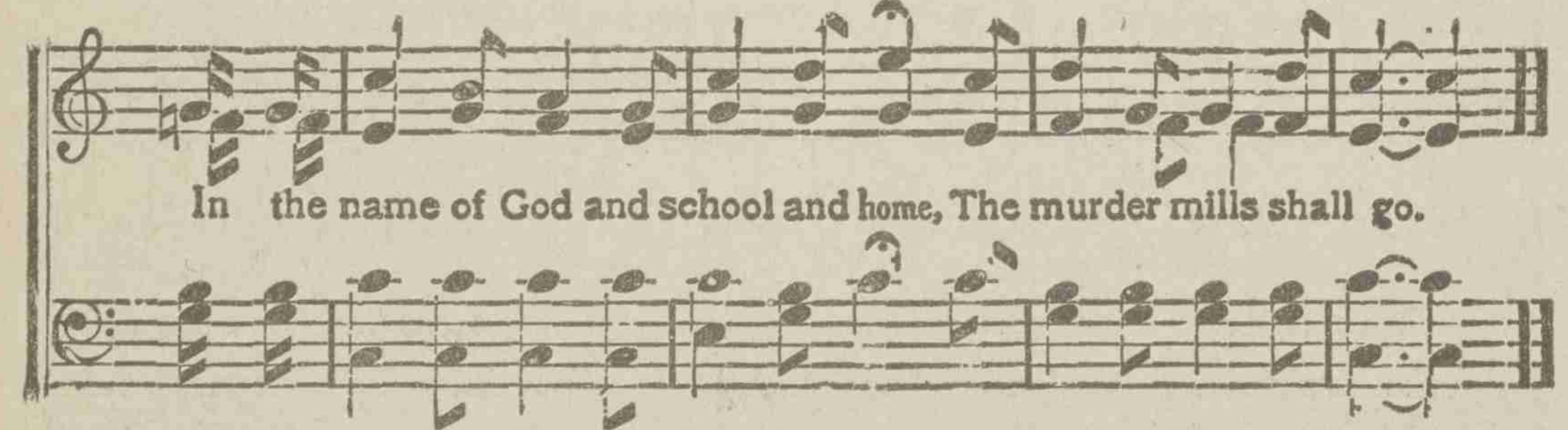


So let us rise in strength di-vine, And lay the mon-ster low,
No harm will ev-er come to you, And so you need not fear, *
Of pov-er-ty and wretch-ed-ness, Who nev-er touch the drink.
And wives—a might-y, grow-ing throng, These help to pay the toll,
But on e-lec-tion day they vote, Just as the rum-mies do.
My bal-lot I'll not fear to meet, On judg-ment day sub-lime,



CHORUS:

A-rise!..... A-rise!..... .....And strike a tell-ing blow,.....
A-rise! A-rise! to-day!



In the name of God and school and home, The murder mills shall go.

Copyright 1913, by L. L. Pickett, St. Augustine, Fla. * Omit Chorus between 2nd and 3rd verses.

WE SHALL SWEEP THE COUNTRY.

JAMES ROWE. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Be brave and true, my comrades, nev-er wav - er in the fight, The hap - py
2. Our ar-mies now are win-ning all a - long the bat-tle lines, And shouts of
3. Don't heed the doubter's prattle, nev - er mind the scoffer's jeers, Let faith be

day of vic - to - ry is nigh; The brewers, and the drinkers, too, will all be
tri-umph speed from sky to sky; The temp'rance flag is wav- ing and our ar-mor
strong, and courage ev - er high; Fight on and on for freedom from the curse of

FINE. CHORUS.

put to flight, For we shall sweep the country, by and by.
bright-ly shines, And we shall sweep the country, by and by. Yes, we shall sweep the
all the years, And we shall sweep the country, by and by.

coun-try by and by; (by and by;) This might - y land of ours will all be

"dry;".....Fight on, and wav-er nev - er, suc-cess will crown endeav-or, And

D. S.

Copyright, 1912, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

COUNT ON ME.

W. E. M. Wm. Edie Marks.

1. There's a bat - tle great now rag-ing and King Al - co - hol must go,
2. We have cap-tured ma-ny strongholds, let us press on still for more,
3. Stand-ing shoul-der un- to shoul-der, let us brave-ly face the foe,

And our coun-try from his fet - ters must be free; Let us
Un - til ev - 'ry place shall have sweet lib - er - ty; Let us
March-ing bold - ly on to glo - rious vic - to - ry; We can

D. S.—Oh, we

stand up for the right and to the world our col - ors show,
drive a - way this de - mon, cleanse our land from shore to shore,
down this aw - ful ty - rant by a strong, de - ci - sive blow,

want our glo - rious na - tion from the curse of drink set free,

Fine. CHORUS.

I am for PRO- HI - BI-TION, count on me! I am for PRO -HI - BI-TION,

I am for Pro - hi - bi - tion, count on me. D. S,

count on me! I am for PRO - HI - BI - TION, vic - to - ry.

Copyright 1907, by W. E. Marks. By per.

I WILL SAY YES TO MY SAVIOR.

"If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—JOHN 14: 23.

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



1. I will say yes to my Sav - iour, Down in the depths of my soul;
2. I will say yes to the Spir - it, Sent from my Sav - iour to me;
3. I will say yes when life's tri - als Come with their pain and their loss;
4. I will say yes to the fut - ure, Wel-come whate'er He may send;
5. I will say yes when de - ris - ion In - to my path-way shall fall;
6. I will say yes that the al - tar Now sanc - ti - fi - eth my soul;

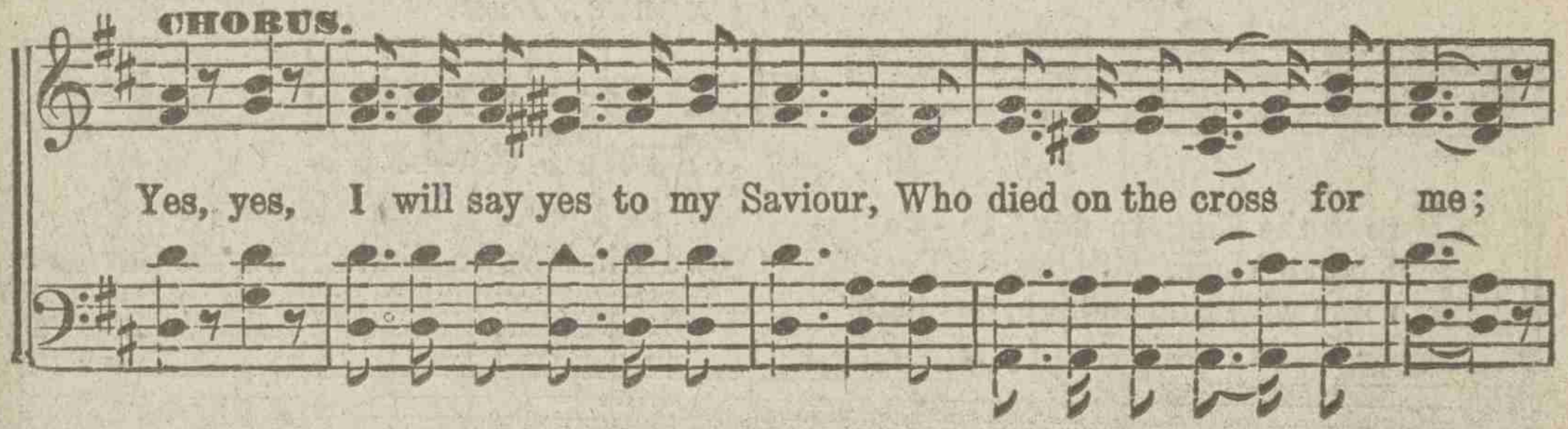




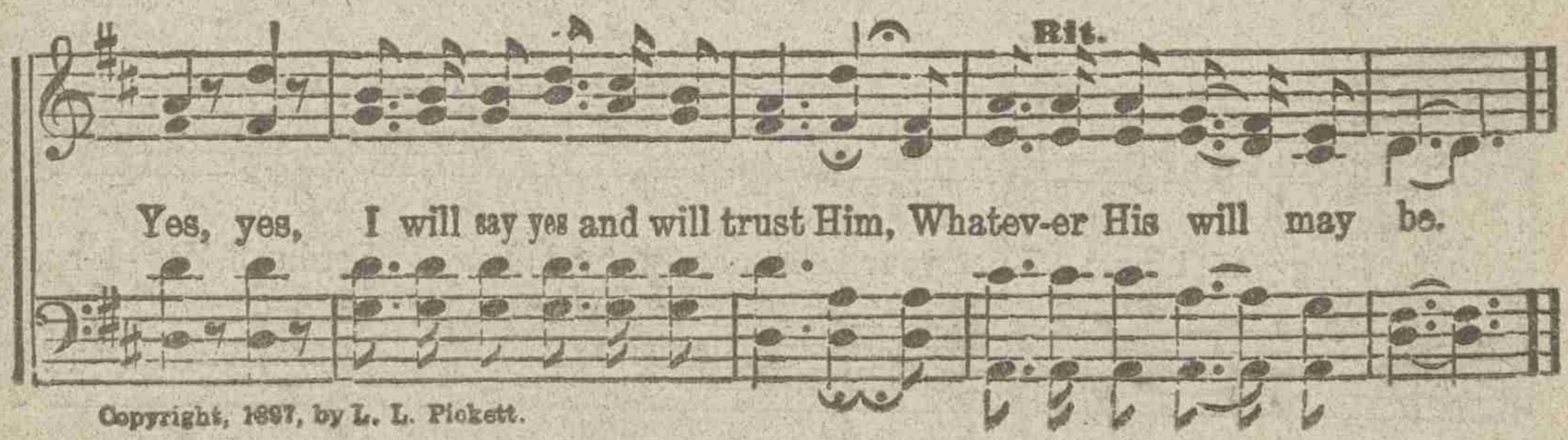
To Him I ful - ly sur - ren - der, On Him my bur - dens I roll.
Com-fort - er, Guide and Re - veal - er, Dwell Thou for-ev - er in me.
Yes in the val - leys and tun - nels, Yes to the way of the cross.
Come what there may I will trust Him, Broth-er, Re-deem - er and Friend.
Ful - ly sub-mit - ting to Je - sus, Friends, rep-u - ta - tion and all.
Peace pass-ing all un - der-stand - ing O - ver me sweet - ly doth roll.



CHORUS.



Yes, yes, I will say yes to my Saviour, Who died on the cross for me;



Rit.

Yes, yes, I will say yes and will trust Him, Whatev-er His will may be.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

92

CROWN HIM!

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

1. Be - hold one day a wondrous scene; There rode a man of low - ly mien A-
2. He's pass- ing by, just as of yore, And great and small and rich and poor, To-
3. Soon He is com-ing back a - gain; A thousand years on earth to reign; We'll

long the dust - y way; A - long the dust - y way; The people thronged Him
day their Lord de - ny; To - day their Lord de - ny; Oh, make of Him su-
see Him by and by; We'll see Him by and by; All the re-deemed with

as He passed, Palm branches in His way they cast, And cried "Hosan - na
prem-est choice, And with up- lift - ed heart and voice, "Ho - san- na to the
Him He'll bring, Who in their hearts have crowned Him King, And they shall live and

CHORUS. *Duet.*

to the King, to- day," to - day!
King of kings," still cry, still cry.
reign with Him on high, on high.

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown the Sav-iour

King of kings; In your hearts en - throne Him, Lord and Mas - ter

Copyright, 1914, by J. M. Harris By per.

CROWN HIM! Concluded.

own Him; Crown Him! Crown Him! While Heaven ex - ult- ant
Crown Him to - day, yes, crown Him to-day,

rings; Crown the bless- ed Sav-iour King of kings.....
glo - ri - ous King of kings.

93

HIS OWN.

Suggested by a word in one of Rev. A. B. Simpson's books, to whom it is respectfully and lovingly inscribed.—L. L. P.

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

Slowly, thoughtfully.

1. His own and on - ly His, I fain would ev - er be; That in my dai - ly life and walk, My Sav-iour men may see.
2. His own and on - ly His, My mot - to all the days; O may my life for- ev - er show The Sav-iour's worthy praise.
3. His own and on - ly His, O pass this world a - long, Till men of ev - 'ry tongue and clime, Shall ech-o back the song.
4. His own and on - ly His, Let song and pray'r combine, Till all shall know our ris - en Lord, The true and liv - ing vine.

CHORUS.

His own and on - ly His, O may I ev - er be; And may Thy Spir-it all divine For - ev - er thro' me shine.

Copyright, 1889, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

94 JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



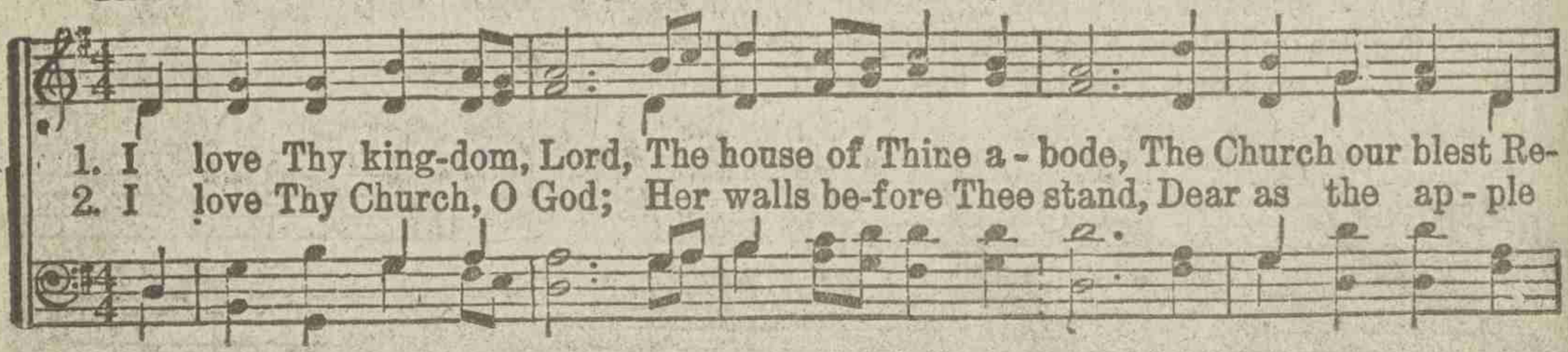
95 MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. (Olivet.) LOWELL MASON.



96 I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. (St. Thomas. S. M.) G. F. HANDEL.



3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

97 ONLY TRUST HIM.

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

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That wash-es white as snow.
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.

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

98 O HAPPY DAY.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this 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 centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

99 REVIVE US AGAIN.

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

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

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

IT IS FOR US ALL TO-DAY.

"For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our
L. L. P. Lord God shall call."—Acts 2: 39. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire,
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleansing Un - to all His chil - dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it, While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re - ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,

Burn - ing up all car - nal na - ture, Cleans - ing out all base de - sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear.
But in this they were mis - tak - en, For the Bi - ble tells us so,
If with all your heart you seek Him, Hav - ing faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your spir - it, Cleans - ing all its stain a - way;
It will help you, oh, my broth - er When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this blessing, He will nev - er say us nay;

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to - day.
Then by faith why not re - ceive it? It is for us all to - day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to - day?

CHORUS.

It is for..... us all to - day, If we
It is for us all, for us all to - day,

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett. By per.

trust..... and tru - ly pray, Consecrate to Christ your all,
If we trust, tru - ly pray,

And up - on the Saviour call, Bless God, it is for us all to - day, (all to-day.)

101

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."—John 14:15. A. J. GORDAN.

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

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - eth me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou;
thorns on Thy brow;
cold on my brow;
crown on my brow;

If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

102 I AM COMING LORD.

L. H. Rev. L. Harsough.



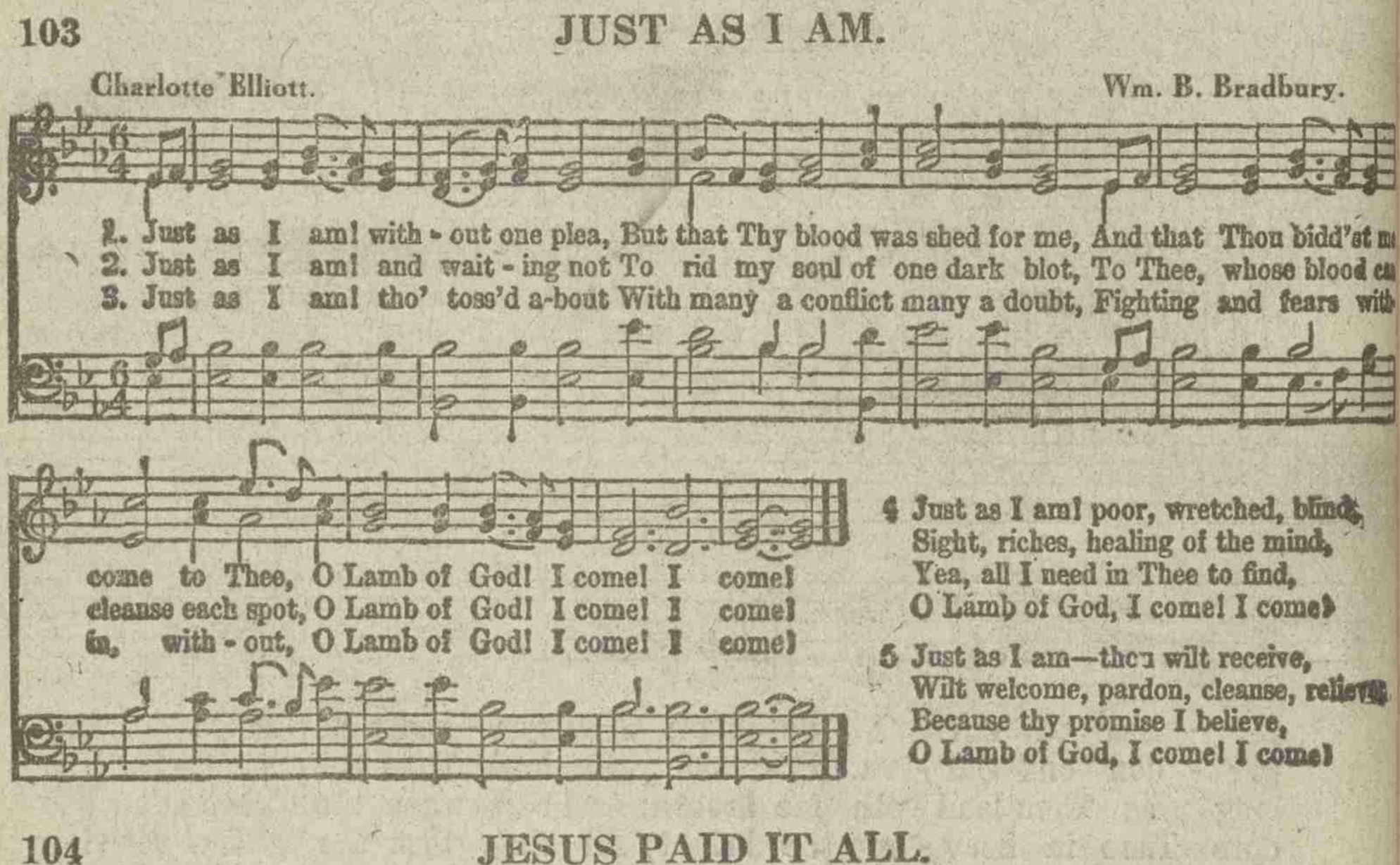
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

103 JUST AS I AM.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

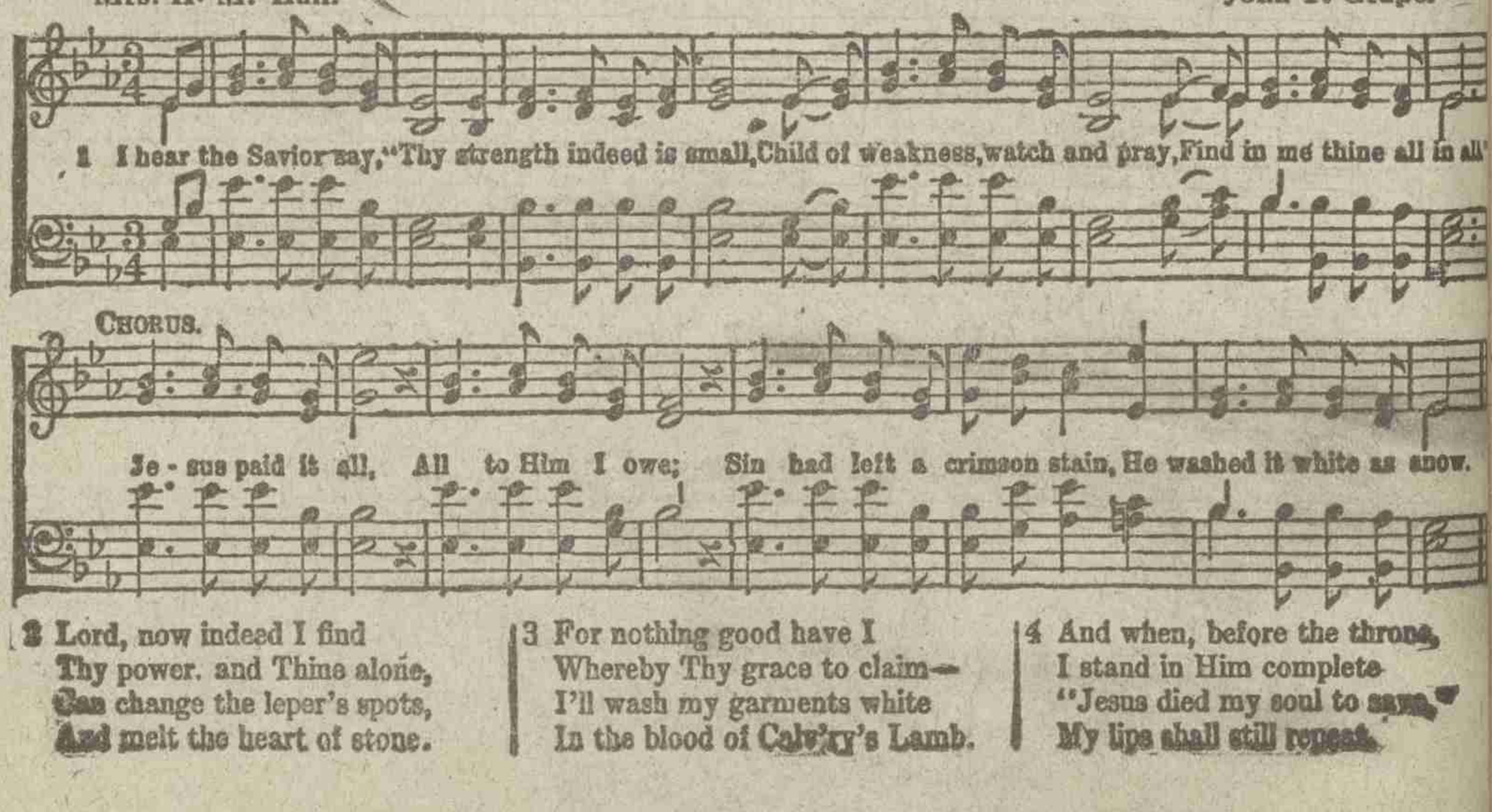


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

104 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

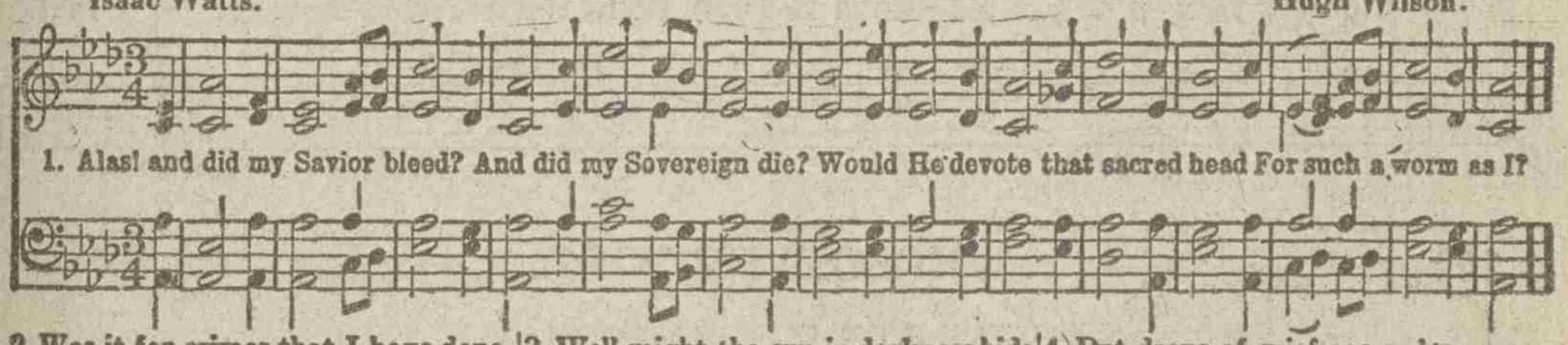
105 COME THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



106 ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR.

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



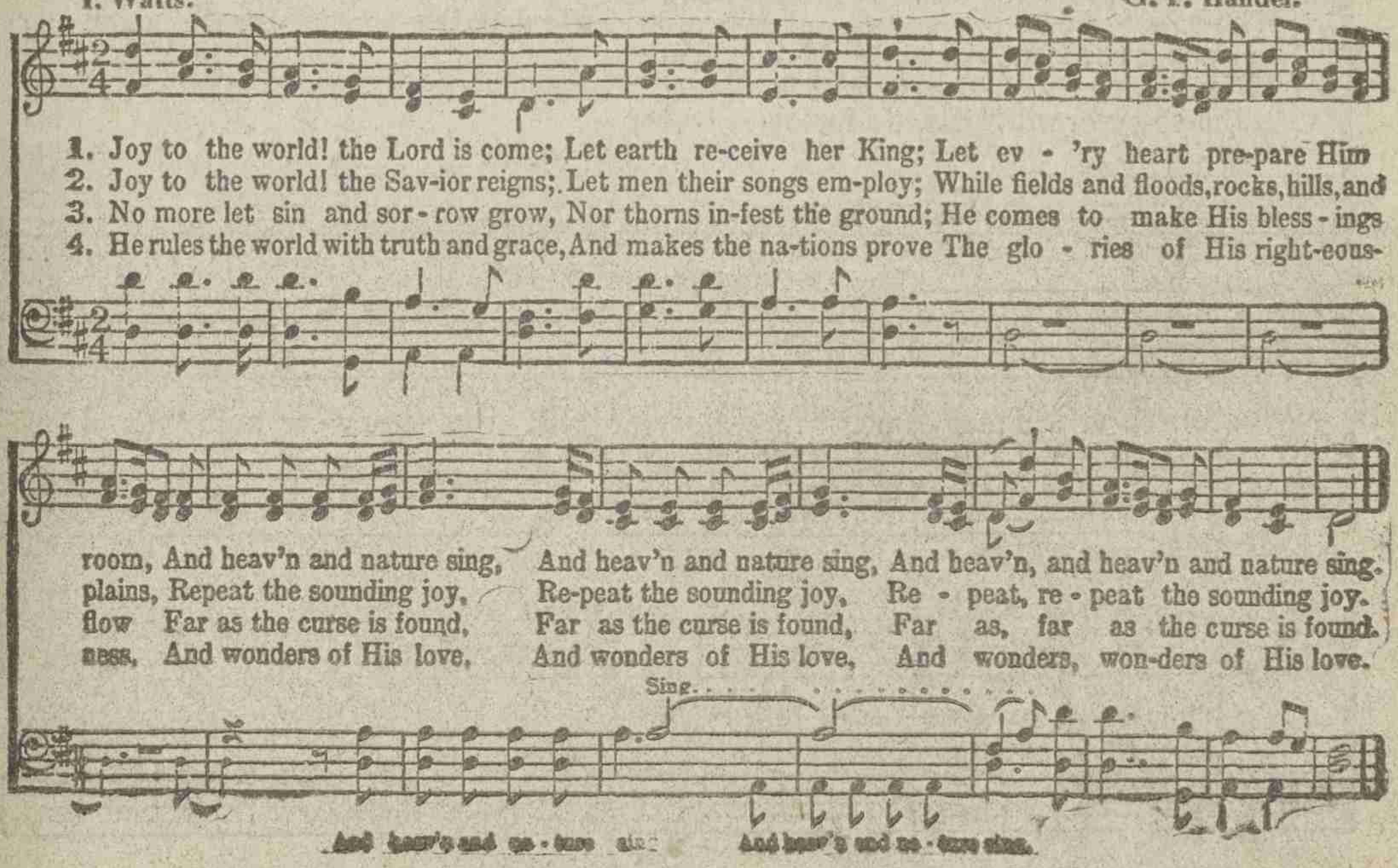
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

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

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

107 JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD.

I. Watts. G. F. Handel.



108 WHAT DID HE DO?

Dr. J. M. Gray. USED BY PERMISSION OF O. F. PUGH, W. Owen.

1. O list - en to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
   Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
2. No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
   The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head three!
3. Will you sur - rend-er to this Sav - iour? To His scep-tre hum - bly bow?
   You, too shall come to know His fav - or, 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 heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

109 WHOSOEVER WILL.

COPYRIGHT, 1908. BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

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

1. "Who-soever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
   Tell the joyful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
   Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for ev- er must endure;
   "Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er-more:

FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so - ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who - so-ev - er will:" Send the

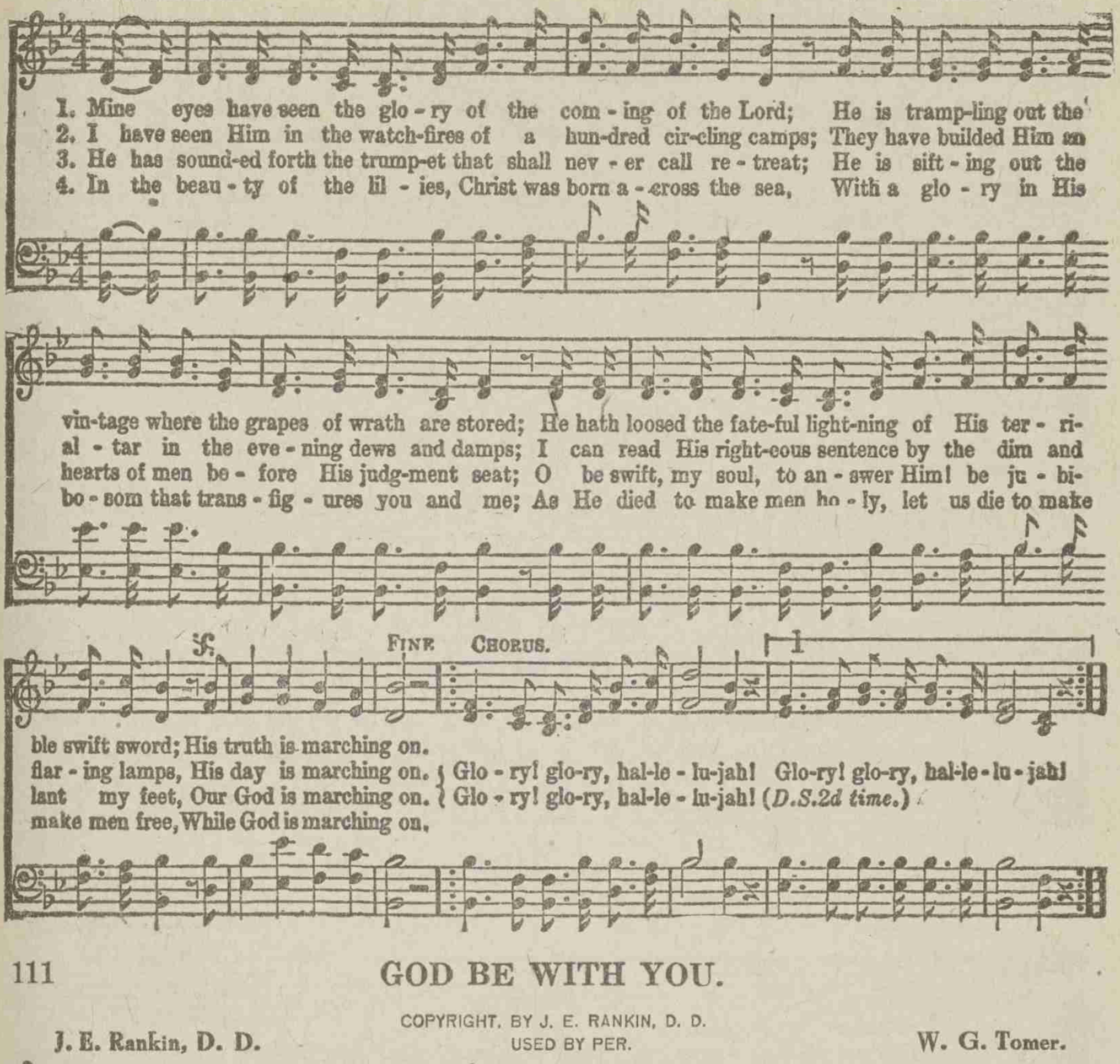
D.S. "-Whosoev-er will may come,"

D. S.

proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-in, Father calls the wand'rer home:

BATTLE HYMN.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



GOD BE WITH YOU.

COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.
USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

112 BLESSED ASSURANCE.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873. BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and

FINE CHORUS.

va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

D. S.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

113 HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Tune: "I Am Thine, O Lord." Key of A♭.

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

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

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

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

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

—*L. L. Pickett.*

115 Key of C.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

Cho.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

— *Frances R. Havergal.*

116 Tune: "Palms of Victory." Key of F.

1 I saw a blood-washed traveler, in garments white as snow,
While traveling in the highway where heavenly breezes blow;
His path was full of trials, and yet his face was bright.
He shouted as he journeyed, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

Cho.—Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall bear.

2 I saw him in the conflict, when all around was strife;
When wicked men and devils convened to take his life.
I saw him cast in prison—a dungeon dark as night—
And yet I heard him shouting, "I'm glad the burden's light!"

3 I saw him led from prison, and chained unto the stake,
I heard him shout triumphant, "'Tis all for Jesus' sake!"
I saw the fires when kindled, the fagots blazing bright.
He said, "The yoke is easy, the burden is so light."

4 I saw the flames surround him, his body racked with pain;
He shouted, "Jesus saves me! I know that death is gain!"
Then casting his eyes upward, before he took his flight,
I heard him faintly whisper, "I'm glad the burden's light."

—*Mary Amon.*

117 Key of E♭.

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

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

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down,
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

—*Rev. R. Lowry.*

118 Key of C.

1 On the mountain of vision, what a glory we behold,
A hundred years of victory are tinging earth with gold;
And the glorious time is coming which the prophets long foretold,
The truth is marching on.

Cho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Salvation's rolling on.

2 For the glory of the Master, Wesley taught beyond the sea,
And preached the great salvation which delivers you and me;
And a million voices shout it, "Redemption's full and free,"
Salvation's rolling on.

3 From the cabin on the prairie, from the vaulted city dome,
From the dark and briny ocean, where our sailor brothers roam,
We hear the glad rejoicing, like a happy harvest home.
Salvation's rolling on.

4 A hundred years of marching, and a hundred years of song,
The Conqueror advances, and the time will not be long
When He shall claim the heathen and shall overthrow the wrong,
Our God is marching on.

—*Rev. D. Williams.*

119 HOW MY HEART DOTH SING.

Tune: "Leaning On the Everlasting Arms."
Key of A.

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

Cho.—‖:Trusting, trusting, trusting in His everlasting love.:‖

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

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

4 Let us on Him call,
As our all in all,
Trusting in His everlasting love.
When the battle's won,
Lay our armor down,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

5 Soon we'll join the song
Of the ransomed throng,
Trusting in His everlasting love.
Crowned we then shall be,
And His face shall see,
Trusting in His everlasting love.

—*L. L. Pickett.*

120 MY SOUL IN SAD.

Key of Ab.

1 My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,
So burdened with sin, and distrest,
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make me your choice;
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

Cho.—I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more;
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

2 I yielded myself to His tender embrace,
And faith taking hold of the word,
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul;
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole,
Has been the OLD STORY so blest
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all may recline,
Like John the beloved and blest,
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

—*H. L. Gilmour, by per.*

121 Step Out on the Promise

Music in T. and T. Key of Ab.

1 O mourner in Zion, how blessed art thou,
For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now;
Fear not to rely on the word of thy God;
‖:Step out on the promise, get under the blood.:‖

2 O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice! [sweet voice
For ye shall be filled; do you hear that
Inviting you now to the banquet of God?
‖:Step out on the promise, get under the blood.:‖

3 Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free?
O poor, troubled soul! there's a promise for thee;
There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God;
‖:Step out on the promise, get under the blood.:‖

4 Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win;
"The blood of His Son cleanseth us from all sin;"
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God!
‖:I rest on His promise, I'm under the blood.:‖

5 The promise can't save, though the promise is true,
'Tis the blood we get under that cleanseth us through;
It cleanseth me now, hallelujah to God!
‖:I rest on the promise, I'm under the blood.:‖

—*Maggie Potter.*

122 WALK IN THE LIGHT.

Key of Gb.

1 O tell abroad His wondrous love,
Jesus the light of the world;
Go preach with power men's hearts to move,
Jesus the light of the world.

Cho.—Walk in the light, beautiful light
Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,
Shine all around us by day and by night,
Jesus the light of the world.

2 His name dispels the shadows drear,
Jesus the light of the world;
O how my soul delights to hear,
Jesus the light of the world.

3 The hope of men in every clime
Jesus the light of the world;
His matchless glories, how sublime,
Jesus the light of the world.

4 While angels sing, let mortals praise,
Jesus the light of the world;
His grace abounds thro' all our days,
Jesus the light of the world.

5 O bid the lost and wand'ring come!
Jesus the light of the world,
Invites them to His heavenly home,
Jesus the light of the world.

—*L. D. Carrington.*

123 NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

Key of G.

1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHO.—Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my pardon this I see—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my cleansing, this my plea—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

—*R. Lowry.*

124 GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Key of Ab.

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

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

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where He took me in;
Glory to His name.

3 O precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

—*Rev. E. A. Hoffman.*

125

Tune: 874 "Hymnal." Key of Eb.

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

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

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

—*Joseph Scriver.*

126 O HALLELUJAH!

Key of Ab.

1 My sins are forgiven, my soul is set free,
Hallelujah!
My Jesus redeemed me, His own will I be,
Hallelujah!

CHO.—Oh, hallelujah! hallelujah!
I'm so glad to tell!
Oh, hallelujah! hallelujah!
With my soul 'tis well.

2 Once far from my Saviour, I'm near Him to-day,
Hallelujah!
He points me to heaven and leads all the way,
Hallelujah!

3 His blood bought my pardon and cleanses within,
Hallelujah!
A crown thro' His mercy I'm hoping to win,
Hallelujah!

4 Our army's advancing, the bugle sounds shrill,
Hallelujah!
Fresh orders from Jesus our spirits now thrill,
Hallelujah!

5 The glory-dawn breaketh, our Saviour is near,
Hallelujah!
We hope to be ready when He shall appear,
Hallelujah!

—*L. D. Carrington.*

127 TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS.

Key of Ab.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that Holy Name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our souls with joy;
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him
When our journey is complete.

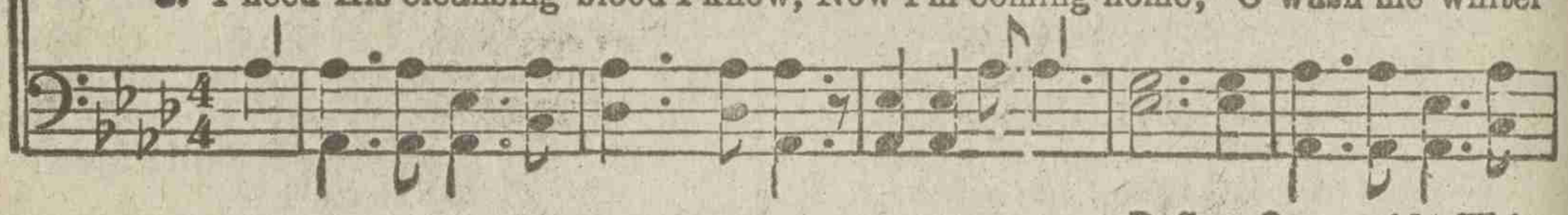
LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

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

With great feeling.



1. I've wander'd far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
2. I've wast-ed ma-ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home. Coming home, coming home, Nevermore to roam,
3. I'm tir'd of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, be- lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
5. I need His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me whiter than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



D. S.—*Open wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

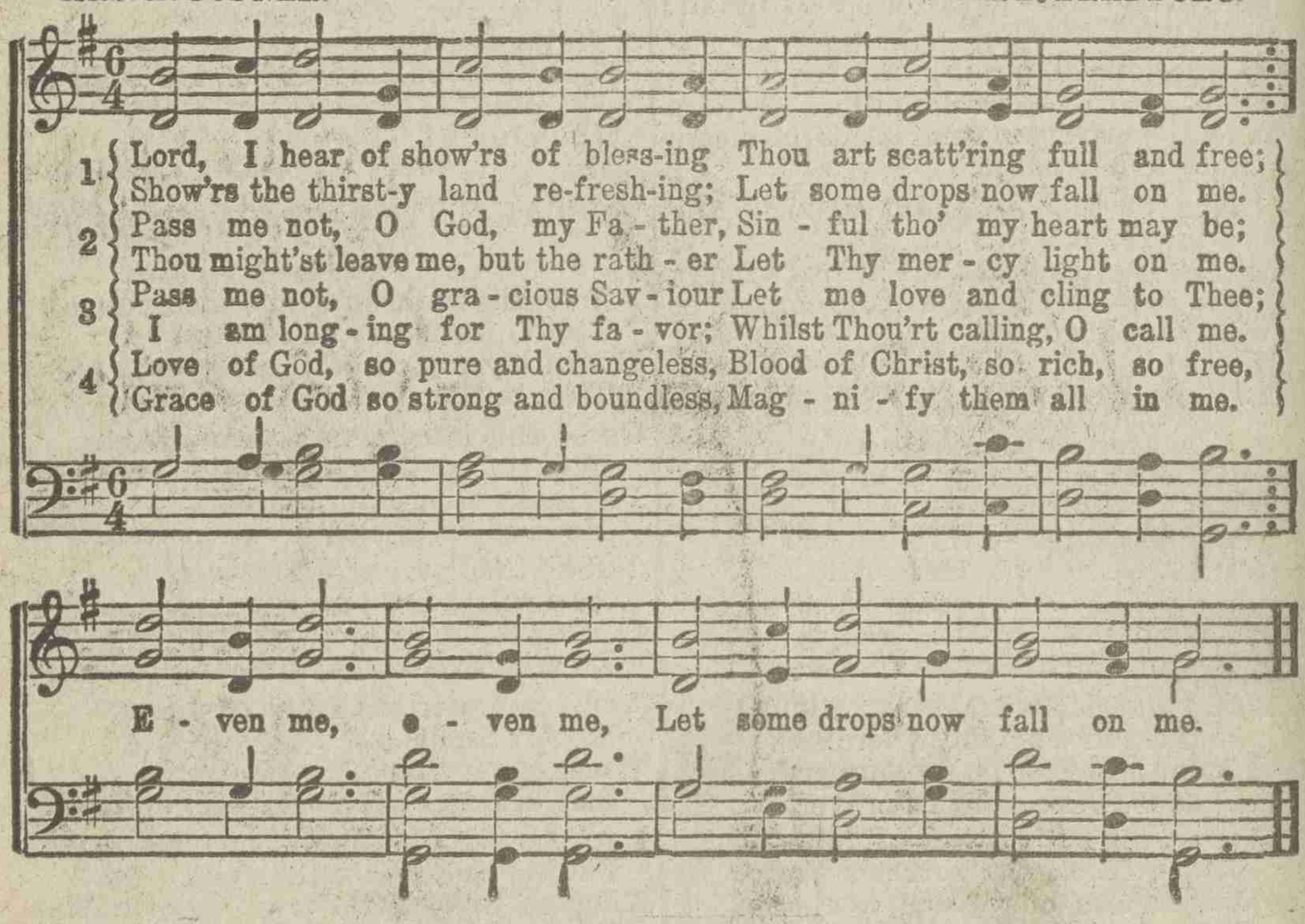




Copyright. 1892. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

EVEN ME.

MRS. E. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



130. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

181

LEANING ON MY SAVIOUR.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. JAS. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. I am lean-ing on my Sav-iour, Calm-ly rest-ing ev-'ry day;
2. When tempt-a-tions come up-on me, And deep tri-als mul-ti-ply;
3. Some-times sickness comes and suff'ring Pain and anguish press me sore;
4. O my broth-er, do you know Him, Know my Saviour, kind and true?

He hath borne my sins and sor-rows, All my guilt and fear a-way.
"I will help thee," whispers Jesus, And the tempt-ers quick-ly fly.
Still my Help-er draws me to Him, Com-fort gives me as of yore.
What He is to me and oth-ers, He will glad-ly be to you.

CHORUS.

I am lean - - ing on my Sav-iour, And will
I am lean-ing, yes I'm leaning, on my Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour,

trust . . . . Him ev-er-more; Soon I'll see . . . . Him
trust Him, sweetly trust Him, I will trust Him evermore, Soon I'll see Him, yes I'll see Him,

in His beauty
in His beauty, and His glory

On that bright and ev-er-ver-nal shore.

Copyright, 1900, by L. L. Pickett.

132 O LIST FOR THE ANGEL WHISPERS.

SALLIE E. HOLT. HEB. 1: 14. L. L. PICKETT.

Meditatively.

1. It comes to me oft in silence, When lights are sinking low, And the sun of life seems speeding To its evening's golden glow. A - far I seem to hear them, In
2. When shades of life's twilight gather, And shadows come and go, Then my mind on heav-en pon-ders, And to me its blessings flow. I hear those an - gel voices, They
3. When my spirit would sink in sadness, When wrong and sin abound, As I sit in med - i - ta-tion, Over all the darkness round; There come in tones of gladness The
4. Ah! sometimes my heart seems fainting, And vict'ry hard to win; Then I list for an - gel whispers,'Gainst the wiles of death and sin; I list-en for the message That

whispers soft and sweet, They call me thro' the gloaming, To the dear Redeemer's feet.
whisper in my ear, Such tender words of sweetness And such loving words of cheer.
spir - it voic - es low, A message bro't from heaven, To cheer as on we go.
bids me trust His grace And yield my-self to service, Un-til I shall see His face.

CHORUS.

Oh! list for the an - gel whispers, For the voic - es ten - der and low;
They tell of the life e - ter - nal, And the grace we all may know.

Copyright, 1904, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

133 IN THE SECRET PLACE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. In the se - cret place with Je - sus There is sweet, untroubled calm;
2. In the se - cret place with Je - sus I can tell Him all my heart,
3. In the se - cret place with Je - sus Earth has not a spot so dear,

Not a note of strife or clam - or Breaks the soul's ex - ult - ant psalm.
And no soon - er have I told Him Than my dreads and doubts de - part.
For the ver - y breath of heav - en Fills me while I lin - ger here.

CHORUS.

In the se - cret place with Je - sus, 'Tis the
In the se - cret place with Je - sus,

on - ly place of rest; Life is joy and love is
'Tis the on - ly place of rest; Life is joy and love is

rapt - ure, While I lean up - on His breast.
rapt-ure, love is rapt - ure,

Copyright, 1898, by Fred. A. Fillmore. Used by per.

'TIS A GLORIOUS CHURCH.

Arr. by E. T. RINEHART.

1. Did you ev - er hear such words be - fore, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, As "go in peace and sin no more,"
2. Did you hear what Je - sus said to me, Washed in the blood of the Lamb,"Your sins are pardoned, you are free,"
3. I have plunged be-neath the crim-son tide, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, And now by faith I'm sanc - ti - fied,
4. Oh, lift up your heads, ye sons of light, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, For Zi - on now is just in sight,

CHORUS

Washed in the blood of the Lamb. 'Tis a glo-rious church with-
out spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, 'Tis a
glorious church without spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

5 If I get there before you do,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
How glad I'll be to welcome you,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
In robes of victory through the skies,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

135

CHRIST SHALL REIGN.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Sound this note . . thro' all cre - ation, Christ shall reign, Christ shall
2. Pub - lish far . . . thro' ev - 'ry nation, Christ shall reign, Christ shall
3. Soon He'll come . . in clouds of glory, Then He'll reign, then He'll

Sound this note thro' all cre-a - tion, Christ shall reign o'er land and

reign, Bow each knee . . . . in ad - o - ra - tion, Christ shall
reign, Sound the note . . . . with ju - bi - la - tion, Christ shall
reign, Tell a - broad . . . . the thrilling sto - ry, Till He

sea, Christ shall reign, Bow each knee in ad - o - ra - tion,

reign, Christ shall reign. While the an - gels
reign, Christ shall reign. Tell the wand - 'ring
reign, Till He reign. Sing and shout, . . . ye

Christ shall reign o'er land and sea, Christ shall reign. While the an - gels

all a - dore Him, Cast their jew - eled crowns be-fore Him, Let each
He will save them, Tell the sin - ful He will lave them, Tell to
sons of Zi - on, Glo - ry give . . . . to Ju-dah's Li - on, Far He

all a - dore Him, Cast their jeweled crowns be-fore Him,

heart . . . in faith im - plore Him, Till He reign, Till He reign.
all . . . . His life He gave them, He shall reign, He will reign.
is . . . . a - bove O - ri - on, He shall reign, He shall reign.

Let each heart in faith im - plore Him, Till He reign, till He reign.

Copyright, 1899, by L. L. Pickett.

CHRIST SHALL REIGN. Concluded.



THE NINETY AND NINE. 136

Key A♭.

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me,
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

Elizabeth C. Clephane. 1868.

137 BLESSED CROSS

REV. W. C. POOLE. CHAS. H, GABRIEL,

1. There is par-don full and free, At the cross, (at the cross) There's redemption
2. There is grace a-new each day, At the cross, (at the cross) Strength for all my
3. There is conquest there a-new, At the cross, (at the cross) And the Mas-ter's

there for me, At the cross, (at the cross) In it's shad-ow I'm a - bid-ing,
pil-grim way, At the cross, (at the cross) Ev- er on-ward it is lead-ing,
promise true, At the cross, (at the cross) Hear the countless voices singing,

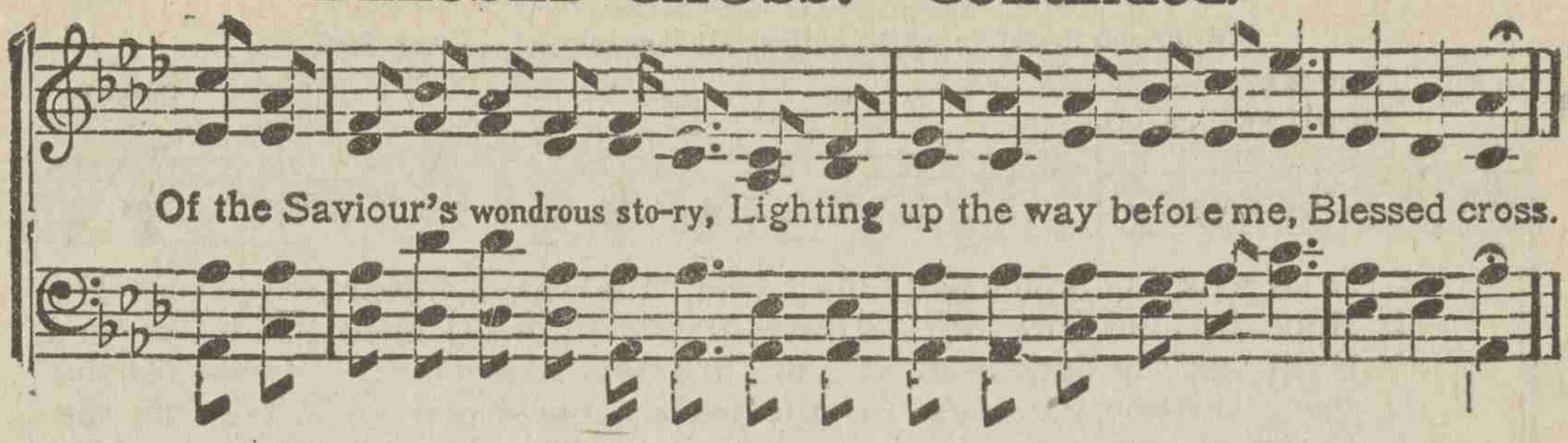
In its ref- fuge I am hid-ing, In it safe - ly I'm con-fid- ing,
Giv-ing all the strength I'm needing, Answers to my ev-'ry pleading;
Hear the songs of prais- es ring-ing, Ev- 'ry day new vic-t'ry bring-ing,

Bless-ed cross. At the cross! Bless-ed cross! Hal-low'd
Bless-ed cross. At the cross! bless-ed cross! At the cross! bless-ed cross, At the

cross! Sa-cred cross! Shining more and more with glo-ry,
cross! hal-low'd cross! At the cross! sa-cred cross!

Copyright 1913, by L. L. Pickett, St. Augustine, Fla.

BLESSED CROSS. Continued.

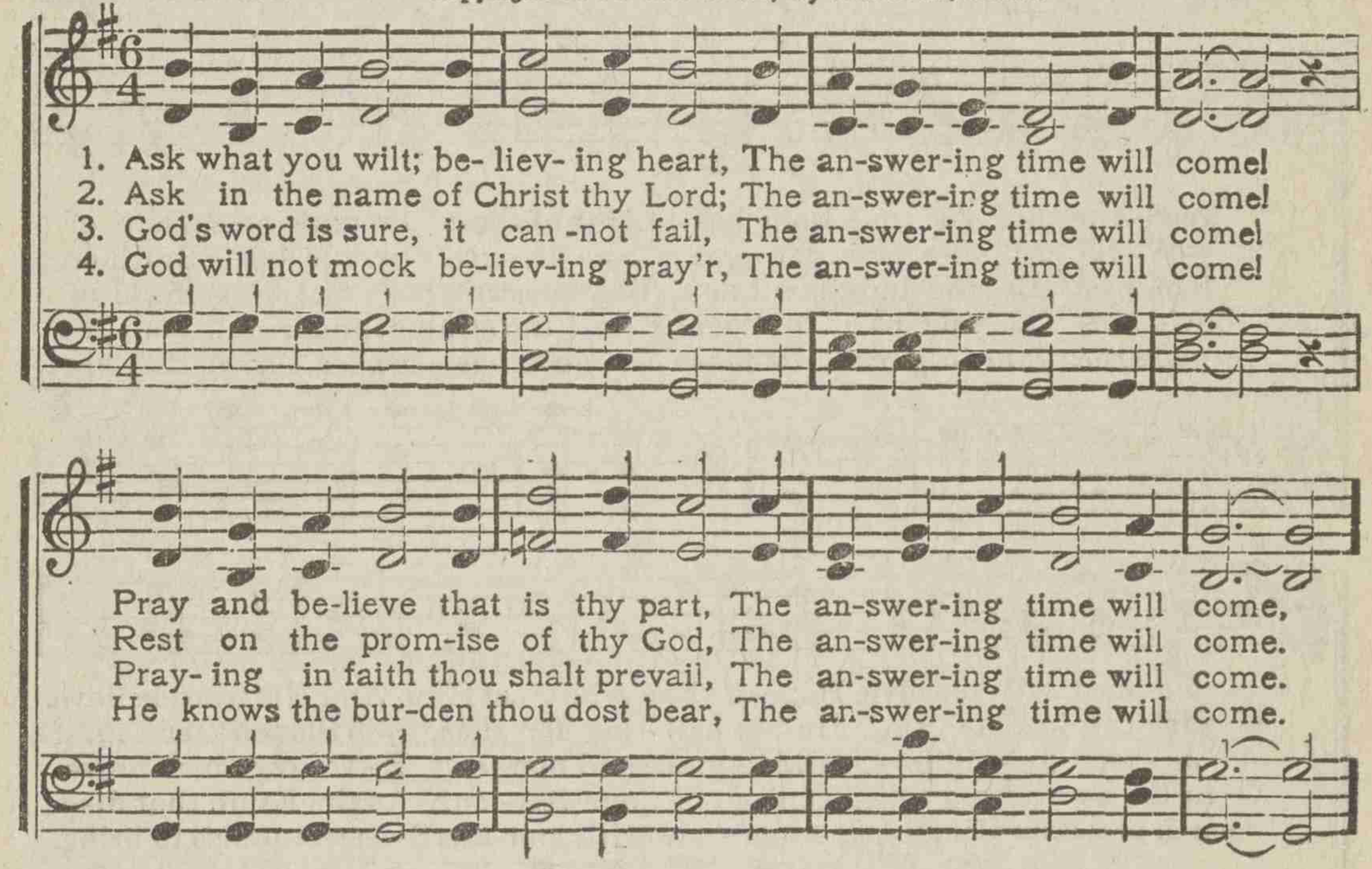


138 THE ANSWERING TIME WILL COME.

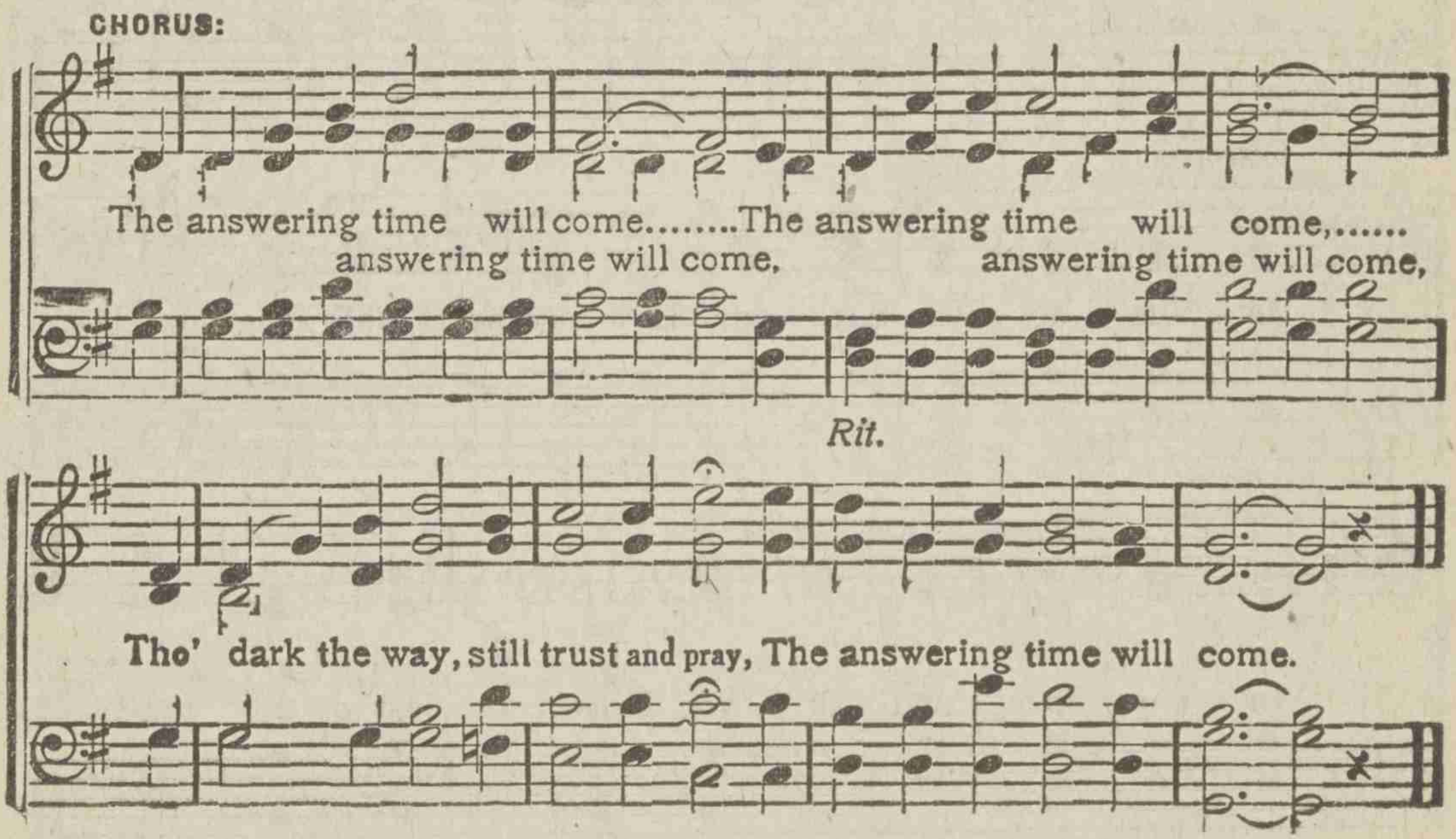
MARY B. WINGATE. JAMES M. BLACK.

Moderato.

Copyright 1908 and 1912, by James M. Black.



CHORUS:



JESUS IS PRECIOUS.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Pet. 2: 7.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. Spanish.

GOOD FOR SOLO.

1. Je - sus is pre-cious, Lil - y of the val - ley dear; Tell of His
2. Hope- less and drear- y, Is the heart that knows Him not; Faint-ing and
3. Deep - er the dark-ness, If you turn from Him a - way; Fear - ful the
4. Bright are the glo - ries In the ma- ny-mansioned home, Ma - ny the
5. Praise all ye peo - ple, Let us mag - ni - fy His name, Swell loud the

good-ness, Bid the na - tions hear. Light of those in dark-ness, Help of
wea - ry All who have for - got. Come at once to Je - sus Broth-er,
tem- pest, In the judg-ment day. But the cross of Cal -v'ry Tells of
lov'd ones Call-ing us to come. Sweet the strains immor - tal, Pour-ing
cho - rus, Join to spread His fame. Lo! He has no e - qual, Heav'n and

all who will re-ceive, Hope of those who trust Him, And His word believe.
with thy load of sin, He is call - ing for thee, Bids thee en - ter in.
Je - sus' dy - ing love, All His grace and mer- cy E - ven we may prove.
forth a swell-ing tide,, Telling of our Sav-iour, As the Lamb that died.
earth proclaim Him King, Angels vie with mor-tals Sweetest praise to bring.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, my dear Sav - iour, How my heart doth long for Thee;

In Thy love and fa - vor, Heav'n at last I see.

Copyright, 1900, by L. L. Pickett.

"TITLE CLEAR."*

"Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."—2 Tim. 2: 3.

May also sing, Am I a Soldier of the Cross. Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

1. When I can read my ‖: title clear:‖ To mansions ‖: in the skies,:‖
2. Should earth against my ‖: soul engage,:‖ And fiery ‖: darts be hurled,:‖
3. Let cares like a wild ‖: deluge come,:‖ Let storms of ‖: sorrow fall—:‖
4. There I shall bathe my ‖: weary soul:‖ In seas of ‖: heavenly rest,:‖

I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long; We will

an-chor by and by, by and by, We will stand,
anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm;

the storm, We will an-chor by and by,
It will not be ver-y long, We will an-chor by and by, by and by.

* The repeats in verses are only for bass and tenor.

RESTING.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."—Heb. 4: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord; Resting on the
2. Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days; Resting 'neath His
3. Resting in the fortress while the foes are nigh; Resting in the
4. Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock; Resting by the

fulness of His own sure word; Resting on His pow-er, on His
shadow from the noon-tide rays; Resting at the ev - en - tide un-
lifeboat while the waves roll high; Resting in His chariot for the
waters where He leads His flock; Resting while we lis-ten, at His

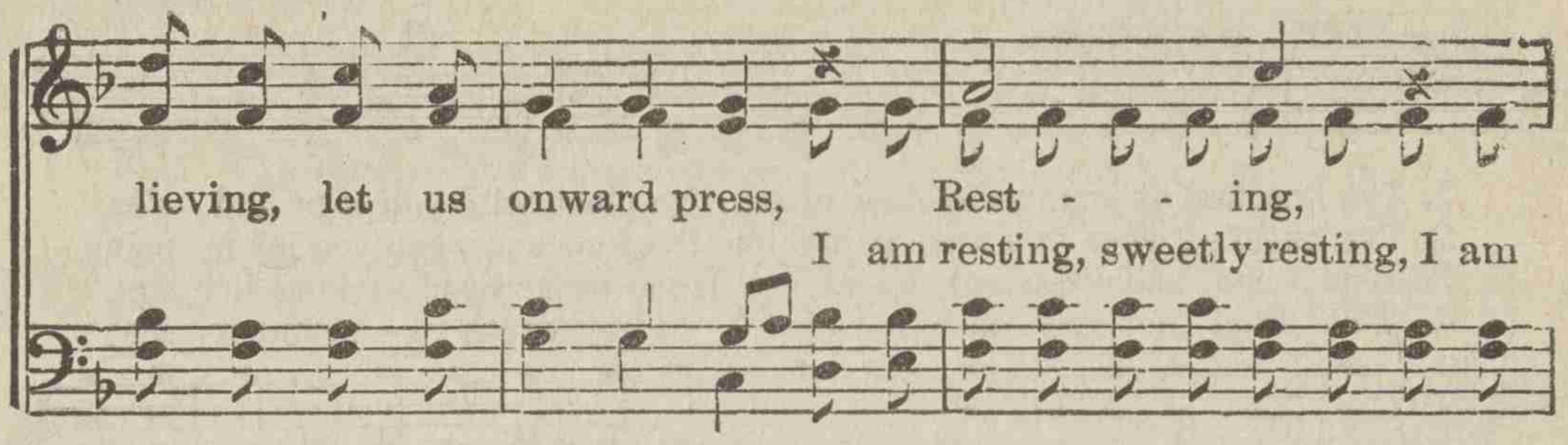
love un - told; Resting on His cov - e - nant se-cured of old.
der His wing, In the fair pa - vil - ion of our Saviour King.
swift glad race; Resting, always rest-ing in His boundless grace.
glorious feet; Resting in His ver - y arms!—oh, rest complete.

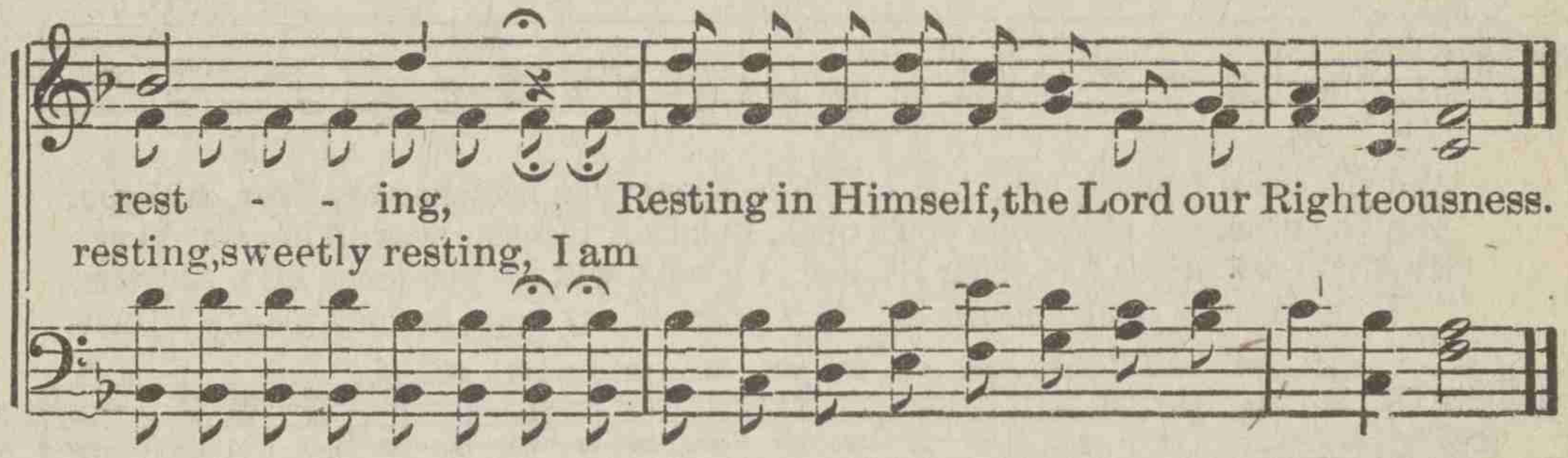
CHORUS

Rest - - ing, rest - - ing, Resting and be-
Resting, sweetly resting, I am resting, sweetly resting, I am

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett.

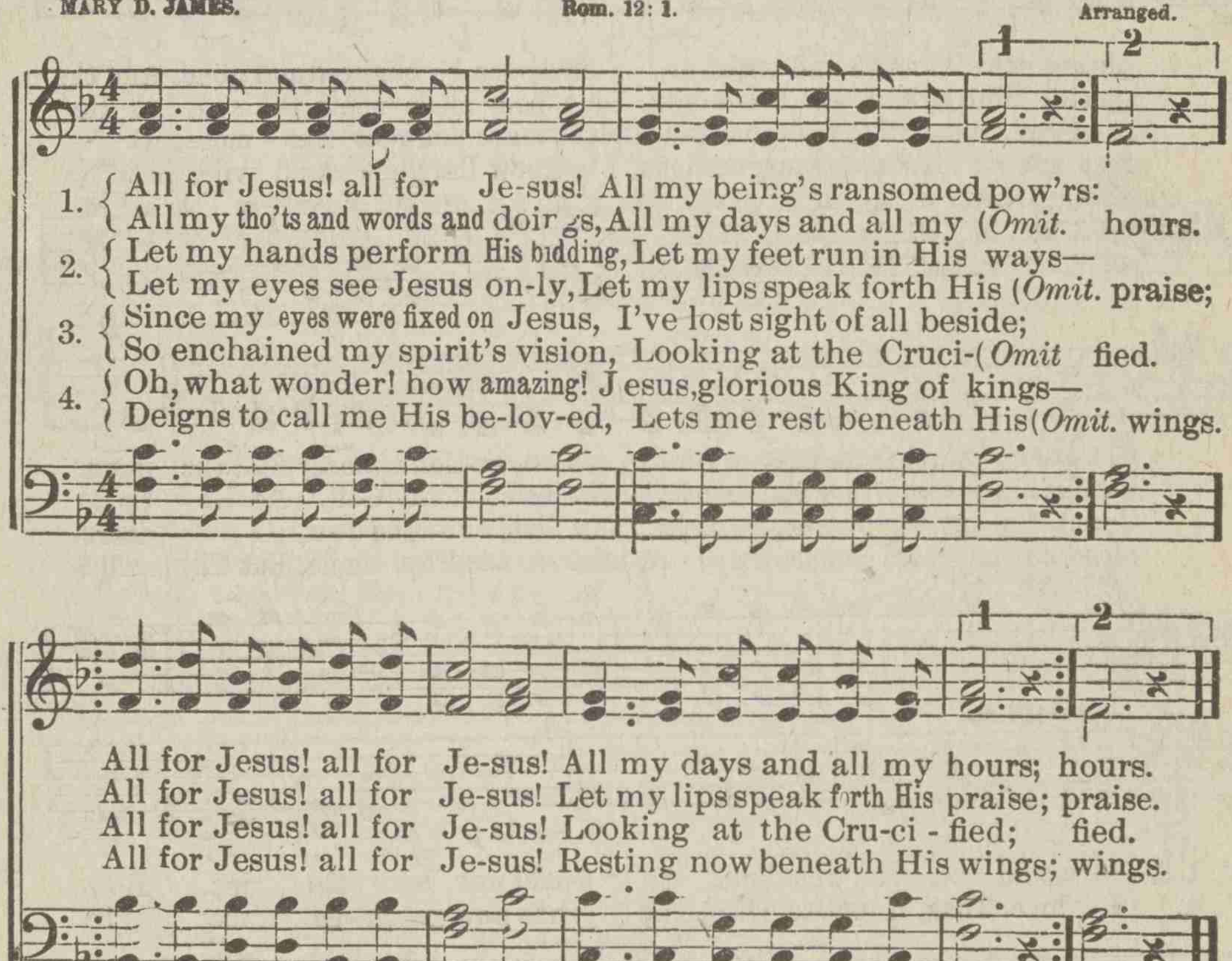
RESTING. Concluded.





ALL FOR JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. Rom. 12: 1. Arranged.



143 YE WOULD NOT.

Revised and partly composed by L. L. P. Arr. by RAN. C. STORRY.

Slow. Good Solo.

1. I've knocked at your heart-door often, I've plead with you o'er and o'er,
2. I've knocked when you were in trouble, I've knocked when you lay in pain,
3. How kind is our Saviour, knock-ing, When we've lived so long in sin;
4. Wilt Thou not stay, dear Sav - iour? In Thy wrath re - mem-ber me;

And the more I plead, poor lost one, The firmer you fastened the door. Ah! your
And you promised sometime you'd open, But that promise was all in vain. Very
Kindly knock once more, dear Saviour, I gladly will let you come in. Ah! you
I re-pent in dust and ash-es, Thy grace is my hope and my plea. I con-

pleasures will vanish and with - er, Your hopes be blighted and gone, And the
quickly life's breath will leave you, Your body sleep 'neath the sod; As He
promised, lost soul, once too often, I must leave you now over - more; O
fess all my sins and transgressions, I know I'm guilt-y and vile, But Thy

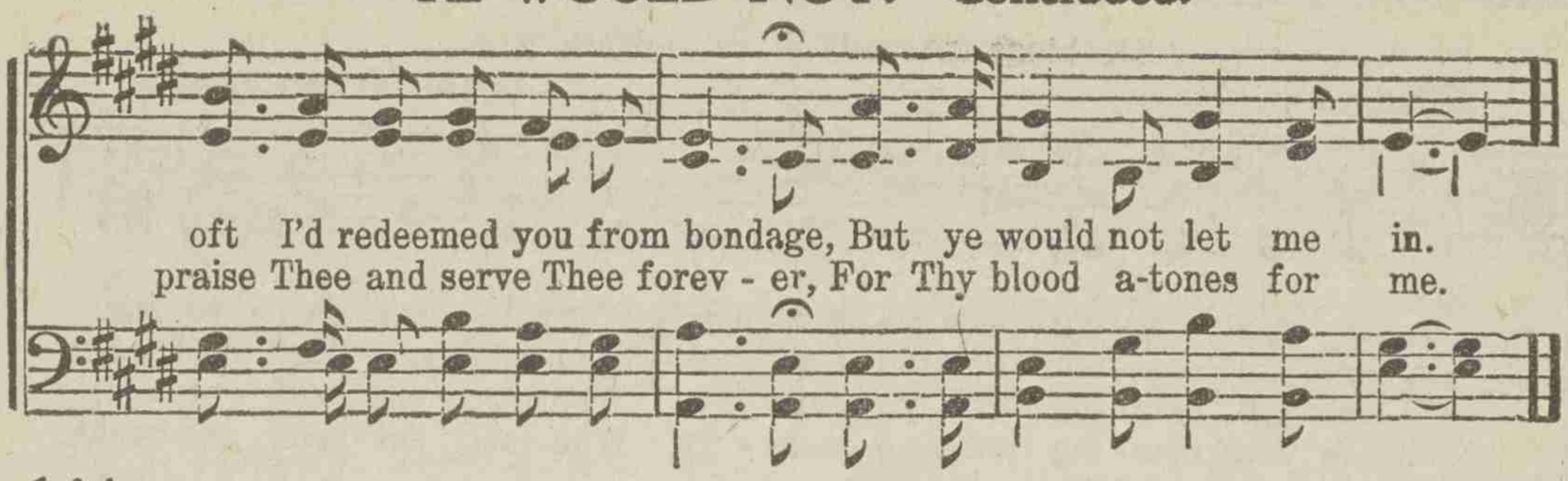
last trump sound from heaven On the res-ur-rec-tion morn, And the morn.
knocks make haste to o-pen, And prepare to meet thy God, As He God.
Christ, I'm lost for-ev - er, If just now Thou close the door, O door.
blood can save and cleanse me, I re-joice to see Thy smile, But Thy smile.

CHORUS.

V. 1-3. Ye would not, ye would not, Ye would not let me in; How
V. 4. I love Thee, I praise Thee, Thy grace now reach - es me; I'll

Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett.

YE WOULD NOT. Concluded.



144 PARDON FOR ALL.

ANON. Arr. by F. M. GRAHAM.



Copyright, 1902, by L. L. Pickett.

145 ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT?

"All things are ready, come."—Matt. 22: 4.

Arranged. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Are you com-ing Home, ye wan-d'rers, Whom Je-sus died to win,
2. Are you com-ing Home, ye lost ones? Be-hold your Lord doth wait:
3. Are you com-ing Home, ye guilt-y, Who bear the load of sin;
4. Are you com-ing Home, ye wea-ry, Who long for rest and peace;

All foot-sore, lame and wea-ry, Your gar-ments stain'd with sin;
Come, then no long-er lin-ger, Come ere it be too late;
Out-side you've long been stand-ing, Come now and ven-ture in;
Your bur-den has been heav-y, And long you've sought re-lease;

Will you seek the blood of Je-sus To wash your gar-ments white;
Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;
Will you heed the Sav-ior's prom-ise, And dare to trust Him quite;
Will you now ac-cept of Je-sus, In Him your heart de-light;

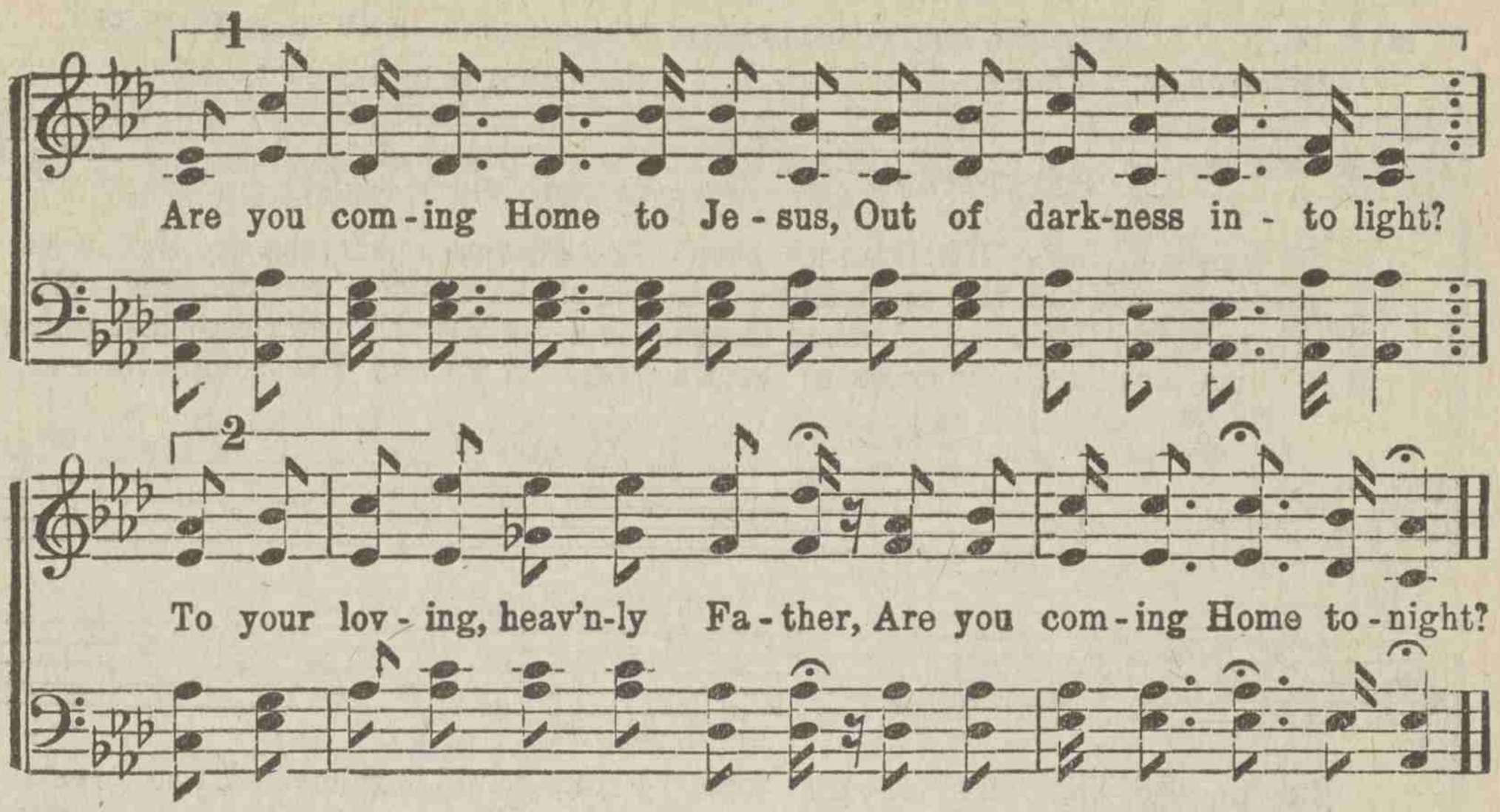
Will you trust His pre-cious prom-ise, Are you com-ing Home to-night?
Will you come while He is call-ing, Are you com-ing Home to-night?
"Come un-to me," saith Je-sus, Are you com-ing Home to-night?
Will you ful-ly yield up to Him, Are you com-ing Home to-night?

CHORUS.

Are you com-ing Home to-night, Are you com-ing Home to-night,

Property of Winona Pub. Co, By per.

ARE YOU COMING HOME TO-NIGHT? Concluded.



146 IT'S FILLING ME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. ADAM GEIBEL.



Copyright, 1895, by Geo. C. Hugg. By per.

147 MY FATHER KNOWS.

A. N. S. Copyright, 1917, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

Soprano and Tenor. (Chorus by L. L. P.)

1. I can not see His skies a - bove, For autumn mists obscure the west;
2. For—why the sum-mer came and went, He shows not yet, to me, His child;
3. A - mid the hush of finished things, He hears His children's fee-blest pray'r;
4. I can not tell if cross or crown Lies next with- in His thought for me;

But in the shel - ter of His love, I fain would hush my heart to rest.
But pa-tience, rich - er than con - tent, Broods softly where the sum- mer smiled.
The ten- der shadowings of His wings Ex- tend be- yond their ut - most care.
It mat-ters not, since faith hath grown So strong in His dear sym - pa - thy.

Tho' some bright hopes have ten - der - ly Been gathered to their last re-
And where the last bright leaf shall fall, The last pale blos - som finds re-
And loss that ne'er on earth grows less, With deep and ho - ly mean-ing
The clouds that o'er my path - way move, The joys be - yond its fi - nal

pose, This sweet re-mem-brance com-forts me, He knows, yes, He knows.
pose, Is safe with Him who lov - eth all— He knows, yes, He knows.
glows, Since loss, and pain, and home-less- ness, He knows, yes, He knows.
close, All rise from His deep heart of love— He knows, yes, He knows.

CHORUS.

He knows, He knows my ev - 'ry test, He knows, He knows just what is best;

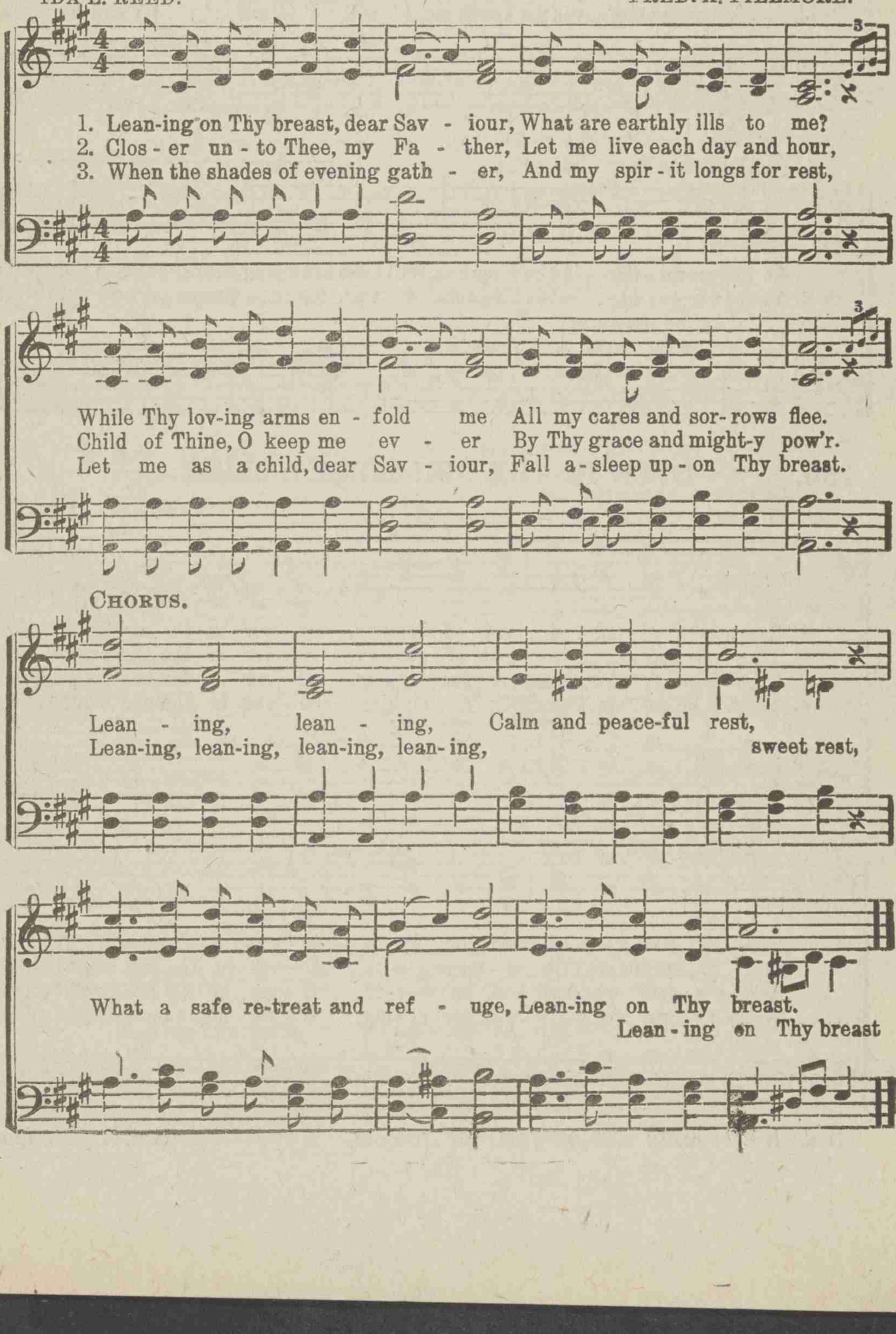
MY FATHER KNOWS. Concluded.



148 LEANING ON HIS BREAST.

Copyright, 1917, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

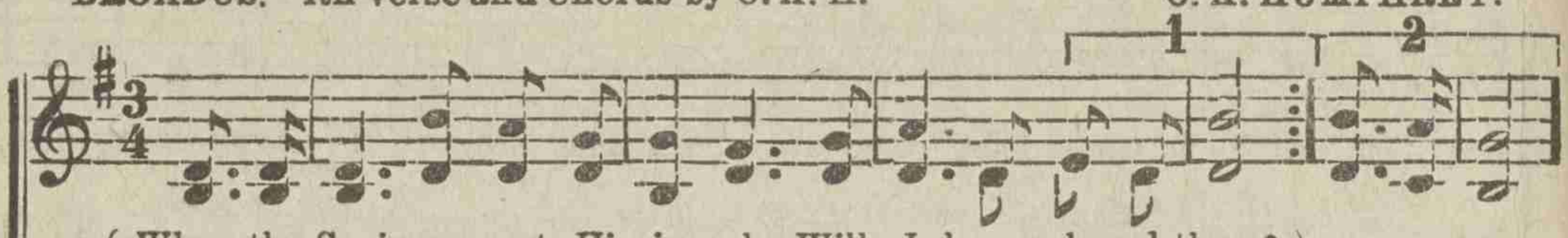
IDA L. REED. FRED. A. FILLMORE.



No. 149. AT THE CROWNING.

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

BROADUS. 4th verse and Chorus by C. A. H. C. A. HUMPHREY.



1. When the Saviour counts His jew-els, Will I be numbered there?
   When He crowns His faithful children, Will I the (*Omit.....*) crowning share?
2. When He calls the roll in heaven, Will my name be written down?
   When the faith-ful are re-ward-ed, Will I re- (*Omit.....*) ceive a crown?
3. Lov - ing Sav-iour, keep me watching, That I the bliss may share;
   When thou com-est in Thy kingdom, Let me, let (*Omit.....*) me be there.
4. Now my soul looks up with rapture, I may the crowning share;
   Je - sus bought me, saves me, keeps me, I will, I (*Omit.....*) will be there.



CHORUS.



At the crown - ing in the kingdom, Will I the crowning share? a crown then wear?
4th. v. At the crown - ing in the kingdom, I will, I will be there; a crown then wear.
At the crowning

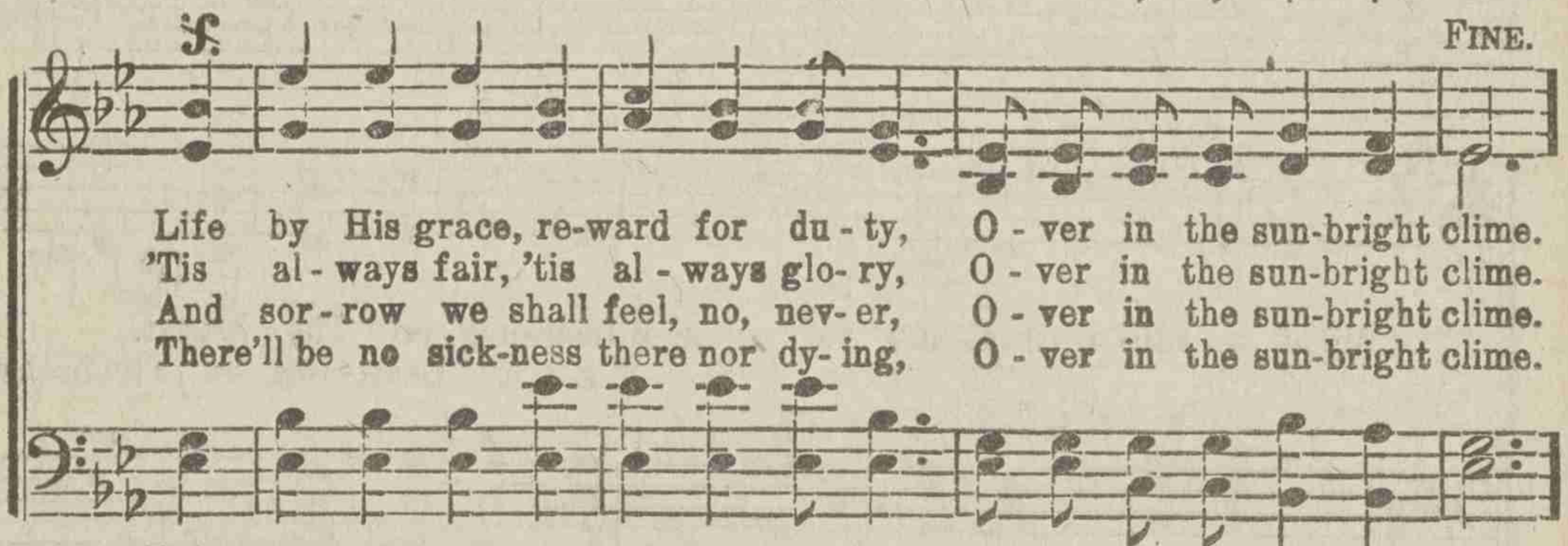


150. OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN. By per.



1. There is a land, a land of beau-ty, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;
2. 'Tis al- ways light, the land of sto - ry, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;
3. There hap - py we shall be for ev - er, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;
4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sighing, O - ver in the sun-bright clime;



FINE.

Life by His grace, re-ward for du - ty, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
'Tis al - ways fair, 'tis al - ways glo- ry, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
And sor - row we shall feel, no, nev- er, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.
There'll be no sick-ness there nor dy- ing, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.

D. S. *We'll sweetly rest from all our la-bors, O - ver in the sun-bright clime.*

OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME. Concluded.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Just o-ver in the sunbright clime! Just o-ver in the sun-bright clime!
Just o-ver in the sinless, sunbright clime! Just over in the sinless, sunbright clime!

151. THE WAGES OF SIN.

Copyright, 1910, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

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

An excellent Quartet.

1. I have labored for thee, O sin, With en - er - gy, night and day,
2. But I've giv- en my youth and strength, My tal - ents and time to thee,
3. I have slighted the voice of God, And sti - fled my conscience too;
4. I have sev-ered the ties of earth, And ru - ined my hopes of heav'n,

Now what shall I have for my re-ward, And what is my ut-most pay?
I have bartered a - way my words of truth, And nothing remains to me.
I have done despite to the Spirit's pow'r, In striv-ing thy work to do.
And on - ly for thee I've lived and toiled, And now, what reward is giv'n?

CHORUS.

"The wag- es of sin is death," All that is promised, you know,—

p ad lib. *pp rit.*

Nothing but death, e - ter - nal death, Bit- ter re-morse and woe.

152 I AM DETERMINED TO HOLD OUT.

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

1. When I first found Je - sus some-thing o'er me stole, Like lightning it went
2. Sa - tan, he was an - gry, said he'd soon be back, Just let the path get
3. This old - time re - lig - ion makes me sometimes shout, I don't have time to
4. When I hear the trum-pet sounding in the sky, And see the mountains

through me, and glo - ry filled my soul; Sal - va - tion made me hap - py and
nar - row, and he will lose the track; But I'm so full of glo - ry, my
gos - sip nor a - ny time to pout; They say that I'm too noi - sy, but
trem - bling, to heav - en I will fly; For Je - sus will be call - ing, there'll

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

CHORUS.

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

"Him I can de - pend, And I know I have sal - va - tion, for I

Copyright 1902, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

I AM DETERMINED TO HOLD OUT. Concluded.



153 I SHALL NEVER FORGET HIM.

W. J. H. W. J. HENRY. By per.







154. ARE YOU KEEPING STEP WITH JESUS?

W. W. REID. Copyright, 1917, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

Good for Solo. 4th v. by L. L. P.

1. The Mas-ter is walk-ing be-side you to-day, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? His hand is outstretched as you go on your way, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? His hand is outstretched as you go on your way, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? His hand is outstretched as you go on your way, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? His hand is outstretched as you go on your way, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? For those who go with Him He'll smoothe out the road, For those who go with Him He'll light-en the load, He bids you to trust Him and get right with God, Are you keeping step with Je-sus?

2. The road will be rough if you walk it a-lone, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? He'll guide stumbling feet o-ver bram-ble and stone, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? He'll guide stumbling feet o-ver bram-ble and stone, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? He'll guide stumbling feet o-ver bram-ble and stone, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? A-lone you may fall from the heat of the road, A-lone you may fall from the weight of the load, But Je-sus will help you and bring you to God, Are you keeping step with Je-sus?

3. The Mas-ter will guide to a ha-ven of rest, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? He'll give you a place as His home's honored guest, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? He'll give you a place as His home's honored guest, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? He'll give you a place as His home's honored guest, Are you keep-ing step with Je-sus? He prom-is-es peace at the close of life's day, He prom-is-es peace at the end of the way, He'll keep you and bless you for-ev-er and aye, Are you keeping step with Je-sus?

4. If you will but scat-ter the seed of His word, Be keep-ing step with Je-sus; And in that great day, the day of the Lord, A crown will be yours with Je-sus. O what a de-light it will be in that day, To hear the sweet word that our Mas-ter shall say, "Come hith-er, ye faith-ful, I'll give you rich pay, For keeping step with Je-sus.

ARE YOU KEEPING STEP WITH JESUS? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are you keeping step with Je-sus? Are you keeping step with Je-sus As you

run up the way, To the land of bright day? Are you keeping step with Je - sus?

155 CHRIST FOR ME.

Copyright, 1917, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

H. R. TRICKETT. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Christ for me, O joy di - vine, Can it be that He is mine?
   I who wan-dered far a - way, Sinned a-gainst Him day by day;
2. Christ for me, O heart and voice, Sing His praise, re - joice, re - joice;
   Tell how He for-gave thy sin, Sing how great His love has been;
3. Christ for me, I want no more, He's my por - tion—rich my store;
   Day by day by Him I'm fed, Day by day by Him I'm led;

Now at last I give my heart, Yea, I choose the bet - ter part,
Grace and mer - cy, Lord, are Thine, Naught but sin and shame are mine,
Haste, my soul, thy trib - ute bring, Who would not His glo - ry sing?

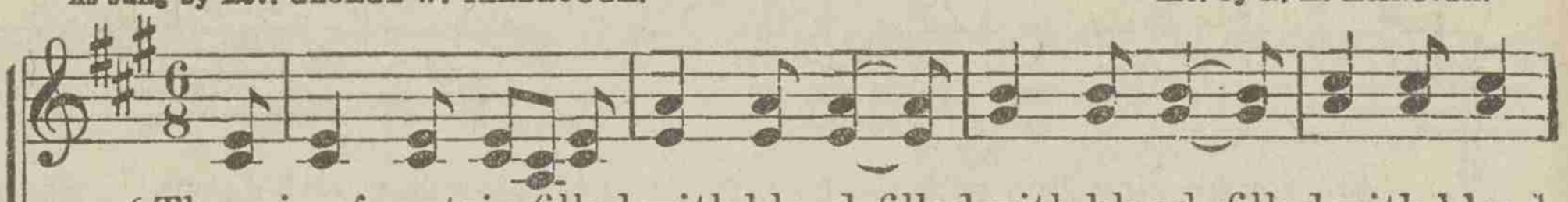
Rit.

This my song shall ev - er be, Christ for me, yes, Christ for me.
This my song shall ev - er be, Christ for me, yes, Christ for me.
Tho' I die my song shall be, Christ for me, yes, Christ for me.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

"In that day shall be a fountain opened for sin and uncleanness."—Zech. 13: 1.

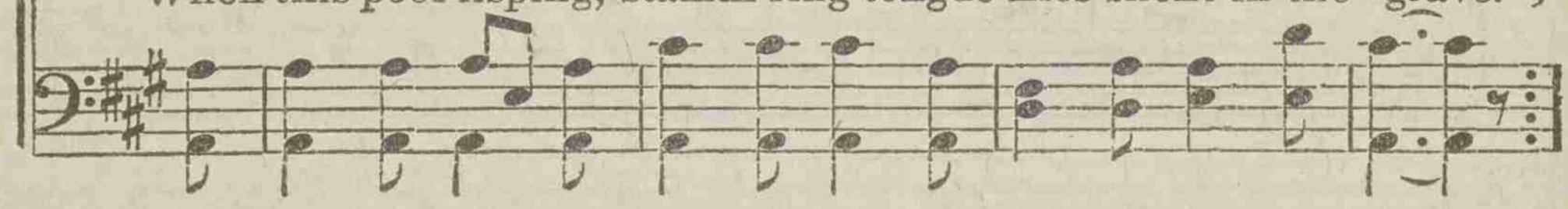
As sung by Rev. GEORGE W. YARBROUGH. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
   And there may I, tho' vile as he, vile as he, vile as he,
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood, precious blood, precious blood,
   Till all the ransomed church of God, church of God, church of God,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream, saw the stream, saw the stream,
   Redeeming love has been my theme, been my theme, been my theme.
5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, sweet-er song, sweeter song,
   When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue, stamm'ring tongue,



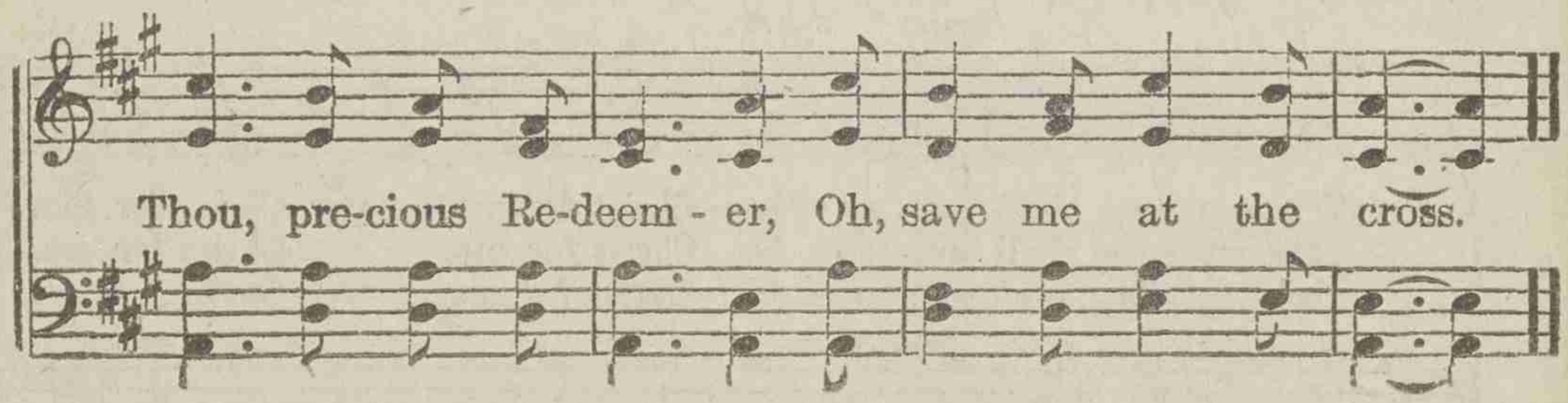
There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
Re-deeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave.



REFRAIN.



O Je - sus, re - ceive me! No more will I grieve Thee!



Thou, pre-cious Re-deem - er, Oh, save me at the cross.

157

HE STANDS BY ME.

L. L. P. Copyright, 1919, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. When out on the storm-y sea of life, My Sav-iour stands by me;
2. The li - ons may roar and fierce-ly rage, Their Conq'ror stands by me;
3. Though e - ven the earth may reel and quake, My Sav-iour stands by me;
4. Some day I may come to the riv - er dark, Still He will stand by me;

He still - eth the tempest and quells the strife, O glo-ry, He stands by me.
My ref - uge most sure in youth and age, O glo-ry, He stands by me.
No mun - dane terrors my faith can shake, For Je - sus doth stand by me.
No fear I will have, tho' frail my barque, Hal - le-lu-jah! He'll stand by me.

CHORUS.

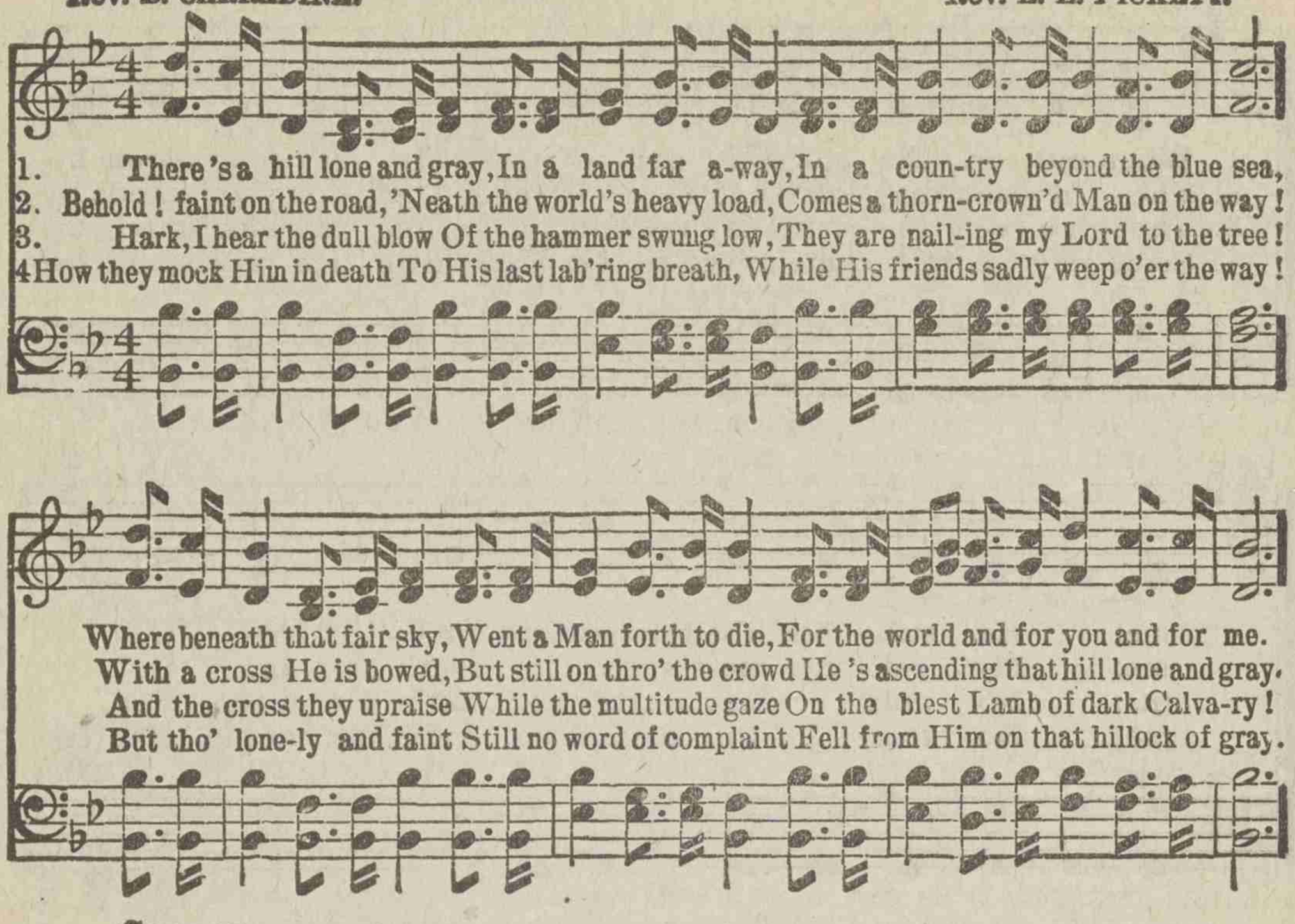
glo-ry, He stands by me.
glo-ry, He stands by me.
Je - sus doth stand by me.
lu-jah! He'll stand by me.

He stands by me, He stands by me,

My Sav - iour stands by me; (by me;) Tho' fear-ful the storm and rag - ing the sea, O glo - ry, He stands, He stands by me.

CALVARY.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1896, by Rev. L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

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

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

THE FIRE OF PENTECOST.

Copyright, 1919, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

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

1. At Pen-te-cost the pow'r came down, The ho - ly fire was felt, And God the
2. The Christ of Pen - te-cost is ours, His grace is just the same, We need the
3. If we would sinners save from woe, Im-mor - tal souls now lost, Then we must
4. If we would ho - ly be to - day, As were the saints of old, Like them we

Ho - ly Ghost was there, The hearts of men did melt; The Pen - te - cost - al
pow'r as those of old, His gos - pel to pro-claim; If we de - pend on
seek to be equipped with pow'r of Pen - te - cost; No learn-ing of the
must re-main in pray'r With-in the Shepherd's fold; We'll seek as one the

fire appeared, A ho - ly, heav'nly flame, And Je - sus Christ was lift - ed up,
earthly strength, And trust in what we know, We'll fail in all that we attempt,
schools will do, No ti-tles, great or small, But we must preach the living Christ,
up - per room, And there in faith a - bide, Un - til the ho - ly fire comes down

CHORUS.

All glo - ry to His name.
And emp - ty-hand-ed go. May the fire from Pen-te-cost now fall, And burn in
Make Him our all in all.
And we are sanc-ti - fied.

ev - 'ry heart, Un - til our dross is all consumed, And many for heav-en start.

160 FOR THE CHRIST OF MY HEART.

REV. W. C. POOLE. HAYES.

1. I am wait-ing this side of that bright crys-tal sea, Surrounding that
2. Oh, the mu-sic of harps and the songs that they sing, For - ev- er float
3. I am wea- ry to-day, Oh, why must I re-main? So burdened with

Cit - y so fair;
out on the air;
sorrow and care?

Thro' e - ter- ni-ty's years there for-ev-er I'll be,
While the won-der-ful prais-es e - ter-nal-ly ring,
We shall meet o-ver there to part nev-er a- gain,

CHORUS.

And the Christ of my heart is there. O won-der-ful glo-ry in

heav-en so bright, O won-der-ful Cit-y so fair; Where nev-er shall

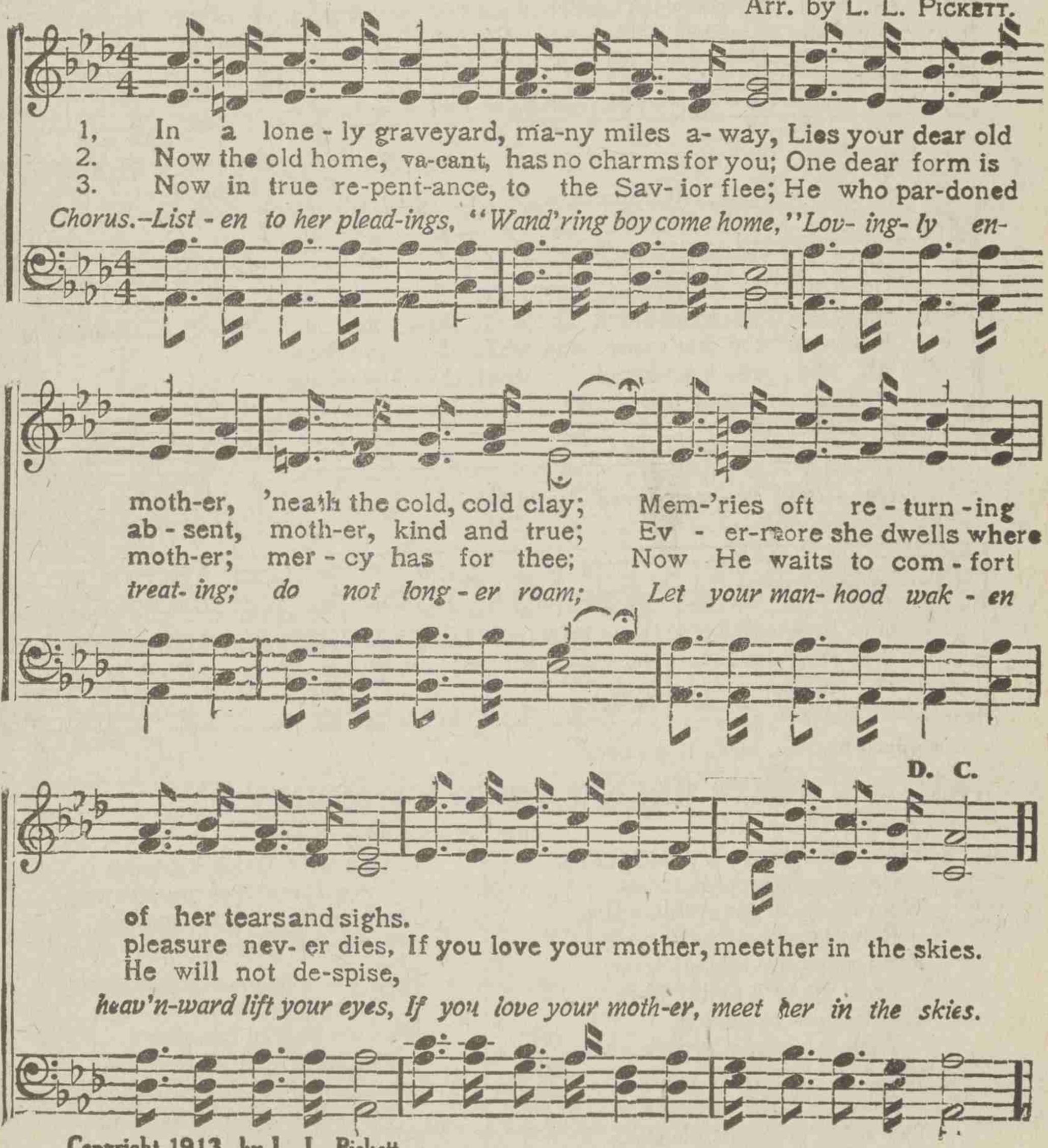
Copyright 1913, by L. L. Pickett,

FOR THE CHRIST OF MY HEART. Concluded.



161 MEET MOTHER IN THE SKIES.

Arr. by L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright 1913, by L. L. Pickett,

162 ONLY REMEMBERED.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

163 FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

(Key of F.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain:
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

R. Heber

164. AMAZING GRACE.

Copyright, 1898 and 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

JOHN NEWTON. L. L. PICKETT.

1. A - maz- ing grace! how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me; His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess, with - in the veil, A life of joy and peace.

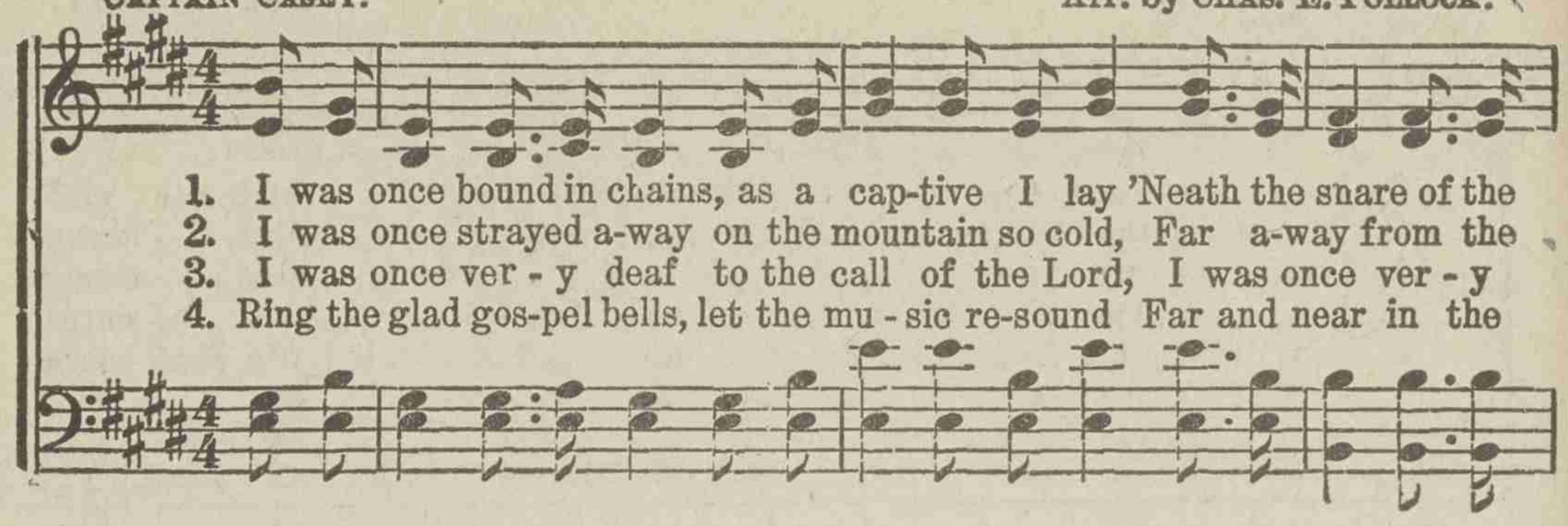
CHORUS.

Sin - ner, come just now, At His
Sin - ner, come just now, sin - ner, come just now, At His
al - tar bow, He will save you,
al - tar bow, At His al - tar bow, He will save you,
glad - ly save you, Hal - le - lu - jah! He will save you now.
He will save you,

Except for invitation, use this chorus: { 'Tis the grace that saves! 'Tis the grace that saves!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah for the grace that saves!

165 RING THE BELLS OF FREEDOM.

CAPTAIN CASEY. ARR. by CHAS. E. POLLOCK.



Copyright, 1904, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

166

IT'S ALL GONE NOW!

E. Dee. Wm. Edie Marks



Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

167 I'M THE CHILD OF A KING.

Key of E.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold,
His coffers are full,—He has riches untold.

Cho.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King!
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King!

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of men:
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still may I sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

CONSECRATION.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL. By per.

Andante.

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

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek,
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Jesus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain or plain or sea;

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rounsefell.

Published in sheet form by W. E. Rounsefell, 18 Blodgett St., Manchester, N. H. Price 5 cents May also be ordered through the publisher of this book.

CONSECRATION. Concluded.

Rit.

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

"God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all."—I. JOHN 1: 5.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Would you al-ways cheer-ful be, Let the blessed sunlight in;
2. Would you brighten drear-y days, Let the blessed sunlight in;
3. Would you ease a burdened heart, Let the blessed sunlight in;
4. Would you speed the truth a-broad, Let the blessed sunlight in;

Would you bid the dark-ness flee, Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you fill your heart with praise, Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you joy and strength impart, Let the blessed sunlight in.
Would you bring the world to God, Let the blessed sunlight in.

CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunlight in, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in! sunlight in!

Rit.

Repeat Chorus softly.

Would you never weary, When the days are dreary, Let the blessed sunlight in!
sunlight in!

Copyright, by A. F. Myers. Used by per.

HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.

S. G. SMITH. By per.

1. Hear the shout of tri-umph, Hear the might - y song, Fill - ing earth and heav - en,
2. Ma - ny were the bat - tles, Con-stant was the strife, Fierce the rag - ing con - flicts,
3. Onward let us ev - er, Tho' our strength be small; Je - sus is our Lead - er,

As it rolls a - long, Like the roar of o - cean,
In their earth-ly life; Yet they nev - er fal-tered,
Ev - 'ry foe must fall. Then we 'll join the ran-somed

Breaking on the shore, Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Now and ev - er-more.
For the Lord was strong; He was rock and for-tress, Vic - to - ry and song.
On the oth - er shore; Vic-t'ry thro' the Sav-iour, Sing-ing ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Hear ye the cry, ...
Hear the cry of vic - to - ry as we pass a - long,

Hear ye the cry, hear ye the cry, Vic - t'ry thro' the Sav - iour,

Copyright, 1887, by S. G. Smith.

HEAR THE SHOUT OF TRIUMPH. Concluded.



171

HAPPY ON THE WAY.

JOHN CENNICK. Arranged.



3 The way the holy prophets went,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The road that leads from banishment,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 The King's highway of holiness,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I'll go, for all His paths are peace,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 This is the way I long have sought,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And mourned because I found it not,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 My grief a burden long has been,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Because I was not saved from sin,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

7 The more I strove against its power,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
I felt its weight and guilt the more,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

8 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
"Come hither, soul, I am the way,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

6 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

10 Nothing but sin have I to give,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

11 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
What a dear Saviour I have found,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

12 I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And say, "Behold the way to God,"
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

172. WE'LL UNDERSTAND IT BETTER.

Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley. Used by per.

C. A. T. REV. C. A. TINDLEY.

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest- less sea of time,
2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de-mands,
3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can not un - der-stand,
4. Temp - ta - tions, hid- den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares,

Som - bre skies and howl-ing tem-pests oft suc - ceed a bright sunshine,
Want of food and want of shel-ter—thirst - y hills and bar-ren lands,
All the ways that God would lead us to that bless - ed Promis'd Land,
And our hearts are made to bleed for many a thoughtless word or deed,

In that land of per-fect day, when the mists have rolled away, We will
We are trust-ing in the Lord, and, ac - cord- ing to His word, We will
But He guides us with His eye and we'll fol- low till we die, For we'll
And we won - der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

D. S.—*how we've o-ver-come; For we'll*

FINE. CHORUS.

un-derstand it bet-ter by and by. By and by when the morning

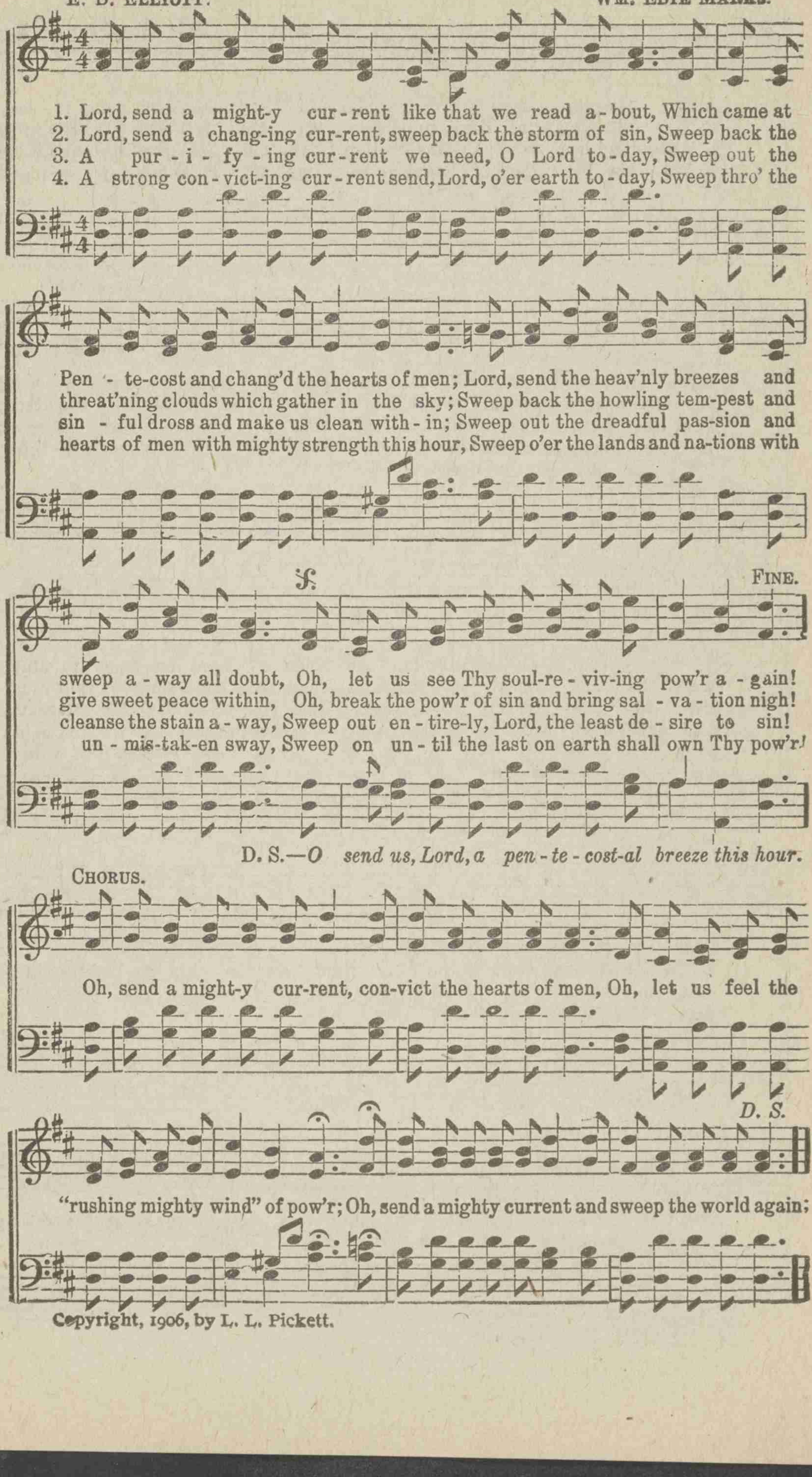
un-der-stand it bet-ter by and by.(by and by.)

D. S.

comes, When the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto - ry

173 SEND A MIGHTY CURRENT!

E. D. ELLIOTT. WM. EDIE MARKS.



Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett.

174 ON THE FIRING, SHOUTING LINE.

L. L. P. Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O the glo - ry song is ring-ing In my hap - py soul to - day,
2. O, the depth of His re-demption, O, the full-ness of His grace,
3. Let me beg you, O, my broth-er, Join our ar - my true and brave,
4. All the le - gions of per - di - tion Can not hurt you day or night,

Since I learned to trust in Je - sus, And He took my sins a - way;
O the heights that glo - ry reach-eth When we stand be-fore His face;
Bear the ban - ner of King Je - sus, Who a - lone can keep and save;
If you hide yonr-self in Je - sus, Make His will your soul's de - light;

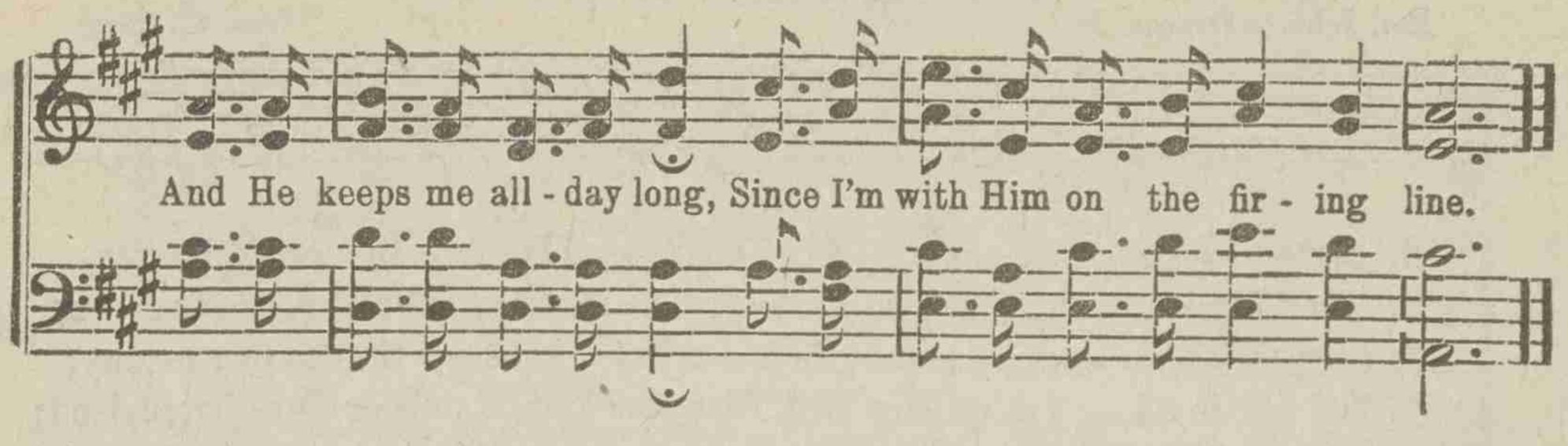
All my soul is filled with mu - sic Since my Lord has come to stay,
When the shad - ows all have melt - ed, Then the vic - tors in this race
He will see you thro' life's struggle, Give you vic - t'ry o'er the grave,
And the time will come most sure- ly—When with those who win the fight,

CHORUS.

And I'm on the fir - ing, shouting line.
Come with shouting from the fir - ing line. On the fir - ing line, on the
And sup-port you on the fir - ing line.
You will pass up from the fir - ing line.

shouting line, I am on the fir-ing line to-day; Jesus is my strength and song,

ON THE FIRING, SHOUTING LINE. Concluded.

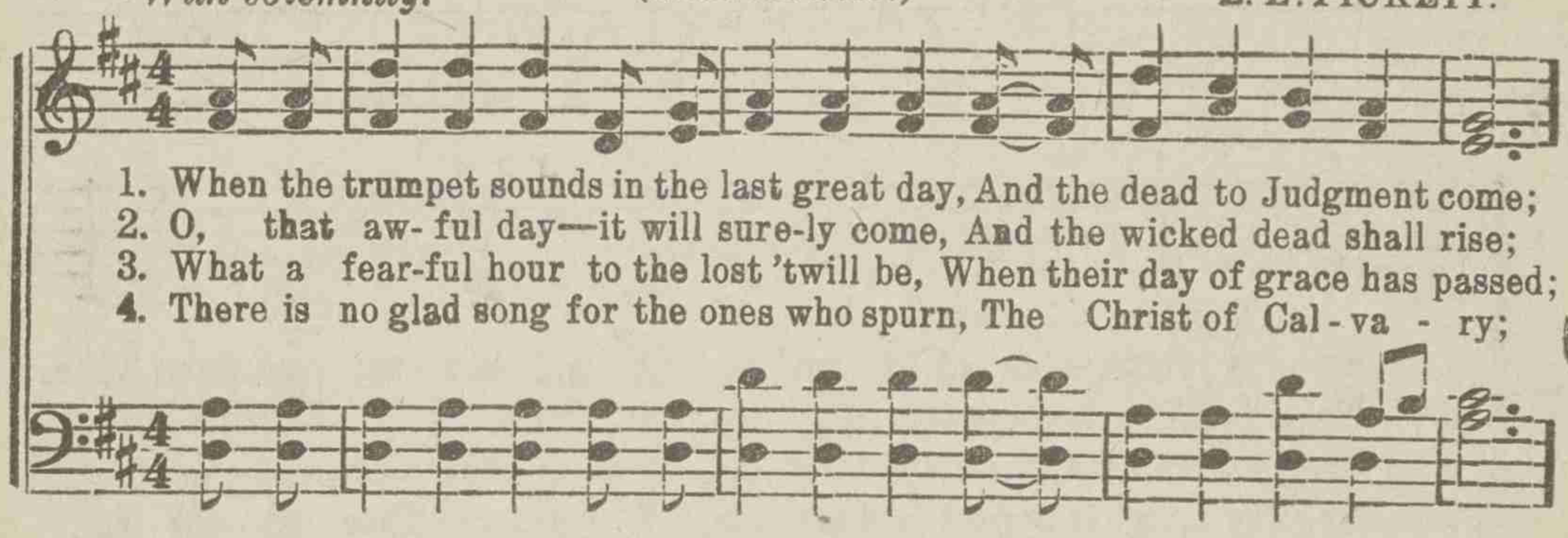


175 AT THE JUDGMENT.

L. L. P.

Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

With solemnity. (Good for Solo.) L. L. PICKETT.



EVERY BRIDGE IS BURNED BEHIND ME.

COPYRIGHT, 1898. BY GEO. C. HUGG. USED BY PER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Since I start - ed out to find Thee, Since I to the cross did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind - ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per-plex and grieve me, Yet I keep the nar - row way;
4. All in all, I ev - er find Thee, Sav-iour, Lov - er Bro-ther, Friend;

Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will nev - er turn from Thee.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will ne'er my steps re-trace.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I from Thee will nev - er stray.
Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.

CHORUS.

Strength-en all the ties that bind me Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee;

Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be-hind me, Thine I ev - er - more will be.

177 I'M HIDING.

SALLIE E. HOLT. Ps. 91. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I'm hid - ing to-day 'neath the wings of my Sav-iour, No dan - ger or
2. I'll say of the Lord that He is my ref - uge, My God, and in
3. No fear will I have of the ter - rors of darkness, Nor flee from the
4. Tho' earth be re-moved and sin all a - bound-ing, Tho' mountains be

fear my spir - it shall know; On earth and in heav'n His praise is all-
Him I trust ev - 'ry day, He prom-ised no e - vil or plague should come
arrow that fli - eth by day; For an - gels of glo - ry en-camp all a-
cast far in - to the sea; Yet trust - ing a - lone in Je - sus, my

glo - rious, He saves me and keeps me as on - ward I go.
nigh me, But o - ver me ev - er His shad - ow shall stay.
bout me, His Spir - it shall lead thro' life's rug - ged way.
Sav - iour, My soul from all fear shall ev - er be free.

CHORUS.

I'm hid - ing,.... I'm hid - ing,.... I'm hid - ing in Je - sus, my King;
I'm hid-ing in Him, I'm hid - ing in Him,

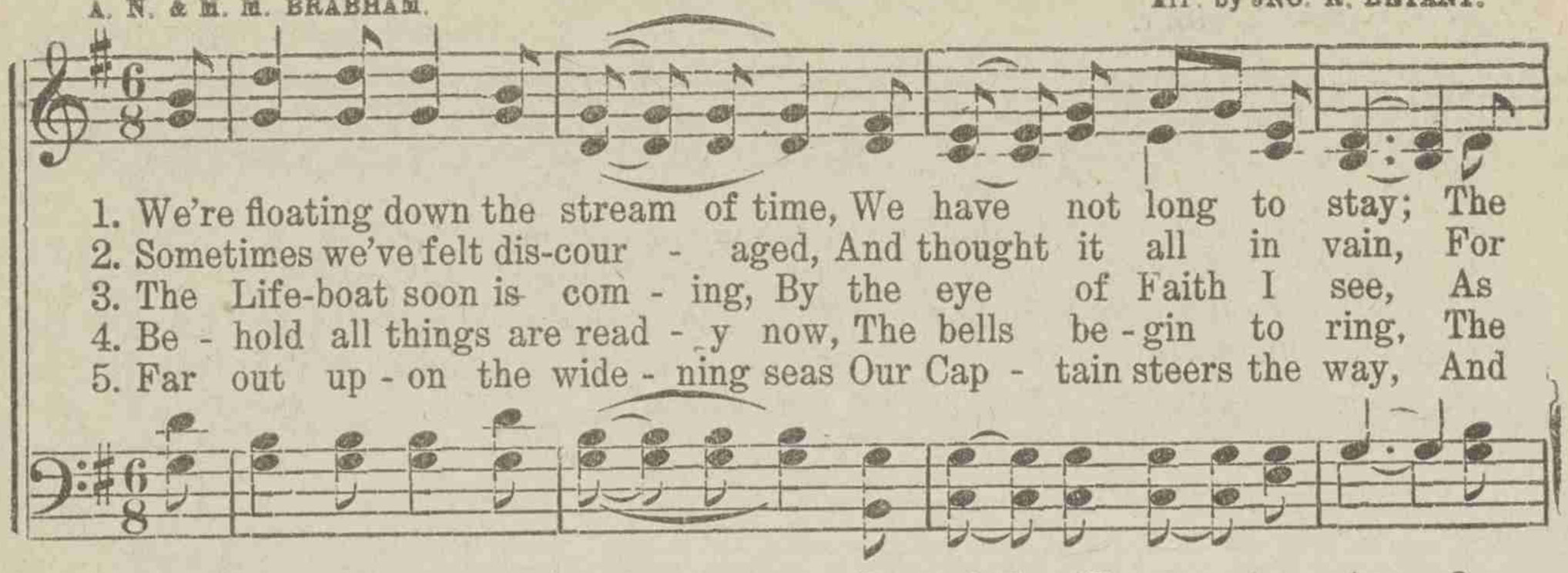
I'm hid - ing.... I'm hid - ing,.... I'm hid - ing beneath His wing.
I'm hid-ing, yes, hiding, I'm hid - ing in Him,

Copyright, 1904, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

178

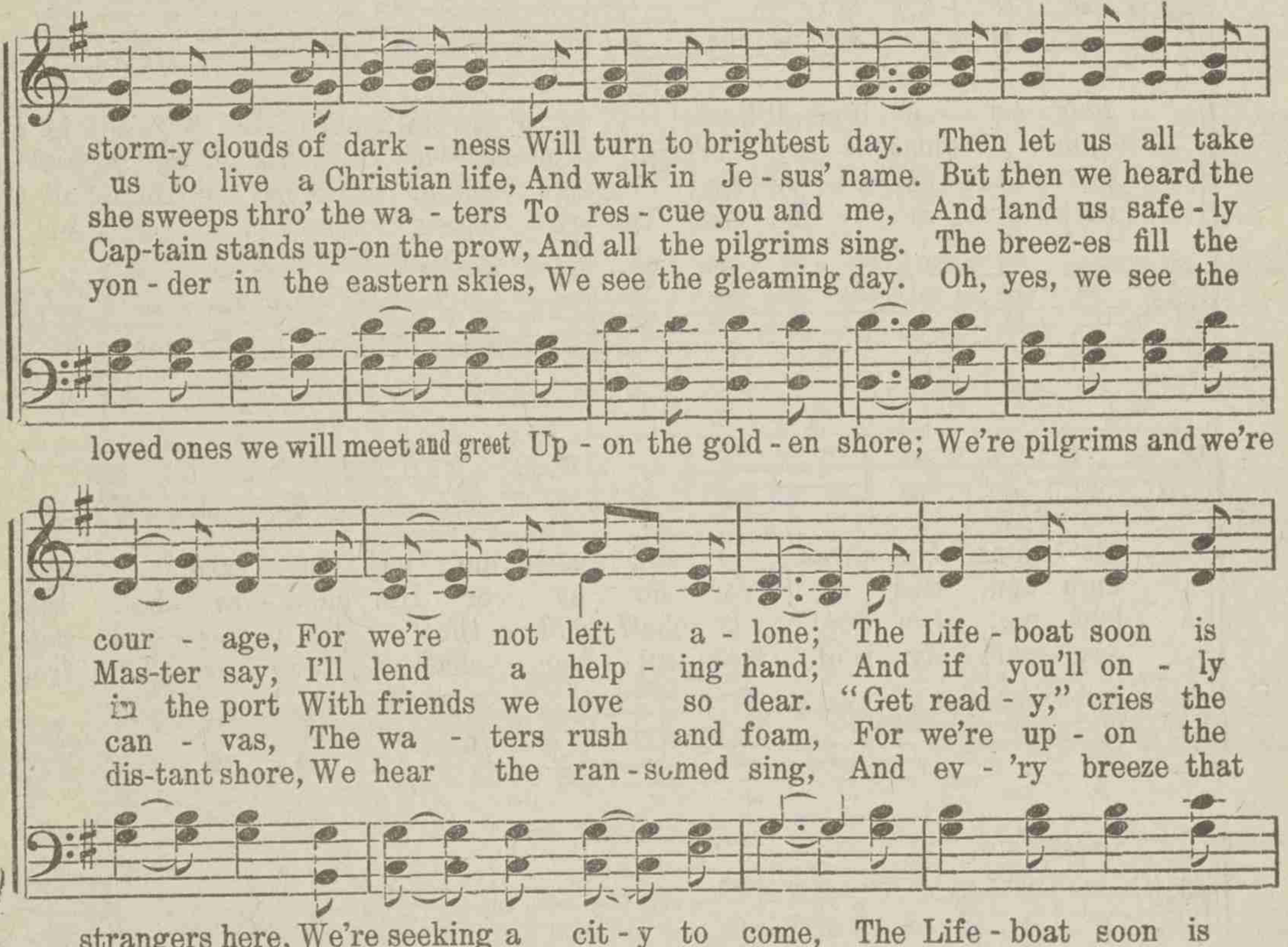
THE LIFE-BOAT.

A. N. & M. M. BRABHAM. Arr. by JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. We're floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour - aged, And thought it all in vain, For
3. The Life-boat soon is com - ing, By the eye of Faith I see, As
4. Be - hold all things are read - y now, The bells be - gin to ring, The
5. Far out up - on the wide - ning seas Our Cap - tain steers the way, And

CHO. Then cheer, my brother, cheer,..... Our tri-als will soon be o'er, Our



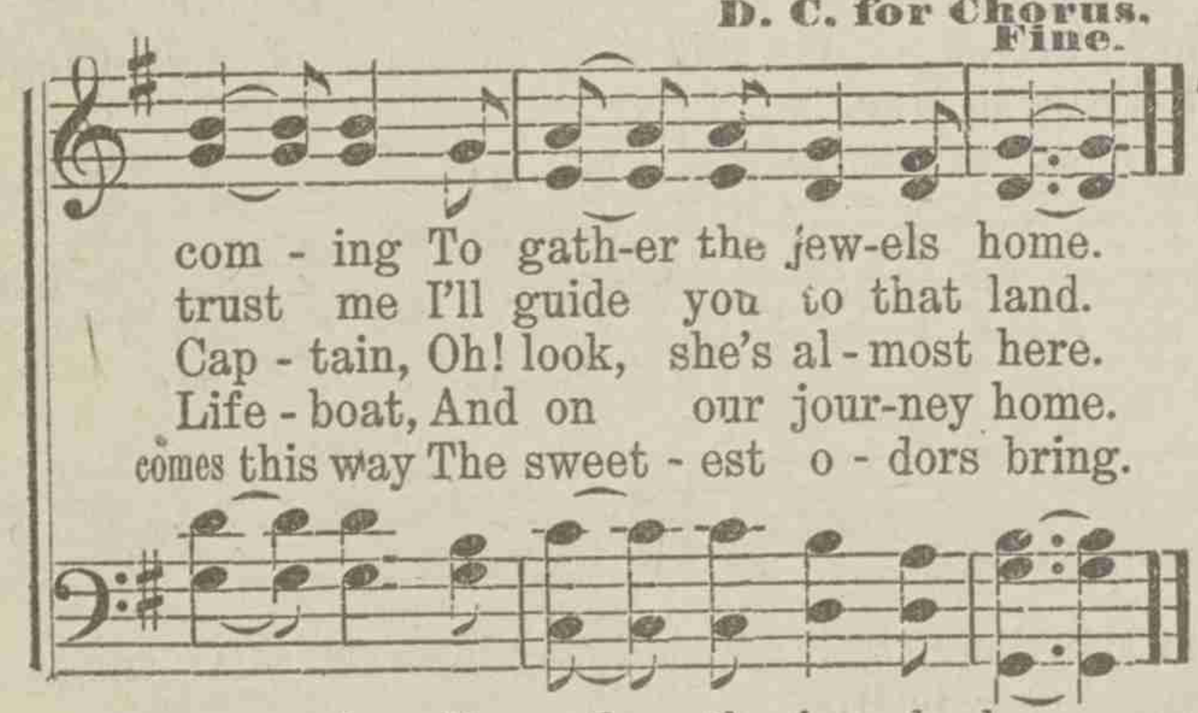
storm-y clouds of dark - ness Will turn to brightest day. Then let us all take
us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je - sus' name. But then we heard the
she sweeps thro' the wa - ters To res - cue you and me, And land us safe - ly
Cap-tain stands up-on the prow, And all the pilgrims sing. The breez-es fill the
yon - der in the eastern skies, We see the gleaming day. Oh, yes, we see the

loved ones we will meet and greet Up - on the gold - en shore; We're pilgrims and we're

cour - age, For we're not left a - lone; The Life - boat soon is
Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help - ing hand; And if you'll on - ly
in the port With friends we love so dear. "Get read - y," cries the
can - vas, The wa - ters rush and foam, For we're up - on the
dis-tant shore, We hear the ran - somed sing, And ev - 'ry breeze that

strangers here, We're seeking a cit - y to come, The Life - boat soon is

D. C. for Chorus.
Fine.



com - ing To gath-er the jew-els home.
trust me I'll guide you to that land.
Cap - tain, Oh! look, she's al - most here.
Life - boat, And on our jour-ney home.
comes this way The sweet - est o - dors bring.

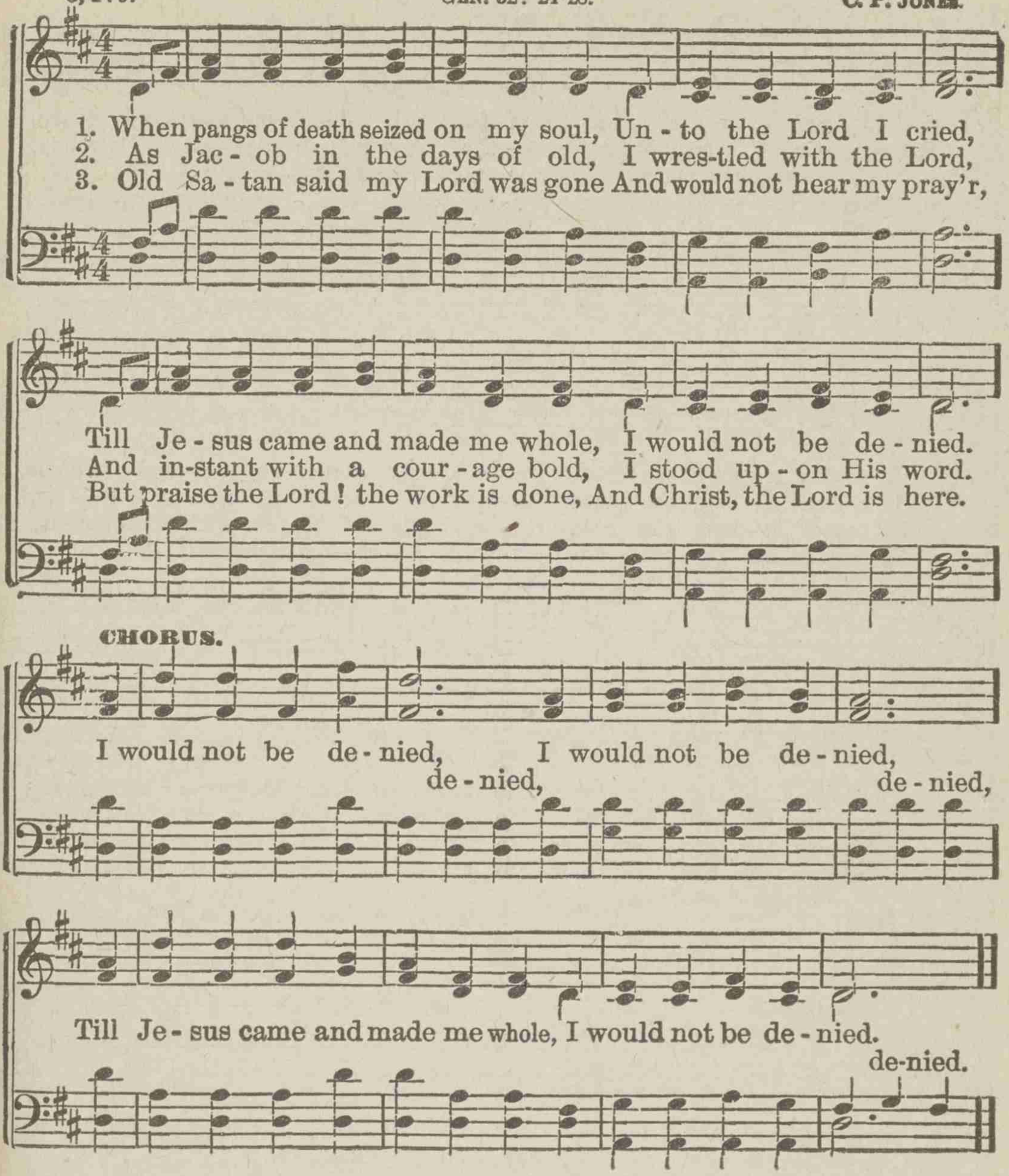
com - ing To gath-er the jew-els home.

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

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant. Transferred to L. L. Pickett 1895.

No. 179 I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.

C, P. J. GEN. 32: 24-28. C. P. JONES.



180 A SHELTER.

(Key of F.)

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

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

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

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
A shelter in the time of storm;
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm.

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

Words and

181 THE PROMISE-WAY.

E. E. HEWITT. "Jesus always comes along the promise-way."—Moody. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'll tar - ry at a prom - ise till Je - sus meets me there,
2. From sin I sought sal - va - tion, and called up - on His name,
3. With ev - 'ry word He gives me I hast - en to His feet,
4. When earth - ly blos - soms per - ish and win - try storms ap - pear,

He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; His words, so free and gra-cious,
He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; O come, ye heav - y - lad - en,
He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; He fills me with His Spir - it,
He comes a - long the prom - ise - way; He soothes my heart in troub-le,

I'll take to Him in pray'r, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
His grace is still the same, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
He makes my joy com-plete, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.
He dries the fall - ing tear, He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! my Sav - iour comes to me, His bright and bless-ed
Glo - ry! glo - ry! He meets my soul to - day, *Omit* . . . .

1

2

ight I see; He comes a - long the prom - ise - way.

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

182 AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the right-eous shall shine as the
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -
3. We are jour - ney-ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now, On the bank of death's riv - er we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the
4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And with crowns on our brows, and with

stars in the sky, And their pla-ces shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
wor - thy to be With the children of God at the Saviour's right hand.
dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me . . . find a place with that . . hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that hap-py band, Let me find a place with that happy band,

Who shall ev - er a - bide, . . At the Sav - iour's right hand.
Who shall ever abide at the Saviour's right hand, abide at the Saviour's right hand.

183 BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS.

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

DUET.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

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

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

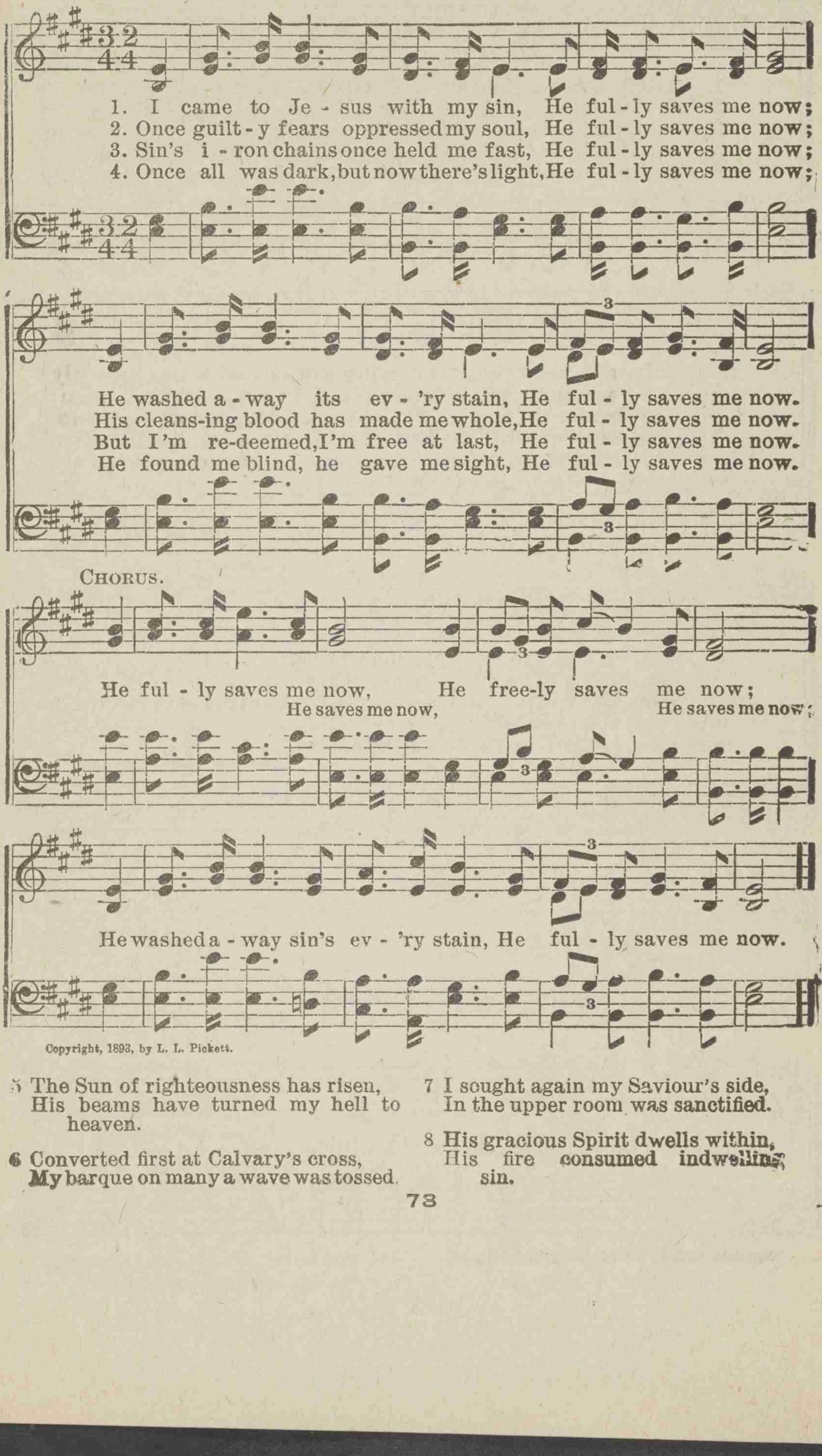
* Words used by special permission of the author who owns copyright on them.

Copyright transferred to L. L. P.

HE FULLY SAVES ME NOW.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7: 25.

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



Copyright, 1893, by L. L. Pickett.

5 The Sun of righteousness has risen,
His beams have turned my hell to heaven.

6 Converted first at Calvary's cross,
My barque on many a wave was tossed.

7 I sought again my Saviour's side,
In the upper room was sanctified.

8 His gracious Spirit dwells within,
His fire consumed indwelling sin.

185 HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him."—Rev. 1: 7.

E. E. HEWITT. John 4: 37, WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lis-ten to the blessed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweeter than the
2. Weary toil - er, sad and heav-y - la den, Joy - ful - ly the
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun-gry, come and
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maimed or sinful, Cometh for His
5. Coming humbly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breathing all the

notes of an - gel - song, Chiming soft - ly with a heav'nly
great sal - va - tion see, Close be-side thee stands the Burden
on His boun-ty feed, Not thy fit-ness is the plea to
heal-ing touch di - vine, For the cleansing of the blood so
heart to Him in pray'r; Com-ing some day to the heav'nly

CHORUS

cadence, Call-ing to the passing throng.
Bear-er, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
bring Him, But thy pressing utmost need. Him that cometh un - to
precious, Prove a-new this gracious line.
mansions, He will give thee welcome there.

me, (un-to me,) Him that cometh un - to me, (un-to me,) Him that

com-eth un - to me, (unto me,) I will in no wise cast out.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per

186 WHY DON'T YOU COME TO JESUS?

JOSEPH HART. C. R. DUNBAR.



187 WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

ELIZABETH REED, Alt. Key of E.

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

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

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

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

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

188 THE CROWNING DAY.

"They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."—MATT. 24: 30.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re-ject- ed, And by the world disowned, By the many still neg-
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they The saints shall shine in
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more; Be - hind us all of
4. Let all that look for, hasten The com-ing joy-ful day, By earnest con-se-

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

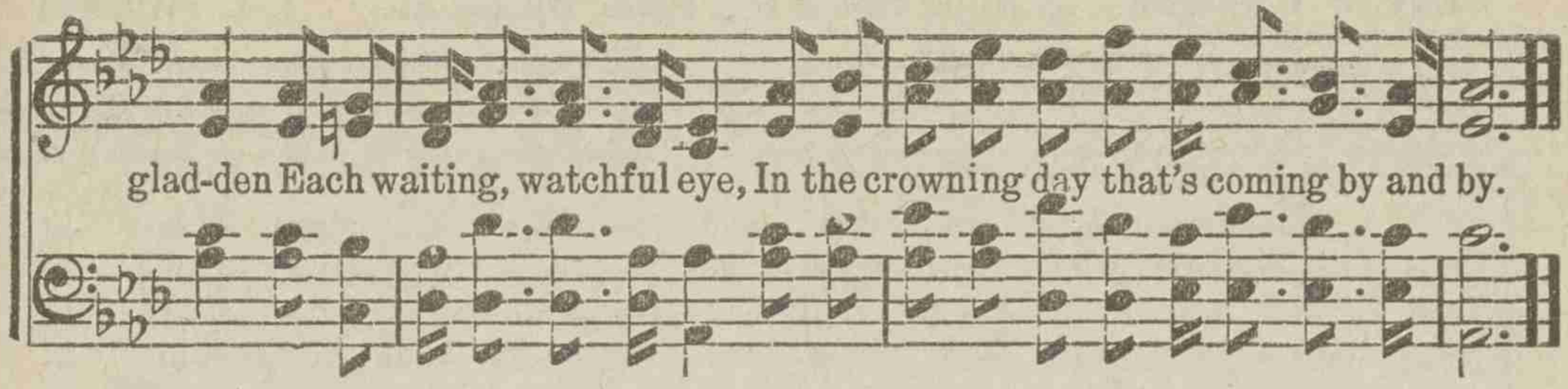
hour is draw-ing nigh, For the crown-ing day is com - ing by and by.
daz - zle ev - 'ry eye, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.
we to Him are nigh, In the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.
whom our Lord did die, For the crown-ing day that's com-ing by and by.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the crown-ing day is com-ing, Is com - ing by and by, When our
Lord shall come in "pow - er," And "glo - ry" from on high; Oh, the glorious sight will

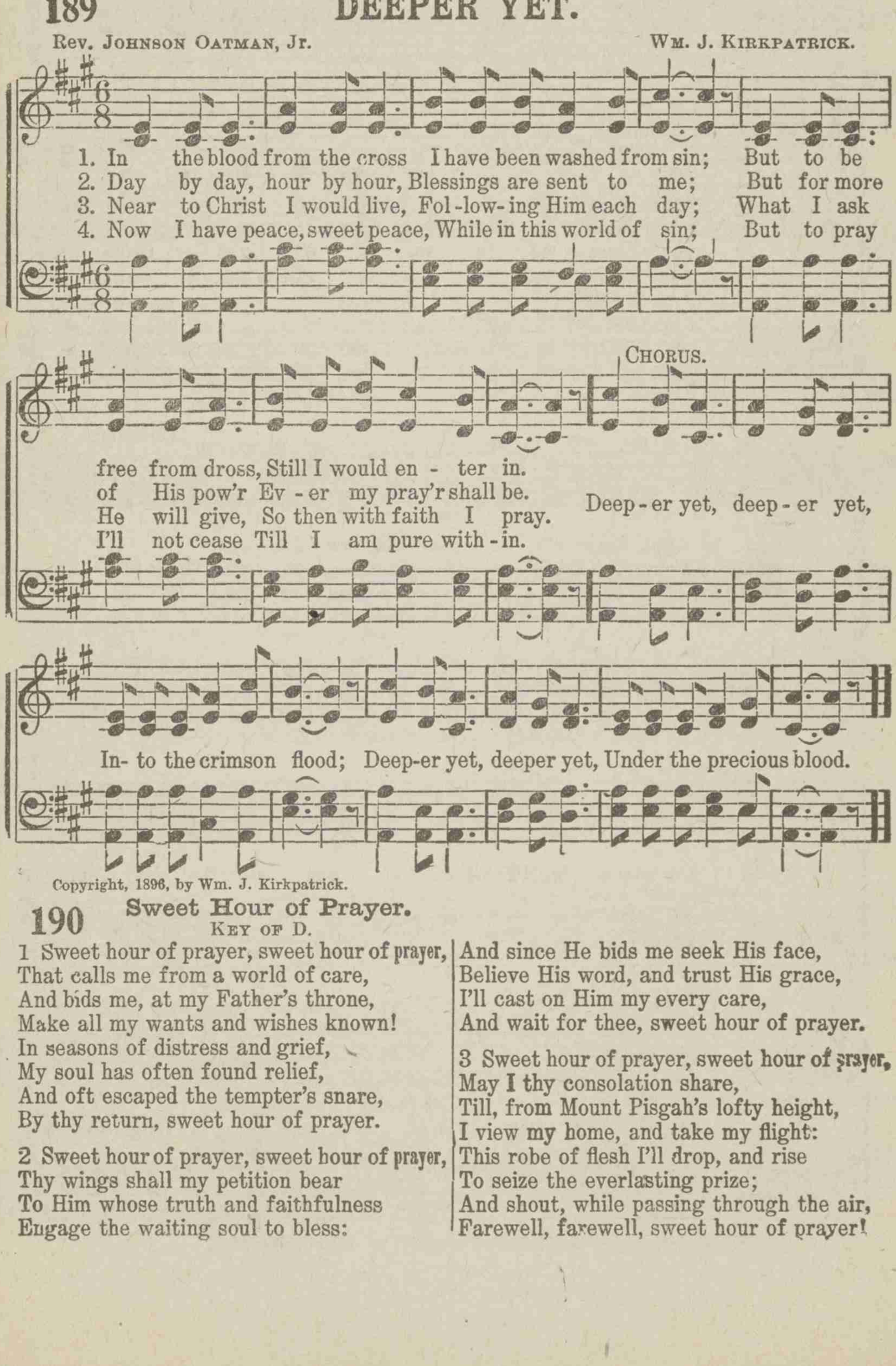
Copyright, 1881, by James McGranahan. Winona Pub. Co., owners. Used by permission.

THE CROWNING DAY. Concluded.



189 DEEPER YET.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

190 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

KEY OF D.

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

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

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

191 THINK OF JESUS.

REV. W. C. POOLE. Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. L. L. PICKETT.

1. When the winds are fair and the days are bright, Think of
2. When your heart is glad and is filled with song, Think of
3. But if work seems hard that you have to do, Think of
4. Or if days seem long and the clouds hang low, Think of

Je - sus—Bless - ed Je - sus; It will help to keep you in
Je - sus—Bless - ed Je - sus; When you've won the fight—when you've
Je - sus—Bless - ed Je - sus; It will light - er make life's
Je - sus—Bless - ed Je - sus; It will bright - er make life's

CHORUS.

paths of right, Think of Je - sus—Bless-ed Je - sus.
conquered wrong, Think of Je - sus—Bless-ed Je - sus. Think of Je - sus
load for you, Think of Je - sus—Bless-ed Je - sus.
way be - low, Think of Je - sus—Bless-ed Je - sus.

in the morn - ing, Think of Je - sus all the day, Think of

Je - sus in the night-shades, It will help you a - long life's way.

192 JESUS KNOWS AND CARES.

M. S. MARGARET SHULTZ.

1. On life's path - way are there cross-es? Je - sus knows and cares;
2. Tho' life's shad -ows dark are fall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
3. When the e - ven - tide is near-ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
4. Are you heav - y bur - dens bear-ing? Je - sus knows and cares;

1. On life's pathway are there crosses? Jesus knows and Jesus cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Je - sus knows and cares;
Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;
Glad - ly all your sor-row shar - ing, Je - sus knows and cares;

Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es? Jesus knows and Jesus cares;

Does there come the hour of weep-ing, Treasures van - ish from your keep-ing,
Tho' the years their griefs are bringing, Hush-ing ev - 'ry voice of sing-ing,
When with tears the eyes are fill - ing, An - guish deep the soul is thrill-ing,
Tho' your life be filled with cry - ing, Pleasures vanished, joys be dy - ing,

Bit - ter pain your heart be reap-ing? Je - sus knows and cares.
Fear ye not, the cry is ring-ing, Je - sus knows and cares.
Peace he brings, his heart is will - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
Yet look up be - yond the sigh - ing; Je - sus knows and cares.

Bitter pain your heart be reaping? Jesus knows and Jesus cares.

Copyright, 1902, by Pepper Publishing Co. Used by per.

193 JESUS IS PASSING.

L. L. PICKETT. Words of Chorus from SALVATION ARMY. L. L. PICKETT.



Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

4 Oh, turn to Him with all your heart,
And yield at once your will;
He long has sought to save your soul,
He waits in mercy still.

5 But if you still His calls refuse,
Fearful will be the cost;
Your days of grace will soon be o'er,
And you forever lost.

194 THE DAY OF GRACE.

Tune: CAPELLO. S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

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

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

John Doboll.

FROM "TEARS AND TRIUMPHS COMBINED."

No. 195 WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O Land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, sheltering dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,
work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home.
We'll work till Je - sus comes,

No. 196 THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Oh, now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide; Je -
2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood; It
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin, With
4. A - maz - ing grace! 'tis heav'n be - low, To feel the blood ap - plied; And

sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.
speaks! pol - lut - ed na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans - ing flood.
heart made pure, and gar - ments white, And Christ en-throned with - in.
Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus knows: My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

THE CLEANSING WAVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and, oh, it cleanseth me! Oh,
praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me! It cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me!

No. 197 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING-GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crown and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your voices

Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we;
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Chris-tian
We have Christ's own prom - ise, Which can nev - er fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.

198 ALL FOR JESUS.

Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

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

With expression.



1. My all I would give to Je - sus For Him I would dai - ly live;
2. My bod - y, my soul and spir - it, A sac - ri- fice living I bring;
3. My hands they shall work to please Him, My mon - ey be laid at His feet;
4. My voice I would yield in prais - es, My feet in His ways shall run;





And O may His Spir - it fill me As to Him my life I give.
In pov - er - ty or in plen - ty, I crown Him my Lord and King.
I'll seek all my pil - grim jour-ney, To do His dear will so sweet.
And then in the day of crown-ing I hope He shall say, "Well done."



CHORUS.



All for Je - sus, All for Je - sus, For Him a - lone would I live;



All for Je - sus, All for Je - sus, To Him my life I give.

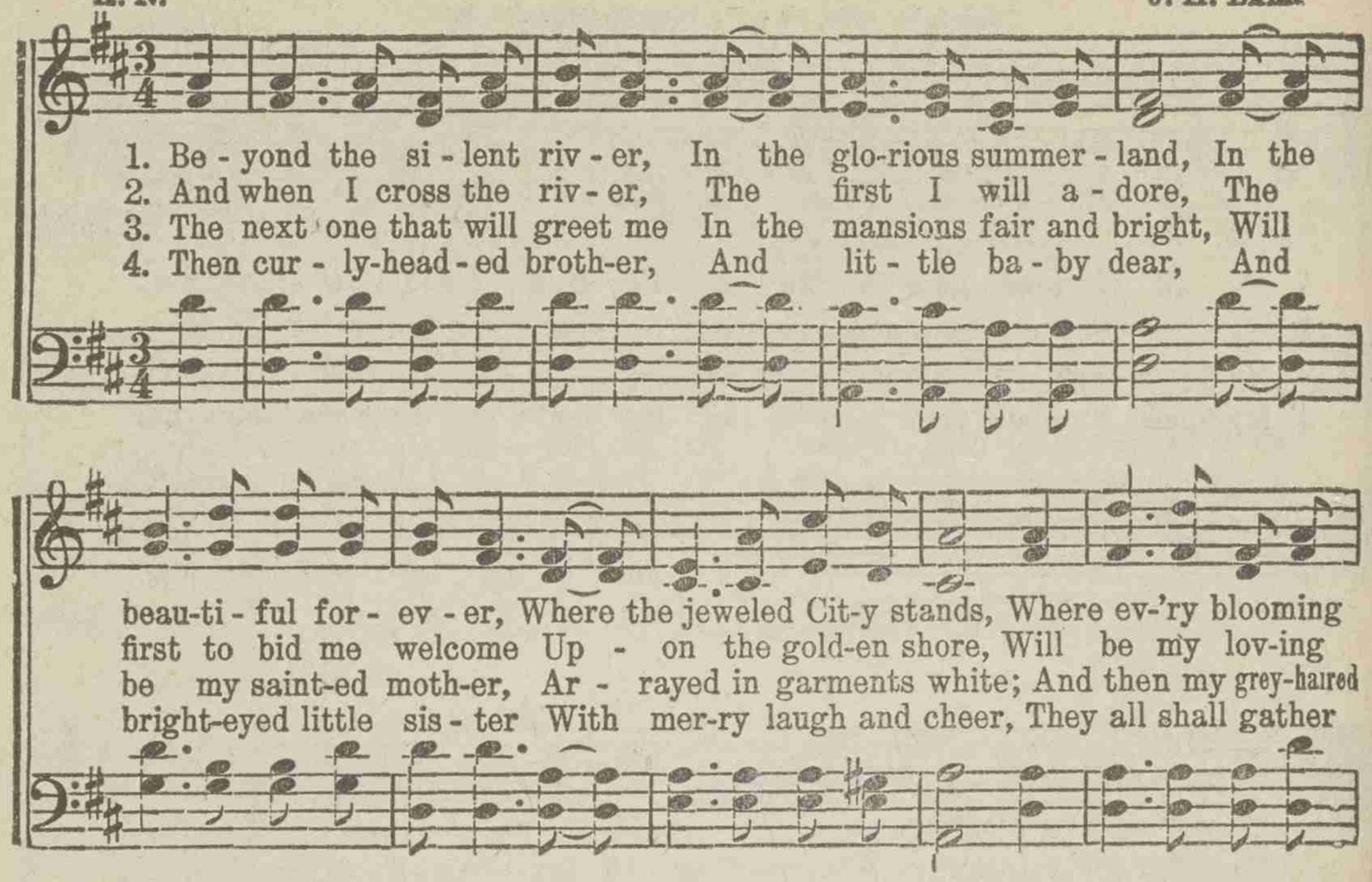


199

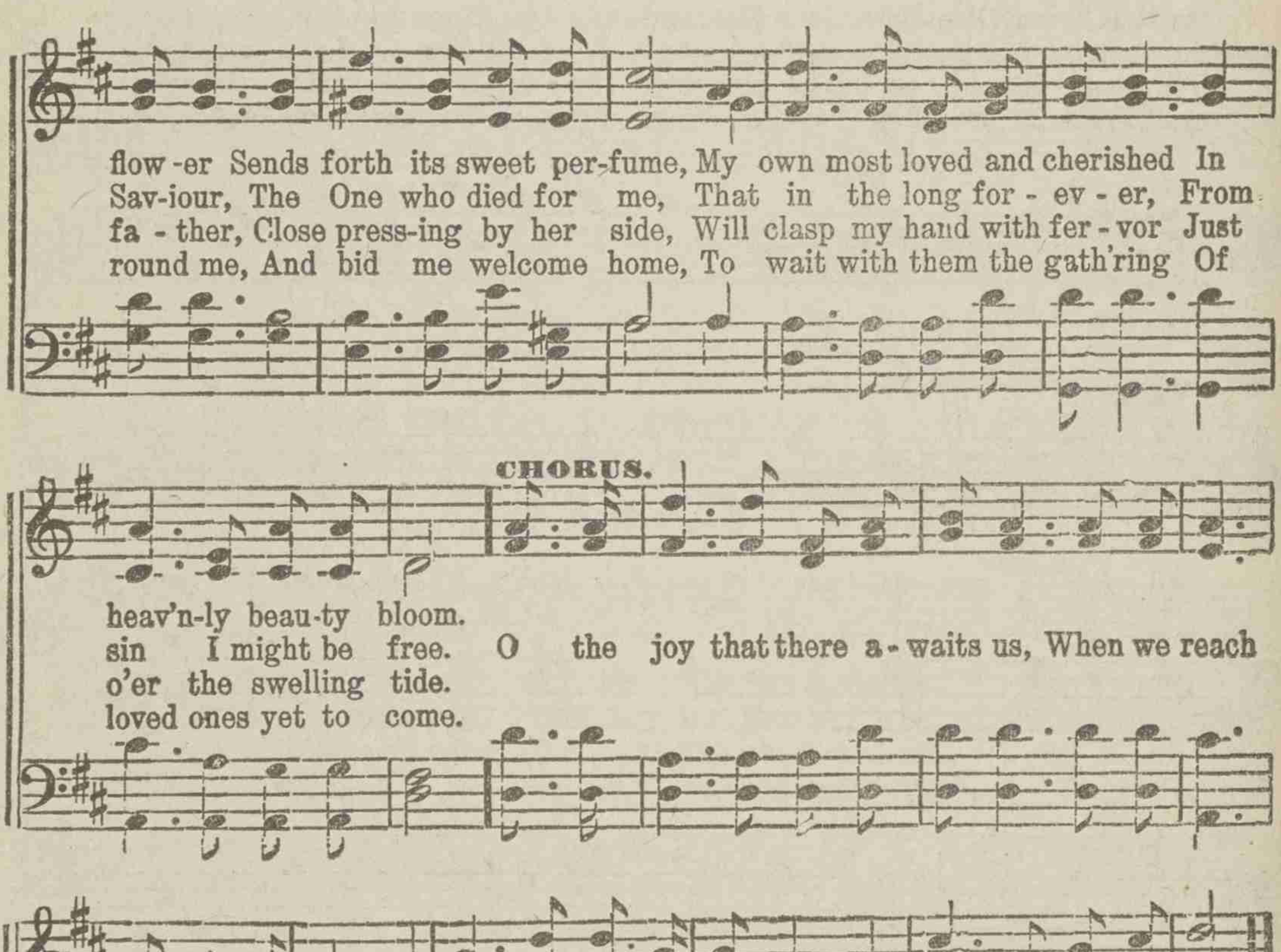
THE SILENT RIVER.

A. N. J. H. BARR

1. Be - yond the si - lent riv - er, In the glo-rious summer - land, In the beau-ti - ful for - ev - er, Where the jeweled Cit-y stands, Where ev-'ry blooming
2. And when I cross the riv - er, The first I will a - dore, The first to bid me welcome Up - on the gold-en shore, Will be my lov-ing
3. The next one that will greet me In the mansions fair and bright, Will be my saint-ed moth-er, Ar - rayed in garments white; And then my grey-haired
4. Then cur - ly-head - ed broth-er, And lit - tle ba - by dear, And bright-eyed little sis - ter With mer-ry laugh and cheer, They all shall gather

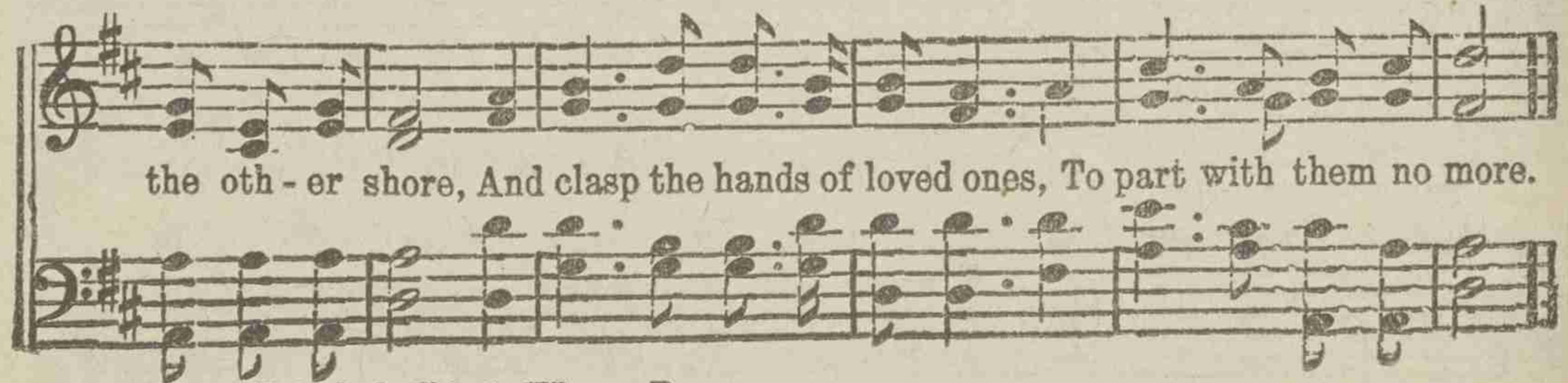


flow - er Sends forth its sweet per-fume, My own most loved and cherished In heav'n-ly beau-ty bloom.
Sav-iour, The One who died for me, That in the long for - ev - er, From sin I might be free. O the joy that there a - waits us, When we reach
fa - ther, Close press-ing by her side, Will clasp my hand with fer - vor Just o'er the swelling tide.
round me, And bid me welcome home, To wait with them the gath'ring Of loved ones yet to come.



CHORUS.

the oth - er shore, And clasp the hands of loved ones, To part with them no more.



Copyright, 1905, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

200. IN THE CLOUDS BYE AND BYE.

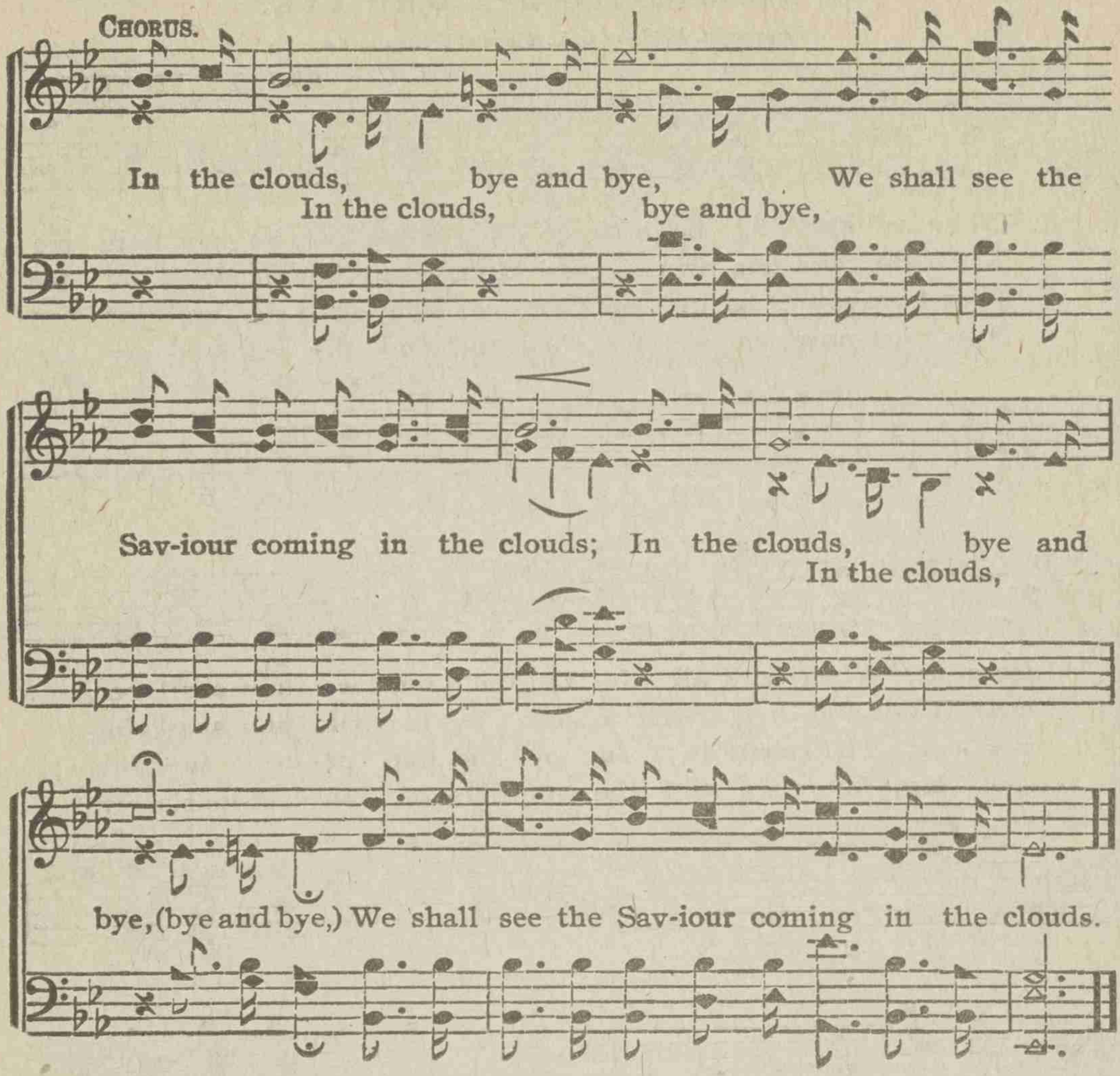
Copyright, 1919, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

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

1. When we rise to be with Je - sus, When from ev - 'ry pain He frees us, When with all the ransom'd ones we then shall be;
2. When He calls His own to greet Him, When they rise with joy to meet Him, Loud their songs of hal - le - lu - jah then shall ring;
3. Then thru countless a - ges ev - er, They shall sin and suf - fer nev - er, They shall dwell in joy and hap - pi - ness su - preme;
4. Hear us now as we are shouting, And the en - e - my are rout - ing, As we tell the won-ders of our Sav-iour's love;

With our hal - le - lu - jahs ring-ing, We shall join the saints in sing- ing, When we see the Sav - iour com-ing in the clouds.
They shall cast their crowns be-fore Him, And as one shall all a- dore Him, As Re - deem - er, Lord and Sav-iour, and as King.
They shall walk in light and glo - ry, And re - peat re- demption's sto - ry, How up - on the cross He did their souls re - deem.
Sin - ner, hear our Je - sus call - ing, Lo, the show'rs of grace are fall - ing, Won't you jour-ney with us to that home a - bove?

IN THE CLOUDS BYE AND BYE.



201. Tune, "OLD BLACK JOE."



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

Chorus.

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

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

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

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

—Rev. L. L. Pickett.

Copyright of author.

No. 202 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un-seen things above, Of Je - sus and His glory,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the golden fancies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true;
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is-fies my long-ings, As noth-ing else can do.
And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto-ry,
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

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

No. 203 NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

FINE.

1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kind-ling, flam-ing, glow-ing, / High-er still and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; } Life im-mor - tal
2. { Now I am from bond-age freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en; / Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as hea-ven: } 'Tis a glo - rious
3. { Let the tes - ti - mo - ny roll, Roll thro' ev - 'ry na-tion, / Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul This im-mense sal - va-tion; } Now I know it's

D.C.–*I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*
I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
For I feel it sav - ing me, Glo-ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.

I re-ceive; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
li - ber - ty; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!
full and free; Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us;
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

204 TELL OF CHRIST WHO CAME.

L. L. P. Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. L. L. PICKETT.

With expression.

1. The Lord of glo - ry ev - er lives, He from the grave a - rose; He burst the pris-on bars of death—De-feat-ing all His foes. To heav'n a-bove He did as-cend, A Vic - tor of re - nown, And soon in tri - umph
2. His en - e - mies with fiend- ish hate Sealed well the guard-ed tomb; And thus they tho't to make se - cure, His death, and end-less doom. But He was Lord of deathless life, Its pow'r is His a - lone, And thus He rose, death's
3. Ere long we'll hear His trum-pet sound, His faith-ful then shall rise, And sweep beyond the mountain tops Up thro' yon vault-ed skies, They then will join the an - gel host In rich - est notes of praise, To Fa - ther, Son and

CHORUS.

He'll re-turn, And all His faithful crown.
Con - quer-or, And went up to His throne. Tell of the Christ who came,
Ho - ly Ghost, Thro'-out the end-less days.

Pub-lish a - broad His fame; All of His truth proclaim; Ex-alt our Saviour King.

205 YOU MAY HAVE THE JOYBELLS.

J. EDW. RUARK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You may have the joybells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you journey home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev -'ry day, Own His right to

from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those around you sweetly show; Words of kindness always say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev -'ry ser-vice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your

Je - sus ev -'ry day, He will keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joybells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ringing in your heart.

D. S. He will keep the joybells ring-ing in your heart.

CHORUS.

Joy - - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - - bells
Ringing in your heart, You may have the joybells

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

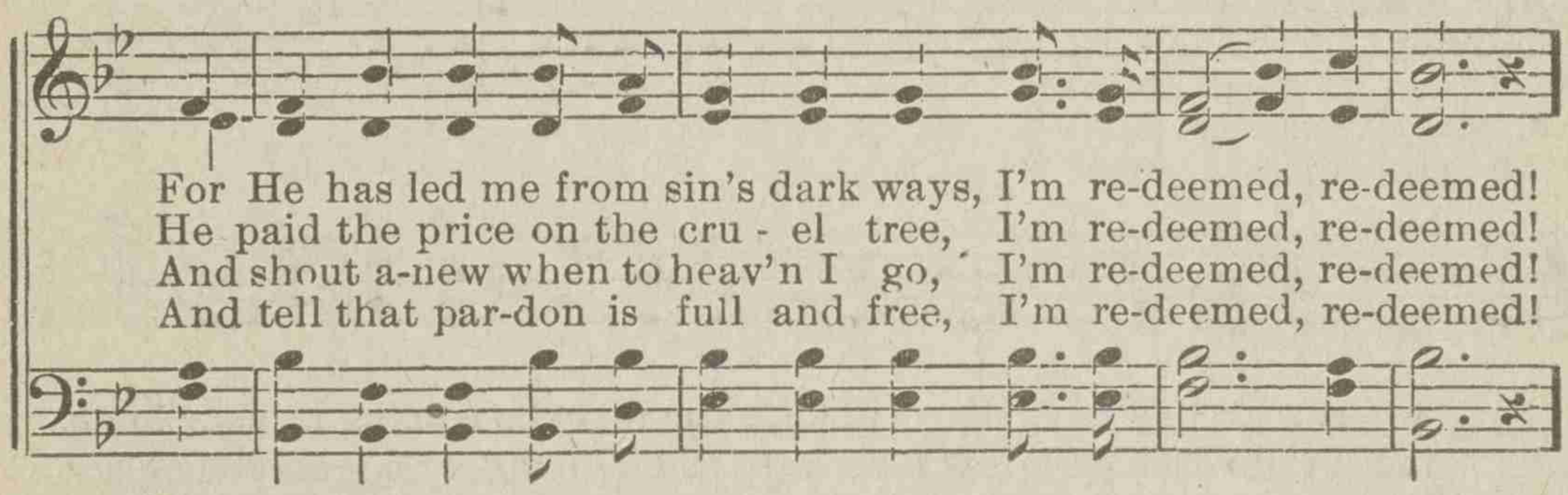
YOU MAY HAVE THE JOYBELLS. Concluded.

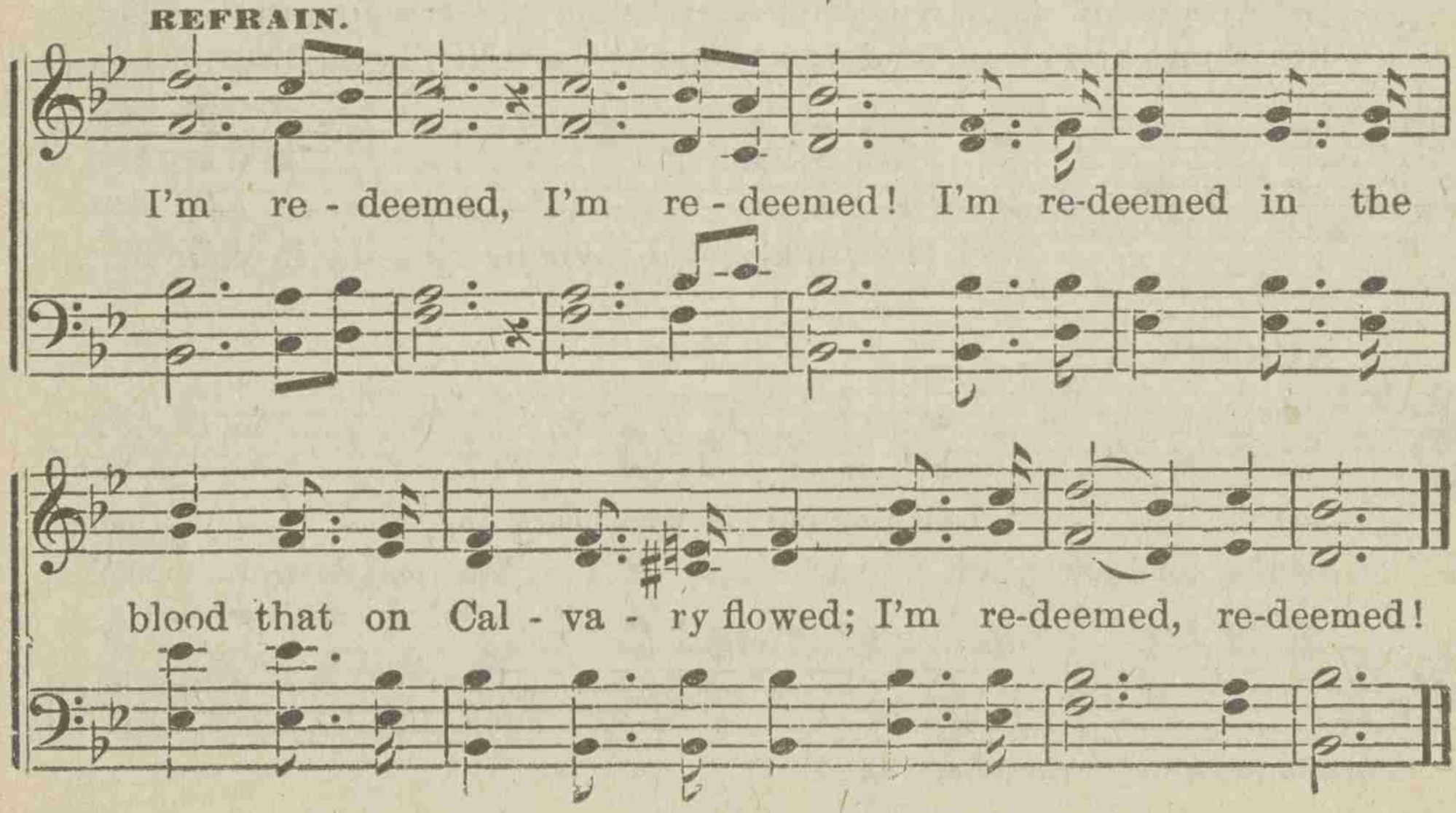


I'M REDEEMED. 206

A. S. KIEFFER. WM. B. BLAKE.







No. 207 A Soul Winner for Jesus.

"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul."—Ps. 19: 7.

Copyright, 1907, by J. E. Thomas and J. W. Ferrill. Used by per.

W. FERRILL. J. W. FERRILL.

1. I want to be a soul winner For Je - sus ev-'ry day, He does so much for me;
2. I want to be a soul winner And bring the lost to Christ, That they His grace may know;
3. I want to be a soul winner Till Jesus calls for me, To lay my burdens down;

I want to aid the lost sinner To leave his erring way, And be from bondage free.
I want to live for Christ ever, And do His blessed will, Be-cause He loves me so.
I want to hear Him say, servant, "You've gathered many sheaves, Receive a starry crown."

CHORUS.

A soul..... winner for Je - sus, A soul..... winner for
A soul win-ner for Je-sus Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Je-sus

Je - sus, O let me be each day A soul..... win-ner for
Christ the Lord, O let me be each day A soul winner for Je - sus

Je - sus, A soul..... winner for Je - sus, He's done so much for me.
Christ the Lord, A soul winner for Jesus Christ the Lord,

208 THIS IS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME.

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

1. We find man-y peo-ple who can't un-der-stand Why we are so hap-py and free; We've cross'd o-ver Jor-dan to Ca-naan's fair land,
2. So when we are hap-py we sing and we shout, Some don't un-der-stand us, I see; We're filled with the Spir-it, there is-n't a doubt,
3. We've heard the sweet mu-sic, the heav-en-ly chord, From Glo-ry Land o-ver the sea; A soul-thrill-ing mes-sage from Je-sus our Lord,
4. We're look-ing for Je-sus with glo-ry to come, 'Tis Je-sus who died on the tree; A cloud of bright an-gels to car-ry us home,

CHORUS.

And this is like heav-en to me.
And this is like heav-en to me.
And this is like heav-en to me.
Oh, that will be heav-en to me.

1–3. Oh, this is like heav-en to
4. Oh, that will be heav-en to

me (to me), Yes, this is like heav-en to me (to me); I've crossed o-ver
me (to me), Yes, that will be heav-en to me (to me); A cloud of bright

Jor-dan to Canaan's fair land, And this is like heav-en to me (to me).
an-gels to car-ry me home, Yes, that will be heav-en to me (to me).

Copyright, 1903, by Purity Pub. Co. By per. C. F. Weigele, owner.

209 THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

E. W. P. EDNA W. PATIN.

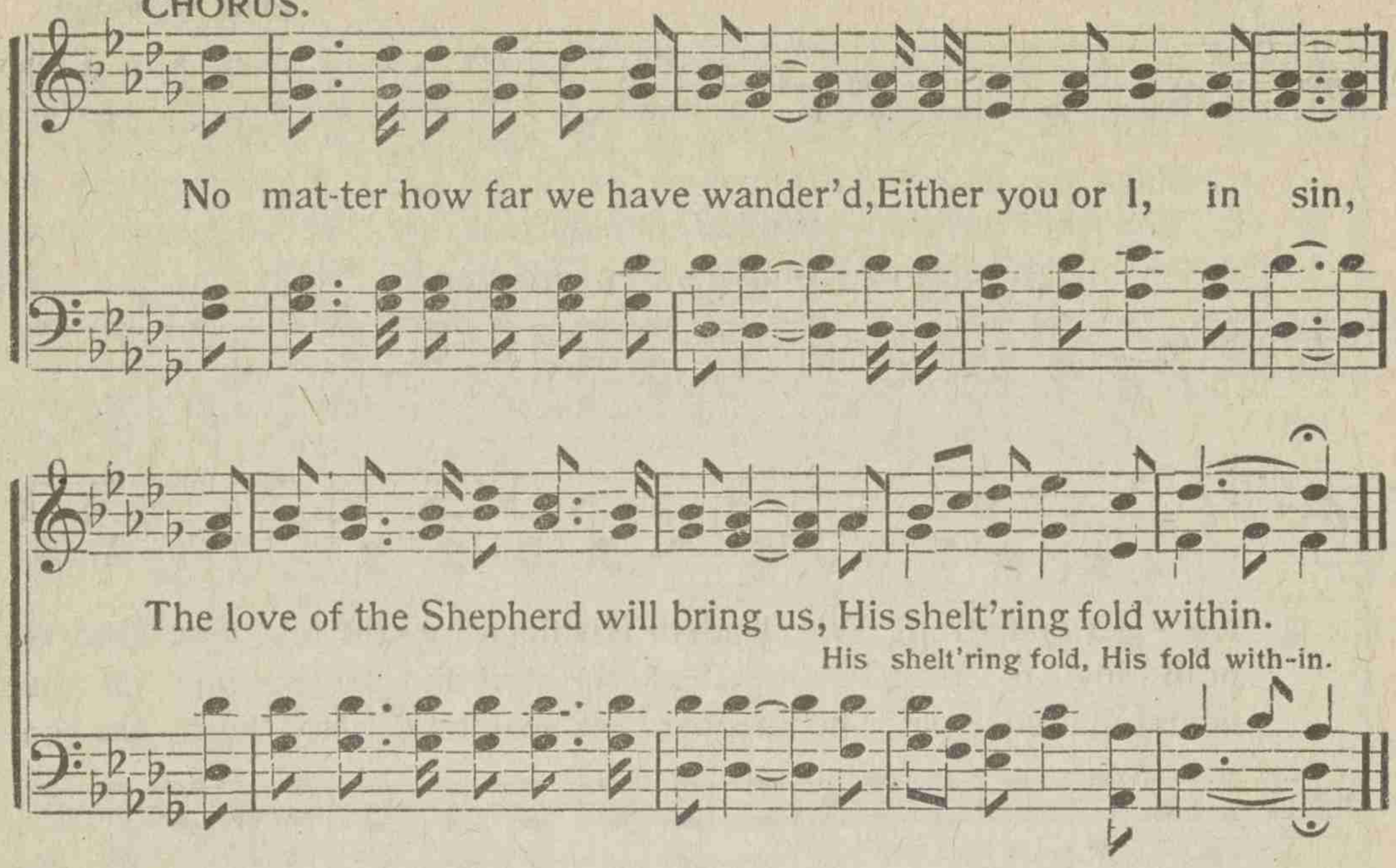
1. Have you heard of the won-der-ful Je-sus, This Shepherd so ten-der and strong, Who leadeth His flock by still wa-ters; And is
2. Tho' they walk thro' the dark, lonely val-ley, H'is flocks there have noth-ing to fear; For they have the staff and the com-fort Of their
3. Al-though some of His own sheep will wander Out on the dark mountains so cold, The Shepherd will search till He finds them And shall

nev-er for-get-ful nor wrong? Do you know of this Christ, the good Shepherd who ev-er is near; Some are staying con-tent in the bring them a-gain to the fold; For He leav-eth the nine-ty-nine Shep-herd, Who doth gather the lambs in His arms, And car-ries them sheep-fold, And are guided by Him day by day; Safe kept from the safe ones For the one who has wandered a-way, Re-turn-ing at home in His bo-som, Where He keepeth them safe from all harm. roads, rough, and rug-ged, By the Shepherd who lead-eth the way. last with the lost one, Oh, so glad to come back and to stay!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY KERSEY & MORRIS.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. Concluded.

CHORUS.



210 HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. KEY A♭.

1 There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

CHO.—Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because He first loved me.

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

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

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

211 FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. WELLS. KEY G.

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

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever, near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering 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,
Glad to know our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

BEHOLD A STRANGER.

Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks,—has knocked be-fore;
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and load-ed hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will,—the ver - y Friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with grati-tude di-vine: Turn out His en - e - my and thine,—
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn: His feet, de - part - ed, ne'er re- turn!

Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners? Yes 'tis He, With gar-ments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de-stroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

He's knocking, O He's knocking; Je - sus
He's knocking, ev - er knocking, knocking, knocking still,

Christ is gent-ly knocking at thy heart's closed door; Yes, He's knocking,
Yes, He's knocking, knocking still,

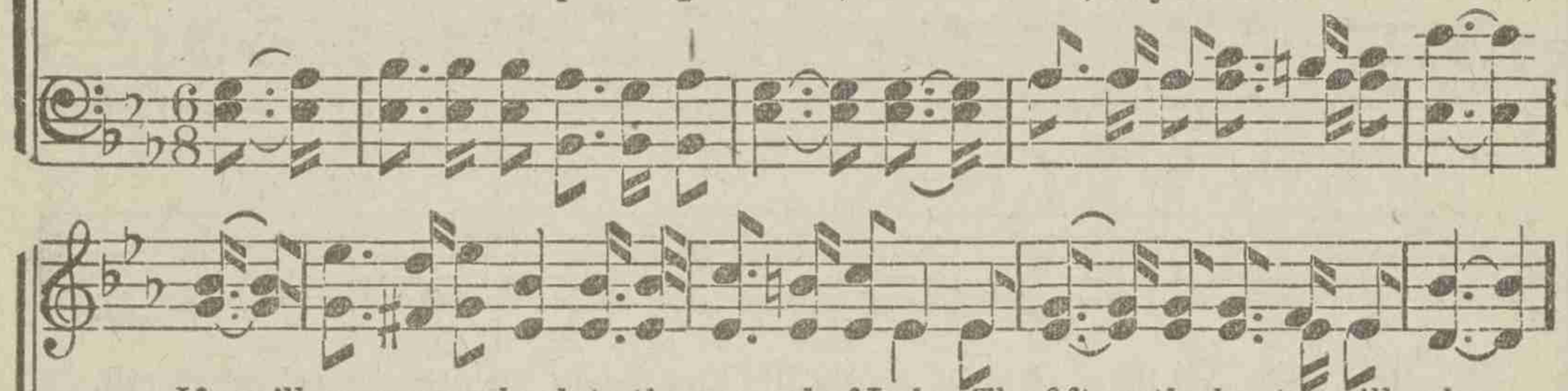
kind - ly knocking; Will you rise and o - pen wide the door?
knocking, knocking still;

213 GLORY TO GOD, HE'S COME HOME.

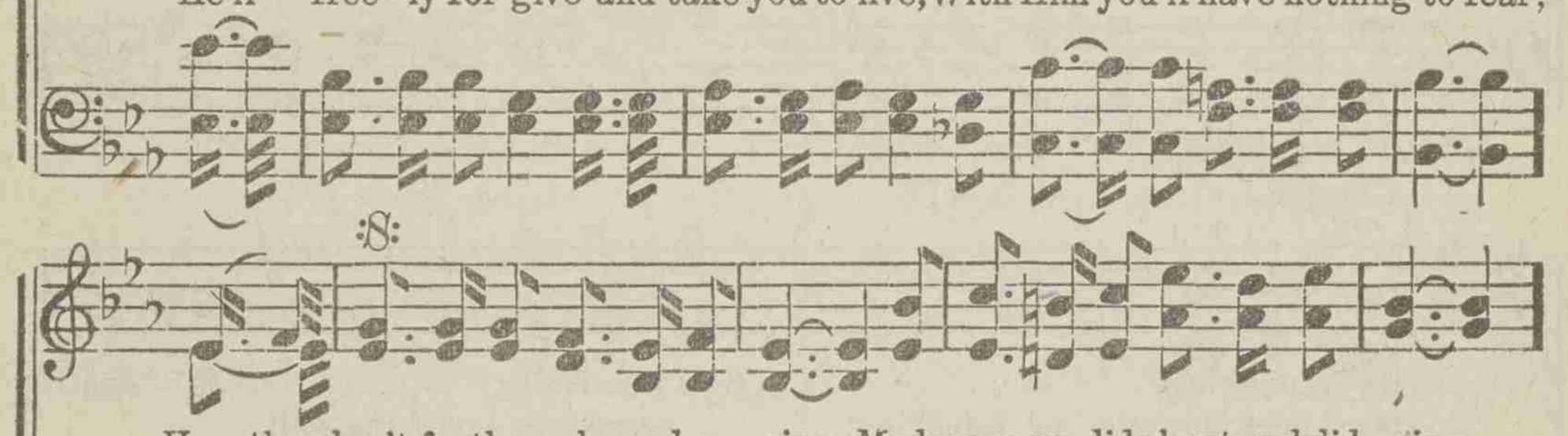
A. N. N. Arr. by C. E. Pollock.



1. In the Bi - ble we read, you all know, Of a prod-i-gal saved here be-low;
2. How bright were his hopes on that day, When the prod-i-gal turned him a-way,
3. We know ver-y well that the lad Came home ver-y wear-y and sad,
4. The el - der broth-er drew near, He the danc-ing and music could hear,
5. O if there's a prod-i-gal here, Come now, to your Father draw near,



If you'll open your book to the gos-pel of Luke, The fifteenth chapter will show
From home and from rest, from all that was best, He put no restraint nor delay;
He knew he'd gone wrong, with the riotous throng, He tho't of all that was bad;
So his servant he sent to ask what it meant, They told him his brother had come;
He'll free - ly for-give and take you to live, With Him you'll have nothing to fear;

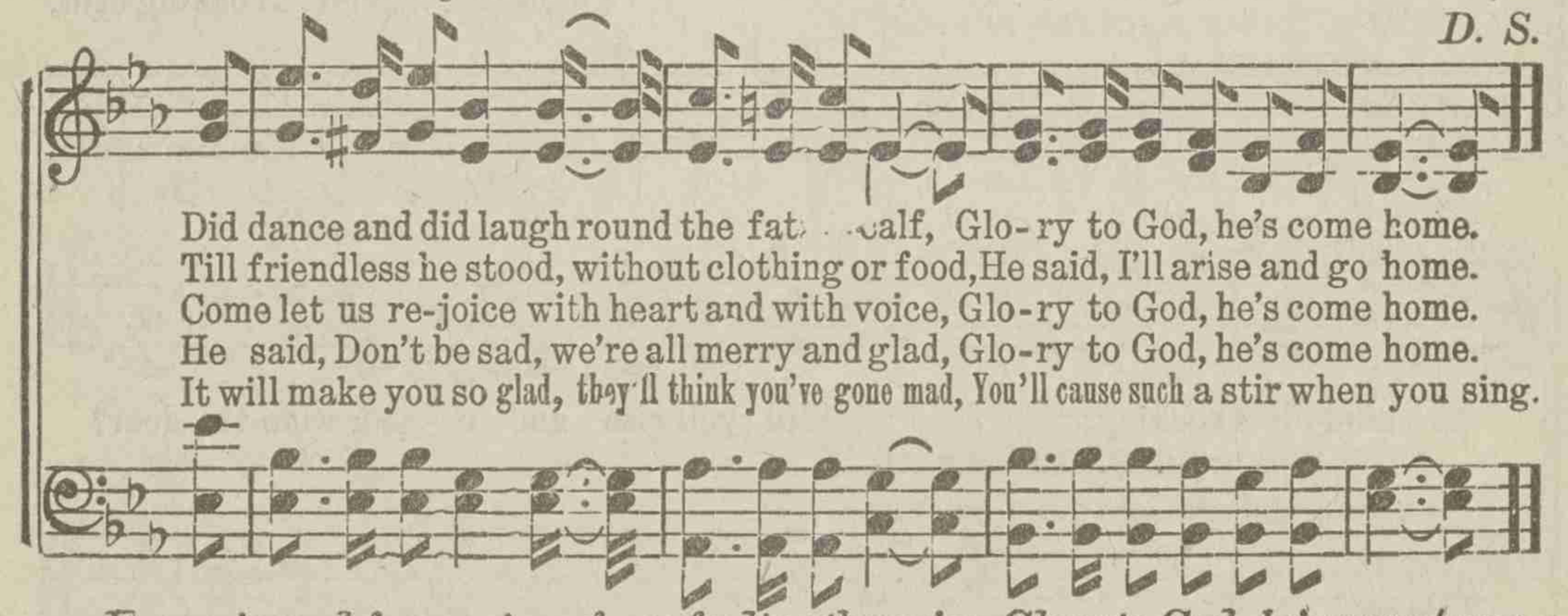


How they bro't forth a robe and a ring, Made mer-ry, did shout and did sing,
He banished all tho't of his home, And wished but in freedom to roam,
But to cheer him his father would sing, While the air with the music would ring,
Then his fa-ther came outside to him, And begged him that he would come in,
And the bells of heav - en will ring, At the birth of the child of a King,



D.S.—*Glo-ry to God, he's come home,* *Glory to God, he's come home,*

D. S.



Did dance and did laugh round the fat calf, Glo-ry to God, he's come home.
Till friendless he stood, without clothing or food, He said, I'll arise and go home.
Come let us re-joice with heart and with voice, Glo-ry to God, he's come home.
He said, Don't be sad, we're all merry and glad, Glo-ry to God, he's come home.
It will make you so glad, they'll think you've gone mad, You'll cause such a stir when you sing.

From sin and from crime, from feeding the swine, Glory to God, he's come home.

Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

SOME SWEET MORN.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. Jno. R. Bryant.



Copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Bryant.

5 Some sweet day our tongue shall tell,
All the story of His love.
Some sweet day our song shall swell,
Loud and sweet as songs above.

6 Some sweet morn we 'll see His face,
And we shall be satisfied.
Some sweet day in His embrace,
We shall evermore abide.

Owned by L. L. Pickett.

215. O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE.

CHAS. WESLEY. Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. L. L. PICKETT.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis - sive, meek, My great Re - deem- er's throne,
3. O for a low - ly, con- trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry tho't re-newed, And full of love di - vine;

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which nei- ther life nor death can part, From Him that dwells with - in!
Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

CHORUS.

We'll praise..... His match- less name, The
We'll praise His name, His matchless name,

name..... of Christ our King, With all His ransomed
We'll praise His name, His matchless name,

ones we'll join To spread a- broad His fame;
And (*Omit*).....make His prais - es ring.

216 WONDERFUL IS THE NAME.

ISA 9:6.

L. L. P. Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Won-der-ful is the name, Matchless His grace and fame, Glad-ly His
2. He is the Coun-sel-lor, He is the man of war, Might-y He
3. Fa-ther of all the days, Giv-er of joy and praise, King of the

hon-or we proclaim; Pub-lish to all the earth, Tell of the Saviour's birth,
is the lost to save; In the great coming day, He will provide a way,
na-tions far and near; Nev-er His reign shall cease, He is the King of peace,

D. S.—hot-test fray, Ev-er we press our way,

FINE. CHORUS.

And of redemption thro' His name.
So He can crown the true and brave. Praise to our King Ev-er we
Soon in the clouds He shall ap-pear.

On-ly to Je-sus we be-long.

D. S.

sing. Glad-ly this song we will pro-long; In-to the

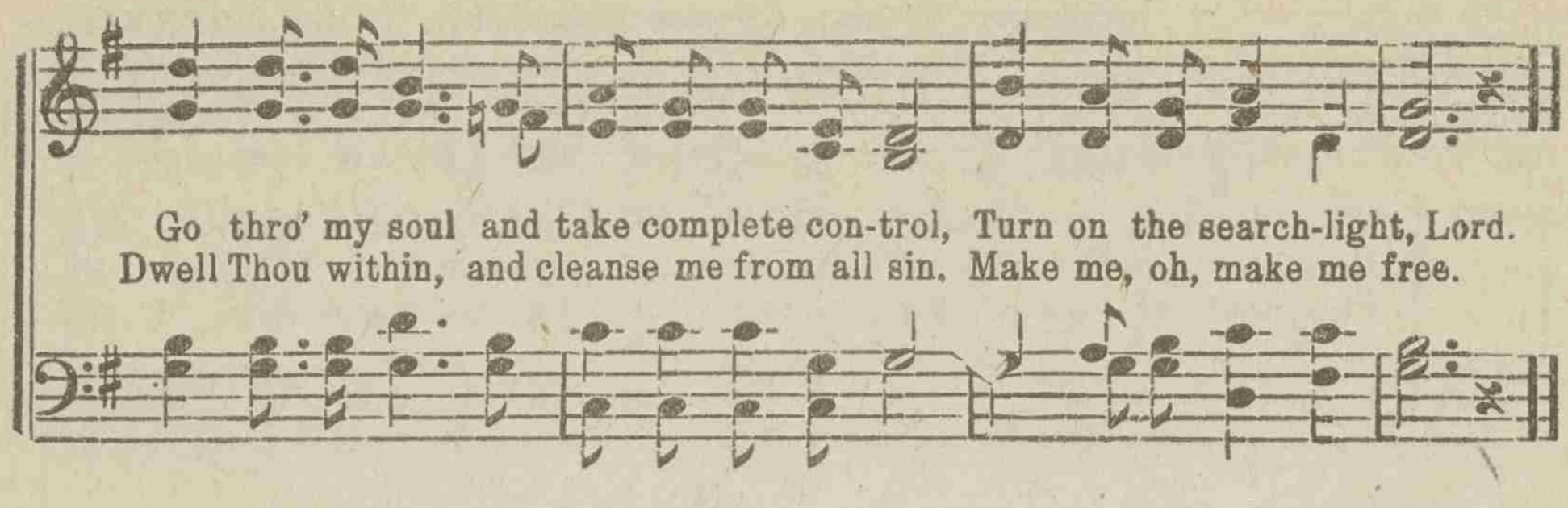
217 MAKE ME, O MAKE ME FREE.

L. L. P. Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. L. L. PICKETT.

CHORUS. *Use only while kneeling in prayer.*

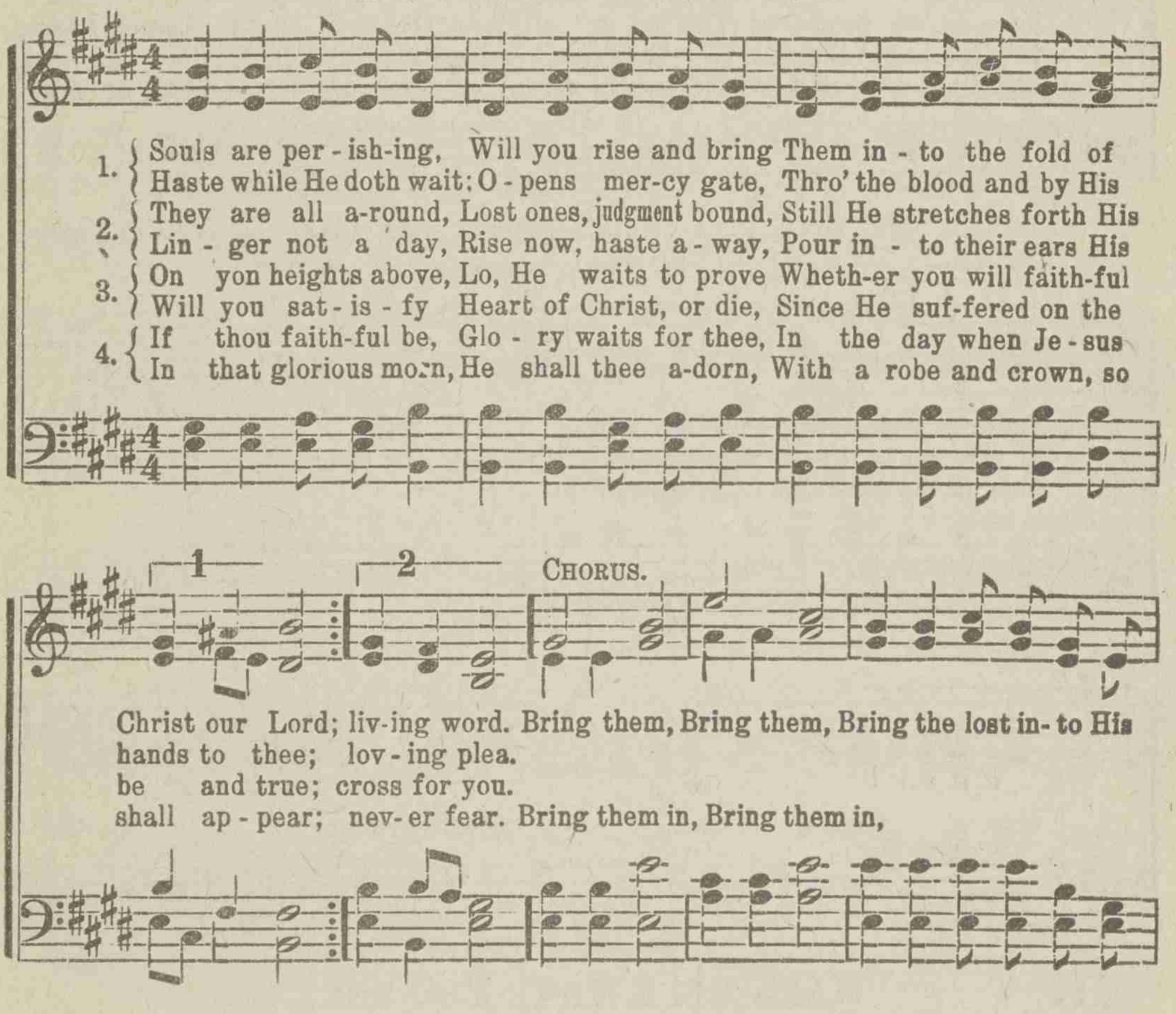
CHO.—Turn on the search-light, Lord, Turn on the search-light, Lord;
Make me, oh, make me free; Free from the stains of sin;

MAKE ME, O MAKE ME FREE. Concluded.



218 BRING THEM INTO HIS FOLD.

L. L. P. Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. L. L. PICKETT.



219. DWELLING ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky

REV. J. W. F. REV. J. WATT FULTON.

1. I was once far a-way from the fold of the Lord, Burdened down with my sin's heav-y load, When a mes-sage did come and the Spir-it did call,
2. I was seeking for peace in the ways of the world, But my bur-den in- creased all the while, Then I called on the Lord, begging par-don for sin,
3. Since I opened my heart and the Spir-it came in, Worldly cravings no lon-ger an-noy, For the Sav-iour a-bides, and He keeps me from sin,

REFRAIN

Say-ing here, wea-ry one, is the road. Now I am dwelling on the moun-tain, And I am drink-ing from the foun-tain, And my soul..... is saved and free,
And He answered, 'tis granted, my child. And my heart is o'er-flow-ing with joy. I am dwelling now on the moun-tain top, I am drink-ing now from the liv-ing rock, blood-washed soul saved and free,
For the Sav-iour walks with me. blessed Saviour

220. GOOD NEWS.

Copyright, 1920, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

A. N. MRS. FANNIE McD. STRANG.

1. God's great love ex - tends to thee, Is not that good news? Mer - cy
2. He can save each sin - ner lost, Is not that good news? E - ven
3. He o'er-came the pow'r of sin, Is not that good news? He will
4. He is com - ing soon a - gain, Is not that good news? O'er the

flow - eth full and free, Is not that good news? One to earth from
to the ut - ter- most, Is not that good news? He will help us
dwell my heart with- in, Is not that good news? Je - sus sends the
na - tions He shall reign, Is not that good news? When He comes to

heav-en came, Bless-ed be His ho - ly name, He endured the cross of shame,
to be good, And to live as Christians should, With His mighty pow'r en-dued,
Ho - ly Ghost, As of old at Pen - te - cost, He will lead His conq'ring host,
claim His bride, We shall all be glo - ri - fied, If we faith-ful here a - bide,

CHORUS.

Is not that good news? Is not that good news? Is not that good

news? None who come will Christ re - fuse, Is not that good news?

221 CHRIST WITHIN.

Rev. B. CARRADINE. Rev. L. L. PICKETT

1. My heart was once heavy with sad-ness, And struggling with burdens and sin; But now it is thrill-ing with glad-ness, For
2. Once Je-sus would vis-it His dwelling, Then leave thro' my doubt or my sin; But now I re-joice in the tell-ing My
3. The grave was once dark to my vis-ion, A goal that I cared not to win; A gate now to coun-tries E-ly-sian! Since
4. I of-ten repined un-der cross-es And knew not re-pin-ing was sin; I shout now o'er bur-dens and loss-es, For

CHORUS.

Je-sus is dwelling within. O glo-ry to God! the Saviour has come, He
Sav-iour a-bid-eth with-in.
Je-sus is dwelling within.
Je-sus is dwelling within.

dwells in my heart and makes it His home; I hear His sweet voice, I feel His blest blood, And
shout on my way, at home and abroad, O glo-ry, O glo-ry to God.

Copyright, 1894, by L. L. Pickett.

5 Gone now is the sighing and sorrow,
The cares and the fears of the day;
I ask not what comes with the morrow,
For Jesus is in me to stay.

6 Let Satan and men now assail me,
Let Death lay me low in the grave!
The Victor within will not fail me
7 What more can I pray for or have.

222 THERE'S MUSIC IN MY SOUL!

Rev. HENRY BURTON. JOSHUA GILL. By per.

1. The world is full of sing-ing, I hear it everywhere; The flow'rs their bells are ring-ing Out on the scent-ed air: And up a-bove, a-round me, The si-lent anthems roll: The glorious Lord has found me, There's music in my soul!
2. My heart was fond of sigh-ing, With just some breaks of song, As self was ev-er try-ing To make its weak-ness strong: But now in Him con-fid-ing, His Word has made me whole, And e'er in Christ a-bid-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!
3. My life was full of sad-ness, Of o-ver-weighting care; But now the "oil of glad-ness" Has turned to praise the pray'r; And so I keep pur-su-ing, And press-ing t'ward the goal: But pray-ing, wait-ing, do-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!
4. And so my heart keeps clinging To the dear Master's Word; And it is al-ways sing-ing, Just like a spring-time bird: I know not what the harps be, Where heav'nly anthems roll; I know that heav'n is near me, There's mu-sic in my soul!

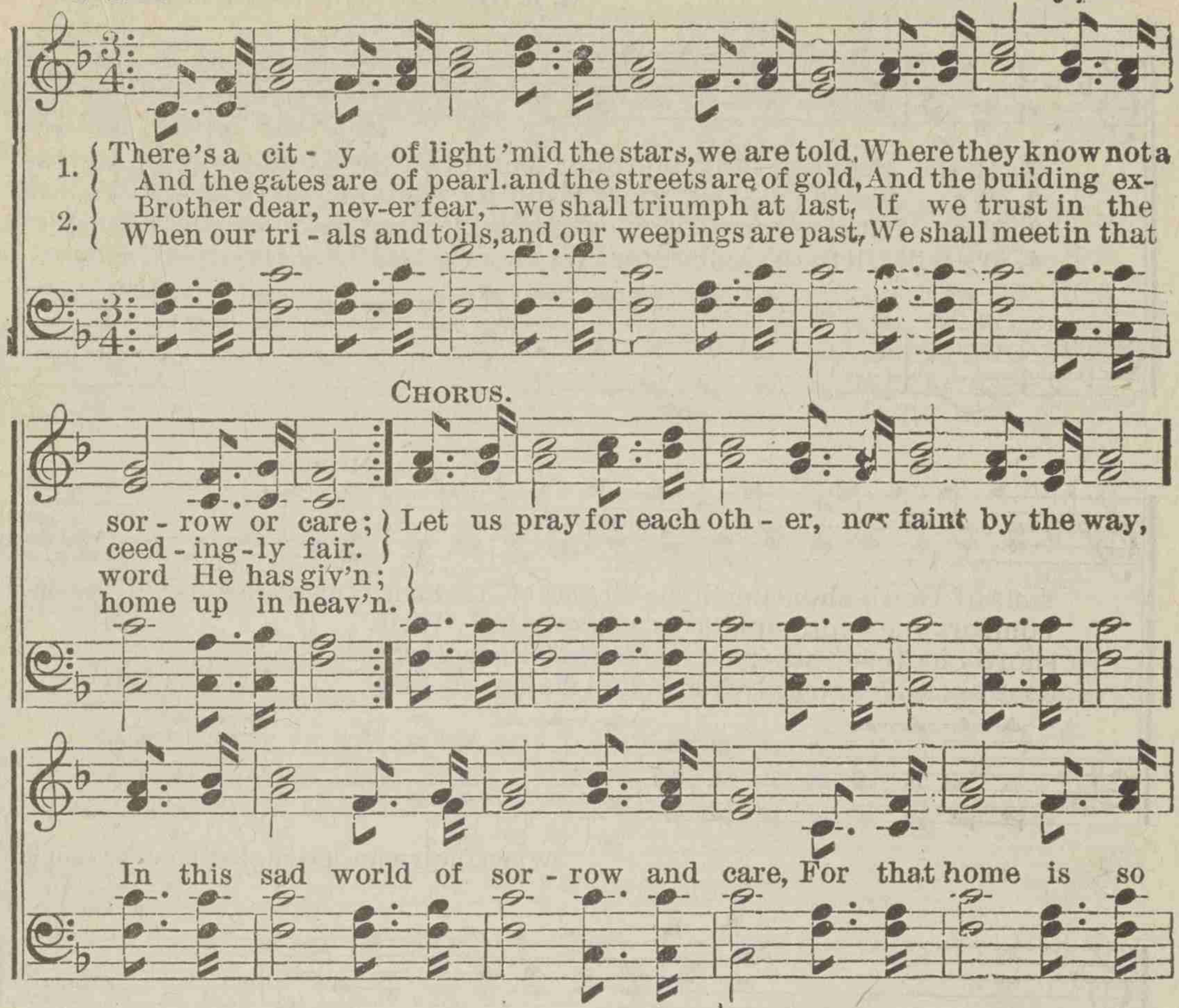
CHORUS.

The blood of Christ is flow-ing, Its waves a-round me roll; My heart with love is glow-ing, There's mu-sic in my soul!

Copyright, 1884, by Joshua Gill.

223 THE CITY OF LIGHT

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER. By per.



3 Sister dear, never fear,— for the Saviour is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.

4 Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;
Let us count all things else but as loss.

224 AND CAN I YET DELAY? S. M.

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

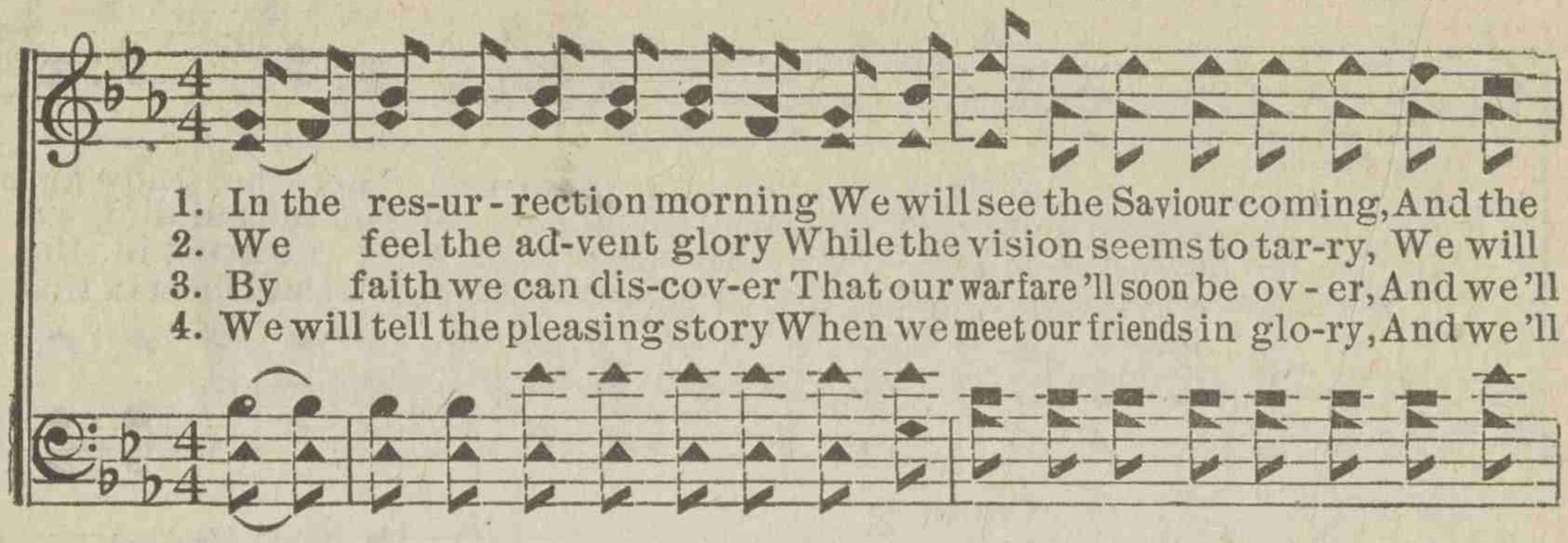
2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

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

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all Thy weight of love.

THE RESURRECTION.

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

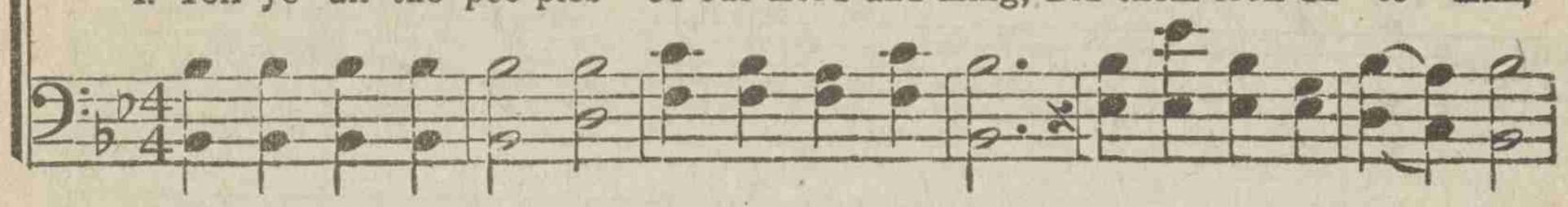


FORWARD, YE FAITHFUL.

L. L. P. Copyright, 1918, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. Rev. L. L. Pickett.



1. On, ye sons of free-dom, Lift the standard high, Throw it to the breez - es,
2. To the King e - ter - nal Full al - legiance give, For His name and hon - or
3. His the crown and scepter, His un - end-ing fame; Let us bear His im - age,
4. Tell ye all the peo-ples Of our Lord and King, Bid them look un - to Him,



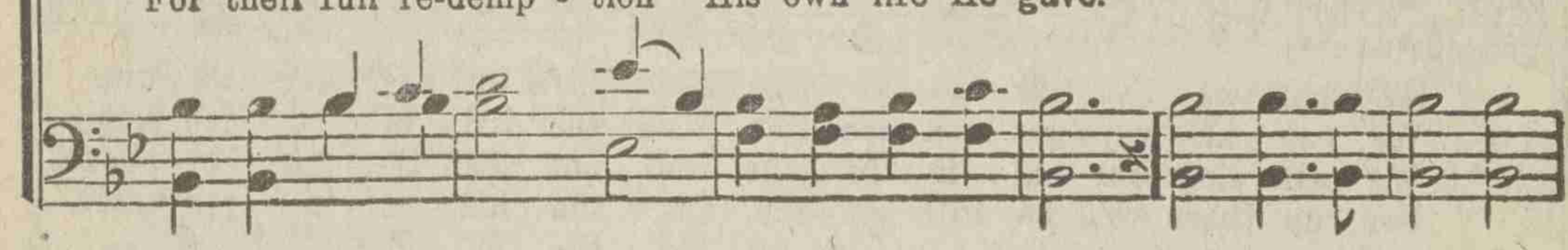


Shout your battle cry; Sound the note of vic - t'ry, Ring it far and wide,
Let us ev - er live; Seek to glo - ri - fy Him, Make His praises known,
While we wear His name. Soon He'll come in glo - ry, Ev - 'ry knee shall bow,
All their off-'rings bring. He a - lone is worth-y, He a - lone can save,





Christ is Lord and Sav - iour, There is none be - side.
Till with all the ran - somed We approach His throne. Forward, ye faith-ful,
Glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Crown Him Lord just now.
For their full re-demp - tion His own life He gave.





Preach the Cruci-fied,.... Christ is King for - ev - er, There is none beside.

227

GOD'S HALLELUJAH LINE.

Copyright, 1919, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

MRS. HATTIE J. BINGMAN. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

GOOD SOLO. *With expression.*

1. We can tel - e - phone to glo - ry On God's Hal - le - lu - jah Line,
2. I'm so glad God made pro - vis - ion For this "Hal - le - lu - jah Line,"
3. O the peace, and joy, and ser - vice We can get from such a line,
4. For up there we'll see the Sav - iour, Talk with Je - sus face to face,

All the wires are now con - nect-ed, Thro' His on - ly Son di-vine.
We can keep in touch with heav-en And the an - gels—so sub-lime.
Will re - pay our great - est ef-forts For our Sav-iour, Lord di-vine.
And will sing the song in glo - ry, How He saved us by His grace.

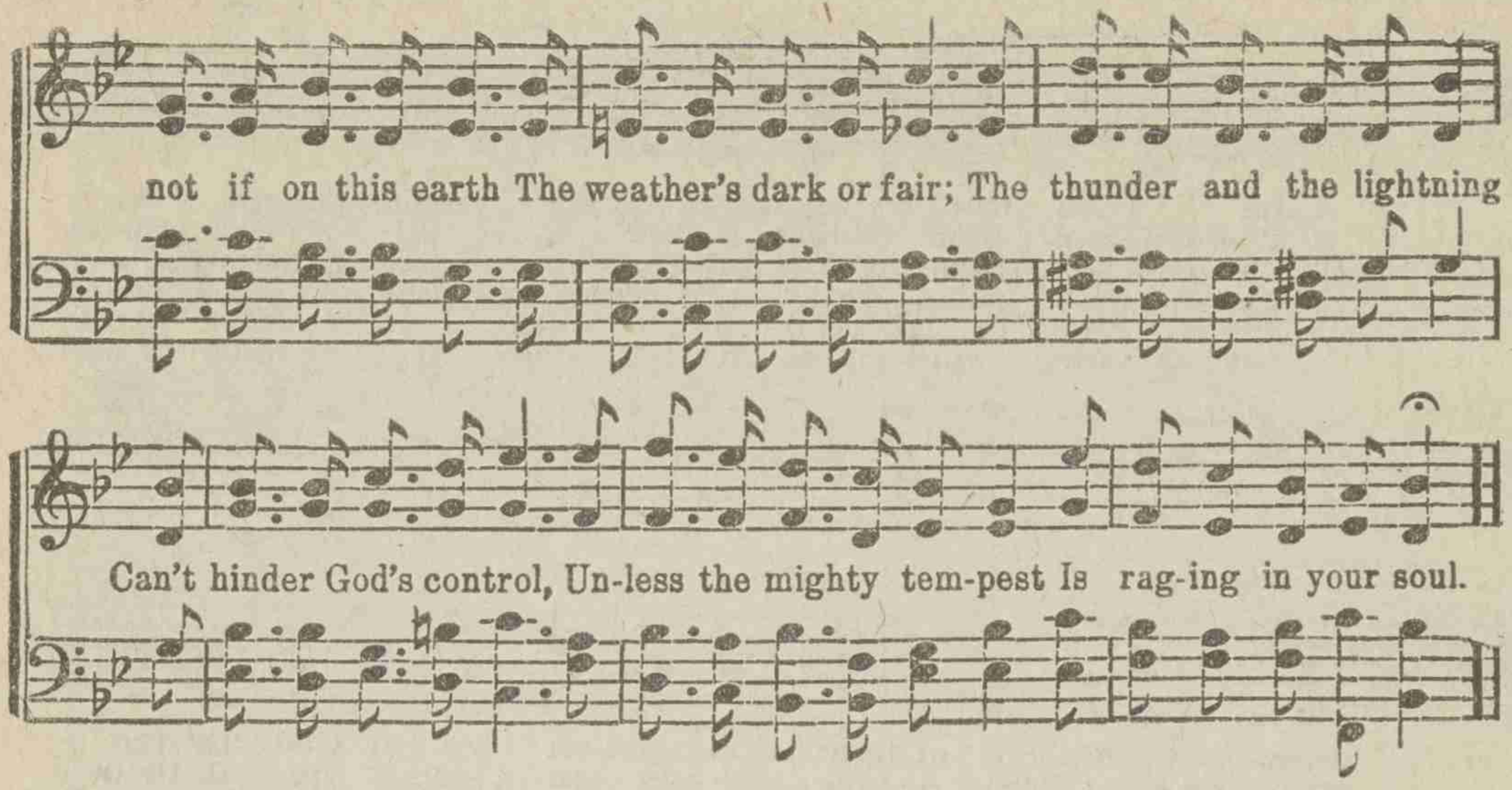
If we keep the cur - rent o - pen, From our hearts it reach - es Him,
If we do not get the wires All "crossed" up with world-ly things,
Then some day we'll go to heav-en, And will march a - round His throne,
Brok - en wires and dis - con - nec-tions Will not troub - le an - y - more,

So that we can talk to Je - sus, 'Midst life's up - roar and its din.
We can al - ways get con - nec - tion Thro' the hal - le - lu - jah rings.
We will sing our hal - le - lu - jahs, And not need the tel - e - phone.
For up there we'll be with Je - sus, On the hal - le - lu - jah shore.

CHORUS. *rit.* - - - -

We can tel - e-phone to glo - ry, An - y - time and an - y-where, It mat-ters

God's Hallelujah Line.



228 SOON CHRIST SHALL COME.

L. L. P.

Copyright, 1919, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.



CHORUS.

229 BLESSED, BLESSED CITY.

L. L. PICKETT. Arr. by J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Be - yond death's sea where the Sav - iour call-eth me, We
2. There the Sav - iour reigns in His glo - ry all di - vine, Sweet
3. There no sick - ness comes and no sor - row shall be known, No
4. There are jas - per walls and the gates of rich - est pearl, And
5. The King in His beau - ty the saints shall be-hold, And
6. Let us for - ward press to that coun - try so fair, That

know is the cit - y of light; 'Tis the cit - y of God! 'tis the
peace and great plenty a - bide; Lovely an - gels vie in their
death e'er invade its do-main; No tears ev - er fall and no
streets of the fi - nest, pure gold; The in - hab - i - tants shall
He shall be light un - to them; They each shall wave the
cit - y all glo-rious and bright, Where no darkness shall fall and no

home of the blest; And there fall - eth no shad.ow of night.
wor - ship and praise, Loudest "hal - le - lu-jahs" swell like the tide.
sighs shall ev - er rise, No sin shall ev-er en - ter, or pain.
nev - er be sick, And none of them shall ever grow old.
con - quer-or's palm, And be crowned then with bright diadem.
shad - ow shall come, We are told that there shall then be no night.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed, blessed cit - y, Thou cit - y of the King; May we shel-ter
find and a home within thy walls And a refuge 'neath our Father's wing.

Copyright, 1898, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore

230 COME, AND YOUR SOUL SHALL LIVE.

(Inscribed to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parkins.)

L. L. P. Copyright, 1921, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. "Sin-ner, come, come to-day," Je - sus gent - ly pleads; "Turn from sin,
2. Hear, O hear, He is near, Mer-cy of - fers thee; Quick-ly come,
3. Hail the King! rise and sing, Loud the notes pro-long; Swell a - broad

while you may," Still He in - ter - cedes. Hear His voice, gen - tle voice,
start for home, He will make you free. Life and peace, sweet re - lease,
praise to God, Glad - ly join the song. Tell the world, Sa - tan hurled

Hear, and your soul shall live; Home a - bove, land of love,
Brok - en the bonds of sin; Heav'n at last, an - chor cast,
From . . . . the earth shall be; Crowns of gold, to His fold

CHORUS.

He will free - ly give. Come, come, Come and your soul shall
We shall en - ter in.
Shall be giv - en free. Come, come,

live; Life, life, end - less life, Je-sus, the King, will give.

231

HE SET ME FREE.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. My soul is filled with joy and glad-ness, Since Je - sus came to me;
2. The Com - fort - er a - bides so sweet-ly With - in my soul to - day;
3. The grace of Je - sus hath a - bound-ed, For all my sin I see;

His love has ban-ished all my sad-ness, From sin He set me free.
And peace is flow - ing like a riv - er Since Je - sus came to stay.
Sal - va - tion walls hath me sur-round-ed, From sin I am set free.

CHORUS.

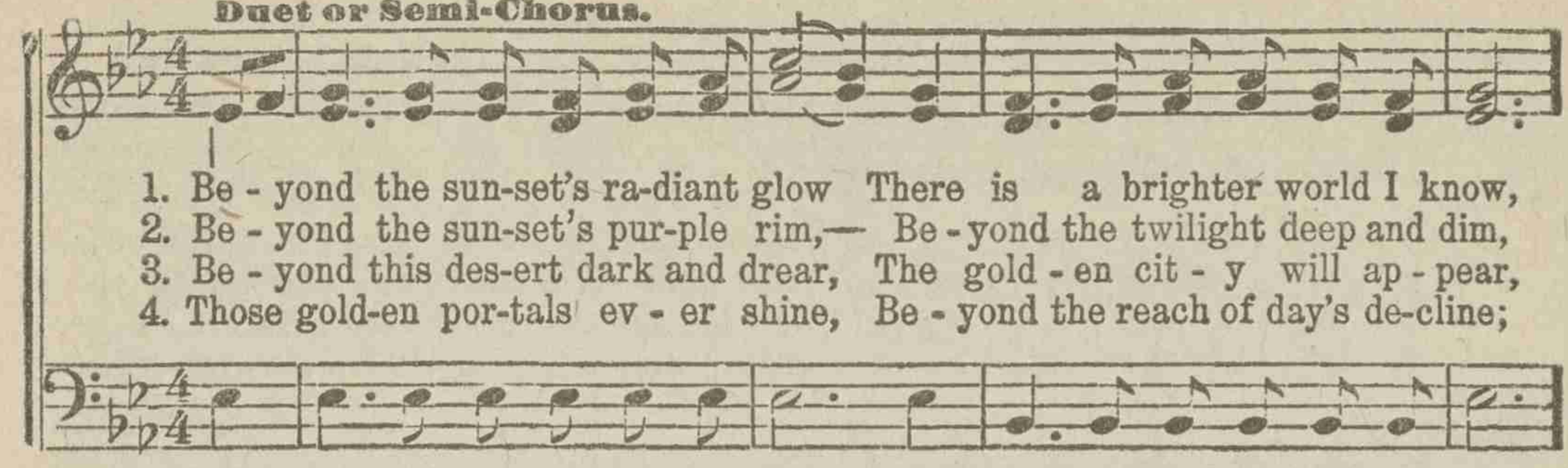
He set me free, ... He set me free, ... I was
He set me free, He set me free,
blind, but hal - le - lu - jah, now I see; . . . I shall ne'er for-get the day
yes, now I see;
When He washed my sins a-way, And He set, He set me free. . . . .
He set me free.

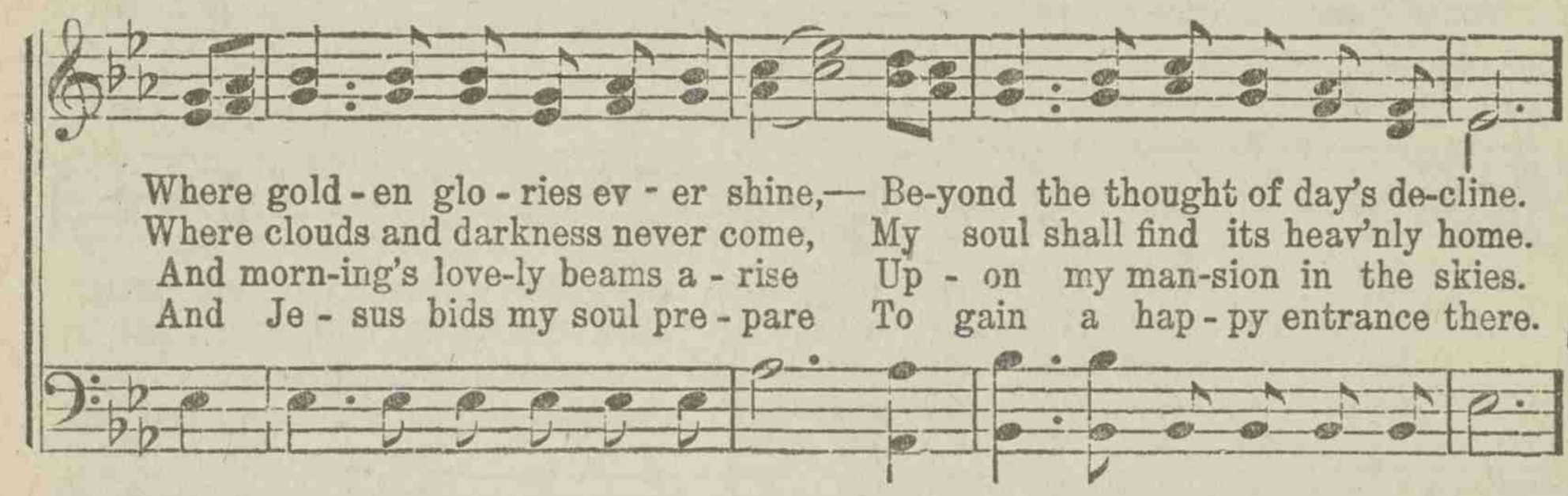
Copyright, 1909, by I. G. Martin. Used by per.

232 BEYOND THE SUNSET.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS.

Duet or Semi-Chorus.





Full Chorus.



233 AS THOU WILT.

TUNE—Boylston. Key of C.

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
Where'er my path may lead;
I'll always press the shining way,
Thy mercies all I plead.

2 Yes, Saviour, as Thou wilt,
No other Guide I own;
I'll gladly trust, tho' dark the way,
Till safe before Thy throne.

3 And still it's "As Thou wilt,"
And thus it e'er shall be;
Thy blood atones, Thy Spirit keeps,
My spirit saved and free.

4 Today it's "As Thou wilt,"
Just as in other days;
The light abides, the glory breaks,
And I am full of praise.

5 And though the shadows creep
O'er my enfeebled gaze,
I'll ever sing, "Just as Thou wilt,"
Through heaven's endless days.

L. L. PICKETT.

234

Are You Saying Yes?

Copyright, 1919, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

REV. W. C. POOLE. REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. Are you say - ing yes to the Mas-ter's will, As He leads you
2. Are you say - ing yés to the Spir - it's call? Are you quick to
3. Are you say - ing yes if He calls to go, With His mes-sage
4. Are you say - ing yes to His plans for you, What-so-e'er His

on to - day? Do you fol - low on? are you trust-ing still,
hear His voice? Does He rule with - in as your "all in all?"
far a - way? Or if it should be that He wills it so,
plan may be? Are you say - ing yes? are you quick and true?

CHORUS.

As He leads you o'er life's way?
Have you made His will your choice? Are you say - ing yes, are you
Will you work at home to - day?
'Tis the way to vic - to - ry.

say - ing yes, Are you say - ing yes to - day? Are you glad to

do all He plans for you, As you jour - ney on your way?

INDEX

Abiding and confiding 32
A home in glory 62
Alas and did my Savior 106
All around this very hour 146
All for Jesus. 142
All for Jesus, all for Jesus 198
All hail the power 86
All of my journey 90
Almost persuaded 74
Amazing grace 164
Am I a soldier 18
And can I yet delay.....224
Are you coming home tonight...145
Are you saying yes 234
Are you keeping step 154
Are you washed in the blood.... 78
A shelter in the time 77
Ask what you will believing.....138
As thou wilt 233
At Pentecost the power 159
At the crowning 149
At the Savior's right hand 182
At the Judgment 175
A wonderful refuge 9
Away to the harvest field..... 58

Battle Hymn 110
Beautiful beckoning hands 183
Be an overcomer 36
Behold a Stranger at the.....212
Be in time 26
Beyond the sunset. 232
Blessed assurance 112
Blessed be the name 53
Blessed, blessed city 229
Blessed cross 137
Brighten the corner 2
Bring them, bring them 218
By and by when the morning 172

Calvary. 158
Christ for me 155
Christ shall reign 135
Christ within 221
City of light 223
Close to Thee 76
Come and your soul shall live....230
Come Thou Almighty 105
Come to the Savior today 33
Come ye sinners 186
Constantly abiding 48
Constant victory 69
Covered by the blood 17
Crown Him 92

Dear Jesus I long to be 47
Deeper yet 190
Deeper yet deeper 3
Down at the cross 124

Even me 129
Every bridge is burned 176

Forever here my rest 1
For the Christ of my heart 160
Forward ye faithful 226
From Greenland's icy 163

Glory! glory! my Savior 181
Glory to God He's come home....213
Glory to His name 124
God be with you till 111
God's hallelujah line 227
Good news 220

Hallelujah feel the power 146
Hallelujah, Jesus saves me 8
Happy day 98
Happy! happy! 25
Happy on the way 171
Happy on the way am I 24
Have you been to Jesus 78
Have you heard of the wonderful 209
Healing waters 70
Hear the shout of triumph 170
He fully saves me now 184
He has pardoned all 153
He knows, He knows 147
He leadeth me, O blessed 113
He'll take you through 67
He's knocking 212
He loves me. 46
He set me free. 231
He stands by me 157
Him that cometh unto me 185
His own and only His 93
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide 211
How much I owe 29
How my heart doth 119

I am coming, Lord 102
I am coming to the cross 68
I am determined 152
I am going back to Jesus 88
I am leaning on my Savior 131
I am satisfied with Jesus 82
I am saved, glory, glory 1
I am trusting in my Savior 57
I am walking in the light 38
If it had not been for Jesus..... 11
If you want pardon 44
I have labored for thee 151
I have the victory 12
I know I love thee 115

I'll be a soldier 18
I'll follow thee Savior 23
I'll go where you want me 168
I love Thy kingdom, Lord 96
I love to tell the story 209
I'll tarry at a promise 181
I'm hiding. 177
I'm the child of a king 167
I'm on the Rock at last 10
I'm redeemed. 201
In a lonely graveyard 161
In the clouds by and by 200
In the secret place 133
In Thy loving arms 89
I saw a blood-washed 116
I shall never forget Him 153
Is it your soul 50
Is your all on the altar 72
It is for us all today 100
It's all gone now 166
It's filling me 146
It saves me now 56
I've anchored my soul 120
I've been redeemed 55
I want to be a soul-winner.....207
I was once bound in chains.....165
I will follow where He 4
I will go 14
I will look for you there 54
I will say yes to my Savior 91
I would not be denied 179

Jesus is passing by 193
Jesus is precious 139
Jesus knows and cares 192
Jesus now is calling 80
Jesus my all to heaven 171
Jesus paid it all 104
Jesus satisfies 82
Jesus, Savior pilot me 94
Jesus will show you 15
Joy to the world 107
Just as I am 103

Keep me ever, ever 114
Keep holding on 40
Keep in sight on the cross 37
Keep me ever 114

Leaning on His breast 148
Leaning on my Savior 131
Let the blessed sunlight in 169
Let the lower lights be 75
Lord, I'm coming home 128
Lord Jesus I long 47
Look on the brightest side 41
Lost opportunities 231

May the fire from Pentecost 159
Meet mother in the 161
Missionary farewell 31
My Jesus I love Thee 101
My all I would give 198
My faith looks up to Thee 95
My Father knows 147
My soul in sad exile 120

Nearer my God to Thee 52
None but Christ 27
No, not one 43
Nothing but the blood 123
Now I feel the sacred 203
Now is the accepted 194

O, can we say we are ready 84
O, don't stay away 13
O'er all the world 201
O for a heart to praise 215
O, hallelujah! hallelujah! 126
O, happy day 98
O, how I love Jesus.....210
O, I love to walk with 4
O, it bows down my heart 158
O, Jesus is a rock in a weary....180
O, list to the angel whispers.....132
O, Jesus receive me 156
On Christ the solid rock..... 87
Only remembered 162
Only trust Him. 97
O, now I see the cleansing 198
O, tell abroad the wondrous 122
On the mountain 118
On the vict'ry side 21
Onward 63
Onward Christian soldiers 197
O, send a mighty current 173
O, the glory song is ringing 174
Overcome 36
Over in the sunbright 150
Overcoming power 60
O, what glory 65
O, wonderful glory. 160

Palms of victory 116
Pardon for all. 144
Pass me not 20
Pray the glory down 39
Rally, rally 28
Ready 49
Rescue the perishing 59
Resting on the faithfulness 141
Resting by and by 81
Revive us again 99
Ring the bells of freedom 165
Saved to the uttermost 30

Shall we gather at 117
Singing all the way 45
Some sweet morn the day 214
Soon Christ is coming 228
Speak to my soul 19
Stand up for Jesus 22
Sweeter as the years go 42
Sweet hour of prayer 190

Take me as I am 51
Take the name of Jesus with 127
Tell the world of Jesus 16
Tell us of its cleansing 7
Tell of the Christ who came.....204
That grand word whosoever 130
The answering time will come...138
The breath of the Spirit 34
The crowning day is coming.....188
The feast of love 83
The glory holds 5
The glory side 66
The Good Shepherd 209
The healing waters 70
The life boat 178
The morning light is 85
The ninety and nine 136
The old rugged cross 71
The promise way 181
The silent river 199
There is a fountain filled.....156
The Resurrection 225
The solid Rock 87
There's music in my soul 222
The wages of sin is death 151
The wanderer 229
Think of Jesus 191
'Tis a glorious church 134
Turn on the searchlight 217

We'll understand it better 172
We'll work till Jesus comes 195
What a day of victory 6
What a friend we have 125
What can take away my 123
What did He do 108
When I can read my title 140
When we rise to be with Jesus ...200
Where Jesus is 'tis heaven 61
Where they never say "Goodbye". 79
Whosoever will 109
Why don't you come to Jesus 186
Why not tonight 73
Will Jesus find us 84
Wonderful is the name 216
Won't you come to Jesus 35

Ye would not 143
You may have the joy-bells 205

TOPICAL INDEX

Abiding—32, 48, 82, 93, 114, 131, 133, 147.

Around the altar—3, 12, 17, 20, 47, 51, 68, 72, 74, 91, 102, 103, 121, 123, 124, 156, 179, 189, 203, 217.

Assurance—8, 10, 12, 30, 66, 70, 112, 141, 148, 177, 231.

Backsliders return—88.

Blood, The—1, 7, 12, 27, 56, 60, 78, 102, 103, 123, 134, 156.

Christ—27, 87, 90, 92, 135, 155, 160, 204, 209.

Consecration—4, 18, 23, 27, 49, 64, 72, 93, 168, 176, 198, 233.

Convictive—50, 74, 143, 175.

Faith—15, 69, 95, 138, 141, 157, 220.

Faithfulness—23, 75, 140, 152.

Funerals—54, 161, 162.

Guidance—67, 76, 83, 94, 113, 154.

Heaven—54, 62, 65, 79, 81, 92, 116, 117, 149, 150, 172, 182, 214, 229.

Holiness—3, 4, 5, 23, 30, 38, 42, 48, 57, 66, 70, 93, 100, 102, 184, 196, 198, 208.

Holy Spirit—34, 146, 211.

Invitation—1, 13, 15, 26, 33, 35, 59, 70, 73, 74, 78, 80, 97, 100, 102, 109, 120, 124, 128, 130, 143, 144, 145, 164, 185, 186, 187, 193, 212.

Jesus—9, 11, 15, 43, 44, 61, 82, 86, 90, 101, 104, 133, 139, 191, 192, 198, 209, 210, 216.

Joy—24, 25, 42, 45, 70, 98, 107, 119, 126, 170, 174, 181, 205.

Kept—38, 42, 66, 67, 77, 131, 133, 141, 148.

Love—46, 83, 101.

Missionary—14, 16, 31, 58, 59, 63, 71, 75, 85, 107, 118, 122, 135, 136, 163, 168, 170, 182, 220, 226.

Overcoming—1, 5, 8, 10, 11, 17, 36, 38, 60, 63, 66, 157.

Pardon—44, 56, 144, 155.

Pentecost—159, 173, 174, 184.

Prayer and Praise—19, 20, 39, 40, 45, 100, 114, 125, 138, 190, 222, 227.

Redemption—55, 206, 209.

Resurrection—225.

Return of our Lord—57, 65, 84, 92, 135, 149, 188, 195, 200, 201, 204, 225, 228.

Service—2, 18, 22, 49, 58, 75, 93, 168, 195, 197, 198, 207, 218, 231.

Solos, Duets, Etc.—23, 29, 39, 41, 42, 49, 50, 54, 57, 67, 71, 82, 89, 132, 139, 143, 147, 151, 154, 157, 158, 160, 161, 174, 175, 176, 183, 192, 199, 209, 213, 232.

Testimony—7, 8, 11, 16, 24, 32, 38, 55, 56, 61, 66, 83, 93, 114, 119, 131, 152, 164, 166, 167, 176, 181, 202, 203, 208.

Victory—12, 21, 38, 63, 66, 69, 92, 165, 170, 200, 216, 222.

Amount