CARMINA SACRA

SACRED SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

A6 482

Hackleman, N. E. M. and Edwin O. Excell. Carmina Sacra. St. Louis Mo.: Christian Board of Pub, n. d.

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Burkheart Denver.

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Carmina Sacra

PEL SONGS

D. EXCELL

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PUBLISHED BY

CHRISTIAN BOARD OF PUB.
2712 Pine St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

HACKLEMAN MUSIC CO.
Irvington Station,
Indianapolis, Ind.

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Carmina Sacra

Sacred Songs

for the

Sunday School

A HIGH-GRADE COLLECTION OF GOSPEL SONGS
AND STANDARD HYMNS

By

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN and EDWIN O. EXCELL
With Complete Orchestration by
GEORGE W. CLARKE

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2712 Pine St.,
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HACKLEMAN MUSIC CO.
Irvington Station,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Carmina Sacra

Sacred Songs *for the* Sunday School

This Sunday School Hymnal has been compiled for the specific purpose of providing a high-grade collection of GOSPEL SONGS and STANDARD HYMNS that will meet the needs of the Modern Sunday School. Sunday School specialists and prominent teachers of music have been consulted with reference to the scope of the material, and the general character of the selections to be used. While prepared especially for the Sunday School, it can be used in all religious services to good advantage.

Special care has been given to the music. Tunes that tend toward the arousing of evil emotions have been excluded. The tunes selected are such as will lend themselves readily to the awakening of the best and purest emotions, and thereby teach reverence and devotion. This has been the one severe test to which all the tunes have been subjected; only such tunes can be used in the building of real character.

The orchestration was prepared by Prof. Geo. W. Clarke, Chicago, Ill. It is more than a mere transposition of the vocal parts, and possesses those fine qualities that enrich instrumental music and hold the interest of the efficient musician. The arrangements will not be worn thread-bare after having been rendered a few times. Yet there is a simplicity about them that will make them available for use by the amateur.

Every Sunday School should have a Chorus Choir. This choir is more essential than an orchestra, and is more easily obtained. Of course, have both if possible. A choir in the school is as important as one in the church, and the former should be a feeder for the latter. If possible one competent leader should have charge of all the music of both church and school; wise leadership means much here. This Sunday School choir can be easily procured without additional organization by using one or more organized classes, and these should be seated upon the platform, while the orchestra should be located immediately in front upon the main floor, and should *support* the choir but not *over-balance* it! A large number of two-page selections have been included in this Hymnal for the use of this choir; additional material, more elaborate, may be obtained in "Hackleman's Mixed Quartettes and Choruses."

This Hymnal can be placed in the hands of the pupils of all departments of the School, with the calm assurance that it will render a distinct service as an aid in singing praise to the Eternal Father and God of All. Believing that this hymnal will prove a blessing to all who may use it in the development and maintenance of spiritual life, we gladly send it forth, trusting that it may receive the welcome it so richly deserves.

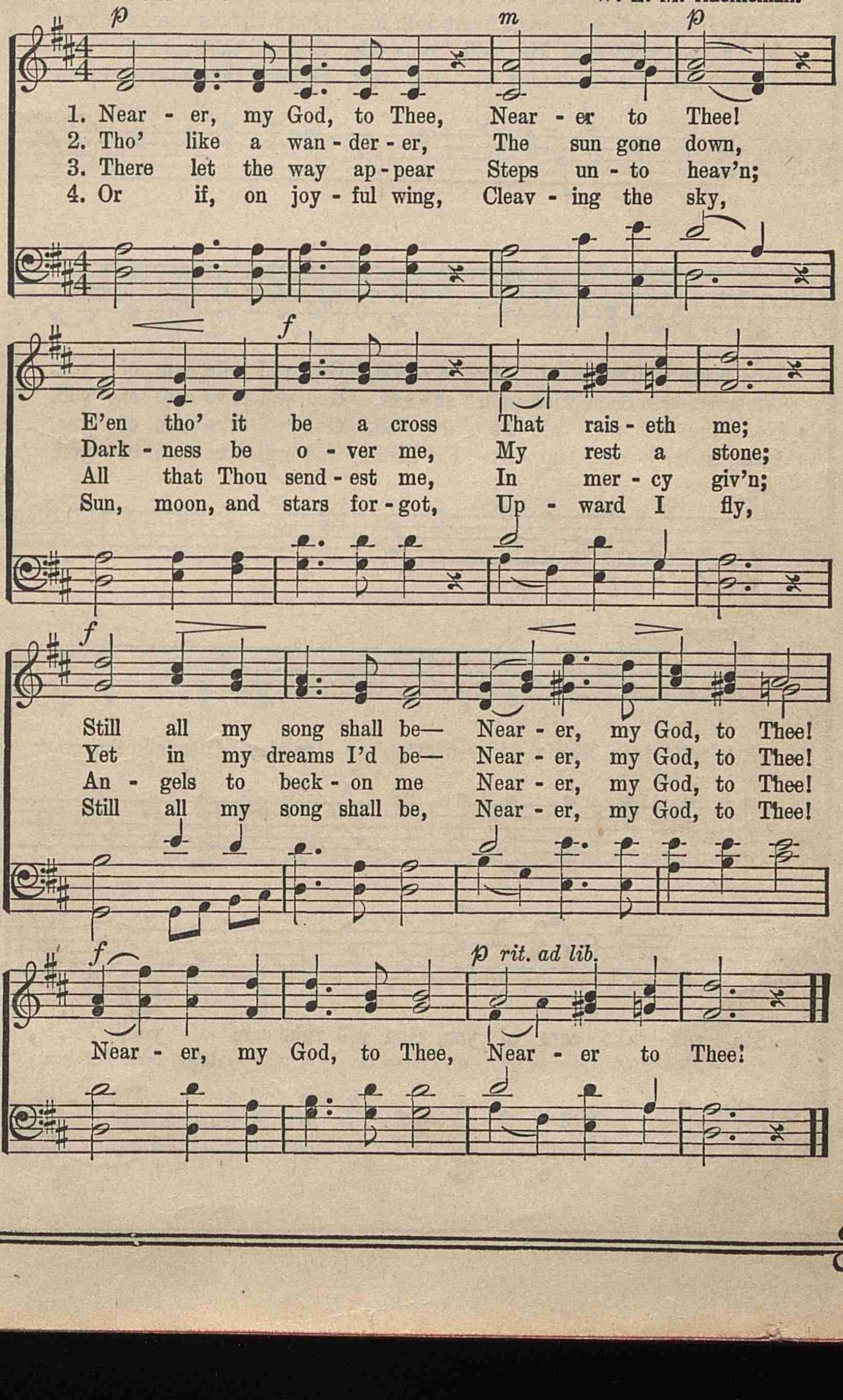
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, and
EDWIN O. EXCELL, Editors.

Carmina Sacra

Sacred Songs *for the* Sunday School

No. 1. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. S. F. Adams. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**



No. 2. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

C. D. Martin. **W. S. Martin.**

1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 3. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour - ney to heav - en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!

CHORUS.

Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a - long life's way; . . Let sor-row be end - ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

to - day,

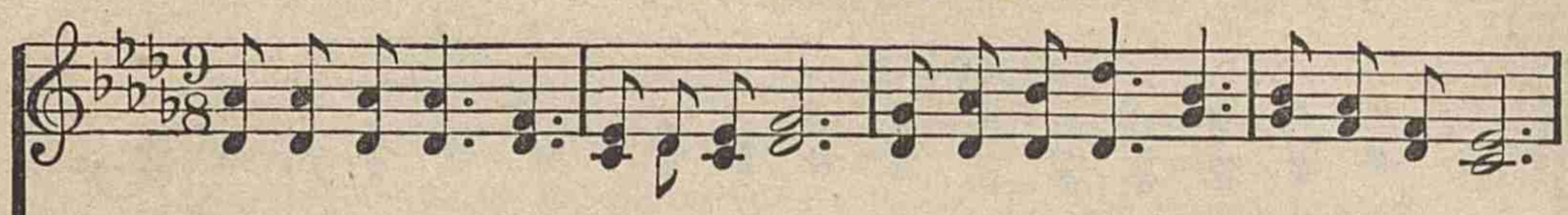
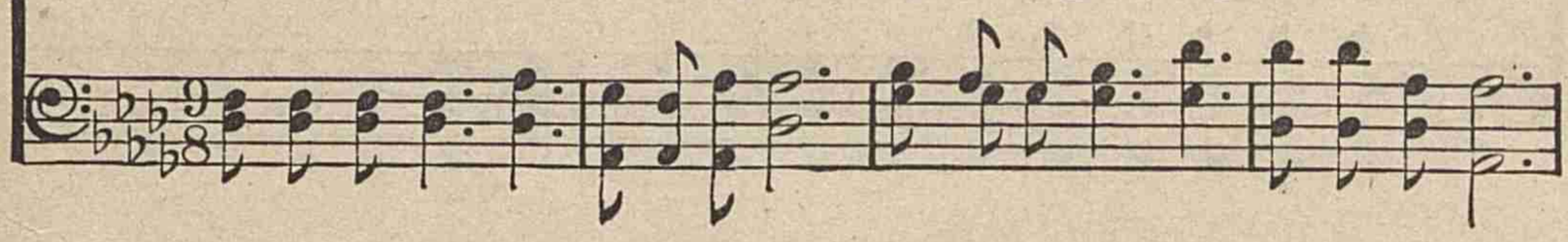
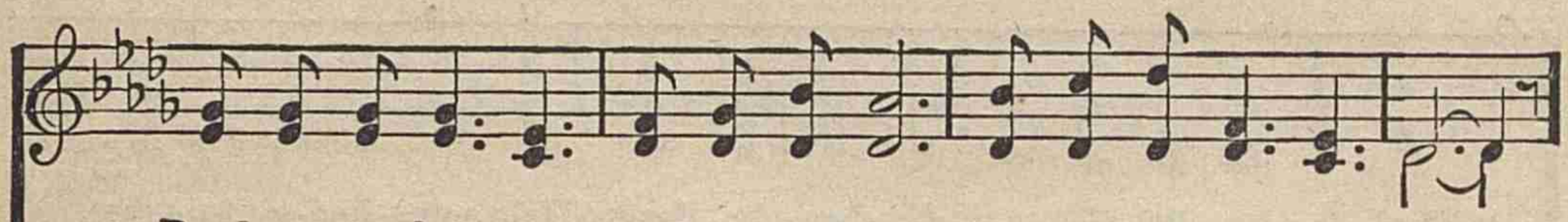
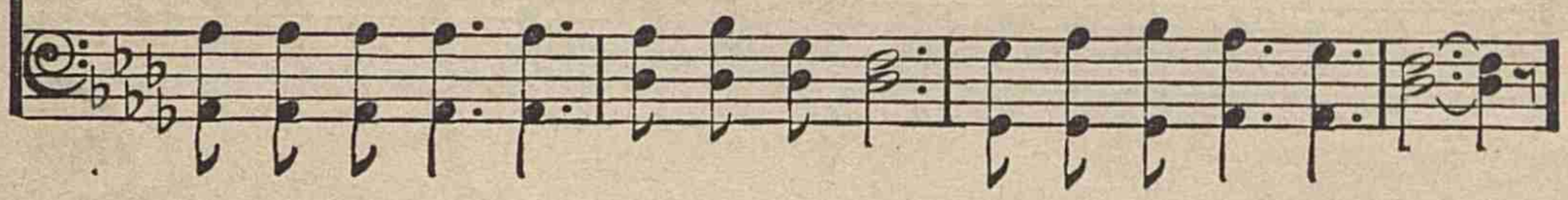
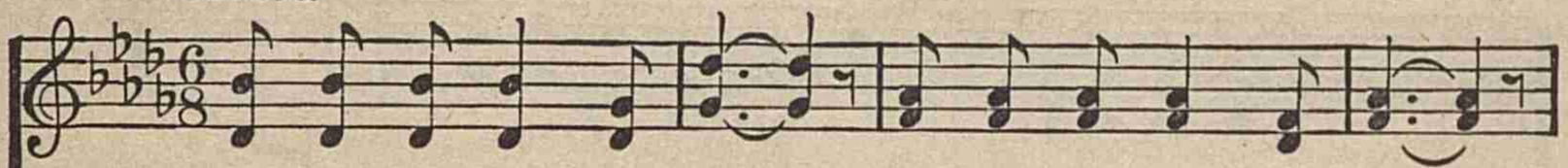
home-ward way;

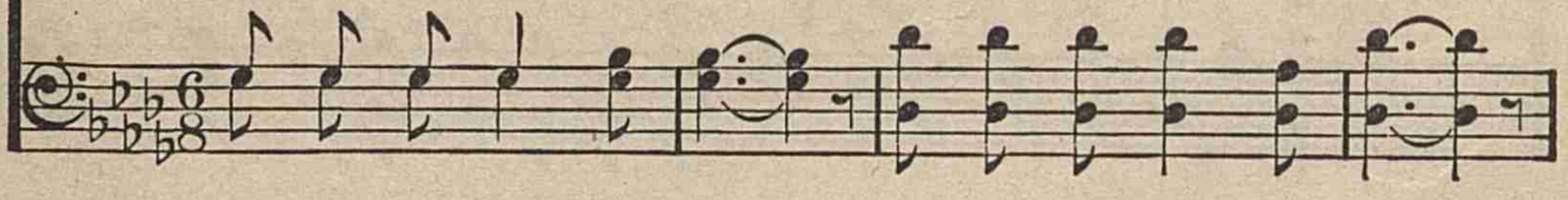
4/11/18 Pm

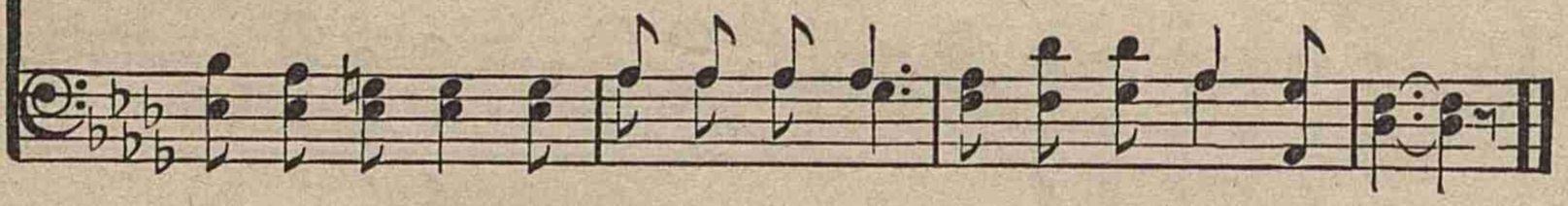
No. 4. Just When I Need Him Most.

Wm. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;

Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.

CHORUS.

Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;



Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

No. 5. O Do Some Good Deed Every Day.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Eben E. Rexford. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. O do some good deed ev-'ry day, And speak kind words along the way;
2. O help a broth-er bear his load O'er life's up-hill and drear-y road;
3. O seek, and you will always find The sheaves of good to reap and bind;

ev-'ry day, 'long the way;
bear his load drear-y road;
always find reap and bind;

O sing a glad and cheerful song, For it may make some weak heart strong.
With those who need, share ev'ry day The blessings God has sent your way.
There's something you can do or say For Christ the Master's sake each day.

cheerful song, weak heart strong.
ev-'ry day sent your way.
do or say yes, each day.

CHORUS.

O do some good deed ev'ry day, Then will the lov-ing Mas-ter say:

ev-'ry day, Mas-ter say:

"Your deeds wrought in My name shall be Re-cord-ed as done un-to Me."

e'er shall be un-to Me."

No. 6. Lead Me All the Way.

Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

1. Lead me, Sav-ior, gen-tly lead, I pray, Lead me all a-long my pilgrim way;
2. Wilt Thou thro' life's journey be my Guide? Close beside me, blessed Lord, abide;
3. Lead me, for the way I do not know; Lead me, for a-lone I can-not go;

Firm-ly hold me by Thy lov-ing hand, Till I reach the promised happy land.
Gen-tly whis-per in my list'ning ear, Words of love my fainting heart to cheer.
Lead me, Sav-ior, Guide and Shepherd be, Lead, and I will glad-ly fol-low Thee.

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, lead..... me, gen-tly lead me; In Thy
Sav-ior, lead me, lead me, gen-tly lead me;

pleas-ant pastures feed me; Lead me, Sav-ior, ev-'ry
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures dai-ly feed me; Lead me, Sav-ior,

day,..... Kind-ly lead me all the way.....
lead me ev-'ry day, Sav-ior, lead me, kind-ly lead me all a-long the way.

No. 7.

Awake and Watch!

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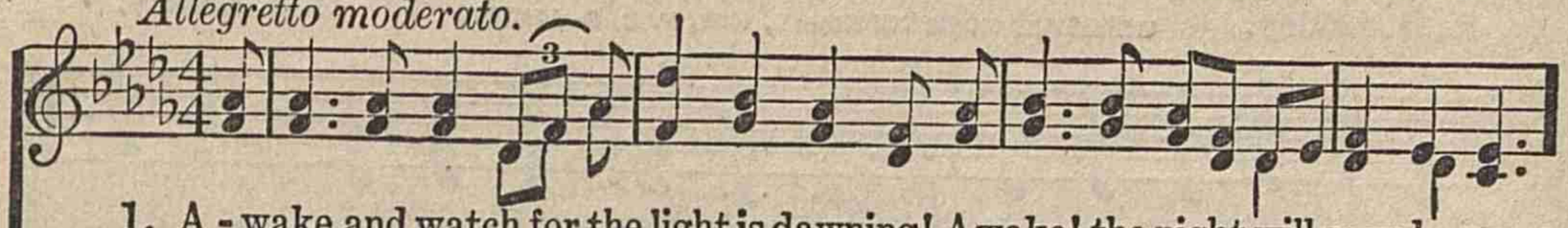
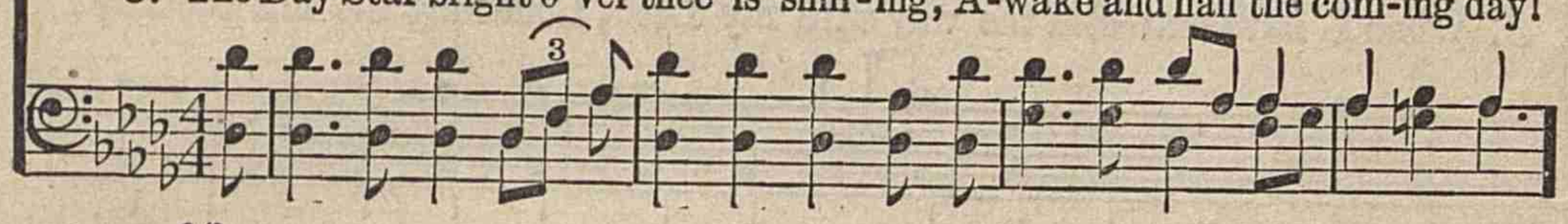
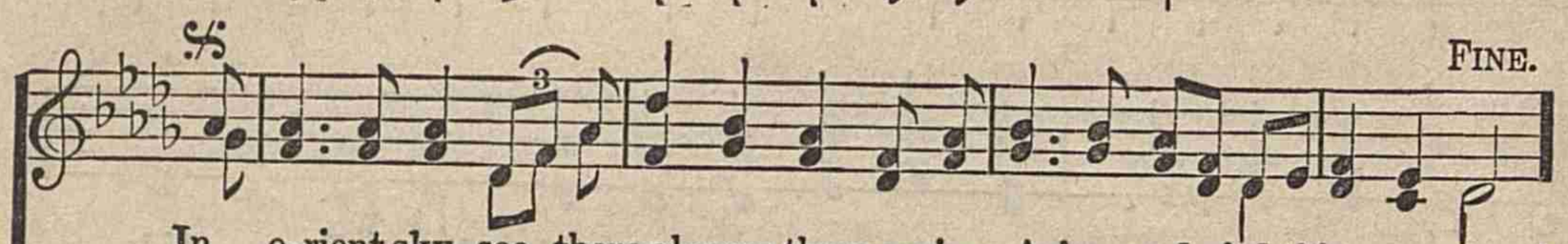
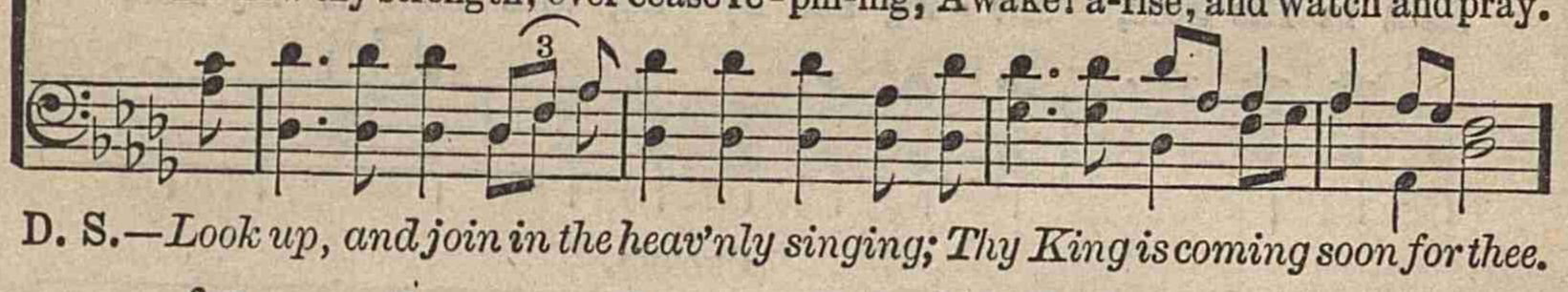
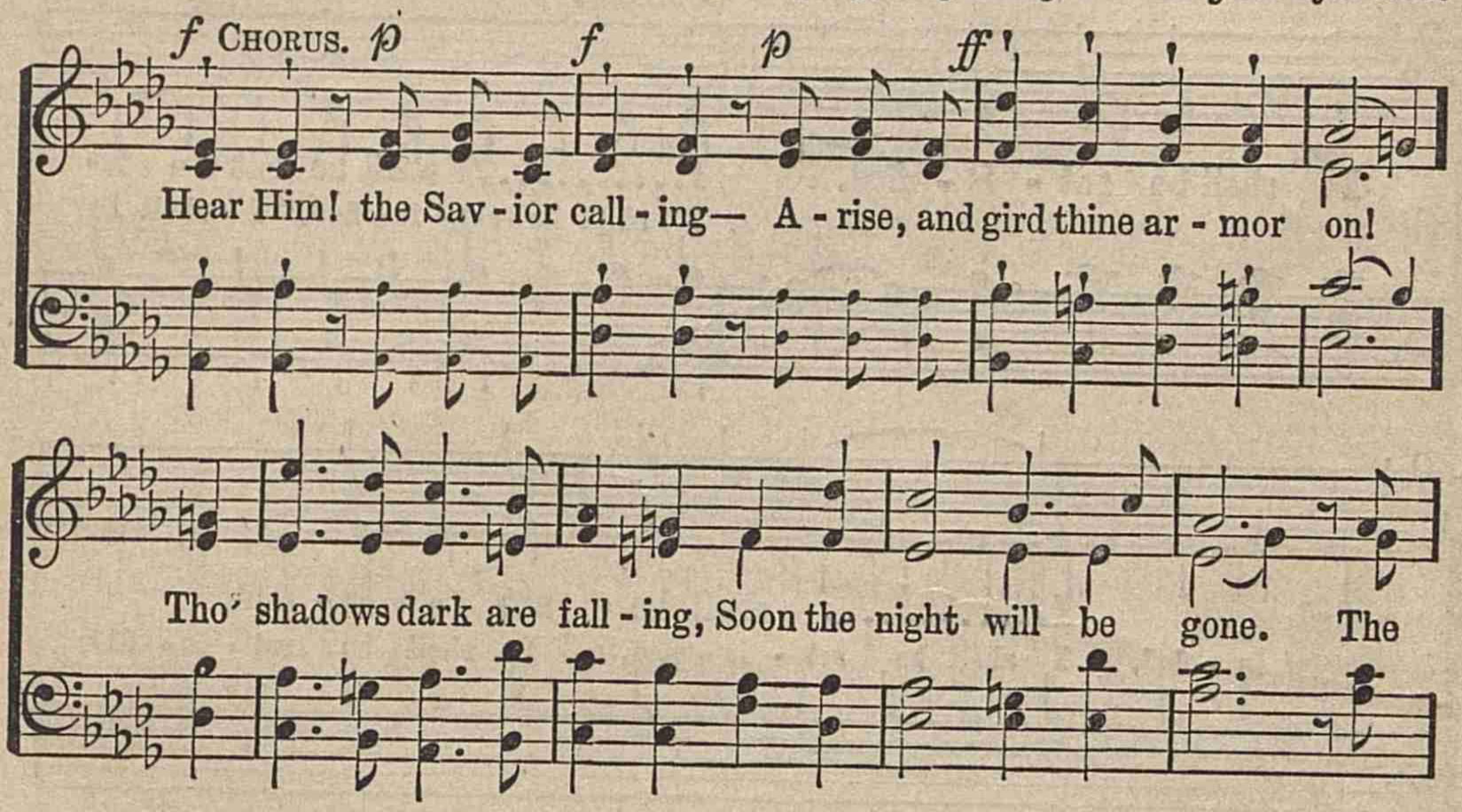
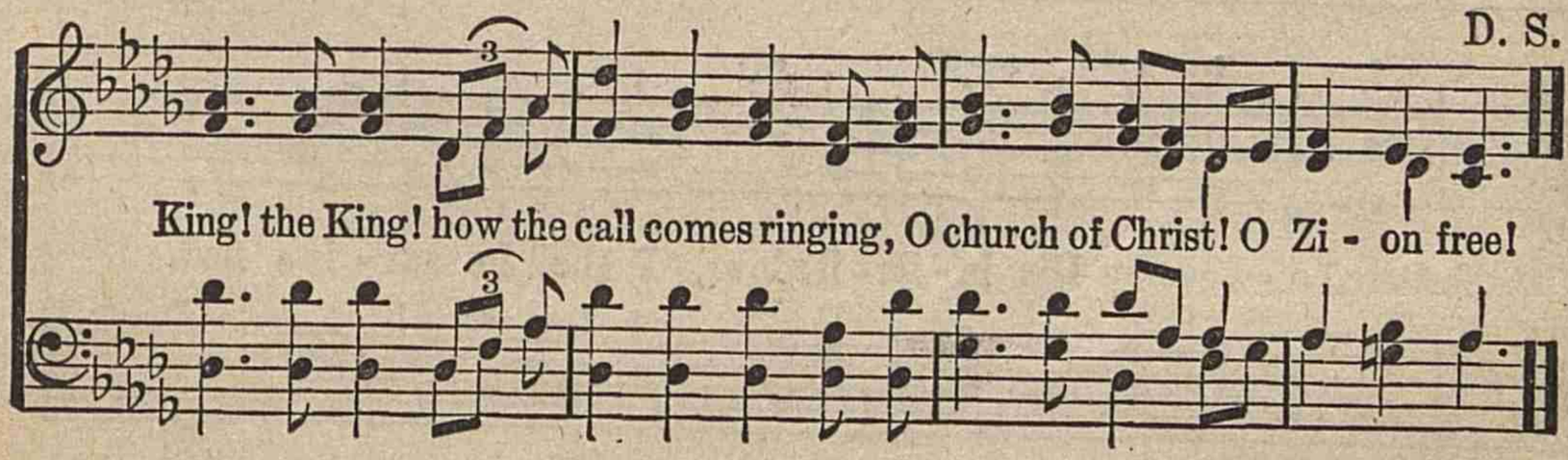
Lucy D. Harrington. **Albert H. Grove.**

Allegretto moderato.

1. A - wake and watch for the light is dawning! A wake! the night will soon be gone;
2. There waits for thee such a heav'nly greeting, Then haste, thy Master's call obey;
3. The Day Star bright o-ver thee is shin - ing, A-wake and hail the com-ing day!

FINE.

In o-rient sky, see, there gleams the morning, Arise, and gird thine armor on!
Ah! soon shall end thy dark night of weeping, Thy God shall wipe thy tears away.
Re-new thy strength, ever cease re-pin-ing, Awake! a-rise, and watch and pray.

D. S.—*Look up, and join in the heav'nly singing; Thy King is coming soon for thee.*

D. S.



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No. 8. Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. B. D. Ackley.

1. When I have fin - ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by

ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will - ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is-
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;

rit.

Sheltered a - bove by His in - fin - ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 9.

All Will Be Right.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look-ing to Je-sus, how can we stray? Has He not prom-ised to guide us al-way? Tho' foes as-sail us, strong in His might,
2. Clouds may ob-scure the light of His face, Still we'll go for-ward, and trust in His grace; Walk-ing in faith, e'en dark-ness is light;
3. Firm as the Christ-rock, safe ev-er-more, Death's sullen wa-ters a-bout us may roar, Heav'n's day is dawn-ing—fare-well the night;

CHORUS.

Je-sus is reign-ing, all will be right. All will be right, yes, all will be right, Kept by the Mas-ter, all will be right; Tho' foes as-sail, truth shall pre-vail; Je-sus is reign-ing, all will be right.

No. 10. Let Your Light Shine.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That oth - ers may be - hold!
2. Let your light shine, let your light shine, And shed its beams a - broad;
3. Let your light shine, let your light shine, That all the world may see

Its glow - ing rays perchance may bring Some wan-d'rer to the fold.
'T will show the world you're not a-shamed Of Christ, the Lamb of God.
Your works of mer - cy and of love, That they may fol - low thee.

CHORUS.

Let your light shine out 'mid the darkness on your journey, Let your light

brightly

shine, O let it shine;..... It may prove a bea - con light to some

bright - ly shine:

trav-'ler in the night; Let your light shine, brightly shine.....

Let your light shine, let your light bright-ly shine.

No. 11. Joy in the Heart.

Helen M. Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. J. M. Dungan.

1. My Fa - ther is with me to guide and to bless; There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For safe - ly He'll lead thro' this world's wil - der - ness, And from me He will nev - er de - part.
2. Thro' storm and thro' tem-pest what-ev - er be - tide, There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For Je - sus my Sav - ior walks close by my side, And His pres - ence sweet peace will im - part.
3. He's prom-ised to help me when earth's help-ers fail, There's joy in my heart, There's joy in my heart; For well do I know that His love will pre - vail, Bring - ing com - fort and peace to my heart.

CHORUS.

There's joy in my heart to - day; ... There's joy in my heart to - day; ... When Je-sus is near no dan-ger I fear; His pres-ence will be my stay; ... There's joy in my heart to - day.

No. 12.

Amazing Grace.

MUSIC AND CHORUS COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

John Newton. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toil, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en - dures.

CHORUS.

Grace..... so free and bound - - less,
Grace, a - maz - ing grace, so rich, so full and bound - less,

Broad..... as e - ter - ni - ty;
Grace, a - maz - ing grace, broad as e - ter - ni - ty;

Grace..... so wonderful, rich, and free, Grace, amazing grace.
Grace, a - maz-ing grace, so won-der-ful and free,

No. 13.

Trusting Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Dr. S. B. Jackson.**

1. Since I have re-ceived sal - va - tion, Sav-ior, where-so-e'er I be,
2. In the midst of trib - u - la - tion, Com-ing like a ra - ging sea,
3. Take a - way all vain am - bi - tion, All I am, or hope to be,
4. When at last life's bonds are riv - en, And I cross the storm-y sea,

Let me find my high-est sta - tion, Trusting Thee, Lord, trusting Thee.
I have bless-ed con - so - la - tion, Trusting Thee, Lord, trusting Thee.
May I find a full fru - i - tion, Trusting Thee, Lord, trusting Thee.
I, thro' grace, shall en-ter heav - en, Trusting Thee, Lord, trusting Thee.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing Thee, Lord, trust - ing Thee, This my
Trust - ing, trust - ing Thee, Lord, trust - ing on - ly Thee,

prayer hence-forth shall be,— May I, liv - ing or dy - ing,

ev - er be found Trust - ing Thee, Lord, trust - ing Thee.

No. 14.

Golden Grain.

John O. Foster, Jr.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. From the har-vest-field there's a bless-ed yield Of a rich and ripe dis-play;
2. Ev - 'ry want sup-plied, ev-'ry good applied, Naught but grat-i-tude we bring;
3. With our songs of joy in His glad employ, We will shout God's praise amain;
4. Aft - er toil is done, and the vic-t'ry's won, In the Ca-naan of our Lord,

For the Master's hand o - ver all the land Gives a hundred-fold to - day.
With a grate-ful heart each will bear a part, In a trib-ute to our King.
With the reaper's song we will join the throng That has gathered golden grain.
Where the skies are bright in the ho - ly light, We shall have our rich re - ward.

CHORUS.

Then we'll gath - er, gath - er, Then we'll gath-er from the
Then we'll gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,

val - ley and the plain; Then we'll gath - er, gath - er,
Then we'll gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,

With our hearts full of glad-ness, We will gath - er gold - en grain.

No. 15. I Must Tell It.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

W. C. Martin. **Wm. Edie Marks.**

Unison.

1. I can-not lon-ger si-lent be; This precious treasure I must share;
2. There never was a sto-ry told On earth, since passing time be-gan,
3. It warms this old world's weary heart; It makes the dark day bright a-gain;
4. O yes! I must a-gain de-clare The Savior's mighty love for you,

The Lord Himself commandeth me To tell the gos-pel ev-'ry - where.
So pre-cious as this sto - ry old Of Je-sus' ten-der love of man.
Its old-time charm can ne'er depart, The sweetest story known to men.
How it pur-sues you ev - 'ry - where And keeps you ev'ry hour in view.

CHORUS.

And so I tell it,..... I glad - ly tell it,
The sto - ry sweet, the sto - ry true,
Tell of Je - sus' love for you;..... And o'er and
I tell of Je - sus and His love, His love for you;
o'er a - gain I tell it, Sto - ry ev - er sweet and true.
And o'er and o'er a-gain I tell it,

No. 16.

Tell the Story.

Neal A. McAulay.

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W. E. M HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. To the Christian legions comes the sweet command, Tell the sto - ry,
2. There are countless millions in the gloom of night, Tell the sto - ry,
3. To the hea-then na-tions o'er the wide, wide world, Tell the sto - ry,
4. Let us nev - er fal - ter in the work of love, Tell the sto - ry,

Tell the sto-ry,

tell the sto - ry, Spread the glo-rious ti - dings o - ver sea and land,
tell the sto - ry, Shall the Christian na-tions give them sav - ing light?
tell the sto - ry, Let the gos - pel ban - ner be at once un-furled,
tell the sto - ry, Till the Mas - ter calls us to our rest a - bove,

tell the sto-ry,

CHORUS.

Tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er). Tell the sto - ry, let its

Tell the sto - ry, tell it o'er and o'er.

Tell the sto - ry, let its

mu - sic ring, Sweetly peal..... re-deem-ing grace!..... Tell the

hap - py mu - sic ring, Sweet-ly peal re-deem-ing grace, redeeming grace!

sto - ry, let the ransomed sing, Till the world the truth embrace.....

Tell the sto-ry, let the ransomed ever sing, Tell the story till the world the truth embrace.

No. 17. The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is unmeasured and free;

Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal redemption; And, O He is mighty to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.

CHORUS.

O won-der-ful, wonderful sto-ry, The dear-est that
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The wonderful
O won-der-ful sto-ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev-er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry. The
sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty be-hold.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau-ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

5/5'18 Pan — 6/20'18 Pan

No. 18. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!

CHORUS.

Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my

Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day, grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my

Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!

Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 19. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure;

The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mer-cy ac - cept-ing, You tru - ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - - - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . .

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold . . . . . on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

4/14 1:15 Pm — 4/23 1:15 Pm —

No. 20. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in

with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,

CHORUS. *Faster.*

For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to

pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;

me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-

rit. - - -

low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 21. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),

We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

Wher. He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 22. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Glad-ly the will of my Lord I o-bey; He is my Keep-er from
2. Not o-ver things of the world will I grieve; All that He sends I will
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the path-way to
4. Liv-ing, I'll serve Him wher-ev-er I go, E'en tho' it be where the
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His

day un-to day; He is my Guide, and He know-eth the way, His
glad-ly re-ceive, Sat-is-fied just to look up and be-lieve His
glo-ry I climb, Yet I be-lieve in the prom-ise di-vine, His
dark wa-ters flow; Dy-ing, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
prom-ise I'll cling, And with the ran-somed for-ev-er I'll sing— His

CHORUS.

grace is suf-fi-cient for me..... His grace is suf-
grace is suf-fi-cient for me. His grace is suf-fi-cient, suf-

fi-cient for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me; Then
fi-cient for me, His grace is suf-fi-cient,

why should I fear, with a Savior so dear? His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

No. 23. The Armies of God.

C. D. Emerson.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

1. { O Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, And press the fight with sin! }
   { Go forth a-gainst the hosts of wrong, Go forth our cause to win; }
2. { O Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, And has-ten to the field; }
   { A-gainst the pow'rs of dark-ness go, De - ter-mined not to yield! }
3. { O Chris-tian, gird the ar - mor on, The world is watch-ing thee; }
   { With prayer and sup-pli - ca - tion press A - long to vic - to - ry! }

The con-flict wild - ly ra - ges, No lon - ger then de - lay,
Clad in a full sal - va - tion, The Spir - it's sword in hand,
Be loy - al to His serv - ice, His truth to all pro - claim;

But, trust-ing in Je - ho - vah's might, Go! watch, and fight, and pray.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry go! It is the Lord's command.
God loves a val - iant war - ri - or, Then go in Je - sus' name.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - jah! they are marching on, Hal-le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!
Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Lord! The ar - mies of the liv - ing God are march - ing on.
praise the Lord! march-ing, march-ing on.

No. 24.

Following Jesus.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. H. A. Henry.

1. Fol-low-ing Je-sus just where He leads me, Sing-ing for glad-ness
2. Fol-low-ing Je-sus, tho' so un-wor-thy, Fear-less-ly pass-ing
3. Fol-low-ing Je-sus in-to the val-ley, O-ver the path He

all the long way; Up on the mountain, o-ver the des-ert, Kept by His
thro' the dark night; Trusting His prom-ise, "Lo! I am with you," Shadows will
trod long a-go; On-ly a step from shadow to sunshine, Leaning on

CHORUS.

good-ness ev-'ry day. Following Je-sus, blessed Re-deem-er,
van-ish in His light.
Him whose love I know.

Following Je-sus, blessed Redeemer,

Crowned by His good-ness, and kept by His pow'r,.... Ev-er re-

Crowned by His good-ness, and kept by His pow'r,

joi-cing, singing for glad-ness, Filled with His fulness hour by hour.

Ev-er re-joi-cing, singing for gladness,

No. 25. Keep the Heart-Bells Ringing.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing as you trav-el on-ward, Up the rough and rug-ged road of life; For their mu-sic sweet will cheer you when a-wear-y, It will
2. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing when the path is lone-ly, When the threat'ning sky is cold and gray; They will give to ev-'ry cloud a sil-ver lin-ing That will
3. Keep the heart-bells ring-ing, for their cheering mu-sic May be heard by some-one faint-ing near; He will lis-ten, and his spir-it will a-wak-en, As their

CHORUS.

light-en toil, and sweeten strife.
help to drive the storm a-way. Keep the heart-bells ringing, Fill the world with
ca-dence falls up-on his ear.

Ringing, ringing,
sing-ing,

singing, Un-til ech-oes an-swer ev-'ry-where; They will col-or
Un-til ech-oes an-swer ev-'ry-where;

du-ty With a rain-bow beau-ty, And a soul may res-cue from de-spair.
With a rain-bow beau-ty,

No. 26. Make Him Yours.

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

1. I am stand-ing now on the prom-is - es of God, On the Rock that
2. All my sins are lost in the fount-ain of His blood; Of my cleansing
3. When earth's cares press hard, Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of

ev - er-more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way,
He my soul as - sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know;
gladness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Savior and your Lord;

CHORUS.

Claim the prom-is-es, and make Him yours.
Trust the Savior now, and make Him yours. He is my Savior, He is my
He is my Redeemer; make Him yours.

He is my Savior, He is my

Savior, Christ, the friend of sinners, will you make Him yours? He is my

make Him yours? He is my

Savior, He is my Savior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.

Sav-ior, He is my Sav-ior,

No. 27. Go Bid Them Come.

C. H. G.

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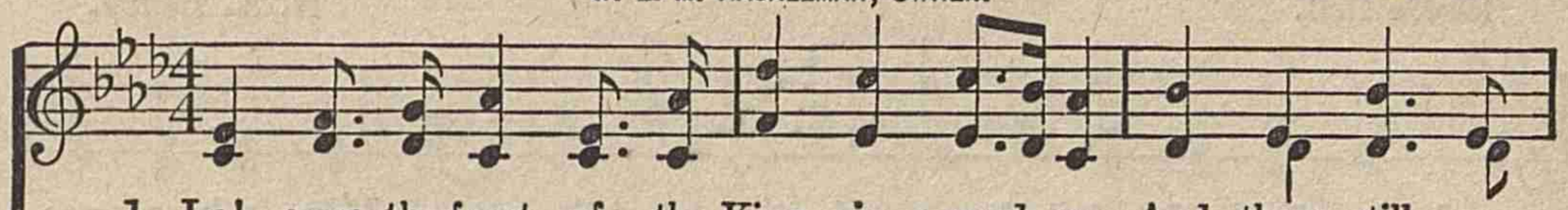
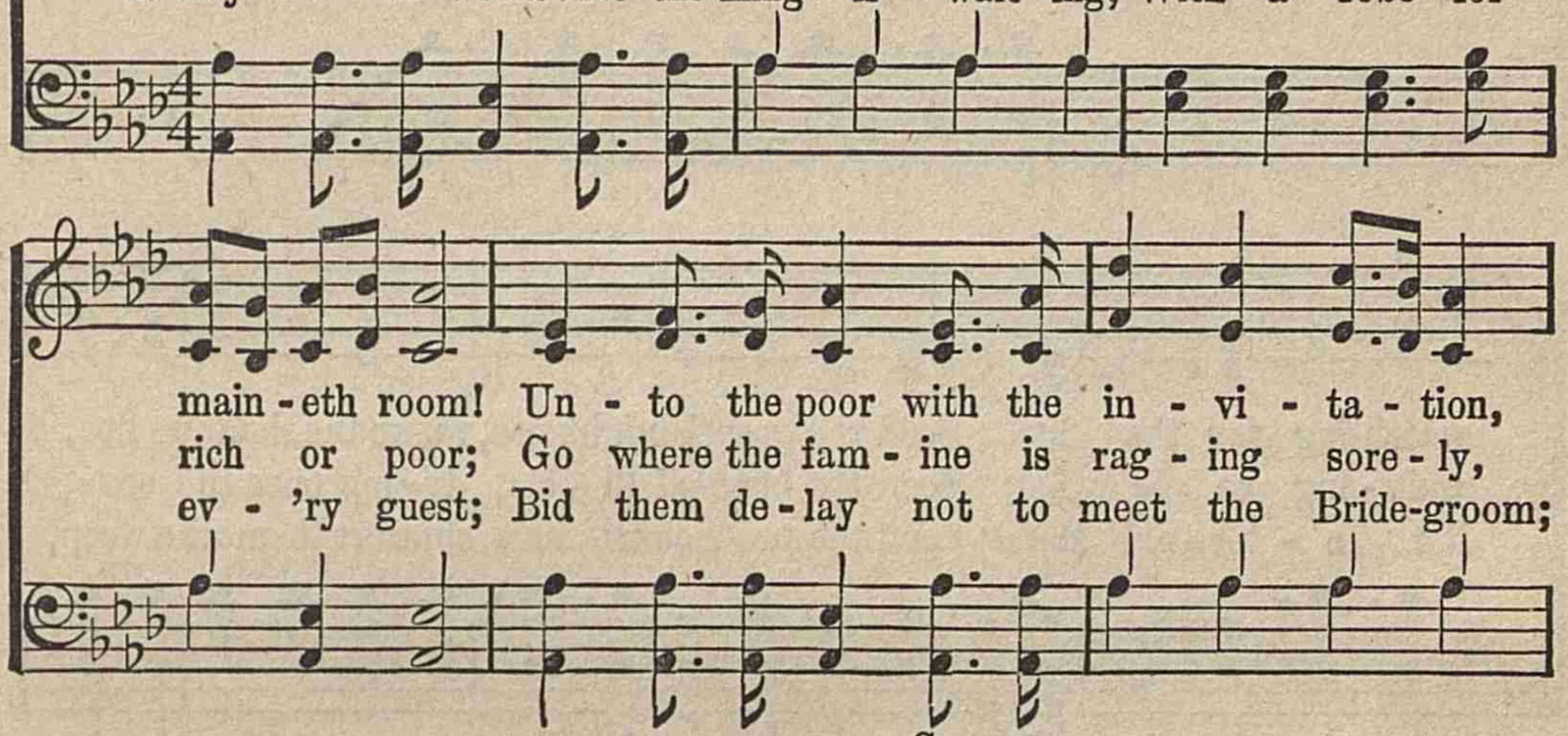
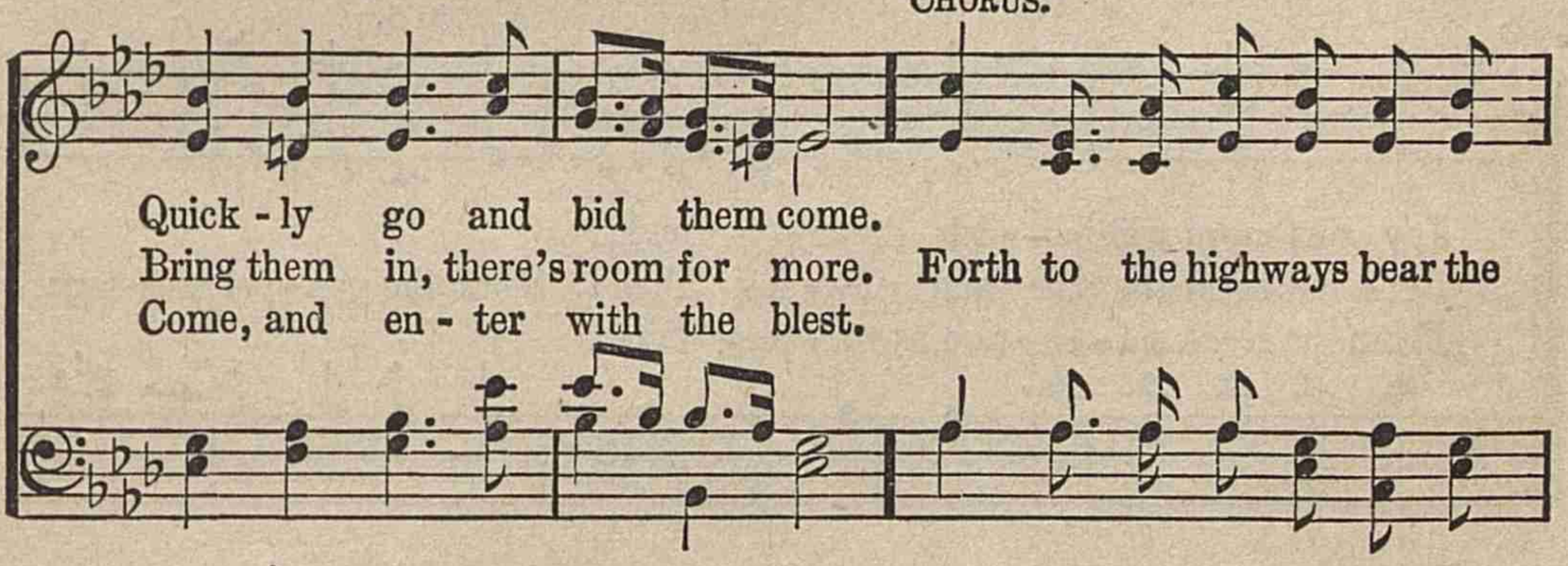
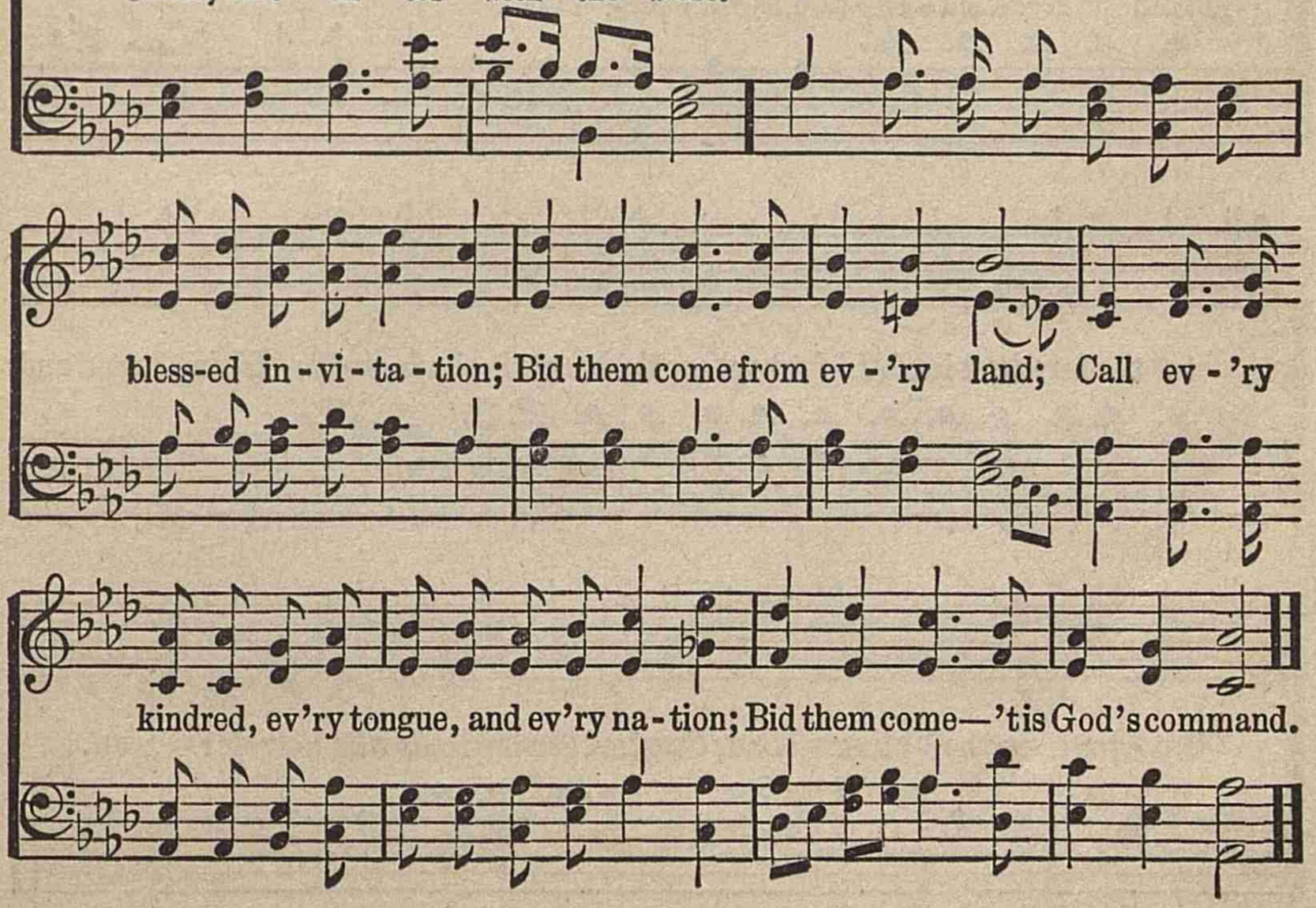
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lo! now the feast of the King is read - y, And there still re-
2. Gath - er them in from the world's waste pla - ces, High or low - ly,
3. Say to the world that the King is wait - ing, With a robe for



main - eth room! Un - to the poor with the in - vi - ta - tion,
rich or poor; Go where the fam - ine is rag - ing sore - ly,
ev - 'ry guest; Bid them de - lay not to meet the Bride-groom;

CHORUS.

Quick - ly go and bid them come.
Bring them in, there's room for more. Forth to the highways bear the
Come, and en - ter with the blest.



bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion; Bid them come from ev - 'ry land; Call ev - 'ry

kindred, ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry na - tion; Bid them come—'tis God's command.

No. 28. Send the Gospel Message.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Birdie Bell. **H. A. Henry.**

1. In the lands of dark-ness, far a-cross the sea, Man-y hearts are
2. In the homes of sor-row, o'er the o-cean wave, Man-y souls are
3. In the dis-tant coun-tries, o'er the roll-ing deep, Man-y hearts for

watch-ing for the light; Send the gospel-brightness, make the shadows flee,
wait-ing to be fed; Send the bless-ed Bi-ble, dy-ing ones to save,
life e-ter-nal thirst; Send the pre-cious ti-dings, comfort them who weep,

CHORUS.

Joy-ous morn will ban-ish drear-y night.
Of-fer them the true and liv-ing Bread. Send the gos-pel mes-sage
From the Rock sal-va-tion's wa-ters burst.

to the far-thest land, Light to cheer the hearts in shadows dim, Living Bread and

Wa-ter from the Father's hand, Comfort for the souls who long for Him.

No. 29. You Ought to Know Him.

H. O. Devah.

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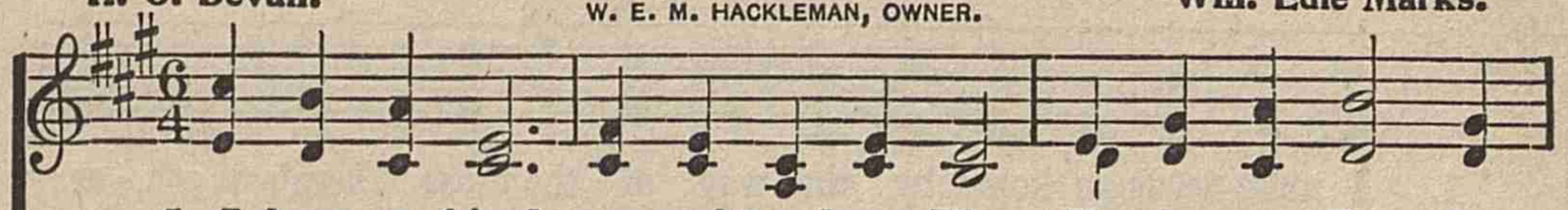
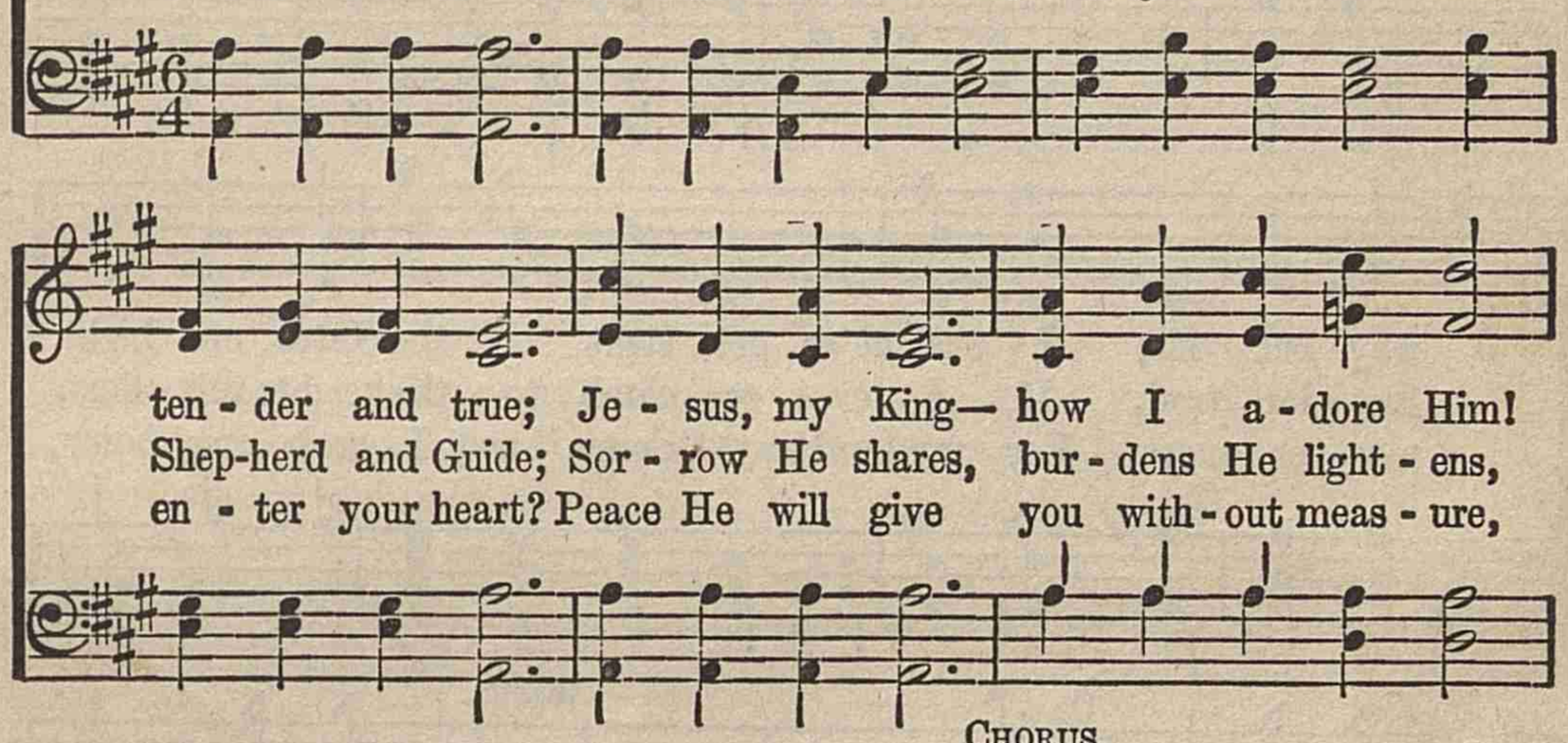
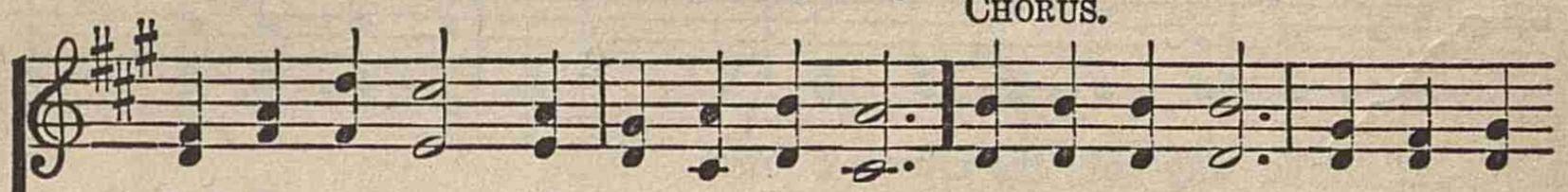
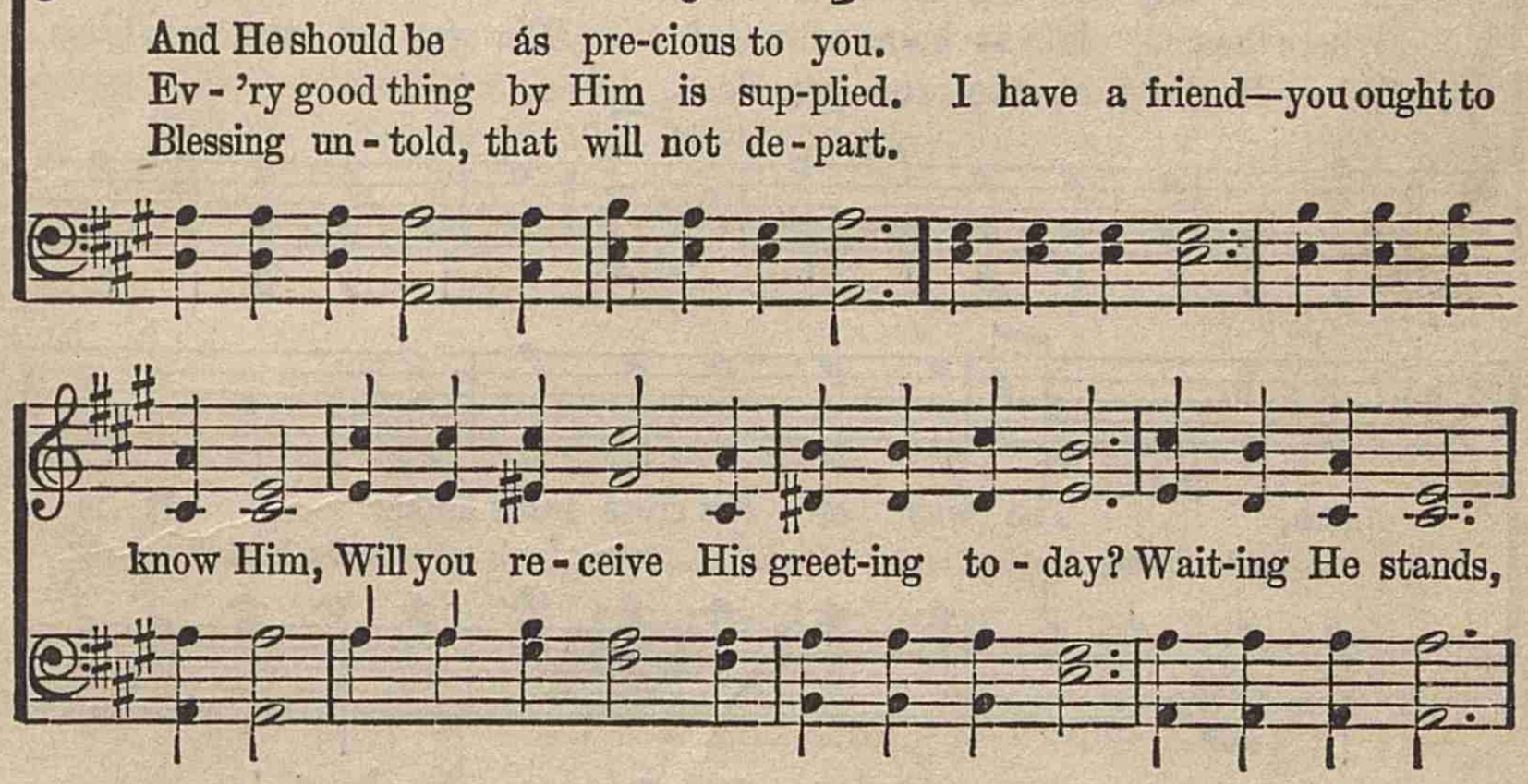
Wm. Edie Marks.

1. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a Sav - ior
2. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, He is a faith - ful
3. I have a friend—you ought to know Him, Will you not let Him

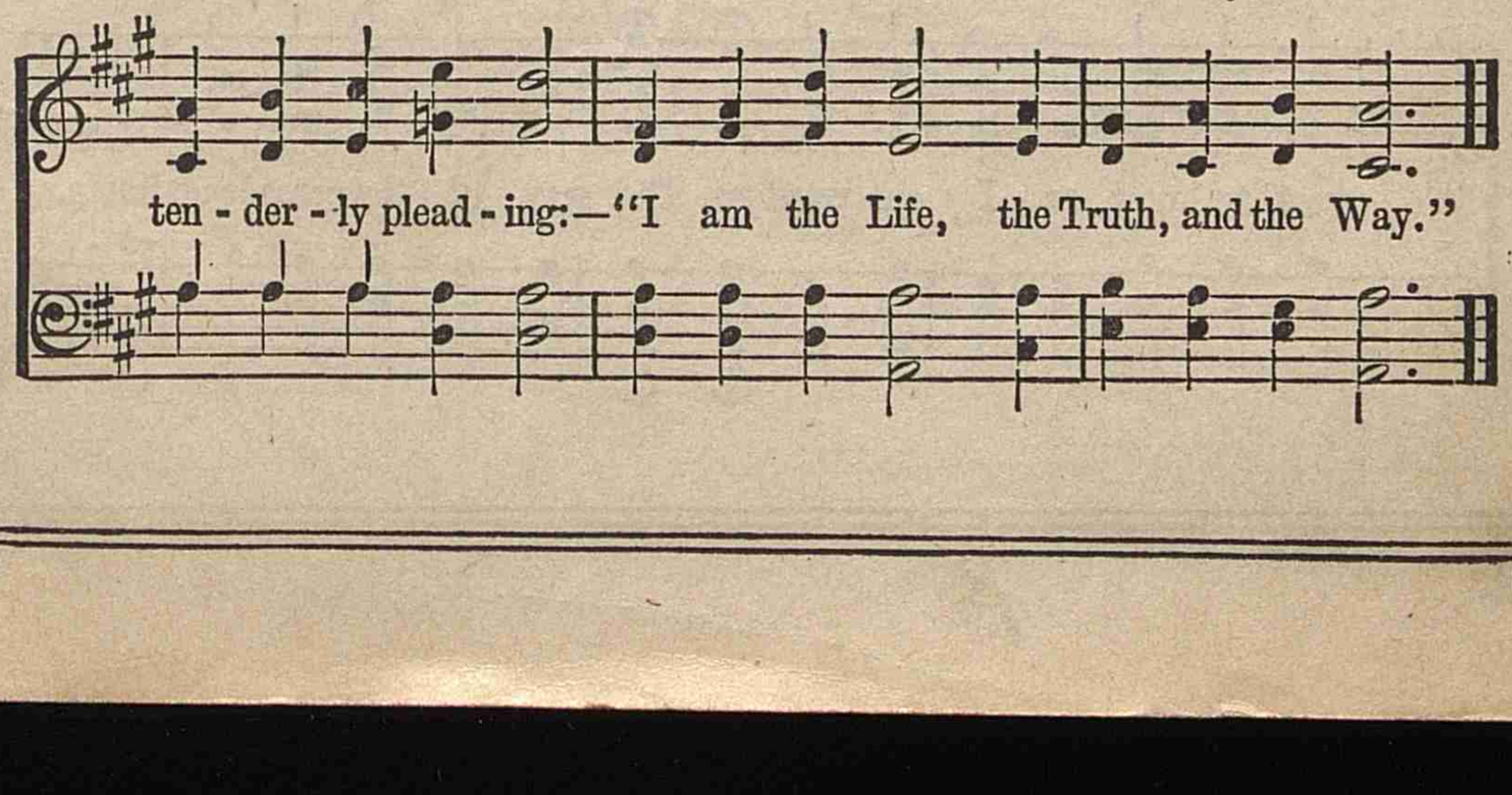


ten - der and true; Je - sus, my King— how I a - dore Him!
Shep-herd and Guide; Sor - row He shares, bur - dens He light - ens,
en - ter your heart? Peace He will give you with - out meas - ure,

CHORUS.



And He should be as pre-cious to you.
Ev - 'ry good thing by Him is sup-plied. I have a friend—you ought to
Blessing un - told, that will not de - part.

know Him, Will you re - ceive His greet-ing to - day? Wait-ing He stands,



ten - der - ly plead - ing:—"I am the Life, the Truth, and the Way."

No. 30. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home,
The way of the cross leads home;
It is sweet to know, as I on - ward go,
The way of the cross leads home.

No. 31. God Will Take Care of Thee.

Jonnie Ree.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. God will take care of thee, be not dismayed; Tho' storm and tempest rise,
2. God will take care of thee, have faith in Him; His eye is watching—it
3. God will take care of thee; He will pro - vide; Noth-ing thou need-est will

be not a - fraid, For un - der His feath-ers of love thou shalt hide,
nev-er grows dim; His grace is suf - fi - cient, what-ev - er op - pose;
thee be de - nied; E'en thro' the dark val - ley He'll light - en thy way;

CHORUS.

In His pa - vil - ion in safe - ty a - bide.
Rest on His bos - om in per - fect re - pose. God will take care of thee,
God will take care of thee, trust and o - bey.

thro' sun and shade; God will take care of thee, be not dismayed; He is thy

Friend, and He will de-fend,—God will take care of thee, be not a - fraid.

No. 32.

Victory.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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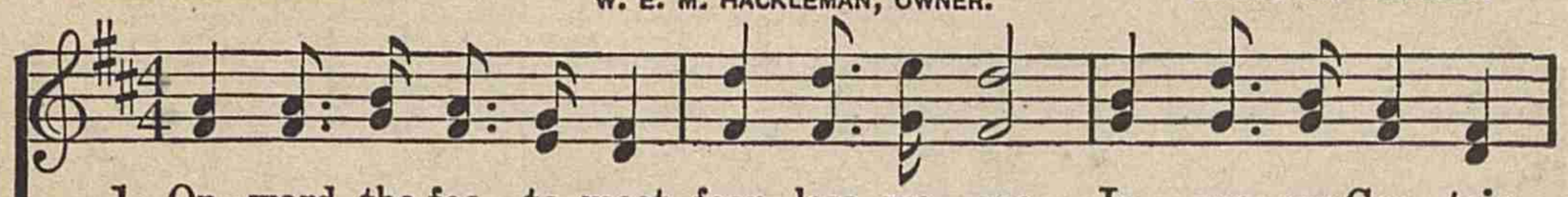
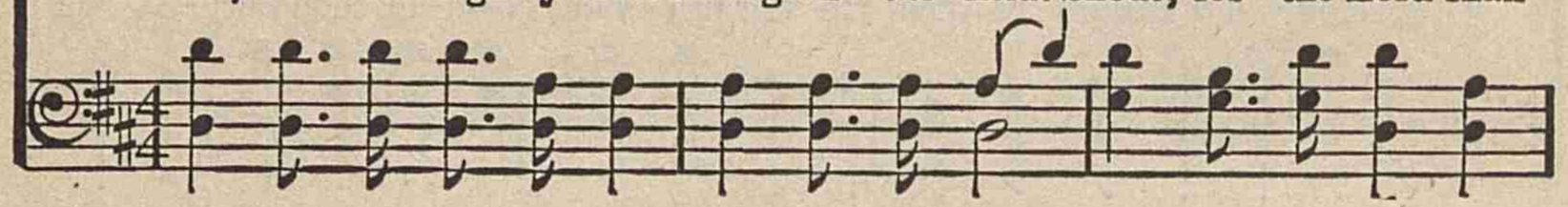
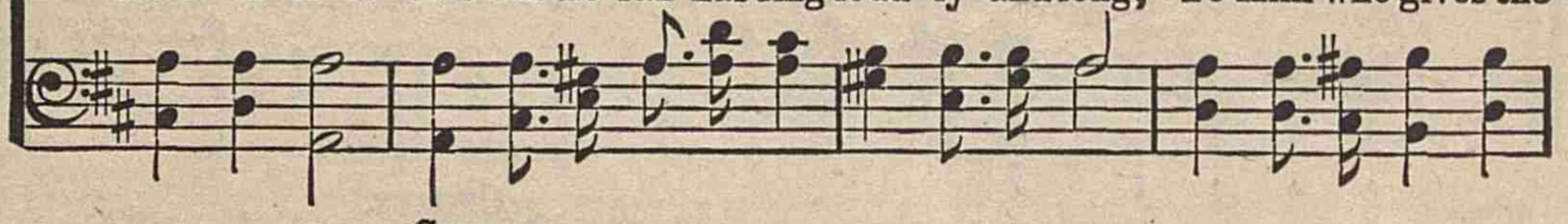
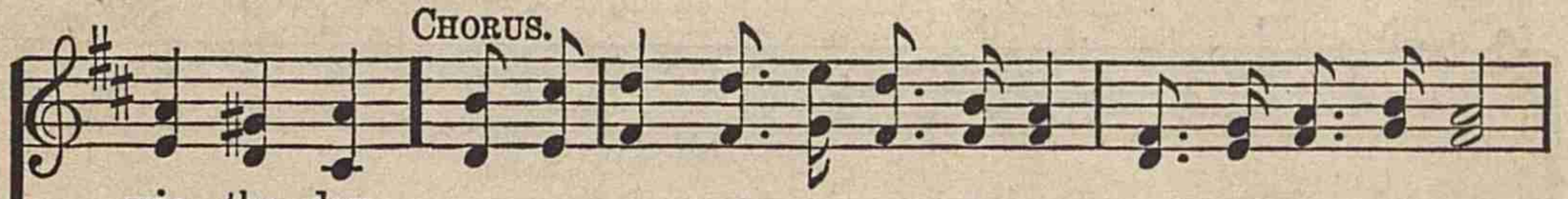
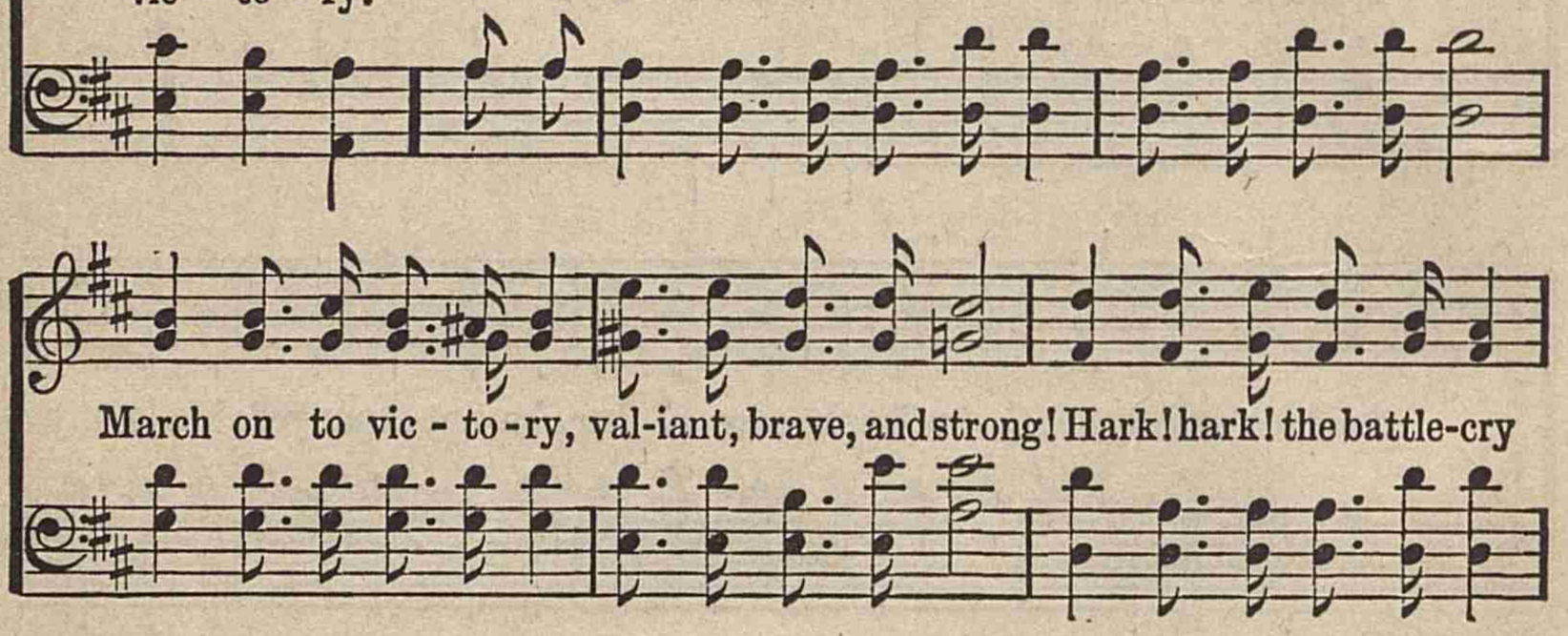
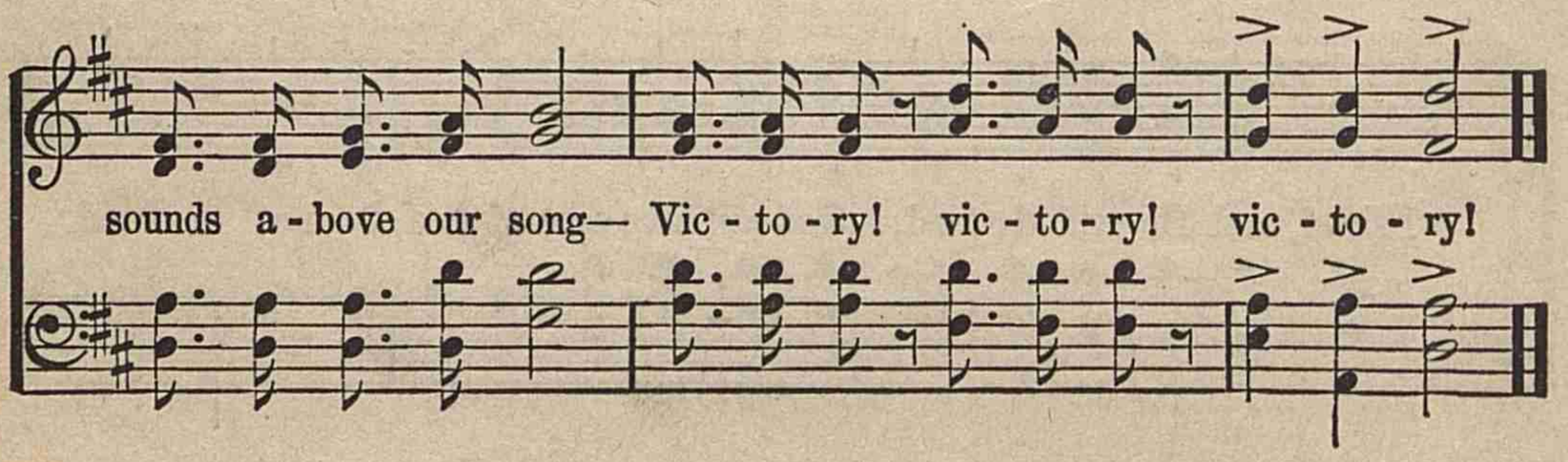
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On - ward, the foe to meet, fear - less we go; Je - sus our Cap - tain
2. Clad in the ar - mor bright, God doth pro - vide Breast-plate and hel - met,
3. See, see the might-y host strong on the field! Shout, for the Lord shall

leads the way! Strong is His mighty arm, faithful and true; Trusting in Him we'll
shield and sword; Bravely we face the foe, bold - ly we cry—Vic - t'ry is ours thro'
make us free! Let our ho-san-nas ring loud - ly and long, To Him who gives the

CHORUS.

win the day.
Christ the Lord. Then we'll march on to vic - to - ry, march, a hap - py throng;
vic - to - ry.

March on to vic - to - ry, val-iant, brave, and strong! Hark! hark! the battle-cry

sounds a - bove our song— Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!

No. 33. Let the Cheering Sunbeams Fly.

J. W. Carpenter.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CARPENTER & BURCHIT.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. J. A. Burchit.

1. You have known the Mas - ter, bless - ed Mas - ter, You have known His
2. You have seen the sun - beams, cheer - ing sun-beams, Chas - ing shad-ows
3. You have seen the sun - beams, cheer - ing sun-beams, Foll'wing show-ers

mer - cy and His love; You have caught the sunbeams, cheering sunbeams,
from the cloud - ed sky; You have seen the dawn-ing, wondrous dawn-ing,
on the fields new - sown; You have seen the har - vest, gold - en har - vest,

CHORUS.

Gen-tly fall - ing from the skies a - bove (so gen - tly). Scatter the sunbeams,
Coming, glorious, when the sunbeams fly (bright sun-beams).
Safe-ly garnered, with the ear full-grown (blest har - vest). Scat - ter sun - beams,

cheering, bright sunbeams; Darkened hearts for sunlight cry; . . Bear the news of
cheer - ing sun-beams; Hearts for sun - light cry; . . Bear the

Dark - ened hearts for light are cry - ing;

mer - cy, Tell the news of Je - sus, Let the cheering sunbeams fly.
news of mer - cy, Tell the love of Je - sus,

No. 34. All Glory Be Thine.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer-cy, and
2. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un -
3. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; The an-gels in light With prophets and

judg - ment Shine forth in Thy word. Thou rul - est and reign - est
chang-ing, Thy stat-utes are just. All na-tions and peo - ple
mar - tyrs Their an-thems u - nite. Thou on - ly art ho - ly,

All oth-ers a - bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep-ter is love.
Be-fore Thee shall fall, The Fa-ther, Re-deem-er, And Sav-ior of all.
O An-cient of days; The boundless cre-a - tion Is filled with Thy praise.

CHORUS.

Thy reign ev - er - last - ing, Thy king - dom di - vine,

Hence - forth and for - ev - er All glo - ry be Thine.

No. 35. Work For Jesus.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Oran Williams.

1. In this vale of sad-ness, Grief, and pain, and care, Where the bur-dened
2. Ev - er hearts are break-ing; Cries are ev - er heard; Ev - er strug-gling
3. There are souls a-round you, Deep in doubt and sin, Whom an act of

and the wear-y Meet you ev - 'ry - where; Oh, what pre-cious bless-ings
souls are long-ing For a cheer-ing word; Oh, what deeds of kind-ness
love might res-cue, Whom a word might win; Oh, what er-ring broth-ers

D. S.—*Oh, what pre-cious blessings*

FINE.

May be yours each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.
You may do each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.
You may win each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.

May be yours each day, If you'll work for Je-sus All a-long the way.

CHORUS.

Work for Je - - sus, Help the dear Re-deem - er,
Work for Je - sus, work for Je - sus,

D. S.

Soothe and com - fort, Glad - den while you may: . .
Soothe and com - fort, soothe and com - fort, Glad - - den while you may;

No. 36.

On to the Battle.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. On to the bat - tle, O sol - dier of Je - sus, Forth to the
2. Mil - lions are dy - ing! go, res - cue the cap - tives From sin's pol-
3. On! Sa - tan's ter - rors shall not o - ver-whelm you; Stand up for

con - flict, the war - fare be - gin! Pow - ers of dark - ness a-
lu - tion! re - joice in His grace! Foes with - out num - ber may
Je - sus! His trust ne'er be - tray; For - ward! the watch - fires now

round you are press-ing, Raise on high your standard, the faith-ful shall win.
sore - ly dis - tress you; Bold - ly strug-gle on in the light of His face.
gleam on the mountains, Christ, your light and strength, goes before all the way.

D. S.–*break o'er the hill-tops, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! a crown you shall win.*

CHORUS.

Shout! for the Might-y, the Lord ev - er - last - ing, Calls you to
vic - to - ry; why fear the hosts of sin? Glad - ness, like morning, shall

No. 37. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a

word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,

With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.

CHORUS.

Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,
smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;

FINE.

D. S.

No. 38. The Sunday School Brigade.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT. 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sun-day School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al - ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun-shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy be - bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless - ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with love, as the sun our banner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing not the wait - ing foe, Sing - ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher-so-ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end - less day.

CHORUS.

Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Making known the blessed sto-ry,
Marching on, on, on, we're march-ing, Marching on, on, on, on, marching on,
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sun-day School Bri-gade.

No. 39. Answer the Call.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ernest G. Wellesley-Wesley. H. A. Henry.

1. Man - y the hearts who of er - ror are wear - y, Looking for
2. Go to all na - tions, no lon - ger de - lay - ing; Go with His
3. Go, in the name of the Sav - ior con - fid - ing, Who for the
4. Har-vest draws near! hath the Mas - ter not told us? Haste, O ye

Him who is wait - ing to save; Man - y the lost ones in
mes - sage of love and of light; Go, for the sys - tems of
sin - ner once suf - fered and died: Death can - not harm who, in
reap - ers, the fields now are white. Fear not! His love and His

wil - der-ness drear-y, Man - y who, Christless, now haste to the grave.
er - ror de - cay - ing Her - ald the pass - ing of er - ror and night.
Je - sus a - bid - ing, Ref - uge their souls in the cleft of His side.
pow'r now en - fold us; Strong is the Chris-tian in Je - sus' own might.

D. S.—*love's pin-ions fly - ing; Haste, O ye reap-ers, to an - swer the call.*

CHORUS.

Bear to the lands that in bond - age are ly - ing, Ti - dings of
Je - sus, the Sav - ior of all; Speed with the gos - pel, on

No. 40. Servant of God, Awake.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Charlotte G. Homer. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Serv - ant of God, a - wake un - to thy du - ty; Why will ye
2. Wide are the plains that glimm'ring lie be - fore thee Ripe un - to
3. Up! in the name of Him who died to save you; Seek for the
4. "He that en - dur - eth," is the word re - cord - ed, Shall joy and

doubt, why fal - ter, why de - lay? Look on the fields that wave in gold - en
har - vest; thrust the sick-le in! High in the heav'ns the sun is burn - ing!
err - ing as He sought for you! Al - ways re-mem - ber what in love He
ev - er-last-ing life ob - tain; To him a crown at last shall be a -

beau - ty, While thou art dream - ing pre - cious hours a - way.
o'er thee,—Still thou art i - dle! Now the work be - gin.
gave you, And be a serv - ant loy - al, brave, and true.
ward - ed, Thro' Christ the Lord, who was for sin - ners slain.

CHORUS.

Serv - ant of God, a - rouse ye, a - wake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go,
la - bor for His sake! Je - sus is call - ing! Go, la - bor for His sake!

No. 41. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. You may have the joy-bells 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 jour-ney 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 a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your

Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.

D. S.—*He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert*

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy

in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

No. 42. Deeds of Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Beau-ti-ful deeds of love, born in the land a-bove, Scat-ter each day
2. Ev-er be brave and true, there is so much to do,— E-ven a smile
3. Beau-ti-ful deeds of love, born in the land a-bove, Dry-ing our tears,

o-ver life's way, ev-'ry-where you go; Gleaming like jew-els bright,
care will be-guile, some-one bless and cheer; Giv-ing 's a joy-ful thing,
ban-ish-ing fears, strew them far and wide; Blossoms of kind-ness sweet

e'en thro' the darkest night, Spreading some rays of heaven's sunshine here below.
serv-ice would crown a King, Freely each act of mer-cy ren-der Christ so dear.
laid at the Master's feet, Touched by His hand, in fadeless beauty shall a-bide.

CHORUS.

{ Scatter them far and wide, lifting the shadows drear, Guiding the feet to Him,
{ Scat-ter them dai-ly, far and wide, lifting the gloomy shadows drear, Guiding the weary feet to Him,

{ Scatter them far and wide, beautiful deeds of love, [*Omit*.....]
{ Scat-ter them dai-ly, far and wide, beautiful, kind-ly deeds of love, [*Omit*.....]

straying in darkness here; Telling of Christ so dear, as we point to bliss above.
straying in paths of darkness here;

No. 43. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. **Henry P. Morton.**

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of

Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul

FINE. CHORUS.

By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine,

D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine.*

D. S.

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

4/23 '16 P.M.

No. 44. The Beautiful Gates of Gold.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

H. L. Haldor Lillenas.

1. Are you walk-ing the path that is lead - ing To the home-land of
2. Are you walk-ing the path of de - lu - sion, Far a - way on the
3. Soon the jour-ney of earth shall be end - ing, And the sto - ry of
4. Will you come to the Sav - ior for guid - ance To this land rich with

beau-ties un - told? Are the pas-tures in which you are feed - ing, Near the
mountains so cold; Or, the broad-way of sin and con - fu - sion Far a-
life will be told; Shall your path-way, un-er-ring, be wend-ing Tow'rd the
bless-ings un - told? He will show you the path-way of ra-diance That will

CHORUS.

beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
way from the gates of gold?
beau-ti - ful gates of gold?
lead to the gates of gold.

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold,....

of gold,

O the beau-ti - ful gates of gold (of gold); Are you walk-ing to - day

in the heav-en-ward way, To the beau-ti - ful gates of gold (of gold)?

No. 45. Jesus is Always at Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

N. A. McCauley. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), My foot-steps to guide in the way (the way); He helps me in sad-ness, He fills me with gladness, His
2. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), To help me life's burdens to bear (to bear); His love is my treas-ure, His serv-ice my pleas-ure, How
3. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), When sorrow would darken my soul (my soul); His crim-son ob - la-tion Brings sweet con-so-la-tion, And
4. Je - sus is al-ways at hand (at hand), Till homeward my soul takes its flight (its flight); He'll guide me to glo - ry, Where love's sweetest story I'll

CHORUS.

word is my com-fort and stay.
sweet His pro-tec-tion to share.
makes my poor wounded heart whole.
sing in the mansions of light.

Je - sus is al-ways at hand,.....
Je - - sus is al-ways at hand,

By faith in His mer - its I stand;..... O the rich - es of
By faith in His mer - its I stand;

grace I be - hold in His face, For Je-sus is al-ways at hand.....
al - ways, is al - ways at hand.

No. 46. Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. Hewitt.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Keep the mu - sic ringing In the trusting heart; Close to Je - sus clinging,
2. Keep the mu - sic ringing, Let the joy-notes flow, Like a fountain springing,
3. Keep the mu - sic ringing, Let it gladness bear, Con - so - la - tion bringing
4. Keep the mu - sic ringing In the house of God, Wor-ship Him with singing,

Praise will ne'er de - part; Chim-ing with life's sto - ry, Sil - ver tones of peace,
Lit with heav'nly glow; Sing His love constraining, As you pass a - long,
In a world of care; Sing of help a - vail-ing In the thick-est fight,
Tell His love a - broad; In His ho - ly dwelling, In the courts a - bove,

CHORUS.

To our Savior's glo-ry, Let them nev - er cease.
Till, His knowledge gaining, Others learn your song. Keep . . . the mu-sic
Sing of grace un-fail-ing In the dark - est night.
O what strains are swelling, Raptured hymns of love.

Keep the mu-sic ringing,

ringing all the way; Serve . . . the Lord with gladness ev'ry day; Keep the music

Serve the Lord with gladness,

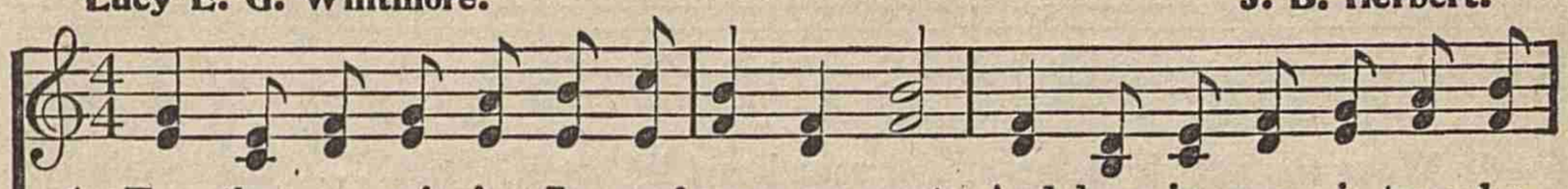
ringing, Keep the music ringing, Keep the music ringing all the way. . . .

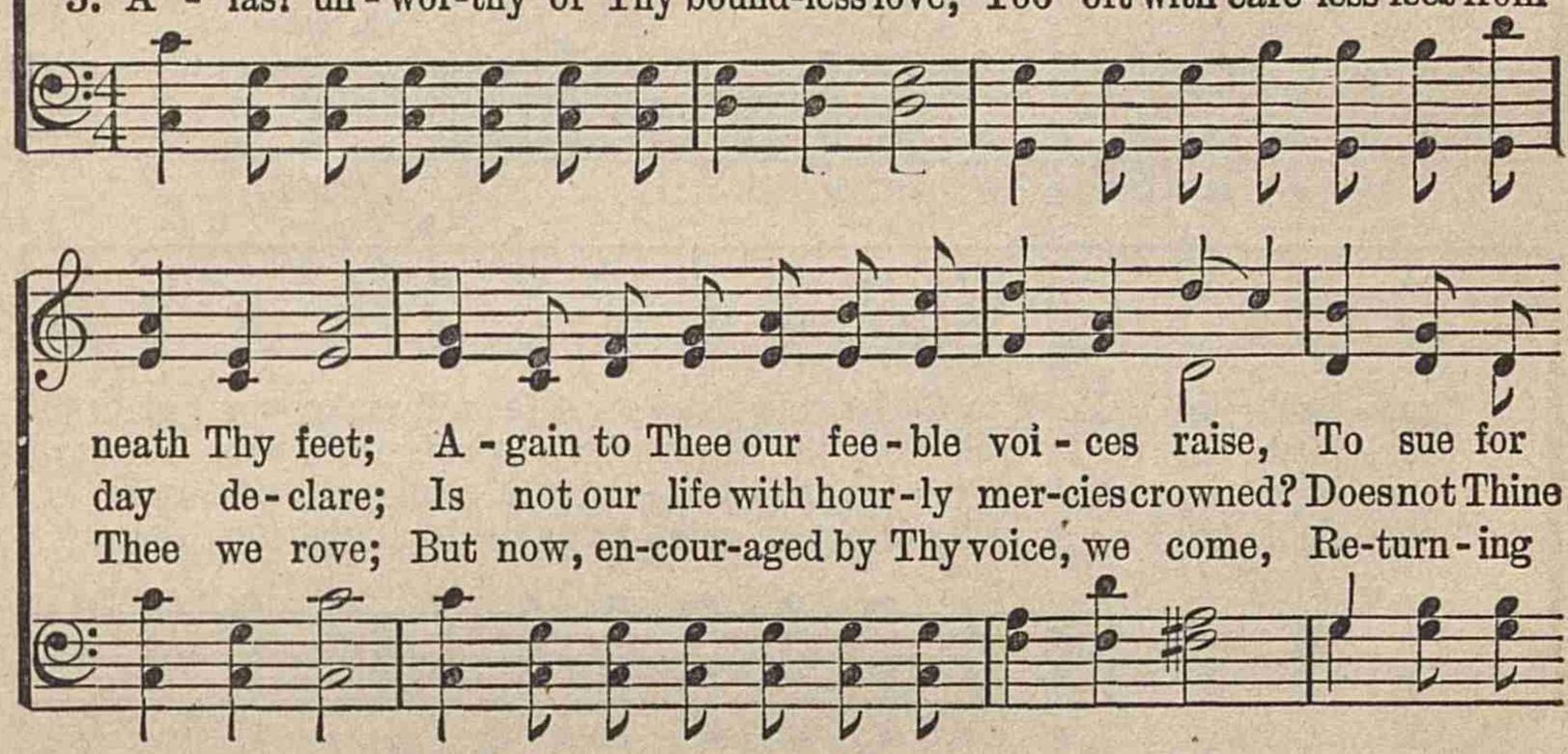
ring-ing, ringing all the way.

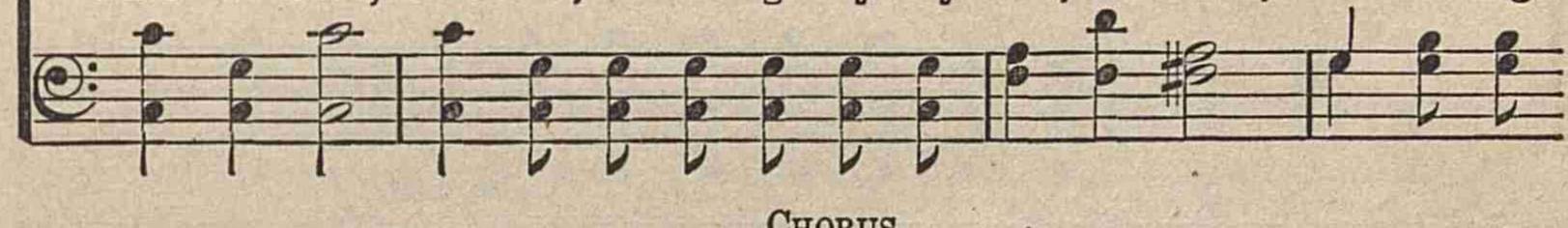
4/20/18 Ann - 6/16/18 Ann -

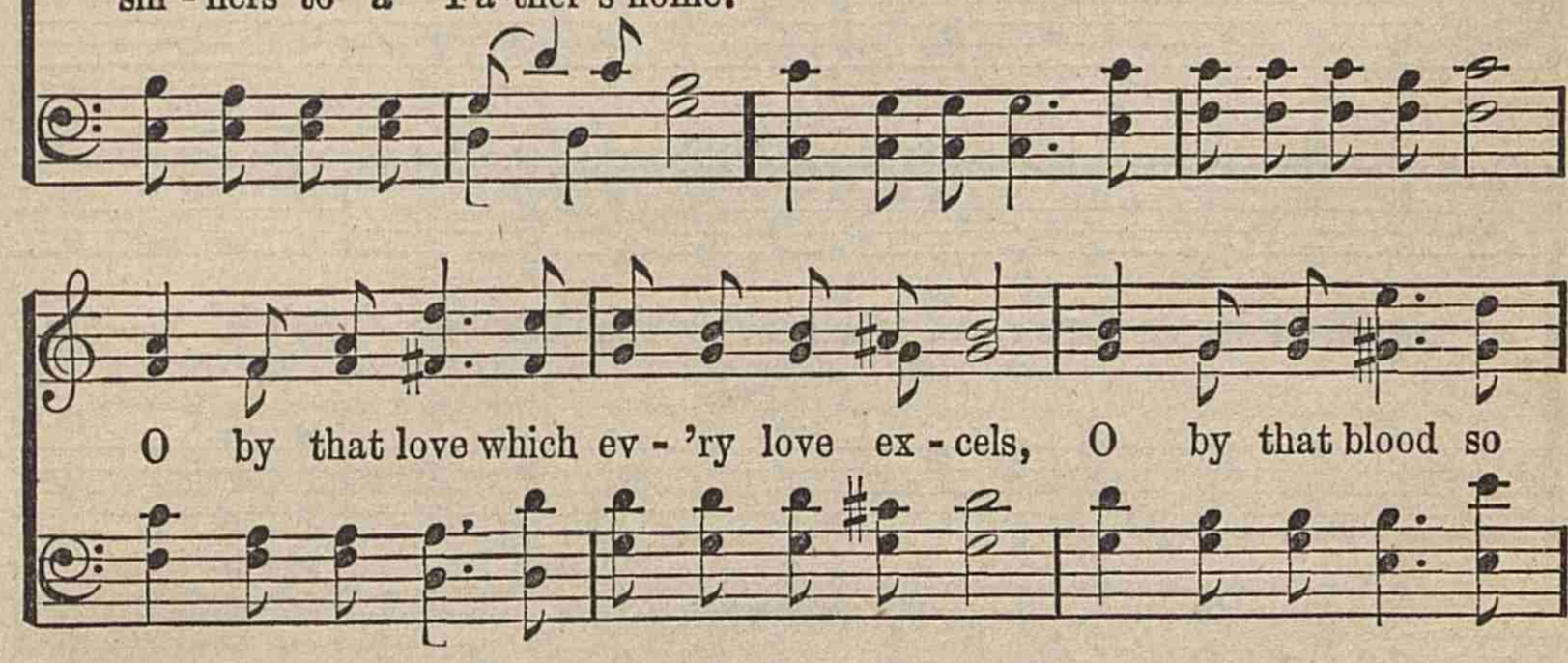
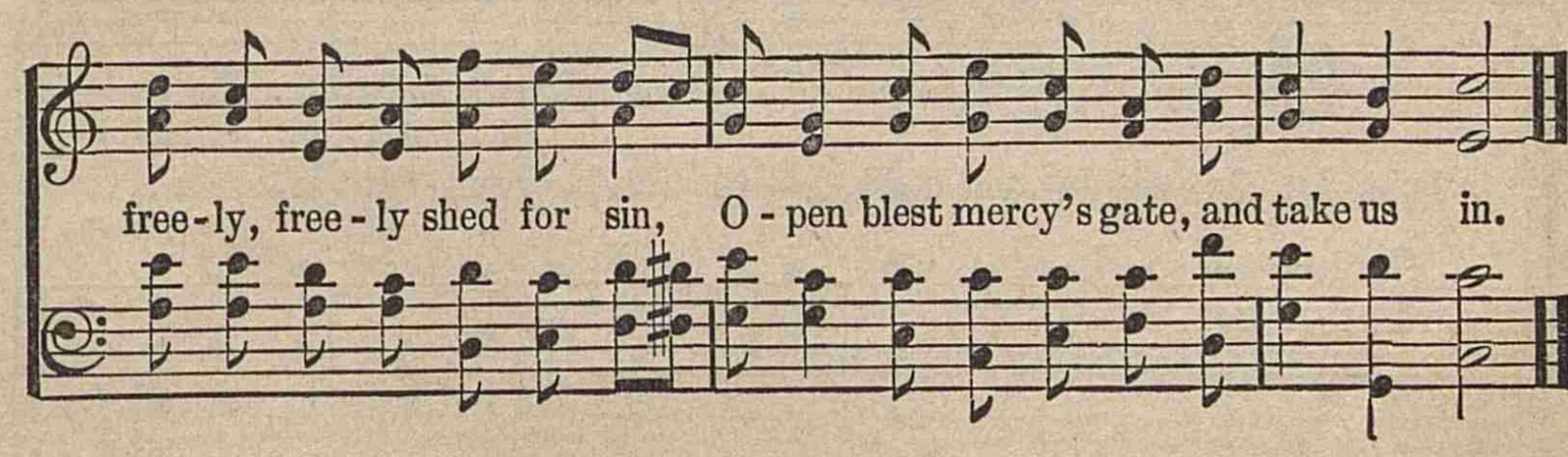
No. 47. Again In Jesus' Name We Meet.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Lucy E. G. Whitmore. J. B. Herbert.

1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i - tence be-
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care, And all Thy work from day to
3. A - las! un - wor-thy of Thy bound-less love, Too oft with care-less feet from



neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces raise, To sue for
day de - clare; Is not our life with hour - ly mer-cies crowned? Does not Thine
Thee we rove; But now, en-cour-aged by Thy voice, we come, Re-turn - ing

CHORUS.

mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.
arm en - cir - cle us a - round? O by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,
sin - ners to a Fa-ther's home.

O by that love which ev - 'ry love ex - cels, O by that blood so

free - ly, free - ly shed for sin, O - pen blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

No. 48. Heavenly Sunlight.

C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. F. H. Shaul.

1. When the day is drear-y, and your heart is sad, Let..... the heav'n-ly
2. When your doubts distress you and your fears a - rise, Let..... the heav'n-ly
3. When the con-flict ra - ges and you al - most fail, Let..... the heav'n-ly
4. When your day is wan - ing and your work is done, Let..... the heav'n-ly

sun - light in; Look to Christ your Sav - ior, He will make you glad;
sun - light in; It will drive the storm-clouds quickly from your skies;
sun - light in; Ne'er give o'er the bat - tle, you shall yet pre - vail;
sun - light in; It will guide you safe - ly home to Christ the Son;

CHORUS.

Let the heav'n-ly sun - light in..... Let..... the heav'n-ly sun - light in, Let..... the heav'nly sun - light in; Be a liv - ing light for Je - sus day and night, Let the heav'n-ly sun - light in.....

No. 49. Fill Me with Thy Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. Emp - ty me of self, my gracious Lord, Take a - way all hindrance
2. Emp - ty me of self, that Thou mayst see Thine own ho - ly like - ness
3. Emp - ty me of self, that I may give Wit - ness to the faith by
4. Emp - ty me of self, that I may bring Glad and read - y serv - ice

to Thy word, Bring my will with Thine in sweet ac - cord,
formed in me, Con - se - crat - ed ful - ly, Lord, to Thee,
which I live, Wit - ness to the bless - ings I re - ceive,
to my King, Sweet - est hal - le - lu - jahs then I'll sing;

CHORUS.

Fill me with Thy love. Emp - ty me of self, al - might - y Sav - ior,

Emp - ty me of self and lift my heart a - bove; Fill me with Thy

bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Fill me with Thy love.

No. 50. To All Men Everywhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ida M. Budd. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. The Lord has need of work - ers to till His vine-yard wide; A-
2. The souls of men are fam-ished, they hun - ger to be fed, Will
3. To souls in bond-age groan - ing and long - ing to be free, Christ

far His call is sound-ing now, why i - dle still a - bide? Go,
you not break, for Je - sus' sake, to them the liv - ing bread? Go
bids you speak His mes - sage sweet of life and lib - er - ty; To

join the host who serve Him—their pa - tient la - bors share, Pro-
in His strength, and shun not His coun - sels to de - clare With
hearts with sor - row break - ing, the news He bids you bear Of

D. S.—*word the Lord hath spo - ken, O has - ten to de - clare, Of*

FINE. CHORUS.

claim-ing His sal-va - tion to all men ev'rywhere. To all men, to
all its hope and warn-ing to all men ev'rywhere.
ten - der con - so - la - tion to all men ev'rywhere. To all men ev-'ry-where The

per-fect, free sal-va - tion to all men ev'rywhere.

D. S.

all men Tell out the joy and gladness that all the world may share; The
glorious tidings bear,

No. 51. Have You Made the World Better?

Nella F. Ford.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the last rays of sun-set are low in the west, When the toil-ers come home, and the world is at rest, To the ques-tion my an-swer must be yea or nay—"Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?"
2. Did a storm-beat-en pilgrim, cast down in the race, See the Christ that you love when he looked in your face? Did you pray for the friend who has drift-ed a-way—Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?
3. Did the stran-ger who traveled with you all day long Feel the touch of your faith in your word, in your song? Has your heart felt the bur-den for souls gone astray—Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?
4. When my life-day is o-ver, and sun-set has come, When the work is all done and the toil-ers go home, May I know that for which I will con-stant-ly pray—I have made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day!

D. S.—*Have you done what you could in all things, as you should—Have you made the world better by liv-ing to-day?*

FINE.

CHORUS.

Have you made it better, Have you made the world bet-ter by liv-ing to-day?

D. S.

No. 52. Praise the Lord.

F. L. Snyder.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Geo. E. Myers.

1. "From the ris - ing of the sun un - til the go - ing down thereof," Praise the
2. From the ris - ing of the sun un - til the gath'ring shades of night, Praise the
3. From the ris - ing of the sun un - til its rays are seen no more, Praise the

Lord, Praise the Lord; For the ran-som of His Son, O wondrous,
Lord, Praise the Lord; For the grace that helps you triumph o - ver
Lord, Praise the Lord; When our tri - als all are end - ed and we

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord;

CHORUS.

won - drous gift of love! Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, with the
wrong and for the right, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.
meet on yonder shore, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,

fullness of your soul, Praise the Lord, for the grace that's made you whole, Hal-le-

Praise the Lord, Hal - le-

lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord.

lu - jah to His name, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name, Praise the Lord,

No. 53.

The Work of Love.

C. H. G.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There are those we must en-cour-age, Who are struggling and trying to win;
2. Is thy broth-er faint and wear-y? Go and help him his bur-den to bear!
3. Here a lov - ing word of com-fort, There an ac-tion of mer-cy and love;

For we know not their temp-ta-tions, Nor the fight they are waging with sin.
Has he wan-dered from the path-way? Go and lead him to Je - sus in prayer!
Scat-ter sun-shine all a - round you, And the Lord will reward you a - bove.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter deeds ..... of kindness and love, ... It will
Scat - ter deeds of kind - ness, Scat - ter deeds of love,

bright - - en the pathway a - bove; ..... Scat-ter deeds ..... of
It will light the path - - way to your home; Scat-ter lov-ing words

love a - long the way That leads to ev - er - last - ing day .....
all a-long the way That leads to ev - er - last - ing, ev - er-last-ing day.

No. 54. Tell Everything to Jesus.

Jennie Ree. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, Talk to Him ev - 'ry day;
2. Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, On Him for help re - ly;
3. Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, Free - ly in Him con - fide;

He'll help you see more clear - ly, He'll drive your doubts a - way.
He'll give your hopes fru - i - tion, And ev - 'ry need sup - ply.
All that to you is need - ful, Sure - ly He will pro - vide.

Lay all your cherished hopes be-fore Him, And take Him at His word;
In times of bit - ter grief or sor - row, Tri - al, or loss, or pain,
For did He not, on Cal-v'ry's mountain, Suf - fer and die for you?

FINE.

For per - fect is He in wis - dom, Judg-ment He will af - ford.
He'll whis-per you words of com - fort, Thy bro-ken heart sus - tain.
Then hon - or, be-lieve, and trust Him, In ev - 'ry-thing you do.

D. S.—*Con - fide in the bless - ed Sav - ior, He is a Friend in - deed.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Tell ev - 'ry-thing to Je - sus, Prove Him a Friend in need;

No 55. Victory is Coming.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Alida Roe. J. S. Fearis.

1. Vic - to - ry is com-ing! send the word a - long, Let the glorious ban - ner
2. See our hosts ad-vanc-ing! hear our hap-py song; See our shields of faith all
3. Vic - to - ry is com-ing! peace will fol-low soon, Bringing joy e - ter - nal

wave on high! Satan's hosts are trembling, right must vanquish wrong,
gleam-ing bright! New re-cruits are join - ing as we march a - long,
in its smile; What a vast ar - ray will stand be-fore the throne,

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry is coming by and by!
Leav-ing all to bat-tle for the right. Join, ye Christian warriors, in a
When the captives join our rank and file.

glad, triumphant song! Let the nations hear us as we march a-long! Never rest nor

fal-ter, ban - ish sin and wrong, Vic-to-ry is coming by and by! . . .
by and by!

No. 56.

Jesus Lives.

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John R. Colgan. **A. F. Myers.**

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift your voice in cheer - ful song,
2. Tongues of chil-dren light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, O bless - ed words! King of kings and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up - on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je - sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je - sus lives!
Throws a - side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je - sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Rally now and sing for Jesus,
Wait, not, Sing, sing,
Wait not, wait not, Sing for Je - sus,

Repeat Chorus pp.
f rit.

ev'rywhere you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,
Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, *Jesus lives!*

No. 57. Just a Little Sunshine.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just a lit - tle sun - shine ev - 'ry-where we go, O - ver darkened
2. Like the bless - ed Mas - ter, in this life, are we Sent to com - fort
3. Just a lit - tle sun - shine makes the ro - ses grow; In the bar - ren

path-ways, rays of bless - ings throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
oth - ers; pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out-reach - ing,
pla - ces flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,

from a lov - ing heart Help the world to bright-en; let us do our part.
strengthening the weak, In the name of Je - sus con - so - la-tion speak.
cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri - pen for im-mor-tal bloom.

FINE.

D. S.—*Tell-ing love's sweet sto - ry ev - 'ry-where we go.*

CHORUS.

Sun-shine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sun-shine, Bear-ing heav'nly glad-ness

D. S.

thro' this world be - low; Sun-shine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sun - shine,

No. 58. Christ Shall Be King.

W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let prais-es ring!

Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,

CHORUS.

rit.

And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King.

O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;

O - ver all the world let His praises ring; Ev'ry land and nation Shall

O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;

know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King.

No. 59. Tell the Wonderful Story.

Oran Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **H. A. Henry.**

1. Je - sus died to save us, Life e - ter - nal He gave us; Up - on
2. Fill the world with sing - ing, Set the mer - ry bells ring - ing, Shout and
3. Praise His name for - ev - er, He is strong to de - liv - er; Naught is

Cal - va-ry's cross He paid the price of sin; Ti-dings of sal-va - tion,
pub-lish to ev - 'ry crea-ture Je - sus' name; Send the leaves of heal - ing,
a - ble to sev - er us from His em - brace; In the night He sought us,

Shout with glad o - va - tion, Un - til ev - 'ry na-tion shall His praise be - gin.
Life and light re-veal - ing, Un - til ev - 'ry na-tion shall His love pro-claim.
To the light He bro't us, And at last we shall behold Him face to face.

FINE.

D. S.—*Un - til ev - 'ry na-tion shall His praise be - gin.*

CHORUS.

Tell . . the beautiful sto - ry, Tell . . the beautiful
Tell the blessed sto - ry, Tell the beautiful sto - ry, Tell the blessed sto - ry,

sto - ry Of . . . His wonderful glo - ry,
Tell the wonderful sto - ry Of His grace and glo - ry, Of His wonderful glo-ry,

D. S.

No. 60. Open Wide the Window.

Ina Duley Ogdon. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Leave off weeping, o-pen wide the window, Look tow'rd Je-ru-sa-lem to - day;
2. Leave off sigh-ing, o-pen wide the window, Bid Je-sus welcome, bid Him stay;
3. Sing - ing, praying, o-pen wide the window, Peace to your soul His life will give;

Christ is ris - en, ban - ish-ing the darkness, Look tow'rd the Light, and pray.
Join the anthem, sing a-loud Ho-san - na, Look tow'rd the Light, and pray.
Christ is ris - en! tell abroad the message, Look tow'rd the Light, and pray.

CHORUS.

O - - - pen wide the win - - dow, Let the
O - pen wide the win - - dow, let the light shine in,

light shine in, let the light shine in, Driv - - ing
light of love shine in, Driv-ing out our sad-

out our sad - - ness, Heal-ing all the wounds of sin.
ness, fill - ing life with glad-ness,

No. 61. Carry the Sunshine.

Birdie Bell. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, In-to the by-ways drear-y;
2. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, Cor-ners where gloom is hid-ing;
3. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, In-to the homes of sad-ness;
4. Car-ry the sunshine wher-ev-er you go, Man-y in grief are pin-ing;

Ban-ish the shadows of sor-row and woe, Scat-ter the sun-beams cheer-y.
Je-sus is read-y His light to be-stow, In-to the brightness guid-ing.
Man-y are long-ing its com-fort to know, Hop-ing for light and glad-ness.
O-ver their path-way a ra-di-ance throw, Light from the Sav-ior shin-ing.

CHORUS.

Car-ry the sun-shine, the heav-en-ly sun-shine, Brighten the path-ways of sorrow and woe;
Car-ry the sun-shine, the heav-en-ly sun-shine, Brighten the path-ways of sor-row and woe;
Je-sus is flood-ing your heart with the sun-light, Share it with oth-ers as you go.
Je-sus is flood-ing your heart with the sun-light,

No. 62. Sing Unto the Lord.

Timothy Dwight. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

1. Sing to the Lord most high; Let ev - 'ry land a - dore; With grate - ful heart and voice make known His good - ness and His pow'r.
2. His hands pro - vide our food, And ev - 'ry bless - ing give; We're guard - ed by His dai - ly care, And on His boun - ty live.
3. Good is the Lord our God, His truth and mer - cy sure; And while e - ter - ni - ty shall last, His prom - is - es en - dure.

CHORUS.

O sing . . . . . un - to the Lord, ... Let ev - - - 'ry heart re - joice; For His wondrous grace and pow'r di - vine, We lift to Him our voice.

Un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord,

Let ev - 'ry heart, let all re - joice;

His pow'r di-vine, We lift to Him, we lift to Him our voice.

No. 63. As a Volunteer.

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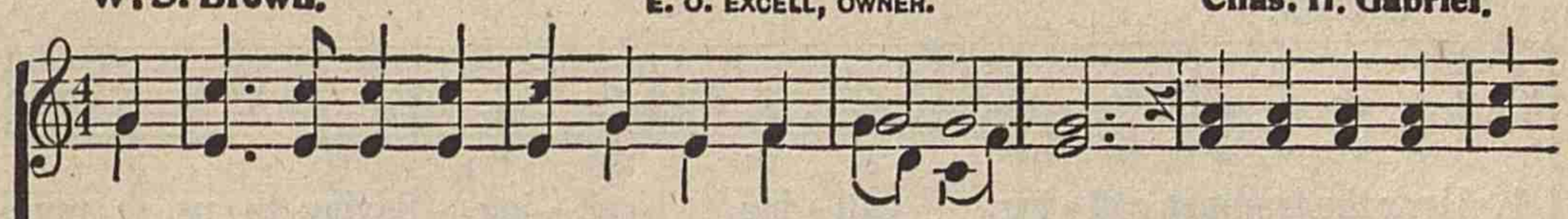
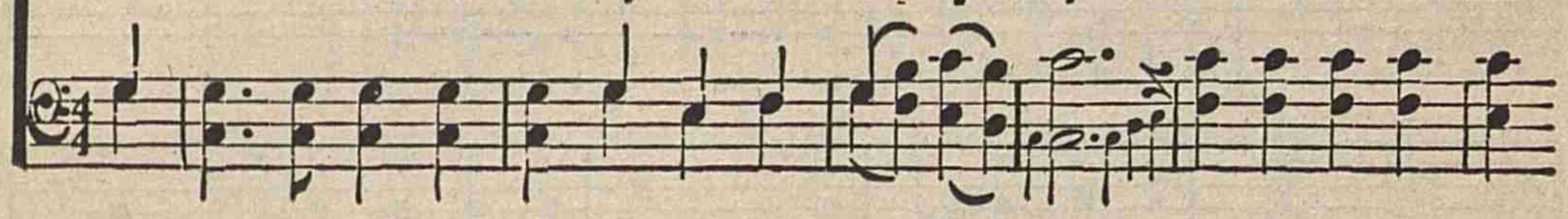
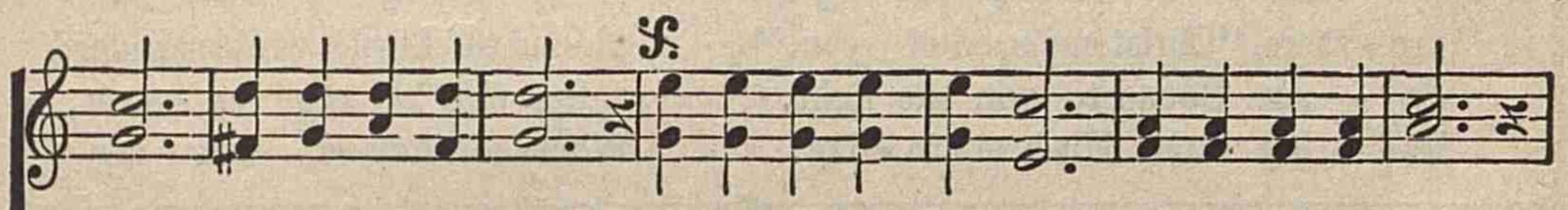
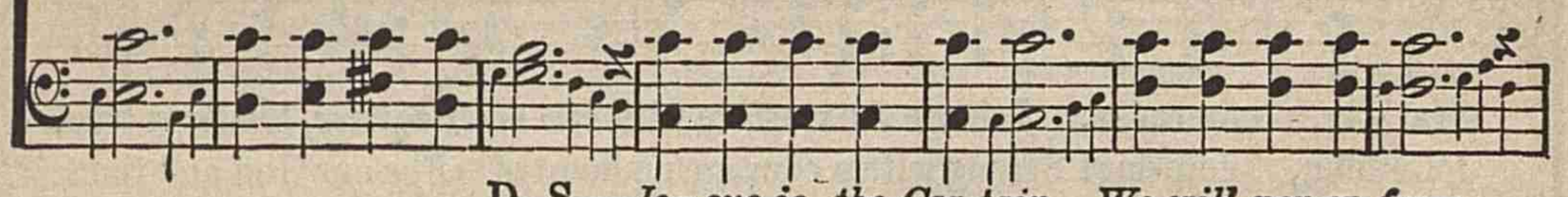
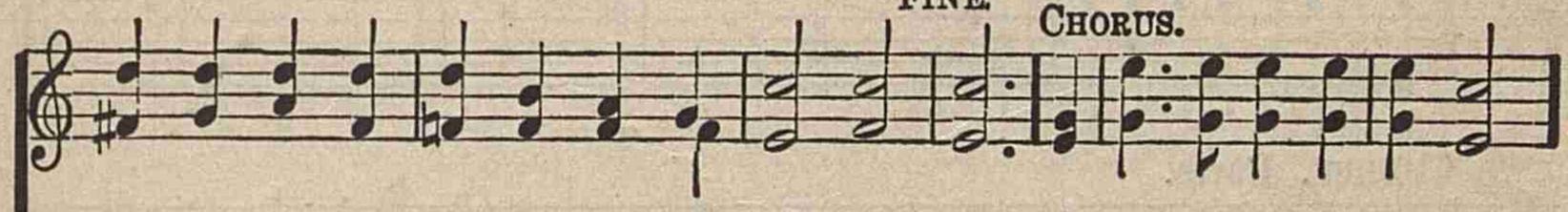
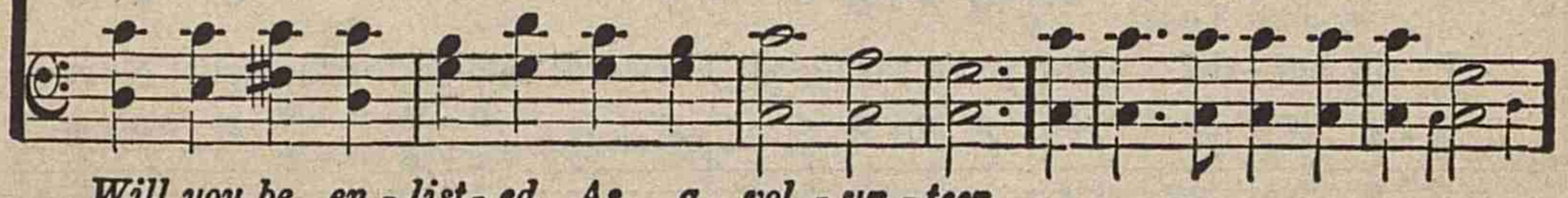
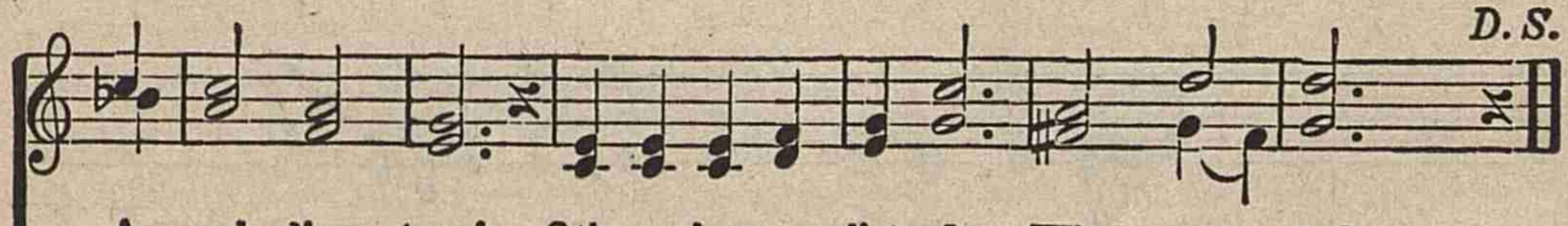
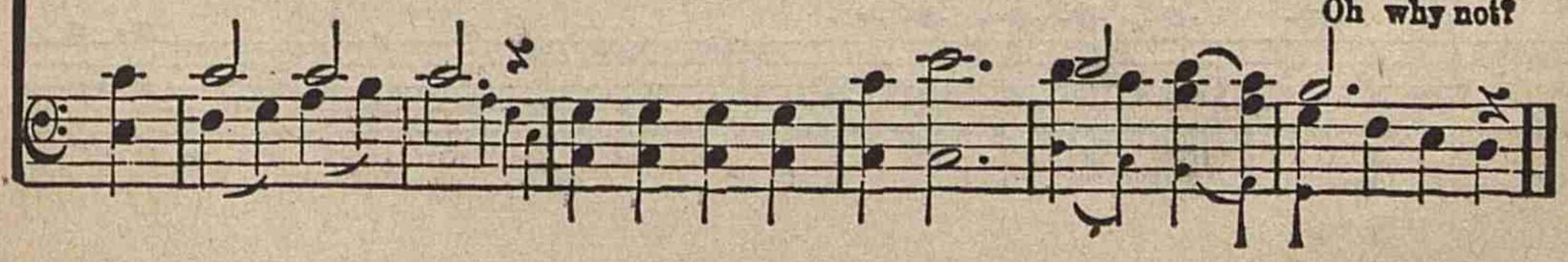
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all, Sol-diers for the con-
2. Yes, Je-sus calls for soldiers, Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve
3. He calls you for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was brok-
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-

flict, Will you heed the call? Will you answer quickly With a read-y cheer,
Him Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near,
en, Broken for mankind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in accents clear,
ful Gath-er one by one; He will crown with glory All who there appear,

D. S.—*Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer.

D. S.

A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?
Oh why not?

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No. 64.

The Call to Battle.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

E. E. Rexford. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

UNISON.

1. Hear the trumpet call - ing, call - ing, call - ing, Saying to us, O my
2. For the Christian war-fare sol - diers want - ed, Under the ban-ner of
3. Forward Christian soldiers, dar - ing, do - ing All things for Him who is

bro - thers, "Christ has need of you." Round the Lord's white standard
Je - sus Bound to win the fight. Let this be our an - swer,
lead - ing On His hosts to - day. Where His flag is wav - ing

ral - ly, comrades, Join we the warfare with oth-ers, Fearless, bold and true.
"Coming, com-ing! Strong with a courage undaunted For our God and right."
fol - low, fol - low, Dan-ger for-ev-er un-heed - ing, Fight and trust and pray!

CHORUS. Parts.

To the bat - tle! Gird ye for the fight! Forward! soldiers for the right; No re-

treat - ing in the war with sin, God and His cause must win! This our

The Call to Battle.

war - cry— Forward for the King! On-ward! where the trumpets ring! Led by

rit.

Je - sus, conqu'rors we will be— God's be the vic - to - ry!

No. 65. Fairest Lord Jesus.

Tr. R. S. Willis. CRUSADER'S HYMN. Arr. by R. S. Willis.

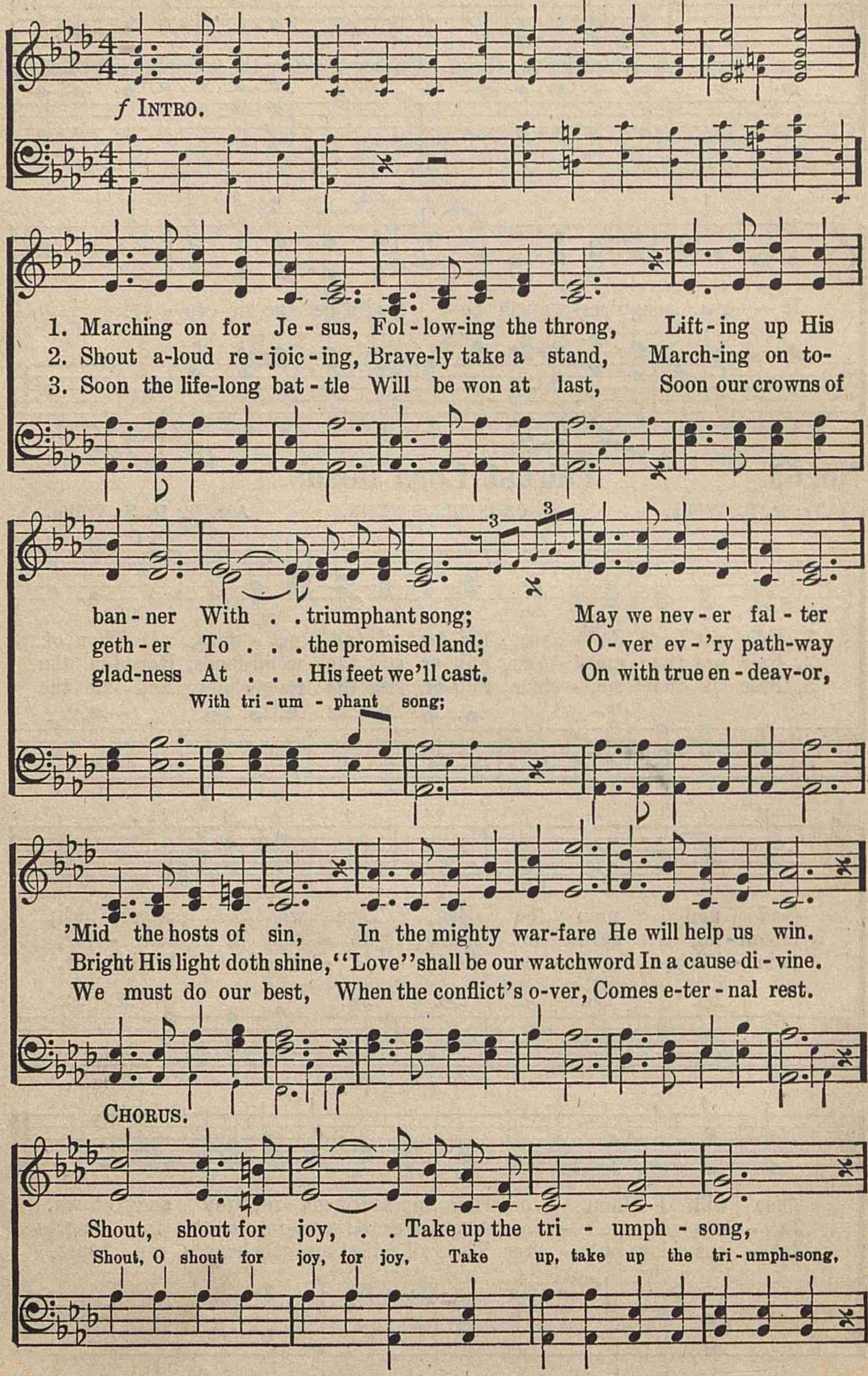
1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou, of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair-er still the wood-lands, Robed in the
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the

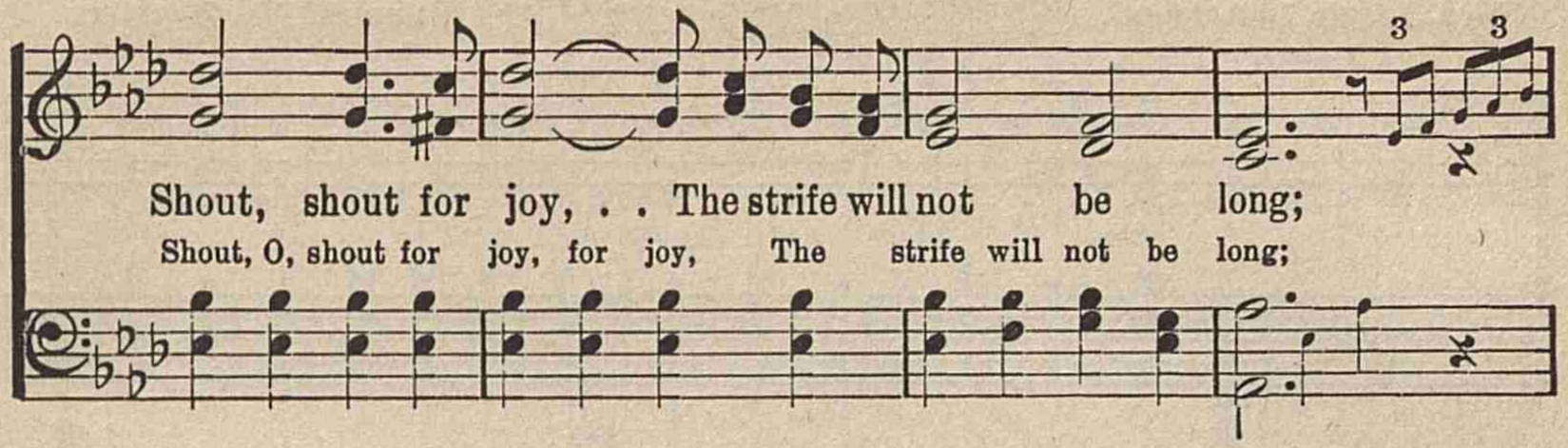
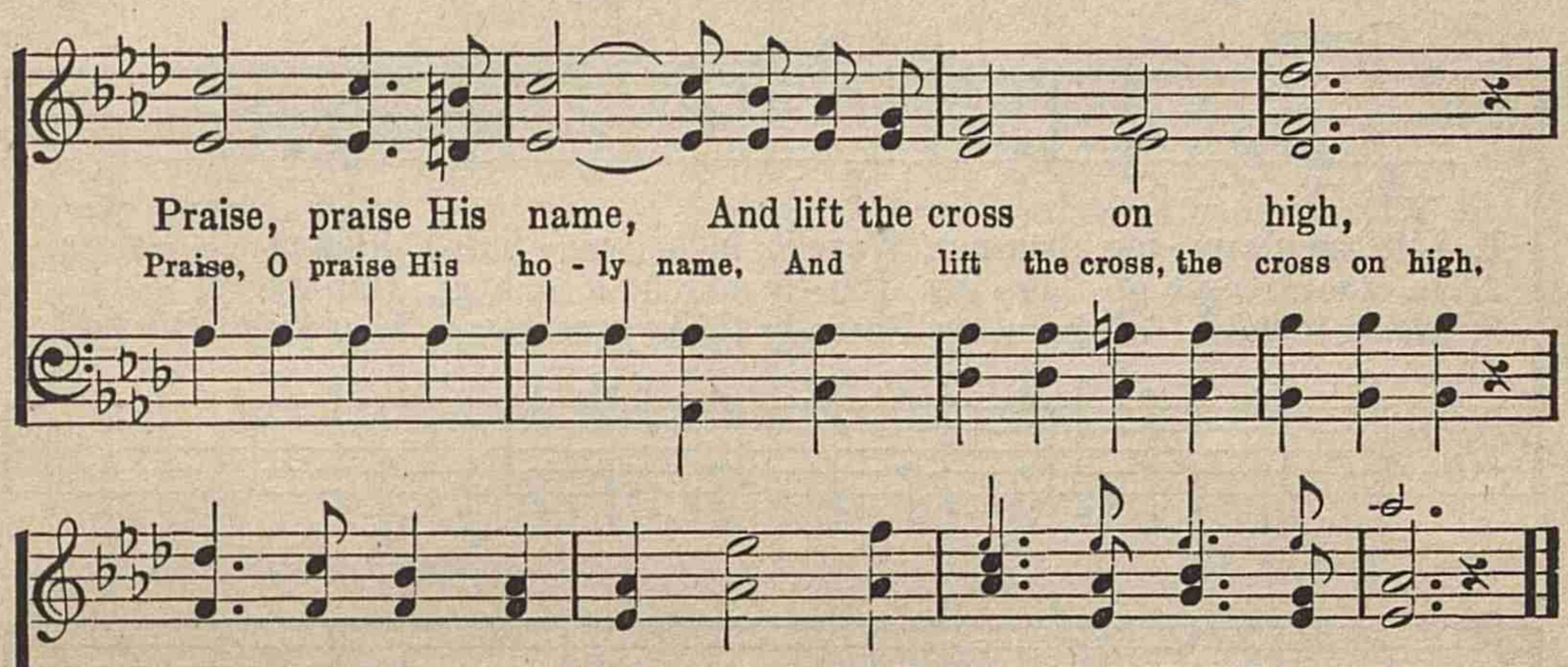
God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
twin - kling, star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and crown.
Je - sus is pu - rer, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines pu - rer Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

No. 66. Glad Victory is Nigh.

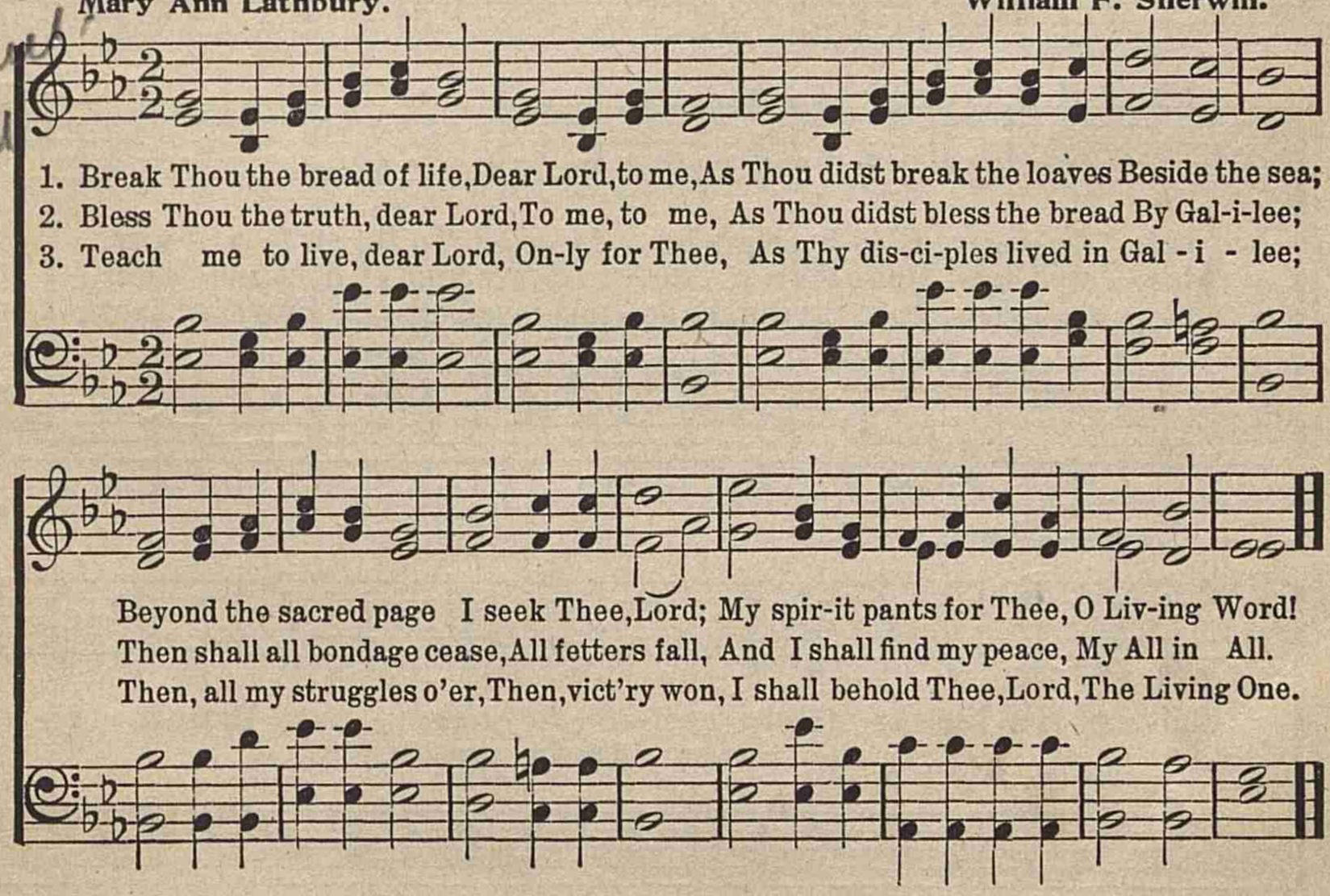
Mrs. Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



Glad Victory is Nigh.



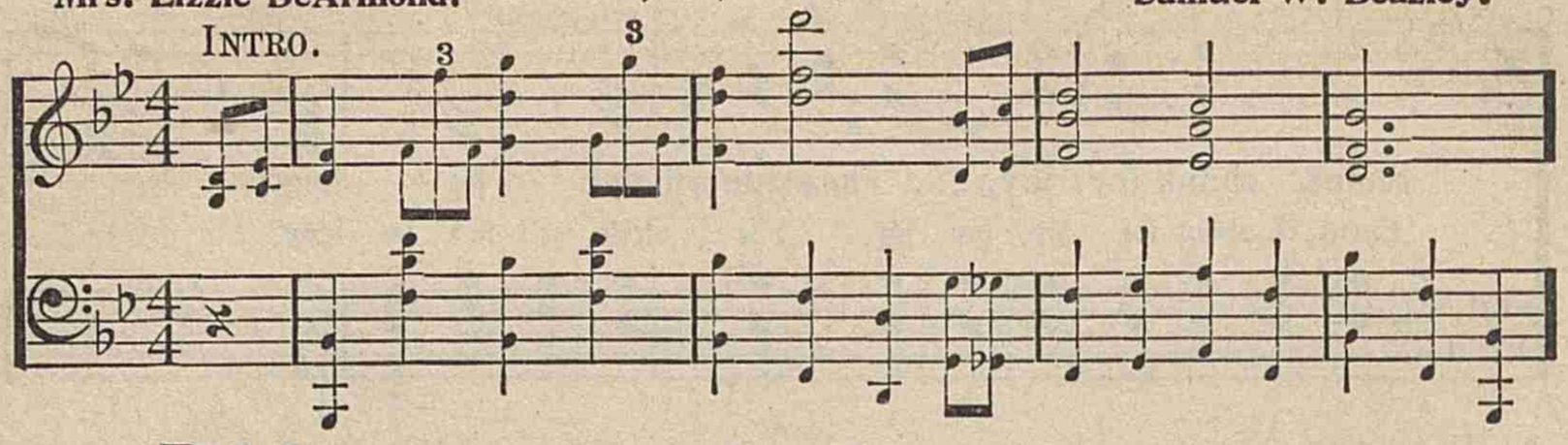
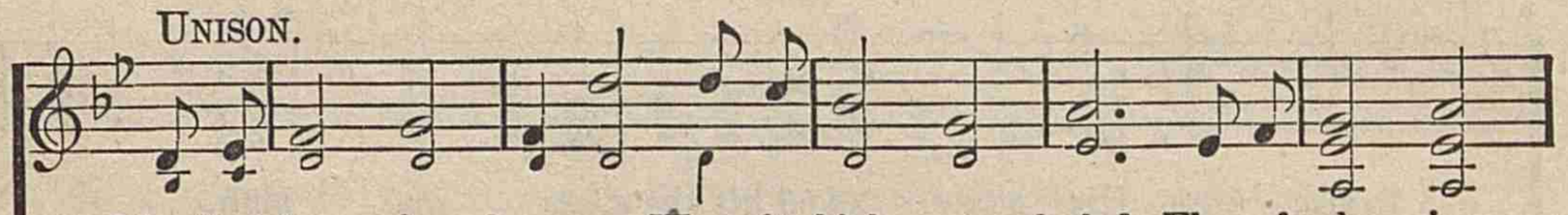
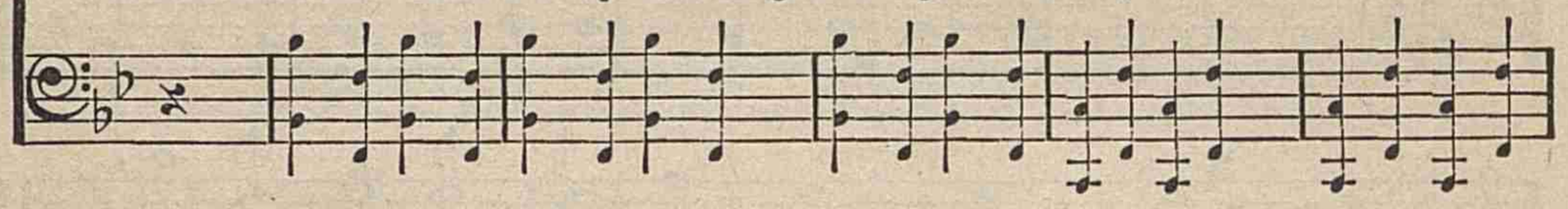
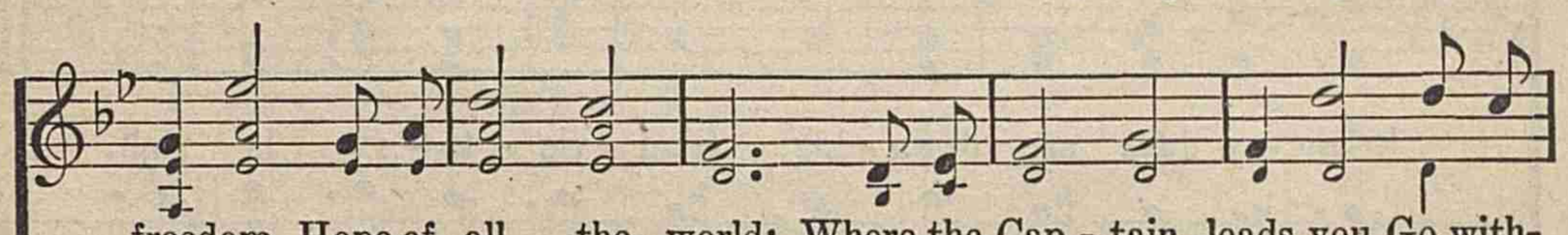
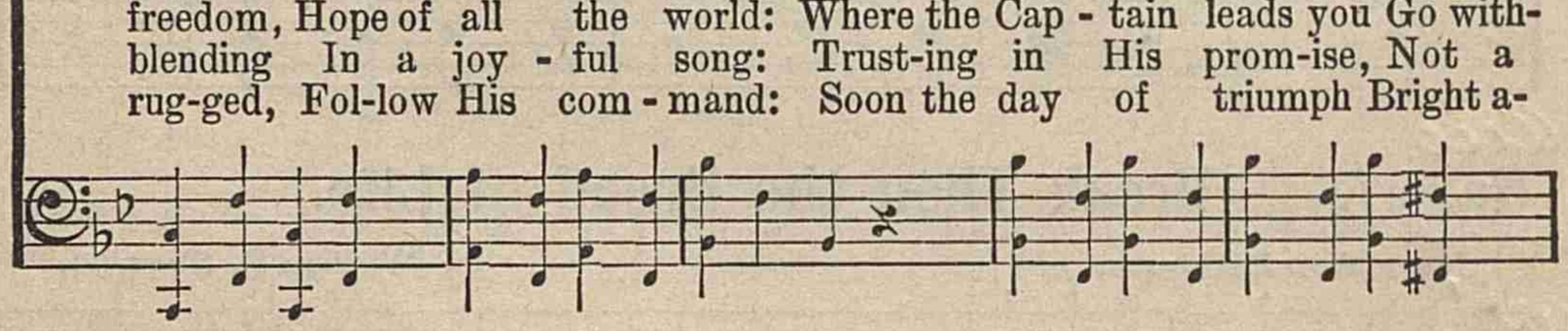
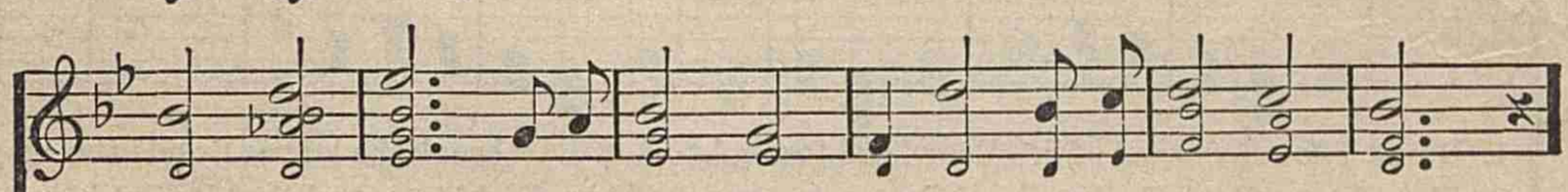
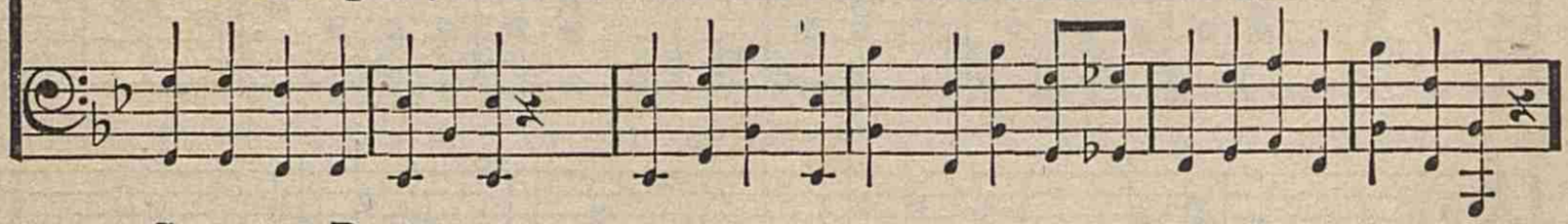
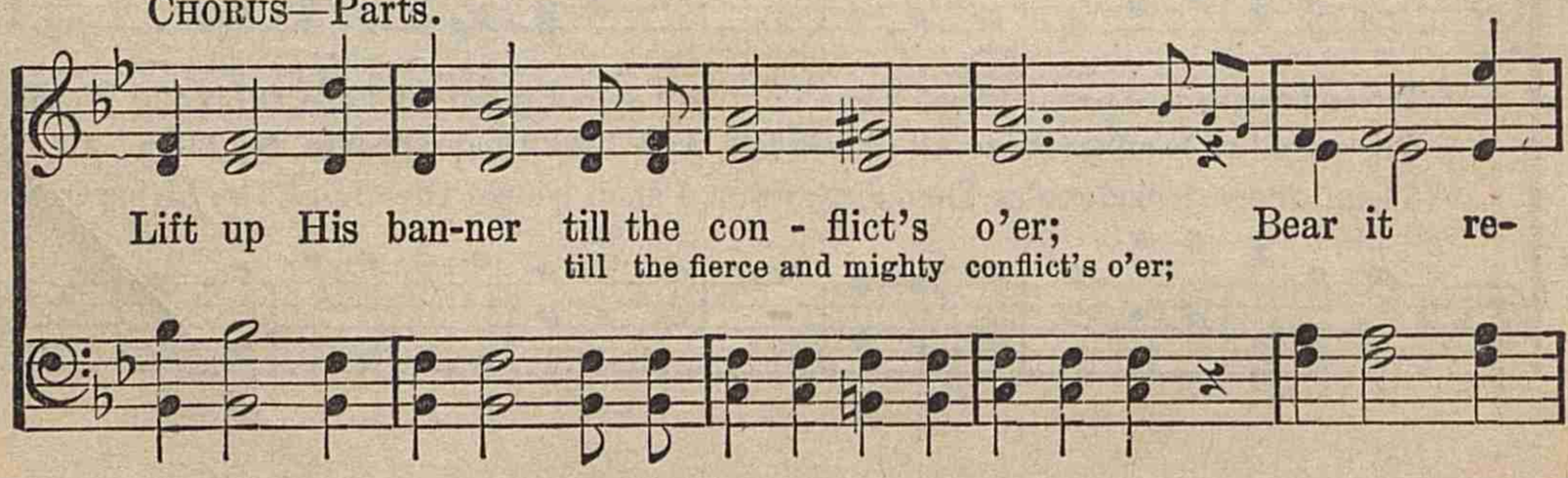
No. 67. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.



No. 68. Lift the Gleaming Banner.

Mrs. Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

INTRO.

UNISON.

1. Lift the gleam - ing ban-ner, Wave it high un - furled, Flag of glo - rious
2. In the strength of Je - sus Dai - ly march a - long, Hap-py voi - ces
3. 'Neath its folds of beau - ty Brave-ly take your stand; Tho' the road be

freedom, Hope of all the world: Where the Cap - tain leads you Go with-
blending In a joy - ful song: Trust-ing in His prom-ise, Not a
rug-ged, Fol-low His com - mand: Soon the day of triumph Bright a-

out dis - may, Glad-ly press - ing for-ward To the strife a - way.
foe we fear; Raise the roy - al ban - ner Full of light and cheer.
bove shall glow; Soon the world's do - min-ions Christ the King shall know.

CHORUS—Parts.

Lift up His ban-ner till the con - flict's o'er; Bear it re-
till the fierce and mighty conflict's o'er;

Lift the Gleaming Banner.

joic-ing to each dis - tant shore; Sing, sing for gladness, Satan's
far and dis-tant, dis-tant shore;

host must fall, Je - sus our Sav-ior shall be Lord of all.
strong, re - sist-ing host must fall,

No. 69. Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa-thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life.

Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

No. 70. The Whole Wide World.

J. Dempster Hammond.

COPYRIGHT BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus, This shall our watch-word be, Up-on the highest
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In-spires us with the tho't That ev-'ry son of
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus, The marching or-der sound, "Go ye and preach the
4. The whole wide world for Je - sus, In th' Father's home above Are man-y wondrous

mountain, Down by the wid - est sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
Ad - am Hath by the blood been bo't. The whole wide world for Je - sus, O
Gos - pel Wher - ev - 'er man is found." The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
man-sions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride

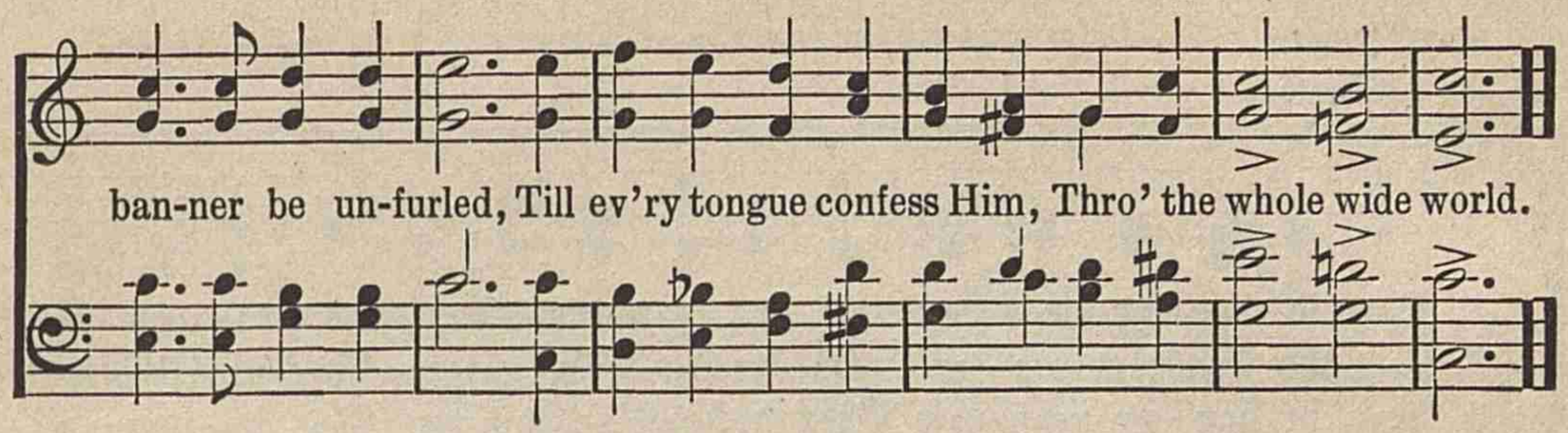
Him all men shall bow, In cit - y or on prai-rie, The world for Jesus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely con-quer In this our glorious day.
ban - ner is un-furled, We bat - tle now for Je - sus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conqu'ring King, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glo-ry bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Pro-claim the gos - pel

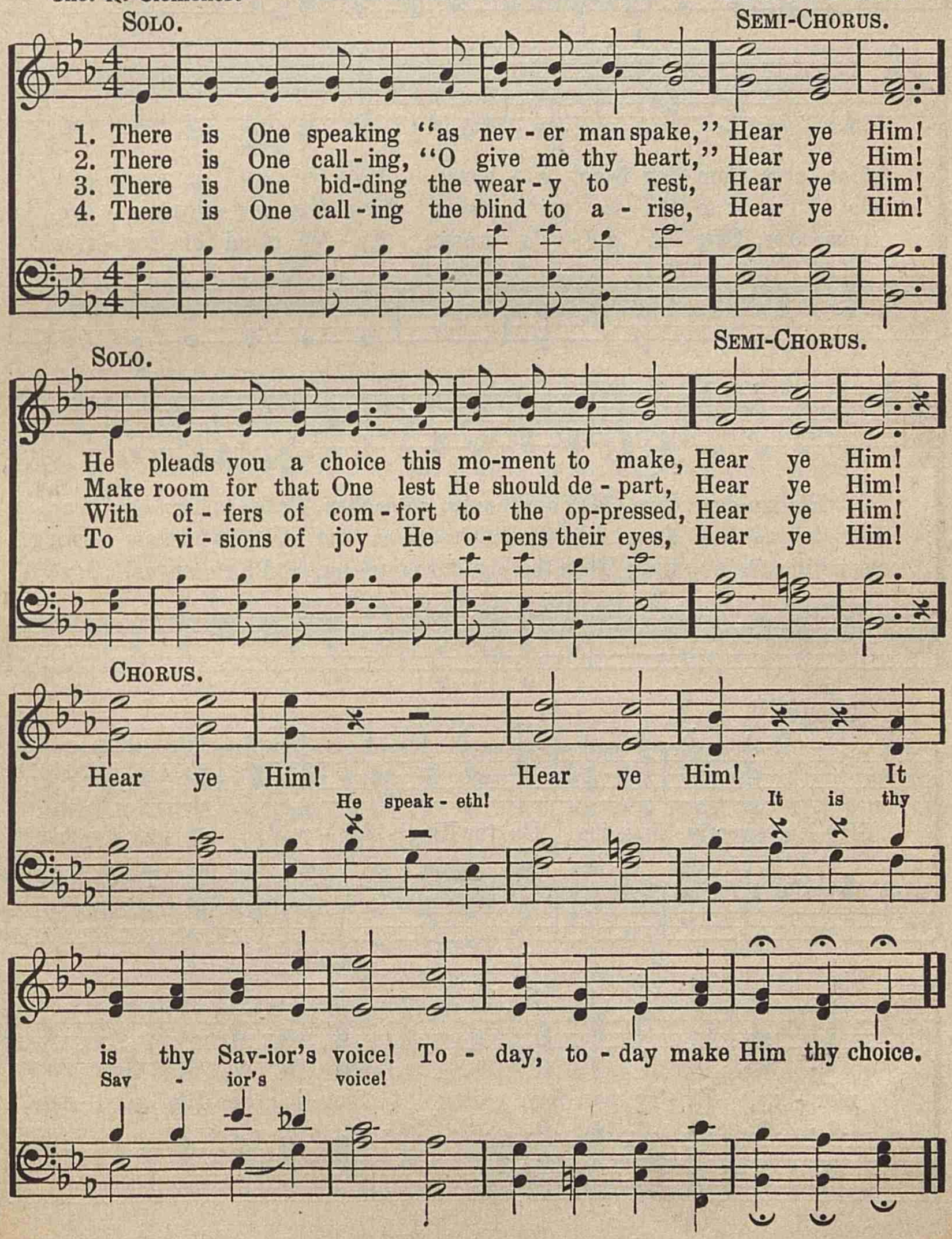
ti - dings thro' the whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World.



No. 71. Hear Ye Him.

Jno. R. Clements. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 72. Sing in Happy Measures.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Thoro Harris.**

Staccato.

1. Sing in hap - py meas-ures Of our Fa-ther's love, Count the man - y
2. Sing the wondrous sto - ry Of our Sav-ior's grace, Yield-ing His bright
3. Sing in hap - py meas-ures When the heart's cast down; Sing im - mor - tal

pleas - ures Com - ing from a - bove; Ev - 'ry gift a to - ken
glo - ry For the sin - ner's place; Sing His mer - cies ten - der
treas - ures, Sing of glo - ry's crown; Ev - 'ry cloud of sor - row

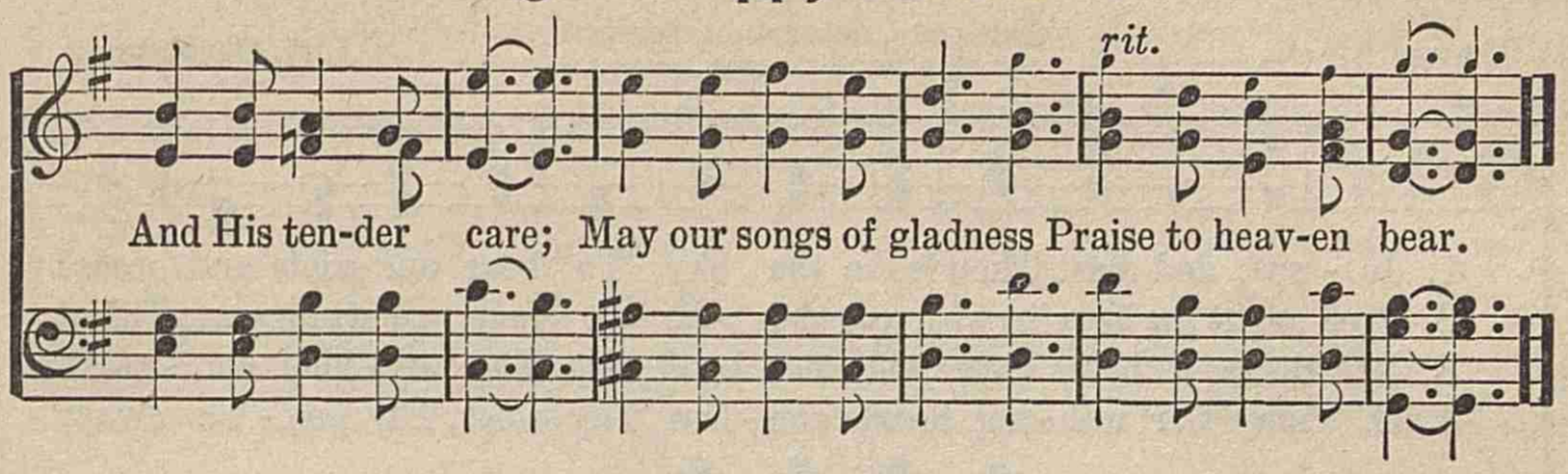
Of His ten-der care, May our thanks, outspoken, Praise to heav-en bear.
Fall - ing as the dew, And the fadeless splen - dor Of His promise true.
Soon will pass a - way; Then the joy - ful morn-ing, God's e - ter - nal day!

CHORUS.

Sing-ing, sweetly sing - ing, On the King's high - way, Of our Fa-ther's

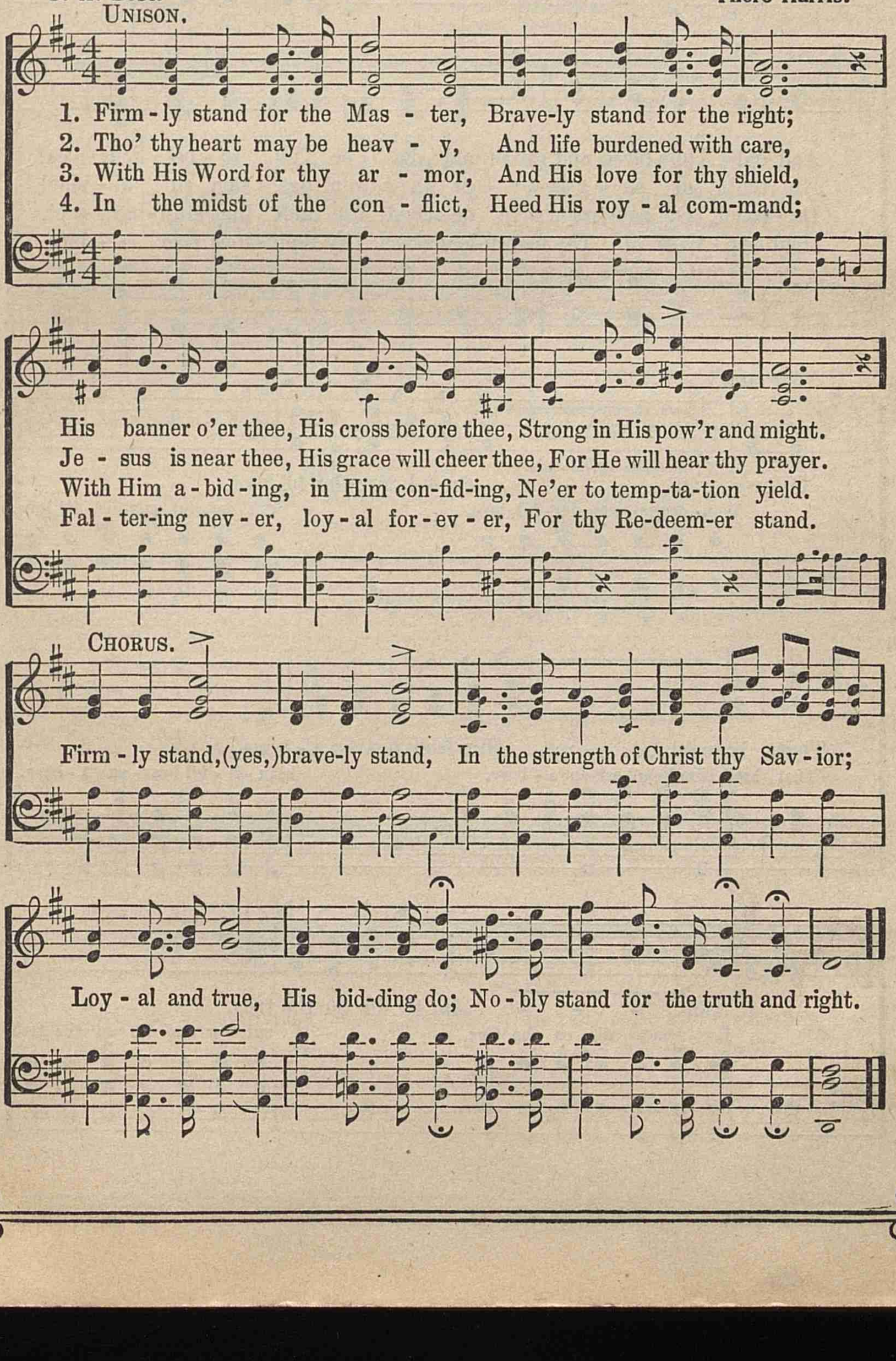
mer - cy, Ev - 'ry pass-ing day; Sing - ing of His good - ness,

Sing in Happy Measures.



No. 73. Firmly Stand.

S. K. Best. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Thoro Harris.



No. 74.

Wonderful Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Annè Steele. **J. H. Rosecrans.**

1. Je - sus, and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won-der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. O may our will - ing hearts con - fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;

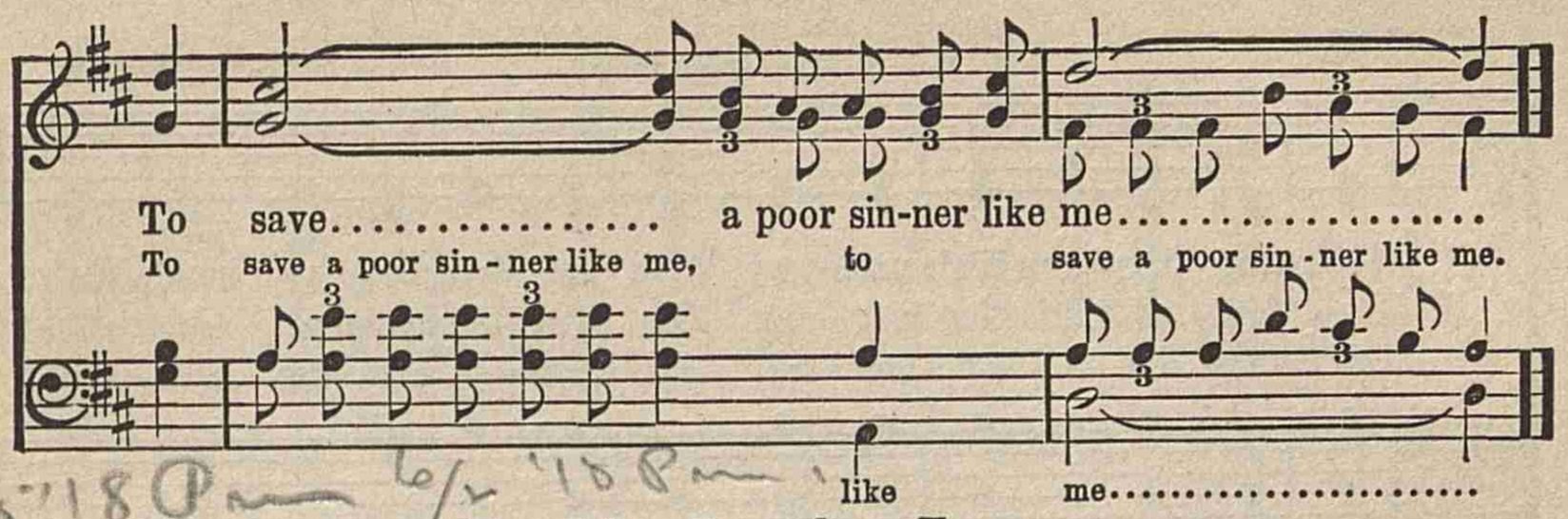
And didst Thou bleed and groan and die For Thy re - bel - lious foes?
No tho't of an - gels ev - er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov-'reign love, de-scend, And melt that stub - born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy match-less grace, Thy right - eous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

O 't was won - - - - der-ful, won-der-ful love,
Won - der-ful, won-der - ful love, won - der - ful, won-der - ful love,

That brought..... Him from heaven a - bove,
That bro't Him from heav-en a - bove, beau - ti - ful heav - en a - bove,

As a ran - - - - som to die on the tree,
Ran - som to die on the tree, suf - fer and die on the tree,

Wonderful Love.

No. 75. Buckle On the Armor.

C. Jay Smith.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

J. H. Rosecrans.

No. 76. Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

L. C. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY LOLA C. CALVERT.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lola C. Calvert.

1. While trav-'ling down life's path-way, With sin on ev - 'ry hand, We're
2. O loy - al Chris-tian sol - dier, Go fight the hosts of sin, De-
3. And when our la - bor's end - ed, All wear - y with the fight, We'll

called to loy - al serv - ice, To lend a help-ing hand; And look-ing un - to
ter-mined not to fal - ter Till you the vic-t'ry win; Go buck-le on the
see our Sav-iour standing, All clothed in glo - ry bright; And hear His joy-ous

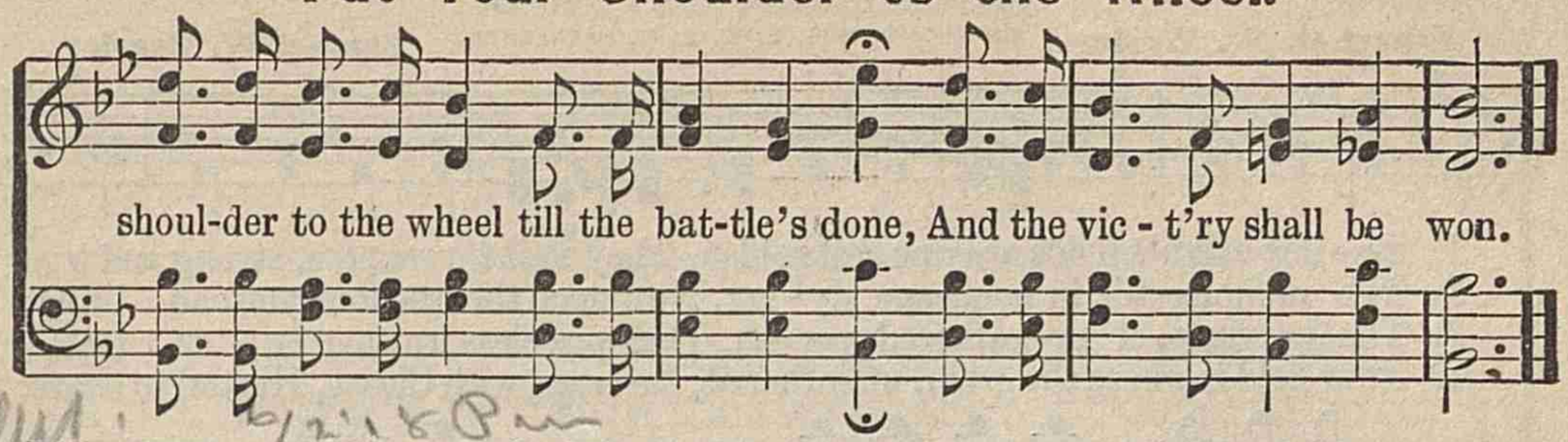
Je - sus, Tho' dark and lone the way— He says, "Be not dis - cour - aged,
ar - mor Of prayer and faith and love, And march-ing on tri - um - phant,
wel-come, "O wear - y wand'rer, come!" And then we'll sing for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

I'm with thee all the way."
You'll reign with Him a - bove. Put your shoul-der to the wheel in this
With Him a-round the throne.

world of sin; Put your shoulder to the wheel, help the world to win; Put your

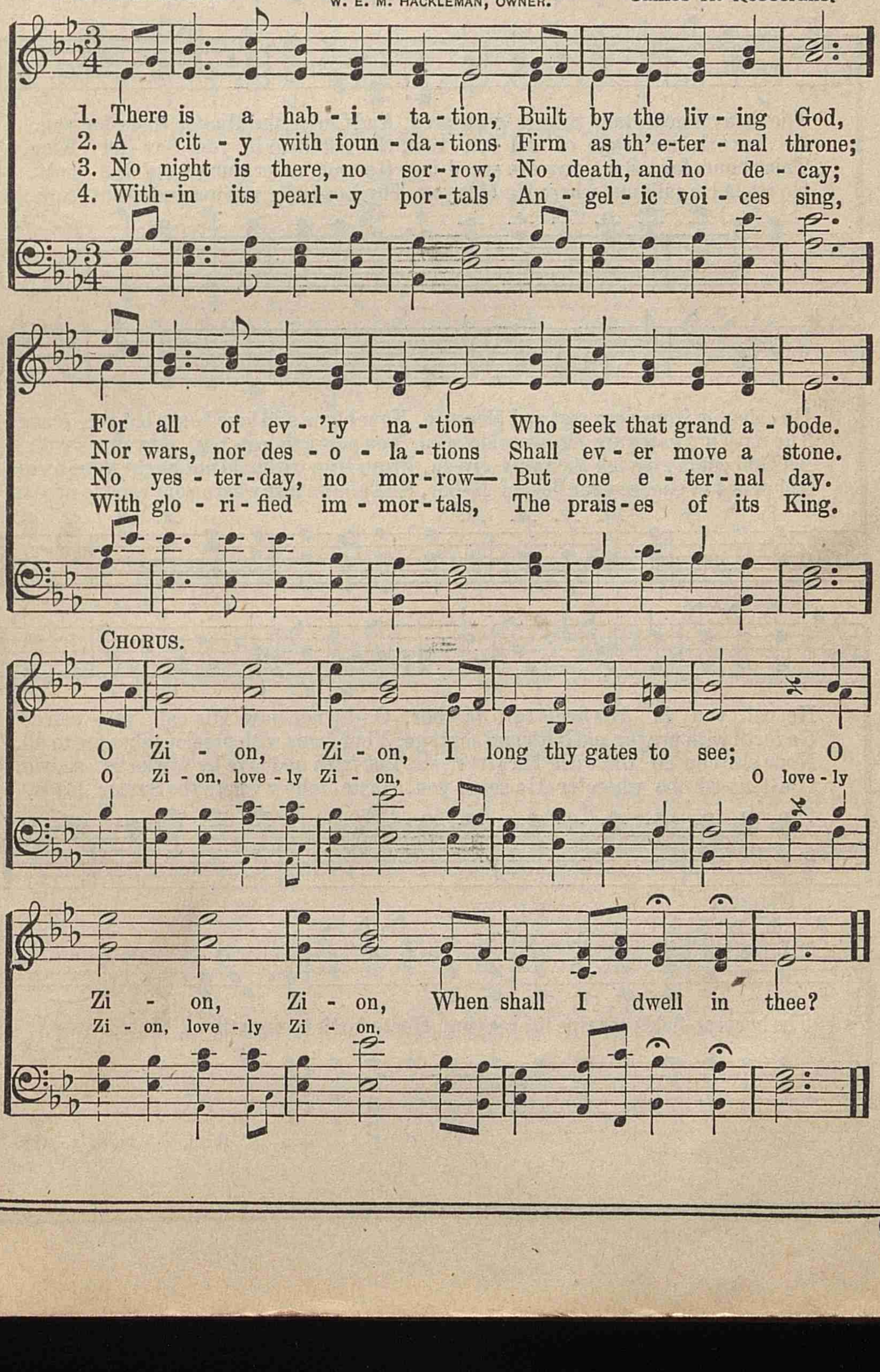
Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.



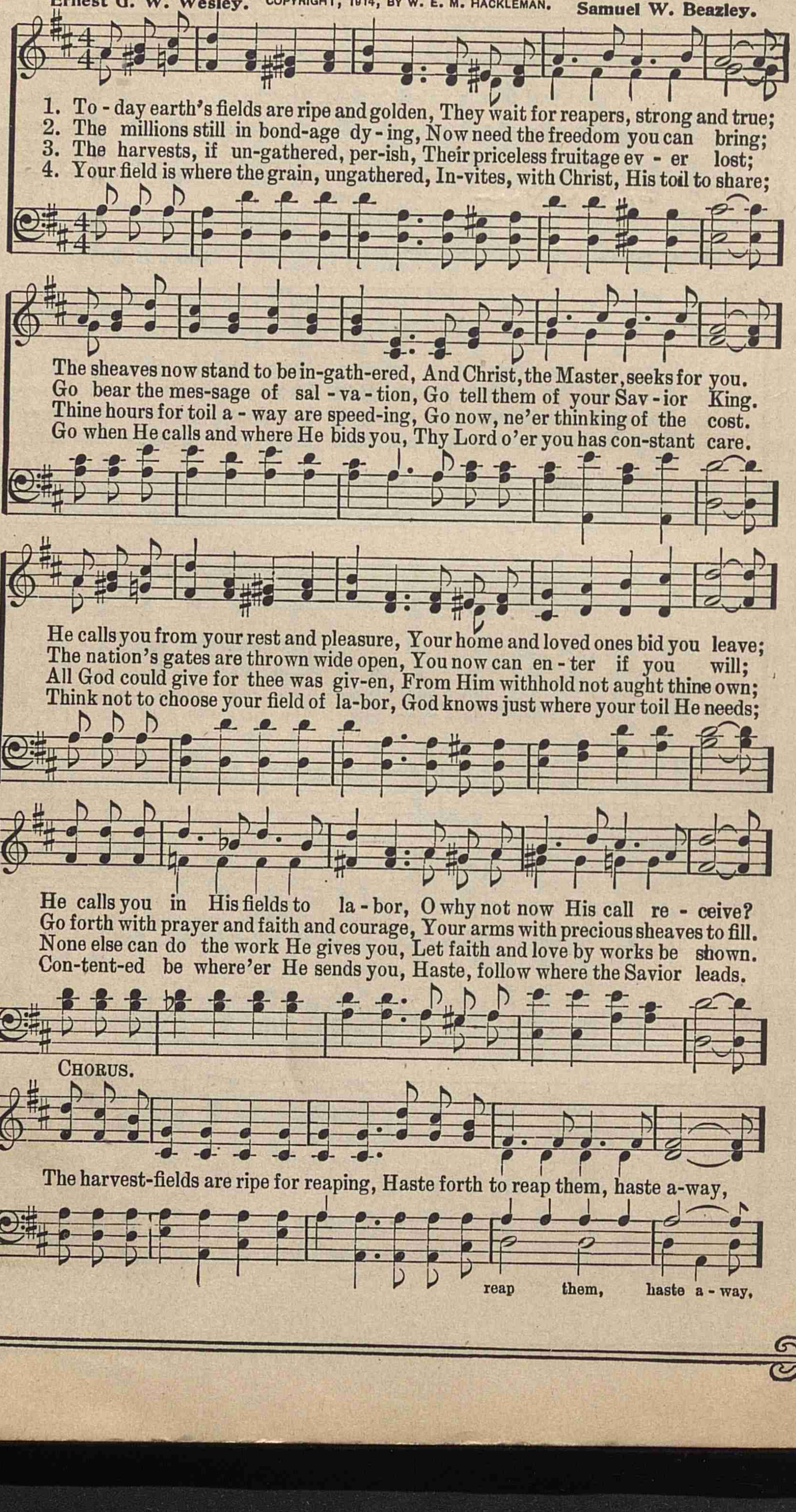
4/28'18 Alt. 6/2'18 B

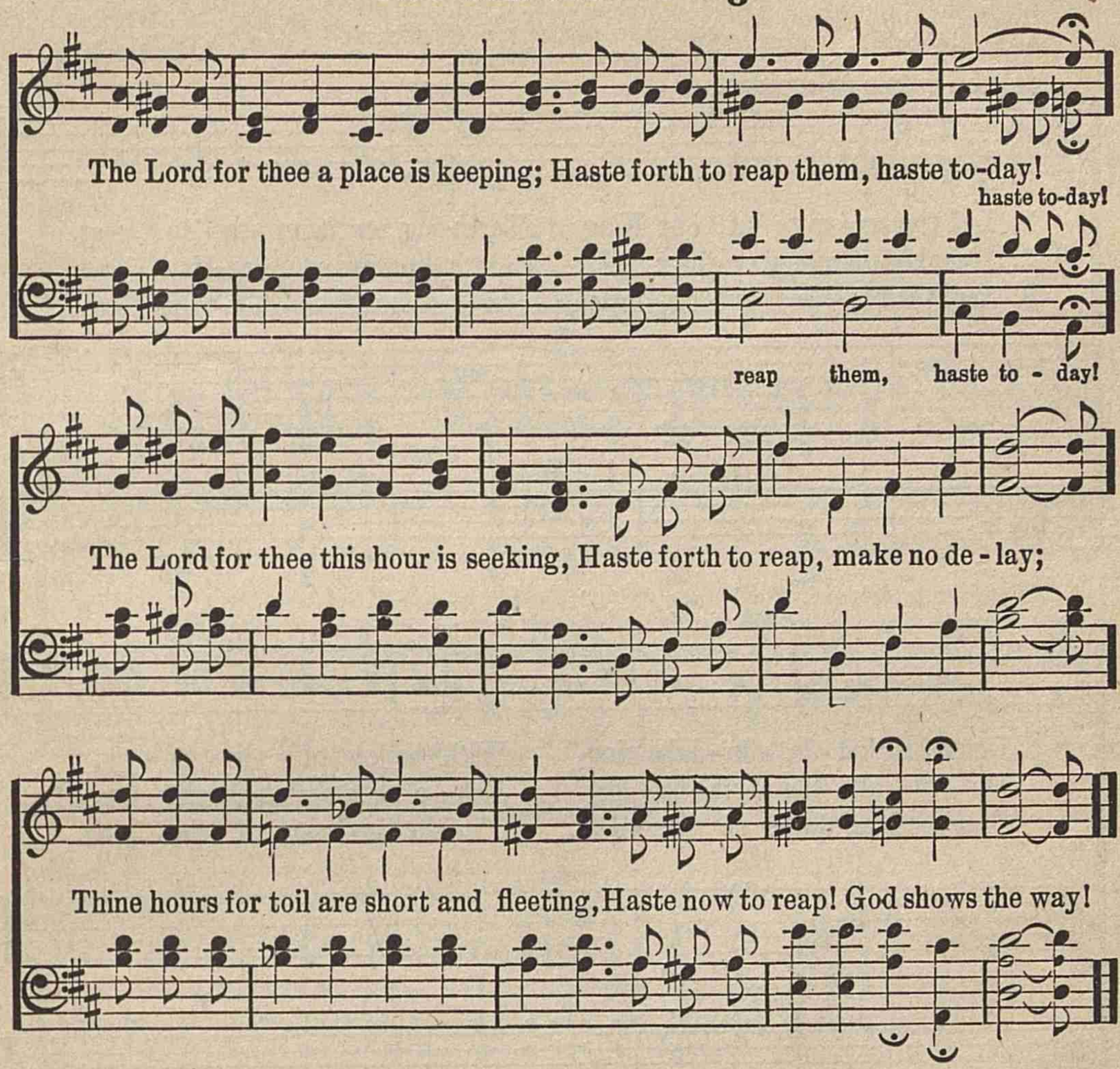
No. 77. O Zion, Lovely Zion.

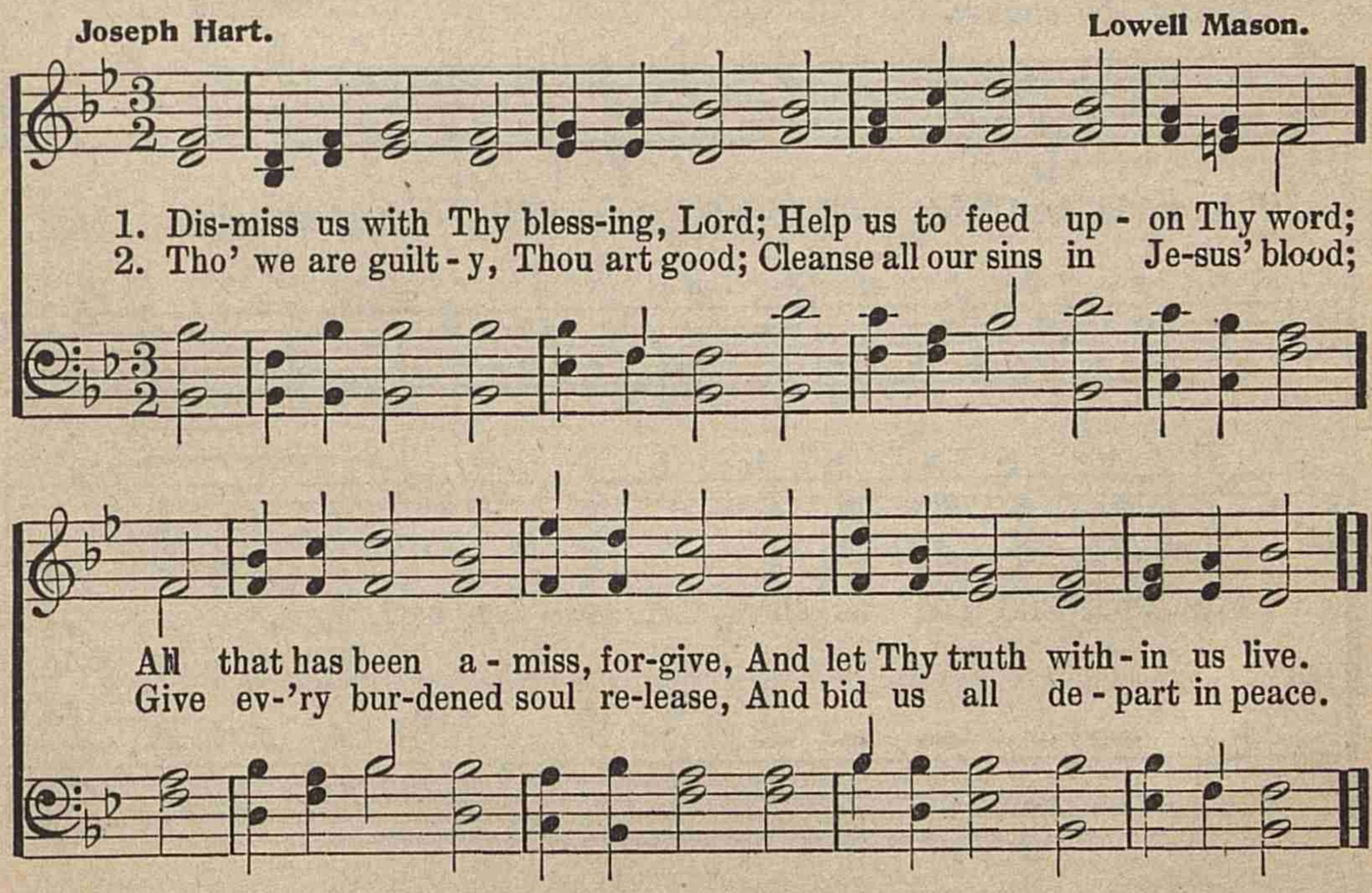
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. H. ROSECRANS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Love H. Jameson. James H. Rosecrans.

No. 78. The Harvest Song.

Ernest G. W. Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Samuel W. Beazley.



The Harvest Song.

No 79. Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing, Lord.



No. 80. The World for Christ.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY J. B. HERBERT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

A. P. Cobb. **J. B. Herbert.**

m All voices in unison. *cres.*

1. Lo! the ar - my of our King, March-ing on from sea to sea;
2. Hear the marching or - der: "Go! Preach the word in ev - 'ry clime,
3. See! the ban-ner is un - furled; See! it floats up - on the breeze,

m *cres.*

cres. *f*

Loud their hal - le - lu - jahs ring, With the joy of vic - to - ry.
Un - til all the earth be - low Ech - o with the strain sub - lime!"
O'er the king-doms of the world, O'er the is - lands of the seas.

cres. *f*

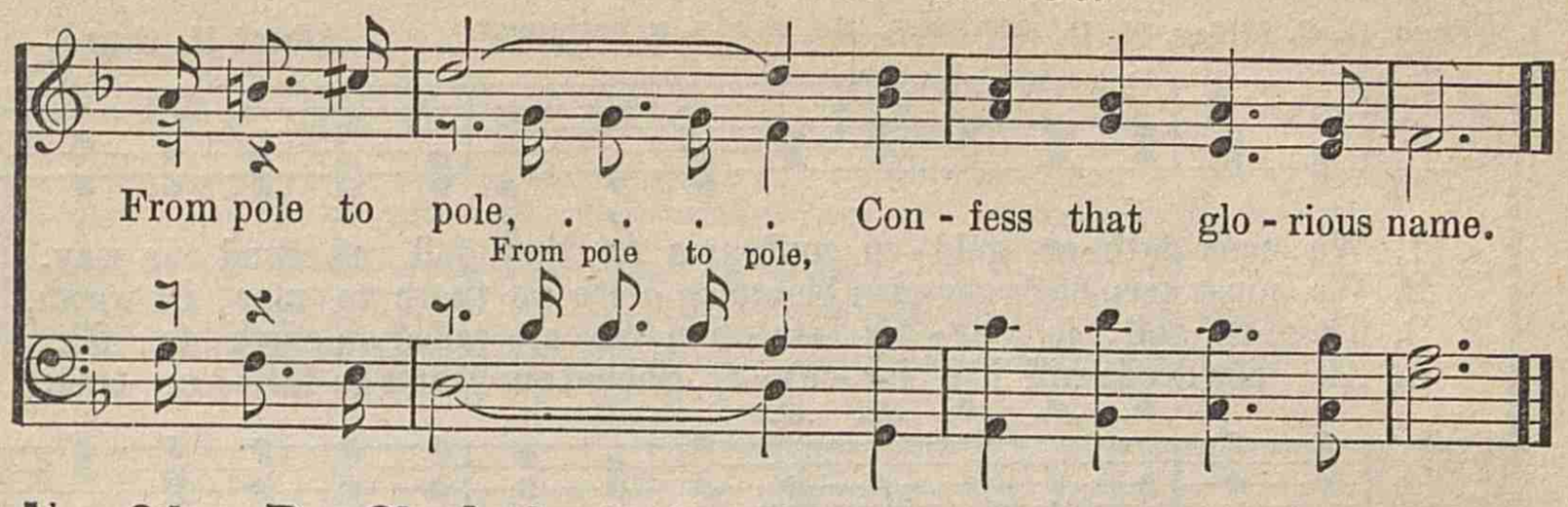
CHORUS. *Harmony.*

f

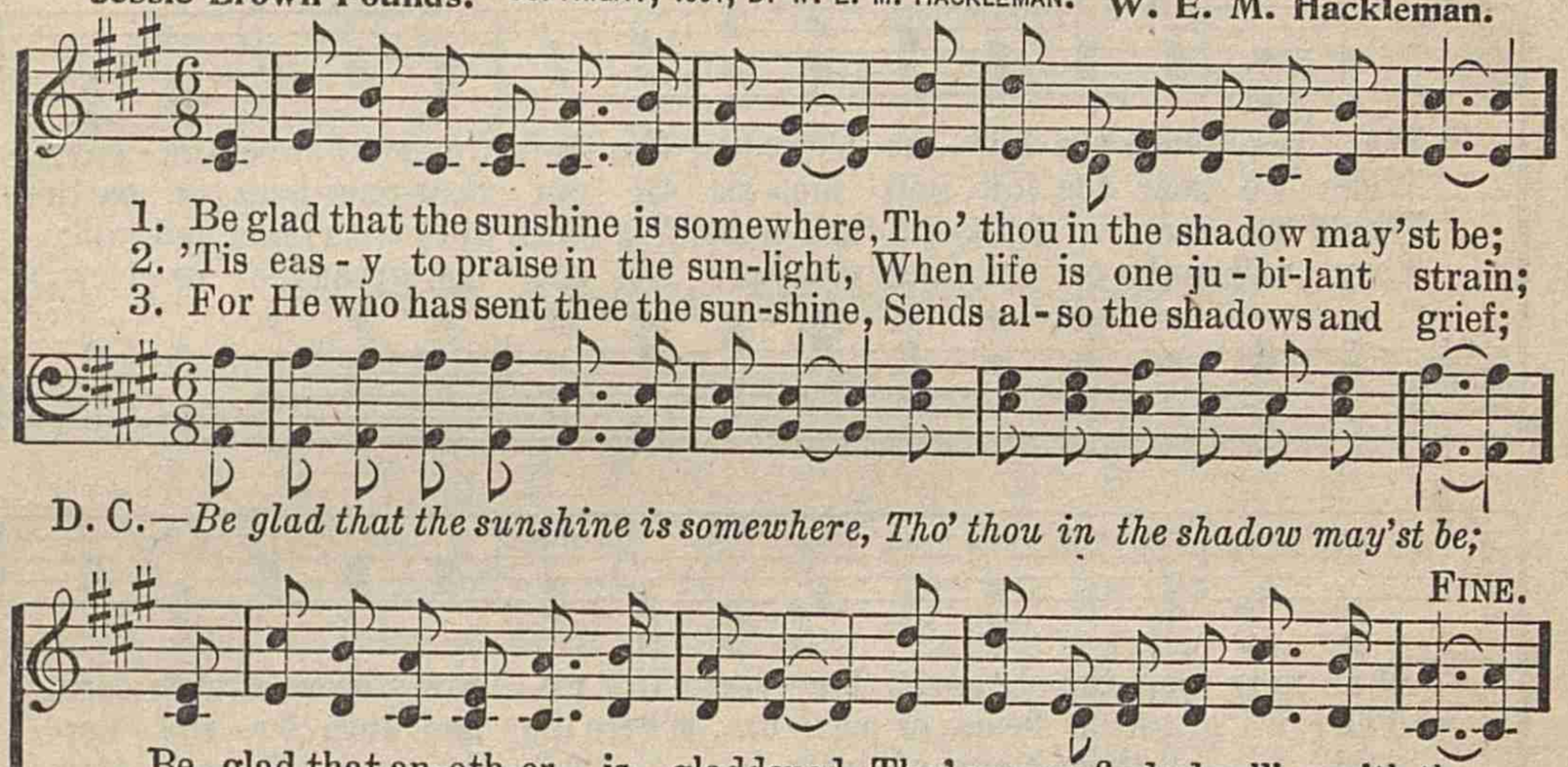
"The world for Christ, and Christ for the world!" We shout with glad ac-claim,

We shout with glad ac - claim, Till ev - 'ry soul, ...

Till ev - 'ry soul,

The World for Christ.

No. 81. Be Glad that the Sunshine is Somewhere.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**



No. 82. Golden Sunbeams.

Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Albert H. Grove.

1. We may gath-er gold-en sunbeams As they fall a-round our way,
2. We must keep life's gar-den blooming With no thorn to mar its worth,
3. There is toil in ev-'ry sta-tion We are called on earth to fill;
4. All our deeds will live for-ev-er, Should our hearts be false or true;

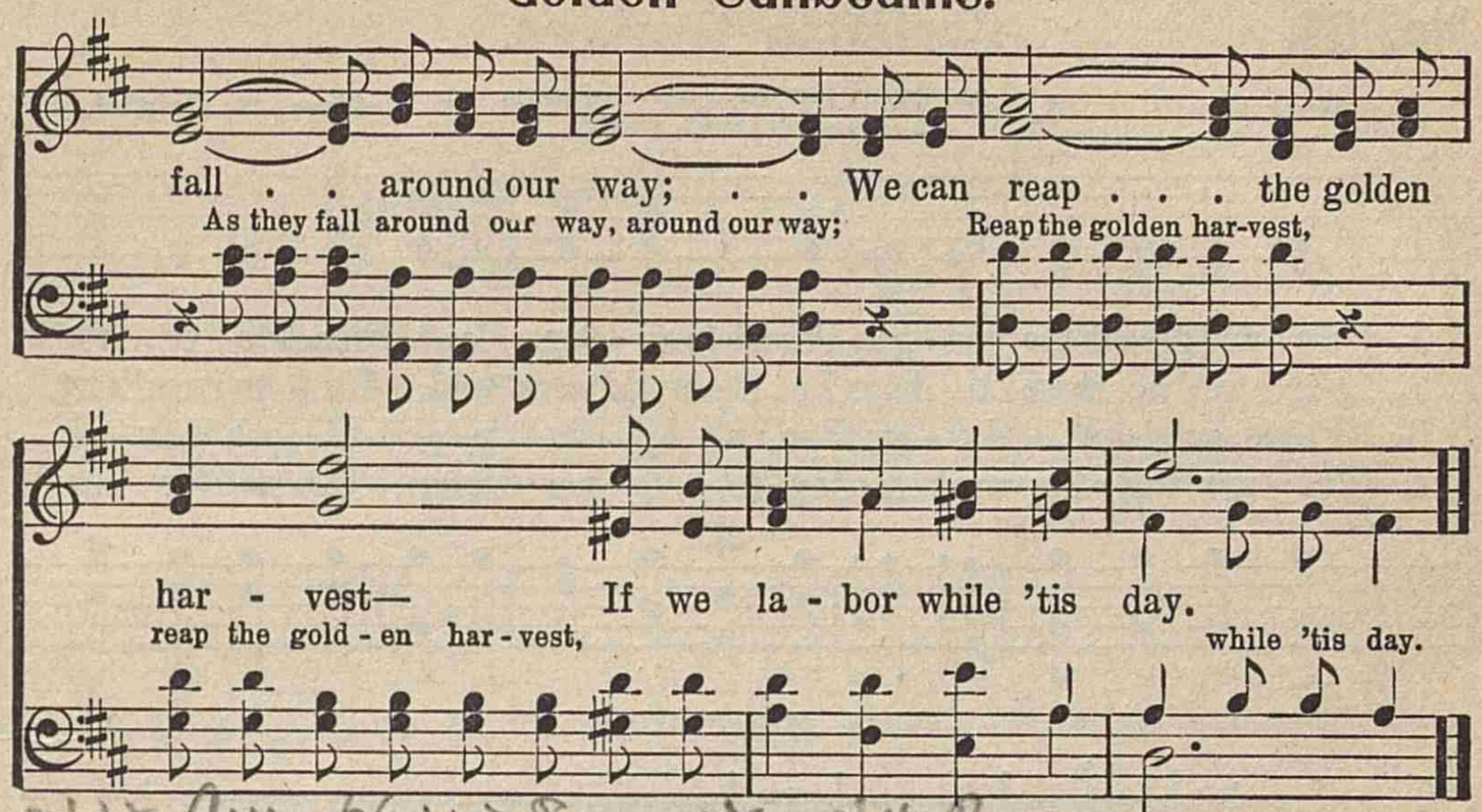
We may pluck the fair-est blossoms, Ere their fra-grant sweets de-cay;
While we hear the low, soft mu-sic Of our dear ones here on earth—
Would we reap a fruit-ful har-vest? We must work with mind and will;
They will make or mar our pleas-ure At the last great life re-view.

We may reap the choic-est har-vest, If we sow the seed with care,
Till we glean in fields of pleas-ure, Where the soil doth fer-tile lie;
And in all these hours of wait-ing It will be our wis-est plan
While the pass-ing hours re-mind us That the har-vest-time is nigh,

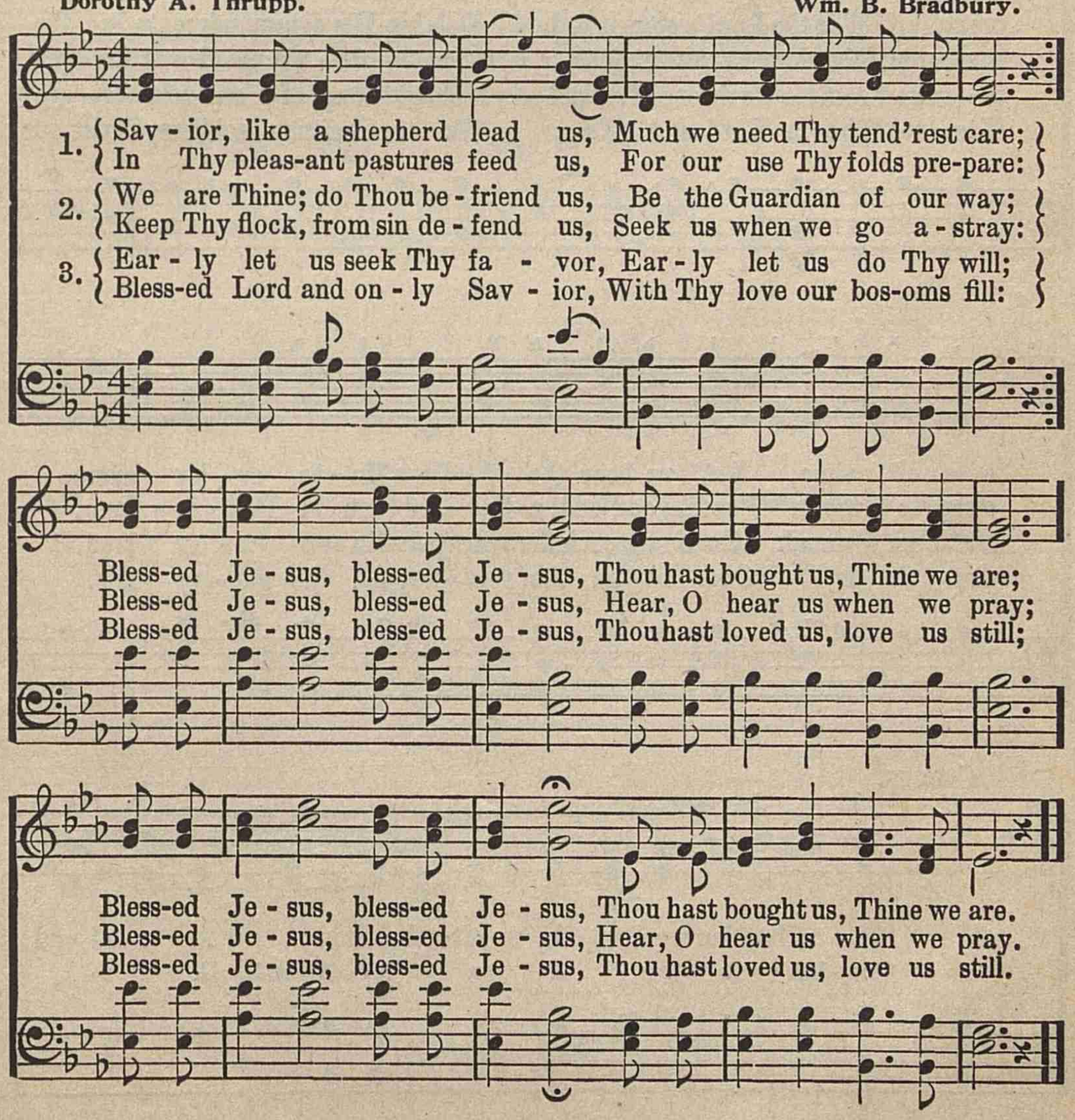
Cast-ing out the thorns and this-tles From the fruit-ful vine-yard fair.
As we scat-ter seeds of kind-ness For the long, sweet by-and-by.
To be found a-mong the glean-ers, Do-ing all the good we can.
We should sow the seed of goodness, For the reap-ing by-and-by.

CHORUS.

We may gath - - - er gold-en sun-beams, As they
Gath-er gold-en sun-beams, gath-er gold-en sun-beams,

Golden Sunbeams.

4/28'18 Aud 5/2'18 Sun 4/23'18 Sun

No. 83. Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. Wm. B. Bradbury.

No. 84. Christian Workers.

T. Berry Smith, A. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. "Go and preach the gos - pel, Preach in ev - 'ry land, Preach to ev - 'ry creature," Was the Lord's com-mand.
2. Long a - go these ti - dings To the world were told, Un - to wond'ring shepherds, Watching by their fold;
3. "Peace, good-will, a Sav - ior For a fall - en race!" O such bless - ed ti - dings From God's throne of grace!
4. We are will - ing workers, Joy - ful - ly we sing; Lab'ring for our Mas - ter Who is Lord and King.

Do - ing His commandments In the O'er Ju - de - a's mead-ows An - gels Midnight song of an - gels, Je - sus' We are Christian soldiers, Christ our ends of time, Let us bear the ti - dings Un - to ev - 'ry clime.
sang to them: "Peace, good-will, a Sav - ior born in Beth - le - hem.
last com - mand: "Go and preach the gos - pel Un - to ev - 'ry land."
Cap - tain is; Ours be all the serv - ice, All the glo - ry His.

CHORUS.

We are Christian workers, A u - nit - ed band, . . A u - nit - ed
We are Chris - tian work - ers, A u - nit - ed band, A u-

Christian Workers.

band, . . A u - nit - ed band! . . We are Christian workers,
nit - ed band, A u - nit - ed band! We are Christian work - ers,

A u - nit-ed band, . . Loy-al to the *cause of Christ, As for Christ we stand!
A u - nit - ed band,

* "Sunday-school" or "Christian Endeavor" may be used.

4/7 4 P — 5/5'18 AM · 7/2 '18 AM

No. 85. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

D. C. for Chorus.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 86. If I Were a Sunbeam.

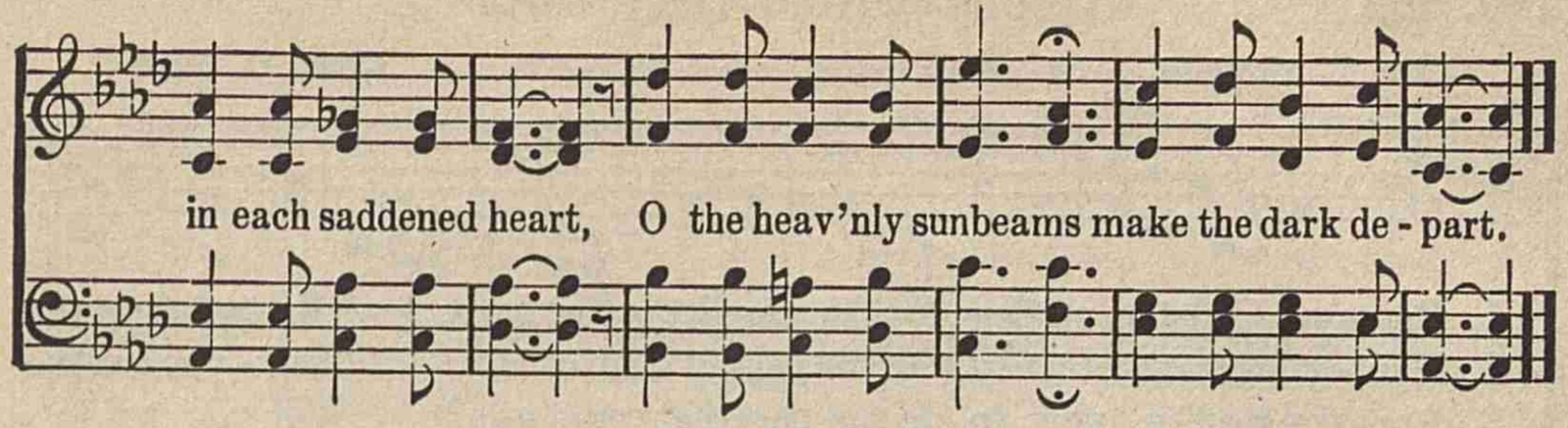
Jerome McCauley. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. W. E. M. Hackleman.

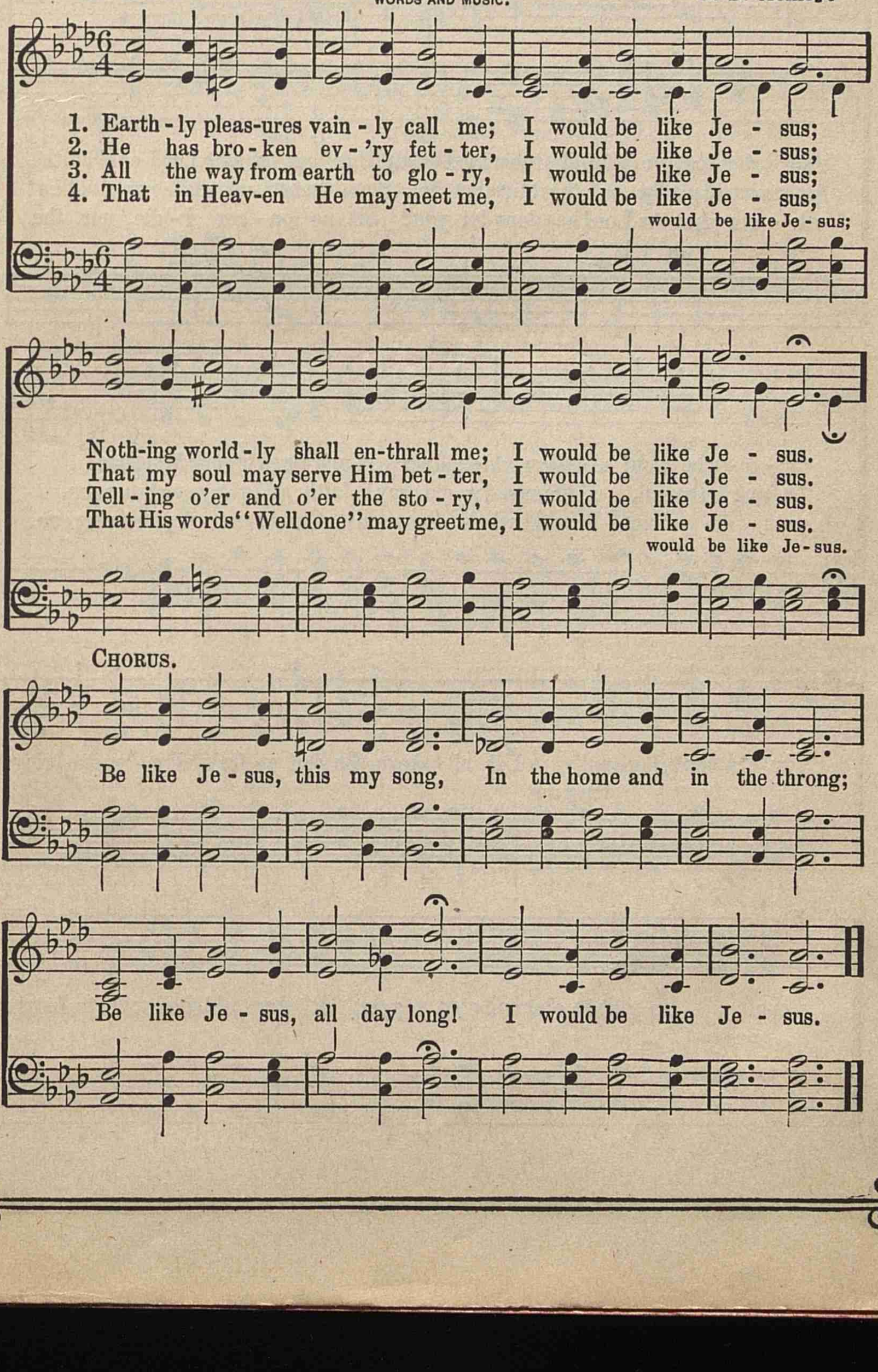
1. If I were a sun-beam, I know what I would do, I'd seek the whit-est lil - ies the sun-ny woodland thro'; Steal-ing in among them, the softest light I'd shed, Un - til each graceful lil - y would raise its drooping head.
2. If I were a sun-beam, I know where I would go, In - to the low - ly hov-els, all dark with want and woe; Till sad hearts looked upward, I then would shine and shine, Then they would think of heaven, their sweet, sweet home and mine.
3. Art thou not a sun-beam, O child whose life is glad, Endowed with clearer ra-diance than sunshine ev - er had? As the Lord has blessed thee, O scat-ter rays di - vine, For there can be no sun-shine so help-ful now as thine.

CHORUS.

Sun - beams, sun - beams, make us, Lord, to-day, . . Sun - beams, sun - beams, chas-ing gloom a - way; . . Sun - beams shin - ing

Sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, make us, Lord, to-day, Sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, chas - ing gloom a-way; Sunbeams, sunbeams, sunbeams, shining

If I Were a Sunbeam.

No. 87. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

No. 88. Every One Bring One.

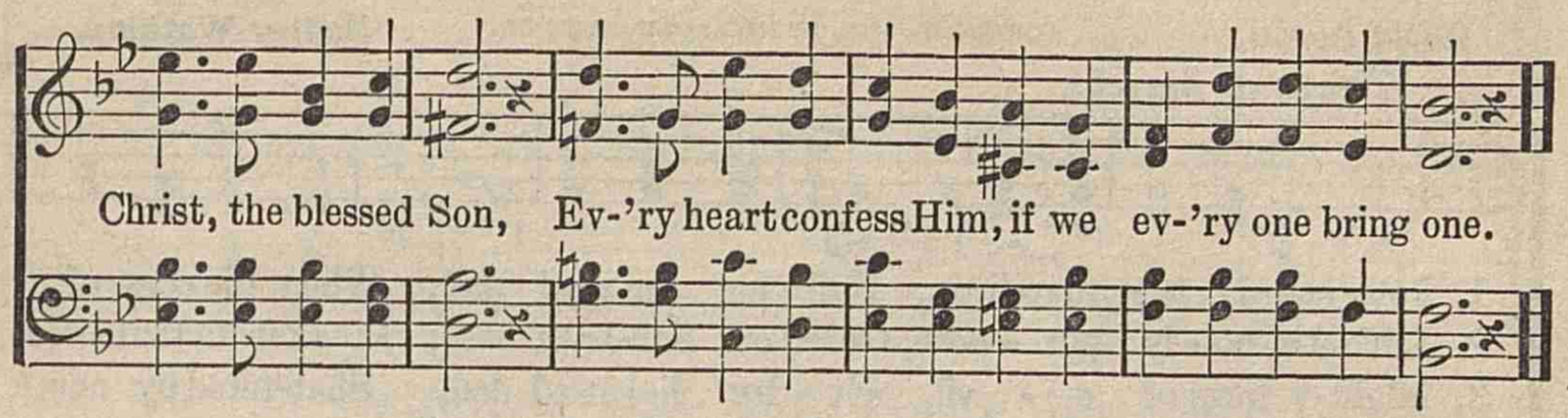
Victor M. Hatfield. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Rouse ye, Christian soldiers, for the conflict is at hand, Sa-tan's hosts are mar - shal-ing, a bold, de-ter-mined band; Thro' our val-iant Lead-er shall the vic - to-ry be won; All the world shall serve Him if we ev'ry one bring one.
2. Man - y hearts are wear - y with the heav-y load of sin, Man - y cheer-less homes would gladly let the Sav - ior in; Souls that sit in shad-ows could be basking in the sun, If the saved would pray in faith, and ev'ry one bring one.
3. Are you read - y now to do the part that you can do? Will you tell to oth - ers what the Lord has done for you? Sit no lon - ger i - dle, nor the path of du-ty shun,—Save the whole wide world for Christ, and ev'ry one bring one.

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry one bring one! Let all take up the glad re-frain! Ev - 'ry one bring bring one!

one! Re-peat it o'er and o'er a-gain; All the world shall come to Jesus bring one!

Every One Bring One.

No. 89. Praise the Name of Jesus.

Helen M. Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **J. M. Dungan.**

No. 90. Gleams the Promised Land.

David Devoir. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HACKLEMAN MUSIC CO. **Hadley Watkins.**

Tempo di marcia.

1. Joy-ous-ly we march on, Hail-ing the glad day, When the curse of
2. Linked in ho-ly pur-pose, Guard our Sab-bath well; Break from that sweet
3. Might-y forts of e-vil, Ev-'ry li-censed den, Shat-tered by our

a-ges Shall be rolled a-way; See! the morn-ing break-eth,
Rest-day Drink's un-ho-ly spell; May no State e'er lin-ger,
ar-my, Ne'er shall rise a-gain; Comes the white-robed an-gel,

Bright with vic-to-ry; Liq-uor-dom is trembling, God's world shall be free. .
Shield-ing vice, dis-grace; Let our star-ry ban-ner Lead the hu-man race. . .
Pro-hi-bi-tion, see! Lo! the God of bat-tles Brings the vic-to-ry. . . .

REFRAIN. *f*

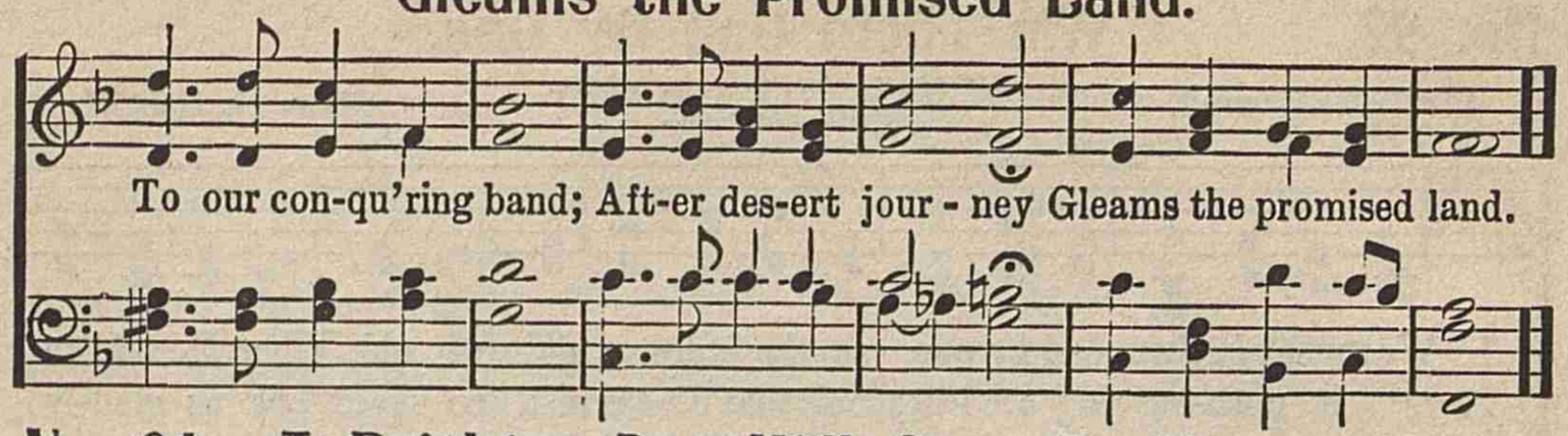
Vic-to-ry is com-ing! Pass the word a-long; . . Vic-to-ry is

cres. *ff*

com-ing! Ring it out in song; For-tress-es are fall-ing,

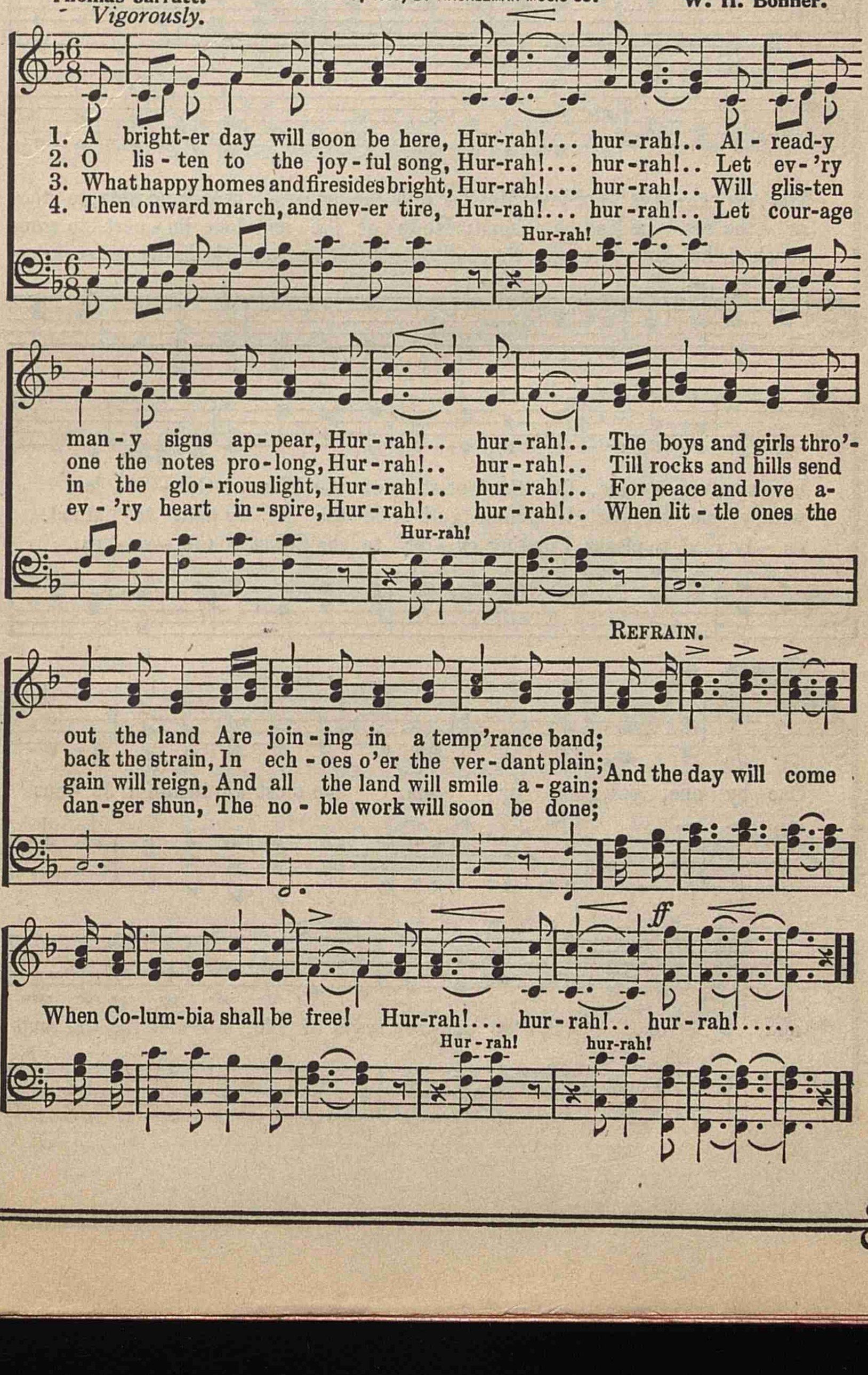
in song;

Gleams the Promised Land.



No. 91. A Brighter Day Will Soon Be Here.

Thomas Jarratt. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY HACKLEMAN MUSIC CO. **W. H. Bonner.**

Vigorously.

No. 92. Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
3. We must win them one by one by a lit - tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle

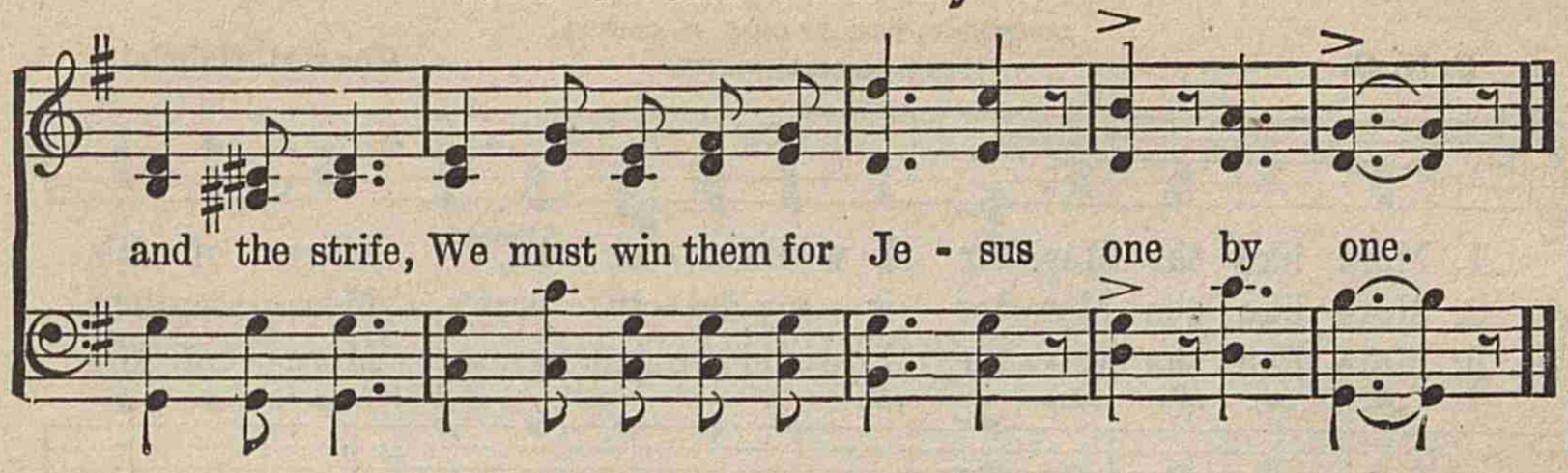
His dis - ci - ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some
touch of hu - man sym-pa - thy; Stoop - ing down from heigths of ease, seek-ing

by-ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
wear-y, sin - ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo - ry light to stand.
on - ly God to please, Pointing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je - sus
one by one; In the nar - row ways of life, a - mid the tu - mult

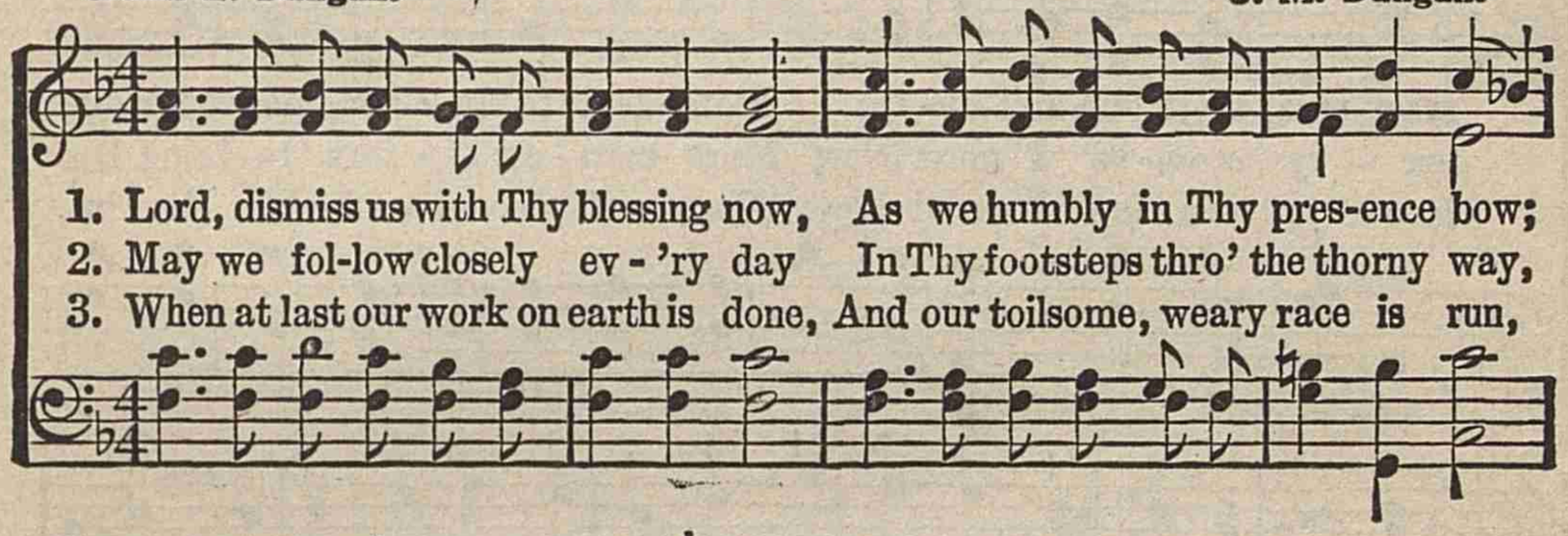
Win Them One By One.

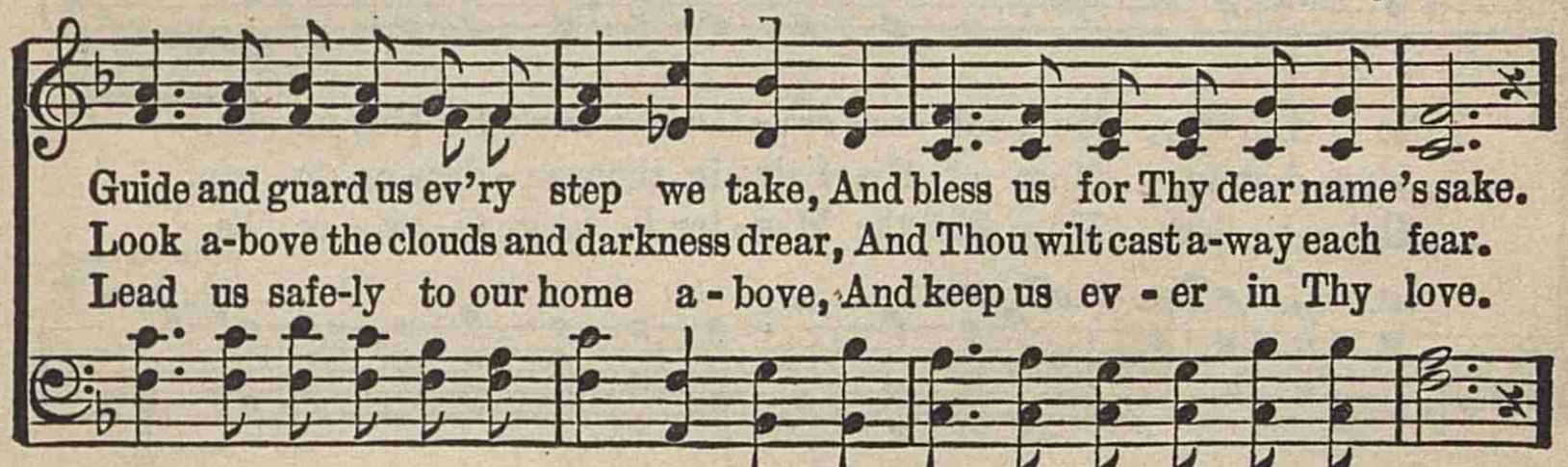


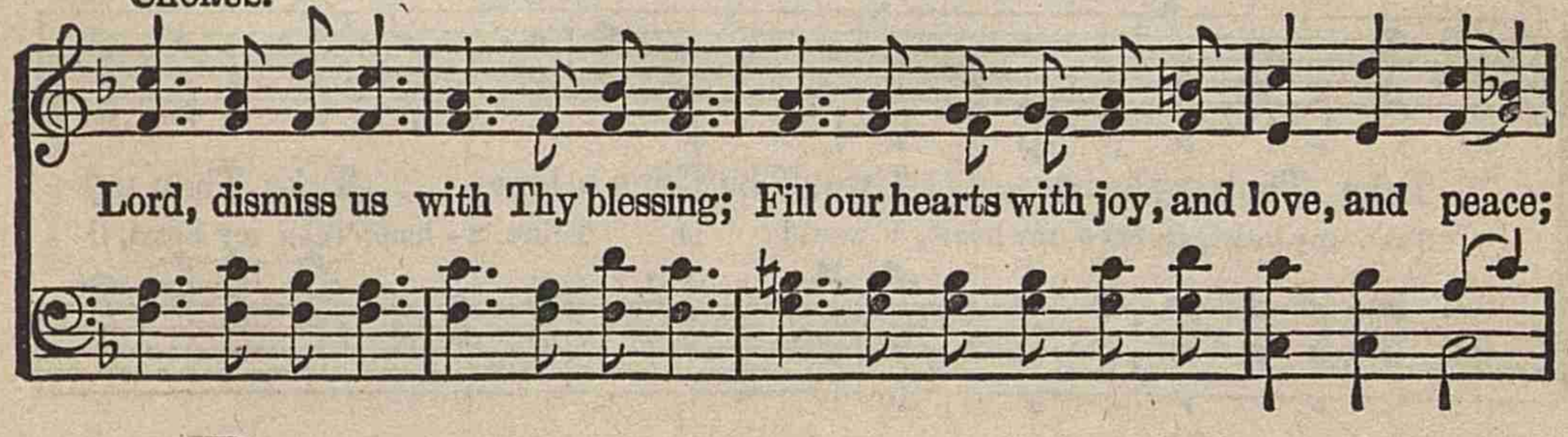
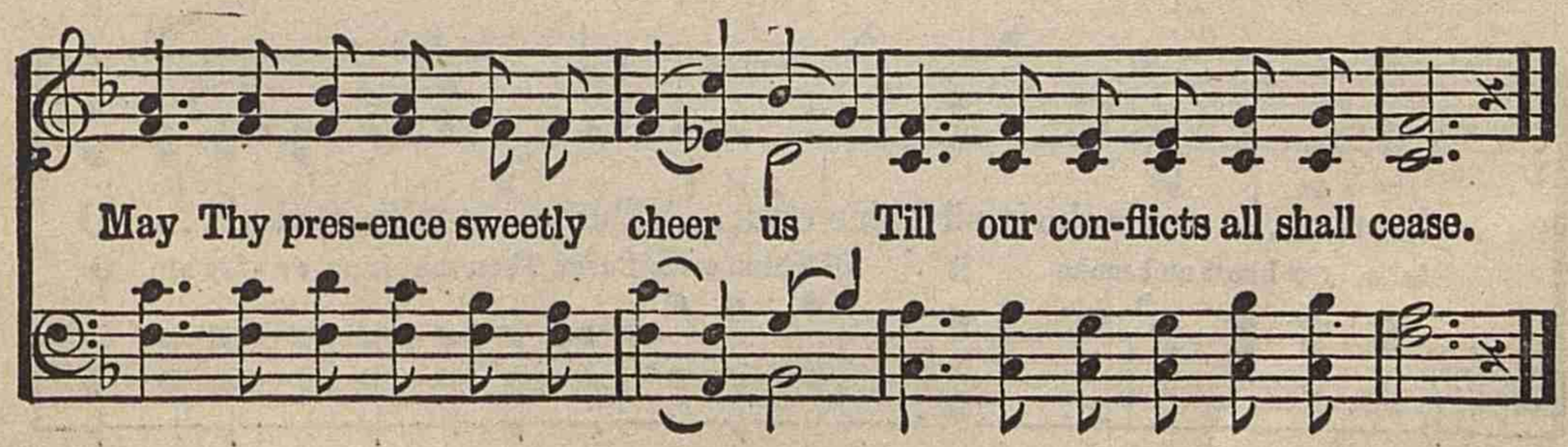
No. 93. Closing Hymn.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Helen L. Dungan. J. M. Dungan.





CHORUS.

No. 94. More Like the Master.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

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

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly pray'r, More strength to
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow, More of His

meek-ness, more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age
car-ry cross-es I must bear; More earn-est ef-fort to bring His
love to oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in

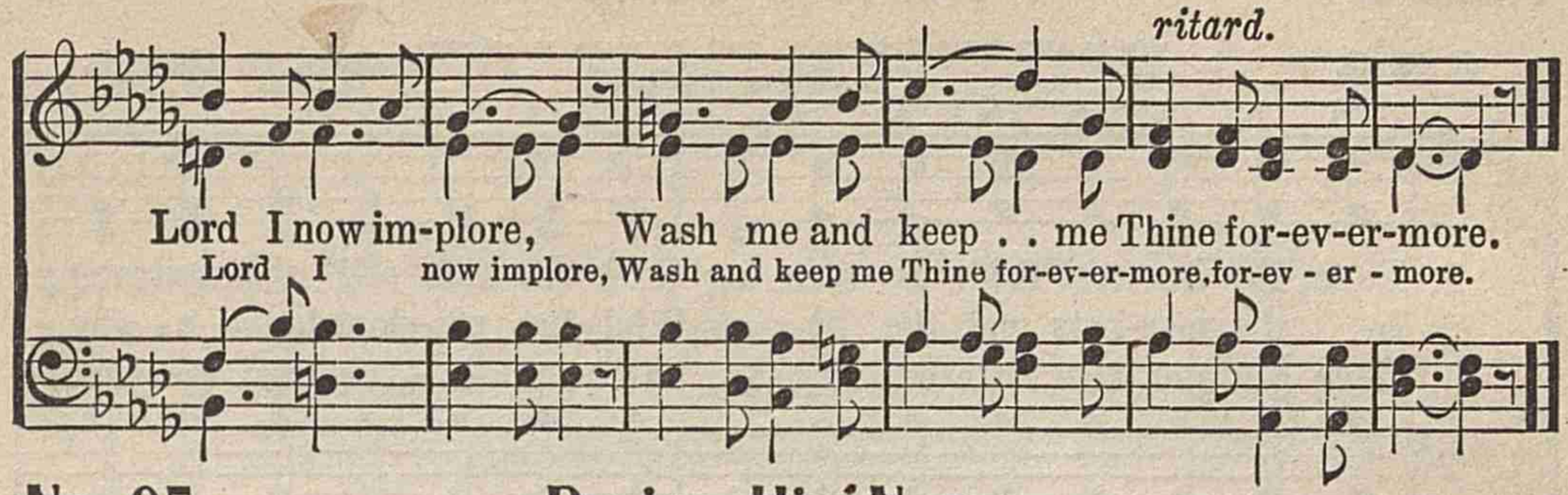
to be true, More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do.
king-dom in, More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win.
Gal-i-lee, More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be.

CHORUS.

Take Thou my heart ..... I would be Thine a-lone;..... Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O

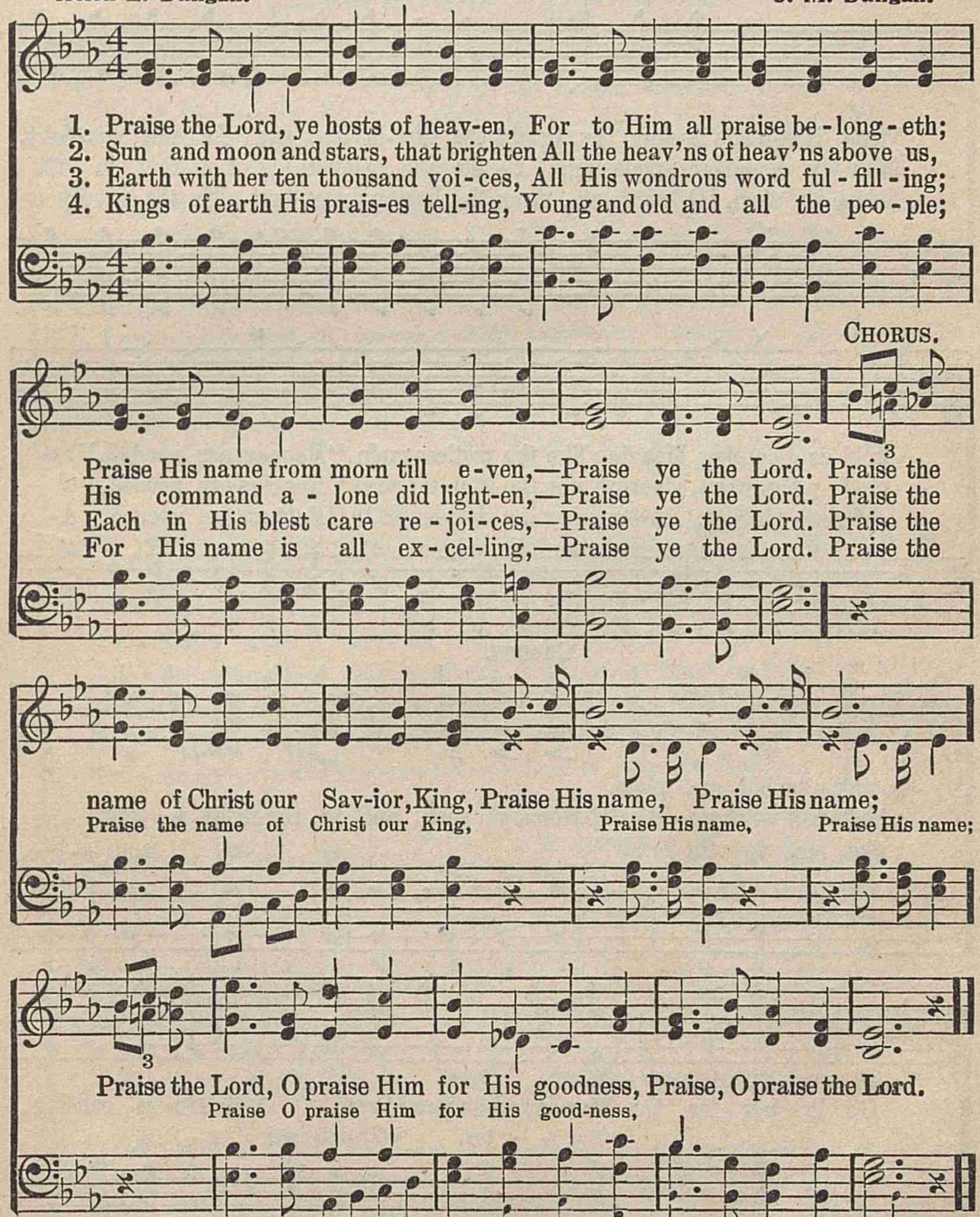
heart .... and make it all Thine own;... Purge me from sin,.... O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev-'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.



No. 95. Praise His Name.

Helen L. Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **J. M. Dungan.**



No. 96. Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?

Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your

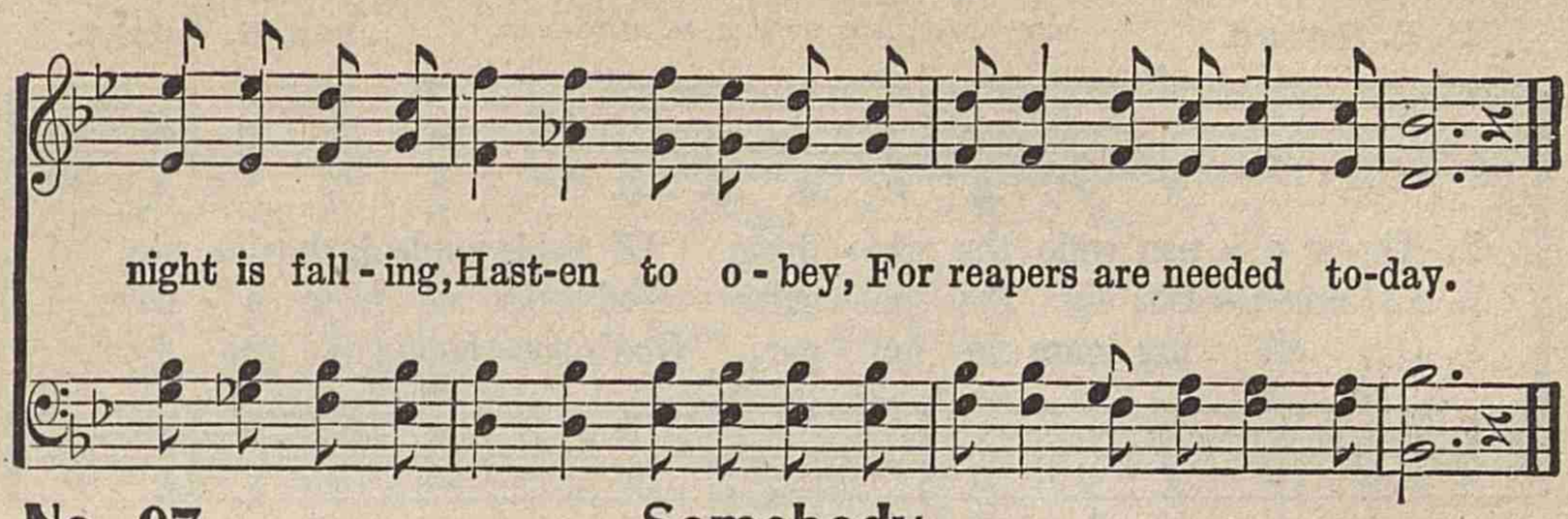
gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-

CHORUS.

sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!" to the fields a-way,

Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas - - ter while you may;

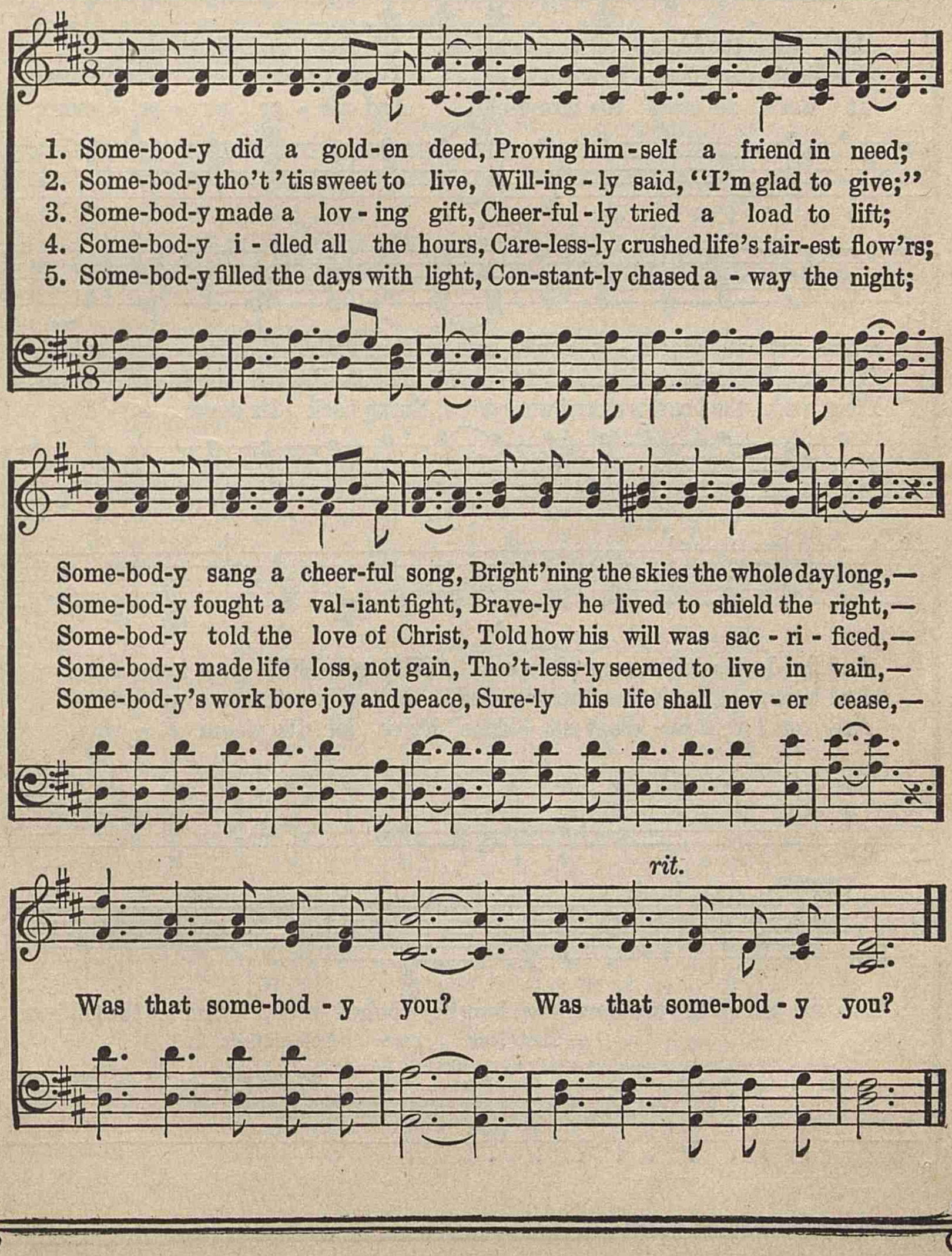
Harvest Song.



No. 97. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 98. Throw Open All the Windows.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Throw o - pen wide the win - dows Of souls made dark with sin,
2. Let's ban - ish, by the sun - shine God sends us from a - bove,
3. Oh, sit ing loom no lon - ger, God's sun-shine's at the door,

And let the bless - ed sun - shine Of love and glad - ness in;
The doubts and fears that dark - en The path - way of His love;
It waits to cross the thresh-old, And tar - ry ev - er - more;

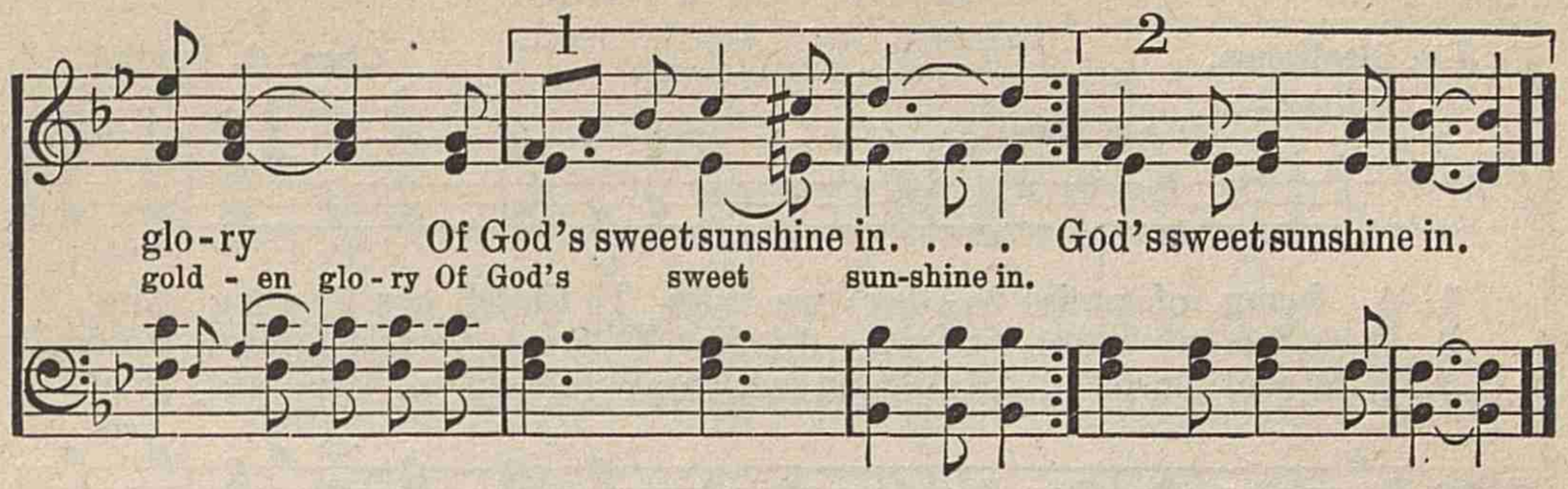
Drive out the gloom - y shad - ows That make the day - time night,
Be - neath its warmth and bright - ness The flow'rs of hope will spring,
Fling wide the heart's closed win - dows, Swing back its doors to - day,

And flood the lone - some pla - ces With pure life - giv - ing light.
And birds of faith soar heav'nward, On swift and hap - py wing.
And let love's ra - diant sun - shine Drive all its gloom a - way.

CHORUS.

Throw o-pen all the win-dows That long have bolted been, And let the gold-en

That long have bolt - ed been, And let the

Throw Open All the Windows.

No. 99. O Beautiful Story.

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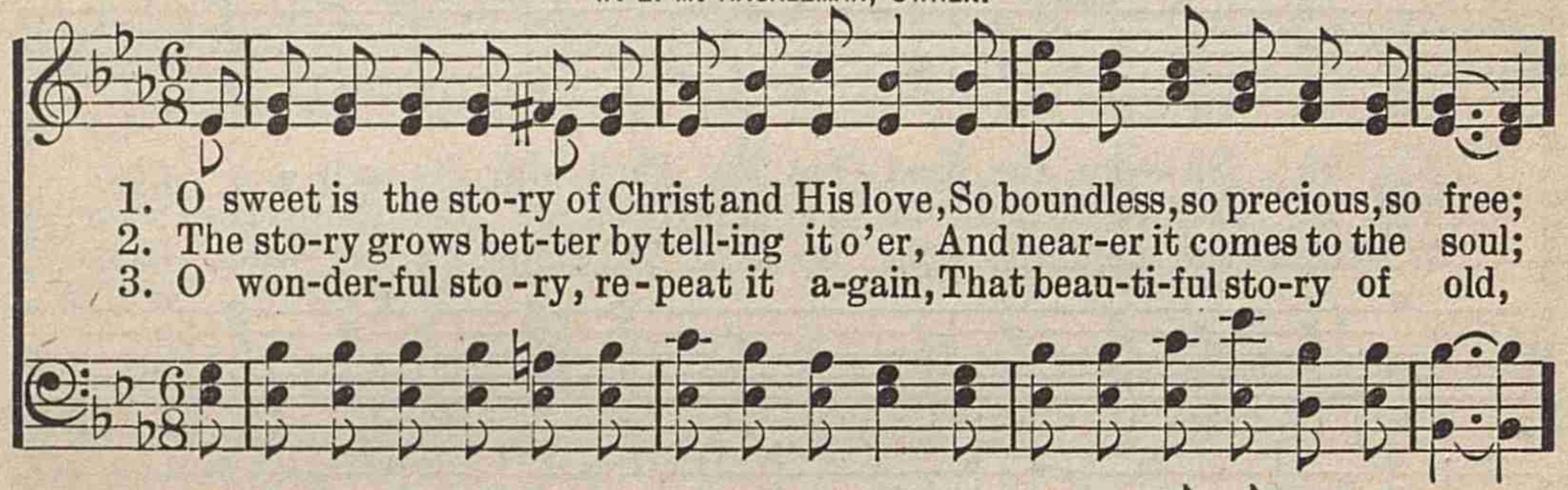
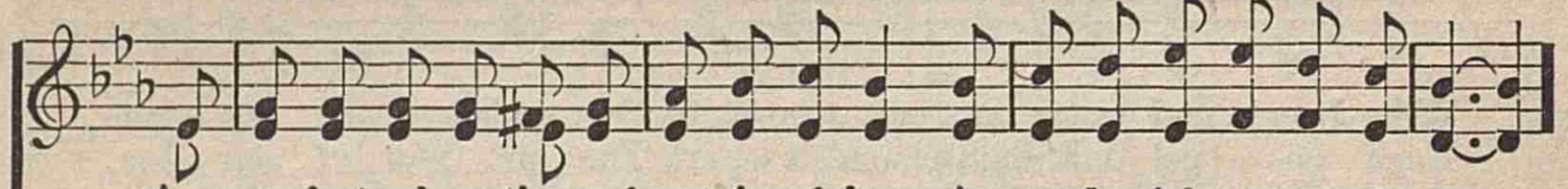
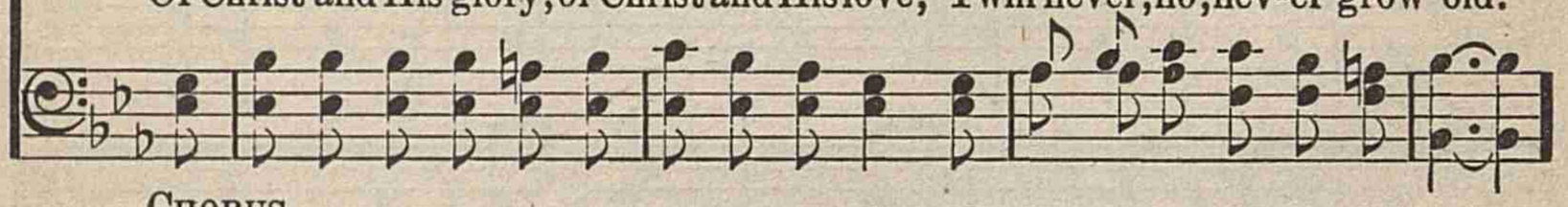
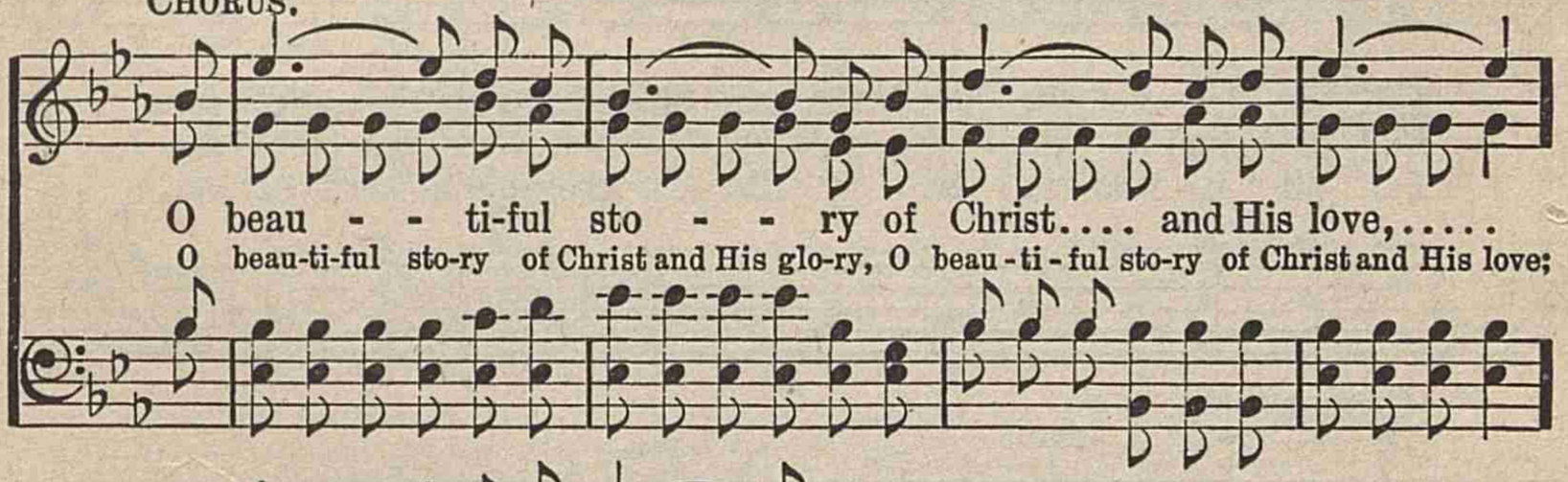
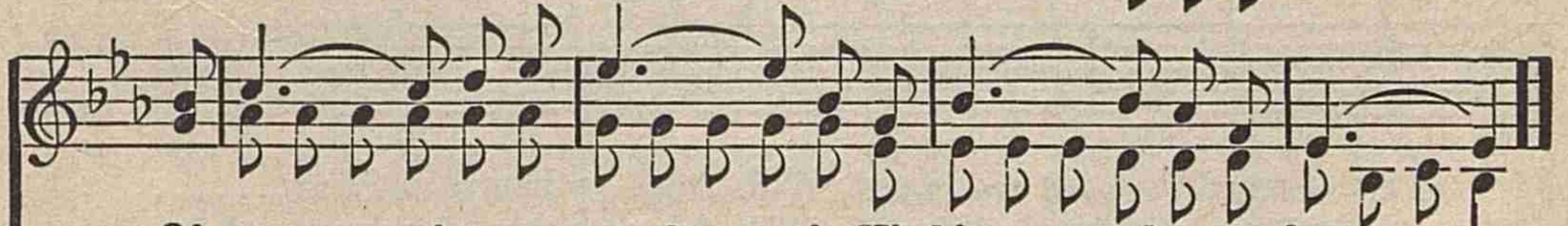
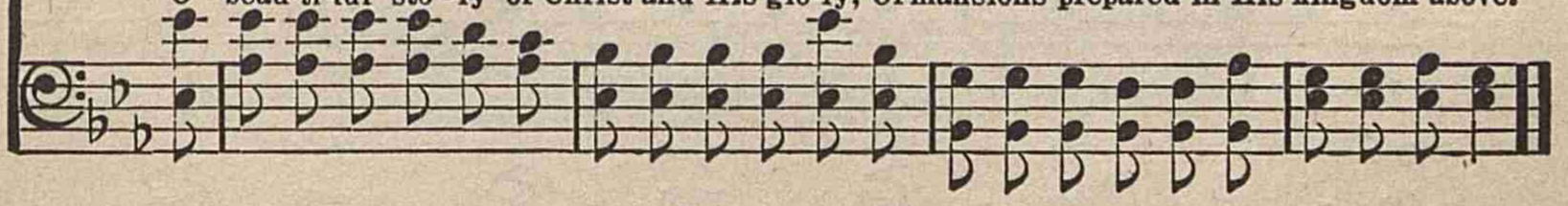
C. H. G. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Christ and His love, So boundless, so precious, so free;
2. The sto-ry grows bet-ter by tell-ing it o'er, And near-er it comes to the soul;
3. O won-der-ful sto-ry, re-peat it a-gain, That beau-ti-ful sto-ry of old,

A per-fect sal-va-tion, a fountain of joy, A won-der-ful mes-sage to me.
The vil-est of sin-ners who hear and be-lieve, By it are made per-fect-ly whole.
Of Christ and His glory, of Christ and His love, 'Twill never, no, nev-er grow old.

CHORUS.

O beau - - ti-ful sto - - ry of Christ.... and His love,.....
O beau-ti-ful sto-ry of Christ and His glo-ry, O beau-ti-ful sto-ry of Christ and His love;

Of man - sions pre-pared..... in His king - dom a - bove.....
O beau-ti-ful sto-ry of Christ and His glo-ry, Of mansions prepared in His kingdom above.

No. 100. A Hymn of Praise.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ada Blenkhorn. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Marcia.

1. A hymn of praise to-day we raise To Christ, our liv-ing King,
2. Each foe we meet we will de-feat, With weap-ons sharp and strong,
3. With zeal im-bued, and strength renewed, We'll gird us for the fray;

And in re-ply the bend-ing sky Shall with its ech-o ring.
Till all shall yield, and from the field Shall fly the van-quished throng.
With cour-age bold the right up-hold, Till dawns the per-fect day;

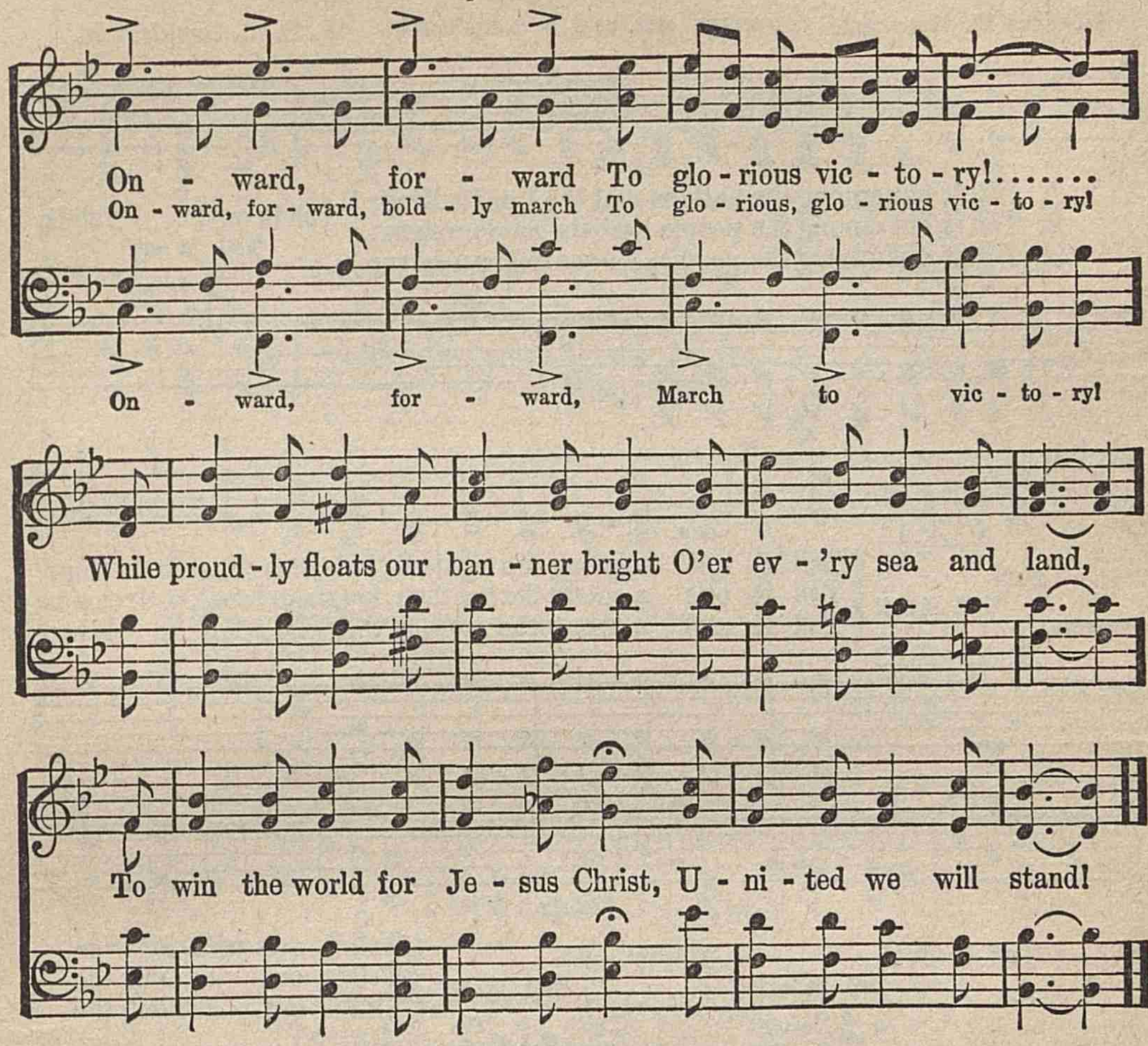
With heart and voice we will re-joice Our prais-es to pro-long,
Each gos-pel dart shall pierce a-part The ar-mor of our foe,
When strife shall cease, and per-fect peace On ev-'ry heart shall fall;

Till ev-'ry one be-neath the sun Shall learn our joy-ful song.
And ours shall be the vic-to-ry, Wher-ev-er we may go.
Till all u-nite in ho-ly rite To crown Him Lord of all.

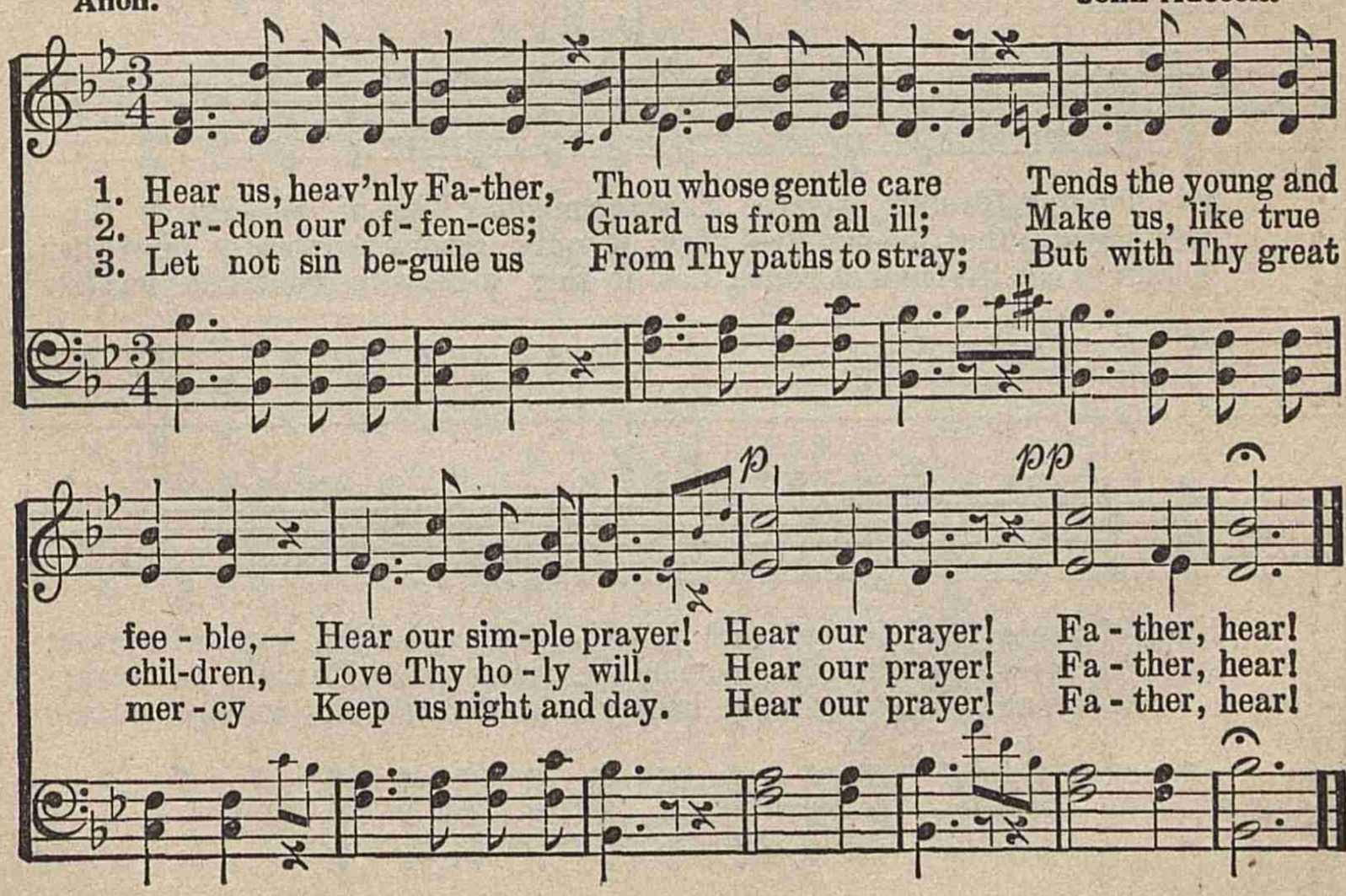
CHORUS.

On-ward, for-ward, With hap-py hearts and free;.....
On-ward, for-ward bold-ly march, With hap-py, hap-py hearts and free; Then

On-ward, for-ward, Bold-ly march-ing;

A Hymn of Praise.

No. 101. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.



No. 102. Tell It Out Among the Nations.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

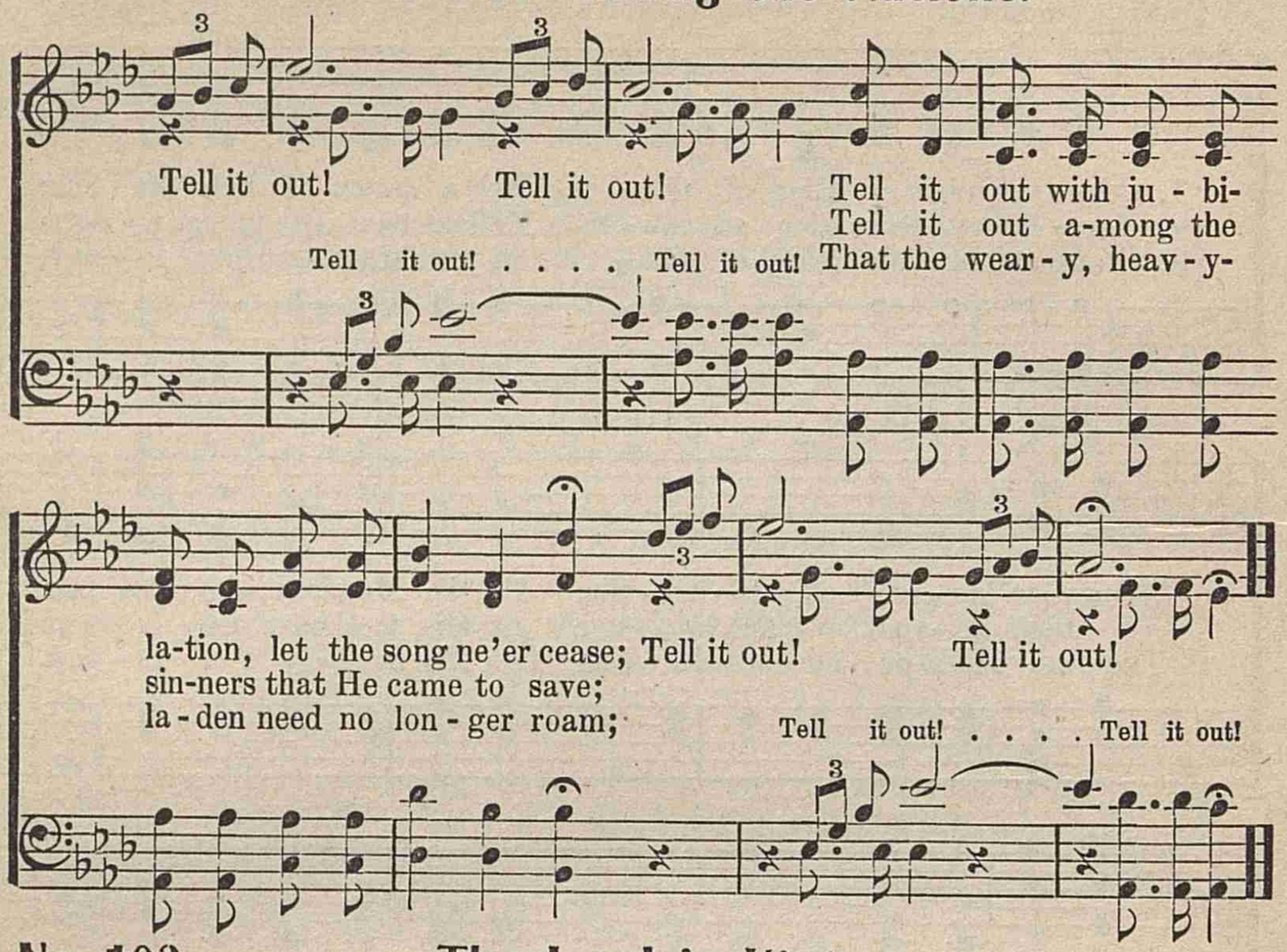
1. Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King;
2. Tell it out among the people that the Savior reigns;
3. Tell it out among the people, Je-sus reigns a-bove;

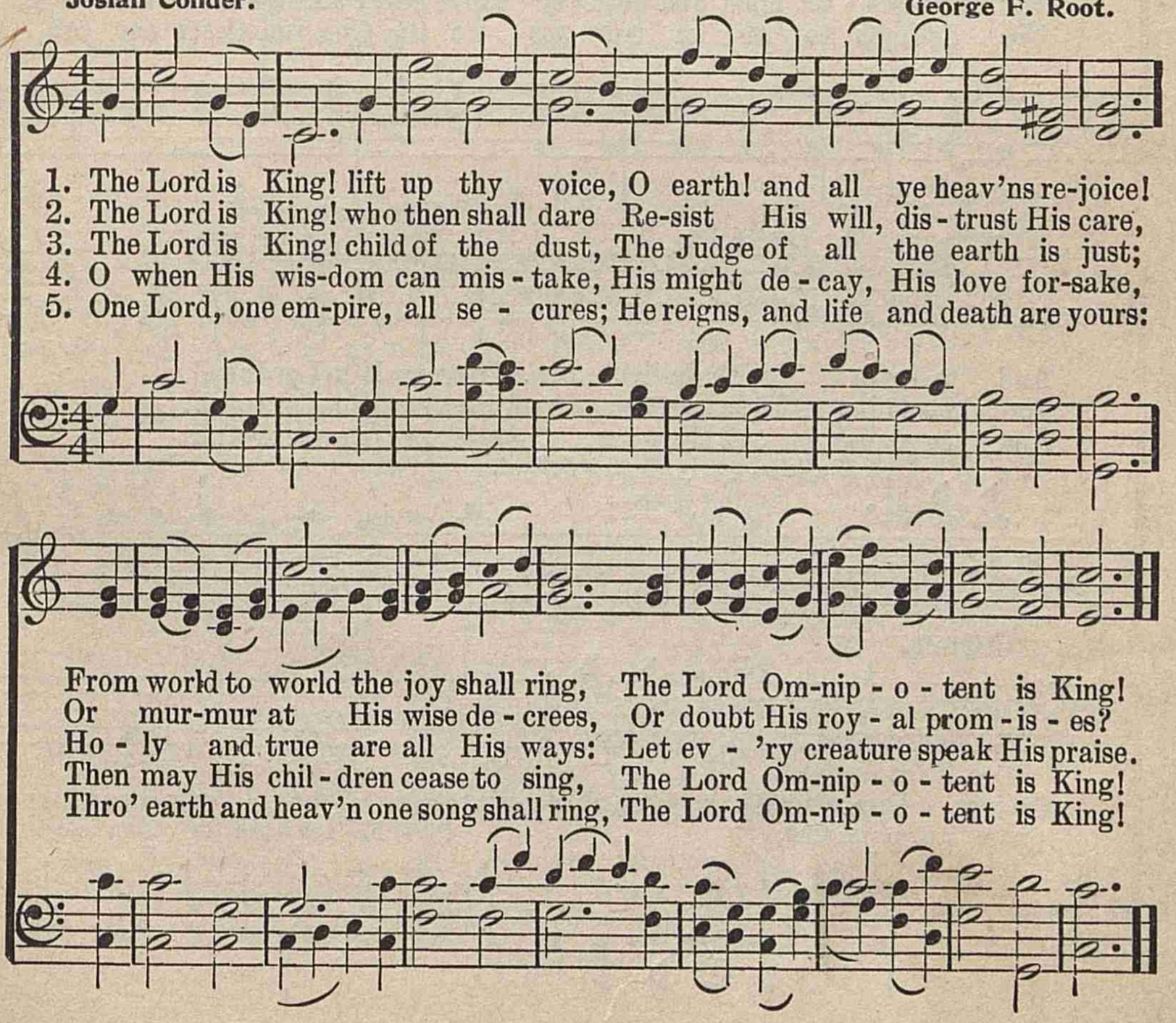
Tell it out! Tell it out! Tell it

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell It Out Among the Nations.

No. 103. The Lord is King.

Josiah Conder. George F. Root.

No. 104. Crown Him Lord of All.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Crown the might-y King of Glo - ry With a crown of rich - est hue;
2. Nev - er was there king so wor - thy; Millions have His name a - dored,
3. Crown a - new the King of Glo - ry In your hearts and lives to - day,

Bring your lau - rels of de - vo - tion To the Monarch who rules you.
All their fer - vent love and hom - age At His feet have rich - ly poured.
Tho' no laud or ad - o - ra - tion Can His boun - ty e'er re - pay.

Loy - al sub-jects of His king-dom, You be - fore His pres-ence fall,
His ma - jes - tic mien and beau - ty Have held countless souls in thrall:
We de-light to of - fer trib - ute To the One who hears our call,

ff poco a poco rit.

And u - nite with de-light, To crown Him Lord of all.
Spread his fame, bless His name, And crown Him Lord of all.
And to praise all His ways, And crown Him Lord of all.

And u-nite, with delight, Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Crown Him with a crown of glo - ry, Glad ho - san - nas sing;
Crown Him, crown Him, Glad ho - san - nas to Him sing:

Crown Him Lord of All.

Crown Him, spread abroad the sto-ry Of our King of Glo-ry;
Crown Him, crown Him, Of our Lord and King;

Crown Him who redeemed His people from sin's thrall; Bring
Crown Him, crown Him, from sin's dreadful thrall, from sin's thrall; Bring

hom-age true, It is His due, And crown Him Lord of all.
hom-age deep and true, It is His right-ful due,

No. 105. Jesus Calls Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden shore;
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease;
4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying, "Chris-tian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, That we love Him more than these.
Give our hearts to Thine o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 106. When He Counteth Up His Jewels.

Ada Blenkhorn. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Like the fir - ma-ment for brightness, Like the glow - ing stars that shine,
2. Thro' the clouds of heav'n de-scend-ing, He shall come as earth's true King;
3. We shall be with Christ for - ev - er, So His ten - der love hath planned;
4. "Come, ye bless - ed of My Father,"—Hear the words of Christ the Son!

Like the drift - ed snow for whiteness, "They shall all in heav'n be mine"
Hal - le - lu - jahs! grand as - cend-ing, In His glo-rious praise shall ring
Pain and part - ing come there nev - er, In that bet - ter, bright-er land,
Of the ransomed hosts that meet Him, By His grace will you be one?

marcato.

At that great and glo-rious day, That is has-t'ning on its way: When He

ff CHORUS.

com-eth, when He counteth up His jew - els. When He com-eth in His

glo-ry from on high, When He counteth up His jewels by and

from on high,

When He Gounteth Up His Jewels.

by: O what heav'nly peace and joy Will be ours without al-loy,

by and by:

marcato espressione.

1, 2 & 3. *Last stanza.*

When He cometh, when He counteth up His jew - els! jew - els!

4/5/18 Acc. 6/16/18 Acc.

No. 107. Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

Samuel Longfellow. (LAST HOPE.) **Louis M. Gottschalk.**

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with-in this soul of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with-in my con-science reign;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, Joy di - vine! Glad-den Thou this heart of mine;

Word of God, be Thou my Light! Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
Kin - dle ev - 'ry high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
By Thee may I strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear and no - bly strive.
Be my Law, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - er free.
In the des - ert ways I sing, "Spring, O Well, for - ev - er spring."

No. 108. Marching Against the Wrong.

Adah Torrey Henderson. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. March-ing on-ward in the bat-tle 'gainst the foe,('gainst the foe,)
2. March-ing on-ward we'll be ev-er true and brave,(true and brave,)
3. March-ing on-ward with our ban-ner still un-furled,(still un-furled,)
4. March-ing on-ward we will reach the bet-ter land, (bet-ter land,)

We will sing with loud ho-san-nas as we go, (as we go,)
Striv-ing dai-ly some poor sin-ful soul to save, (soul to save,)
We will take for Christ the na-tions of the world, (of the world,)
Where with all His ransomed peo-ple we will stand: (we will stand:)

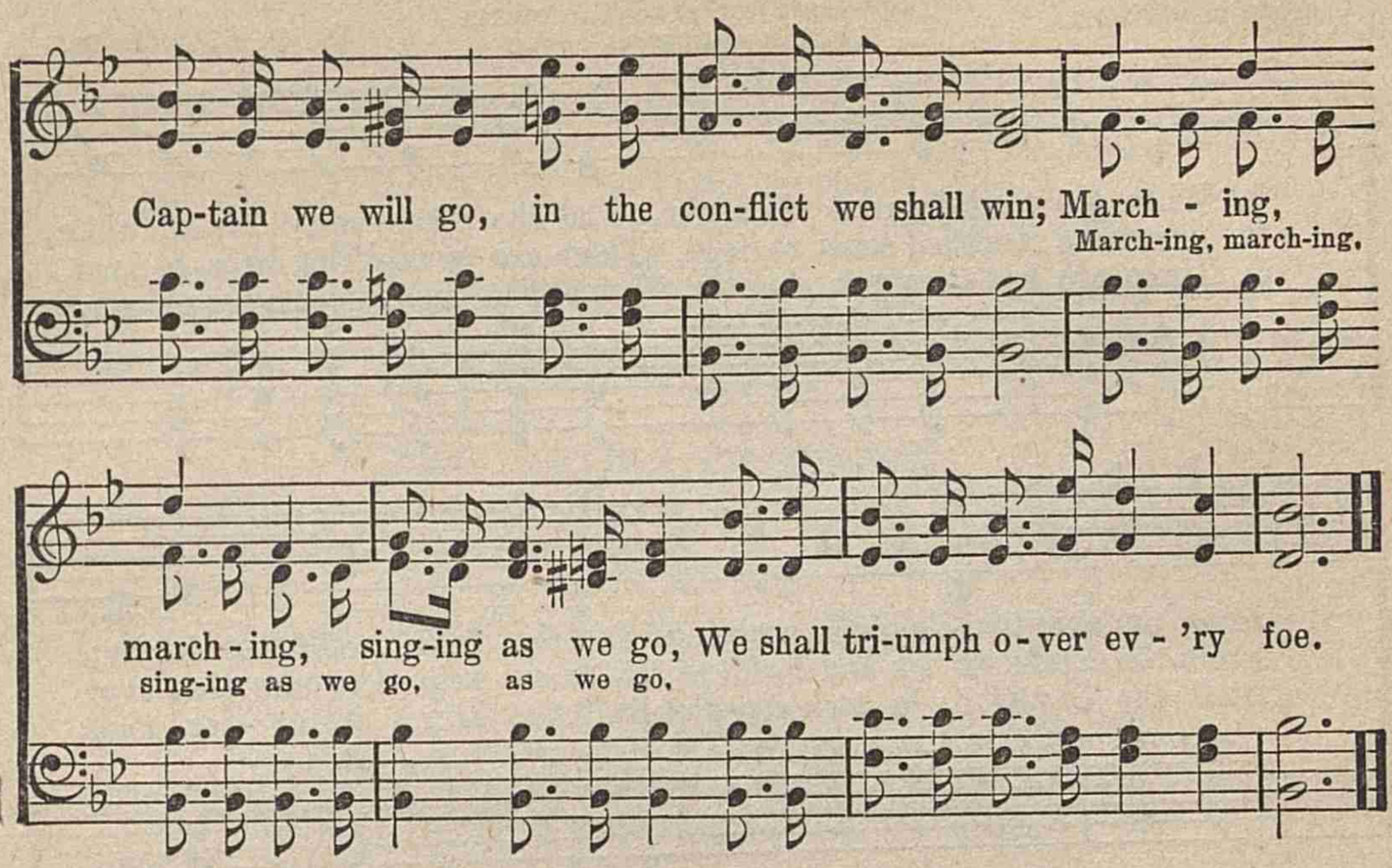
We will fol-low aft-er Je-sus all the way, (all the way,)
We will march in sol-id phal-anx 'gainst the wrong,('gainst the wrong,)
So we'll keep in step with Je-sus and the Word, (and the Word,)
May each crown be gemmed with jew-els fair and bright, (fair and bright,)

He will lead us on to vic-t'ry day by day. (day by day.)
For in num-bers and the Spir-it we are strong. (we are strong.)
Un-til ev-'ry race on earth His love has heard. (love has heard.)
Hap-py souls we led from sin to heav-en's light. (heaven's light.)

CHORUS.

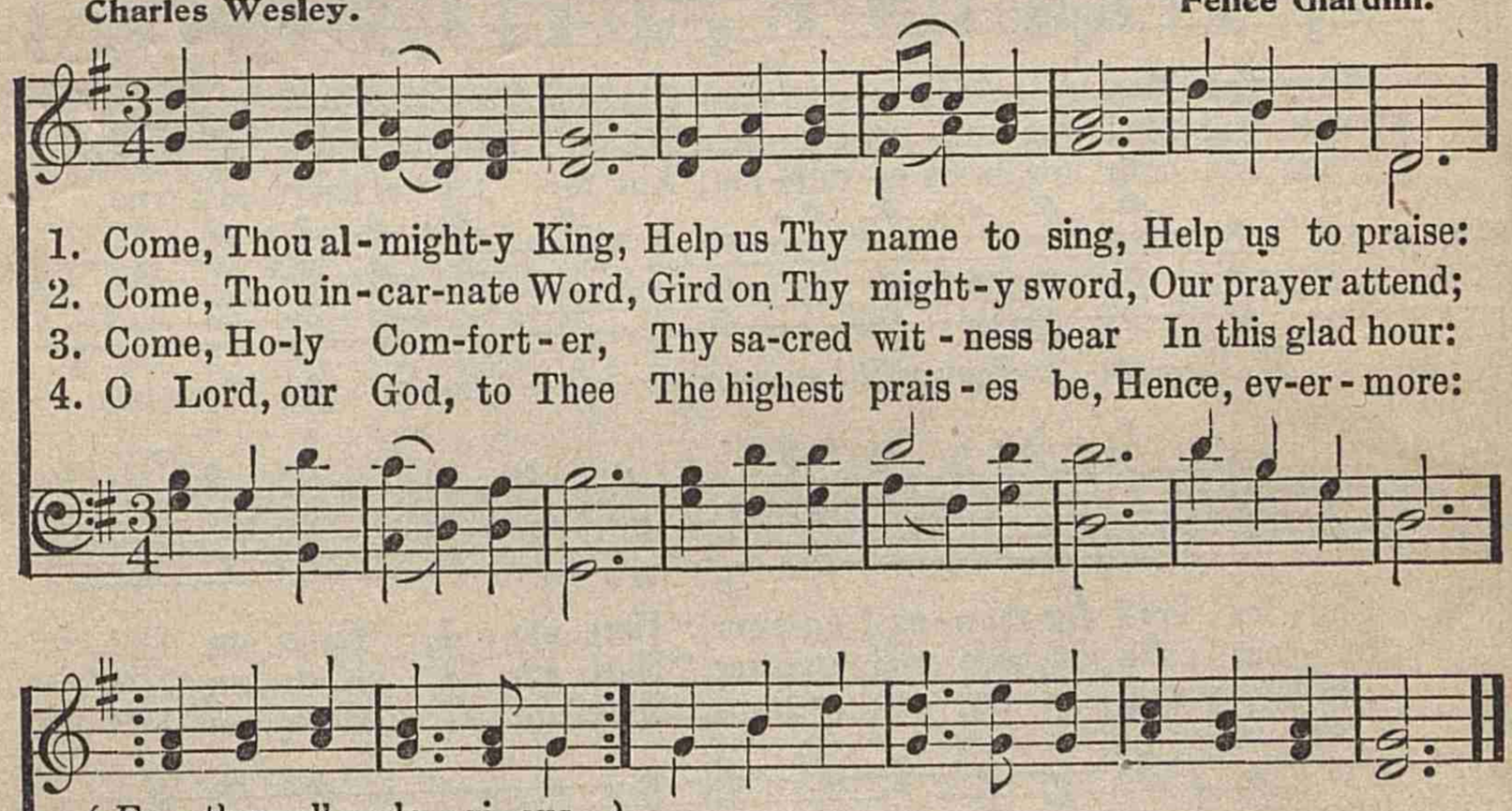
March-ing, march-ing, o-ver ev-'ry sin, With our
March-ing, march-ing, o-ver ev-'ry sin, ev-'ry sin,

Marching Against the Wrong.



No. 109. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. **Felice Giardini.**



No. 110.

Here Am I.

Ada Blenkhorn.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL,
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. When the morn-ing sun is bright, And the har-vest-fields are white,
2. There are famished souls to feed, There are wan-d'ring steps to lead
3. There are bat-tles yet to win, 'Gainst the marshaled hosts of sin,

And the ones that should be reap-ing In the fields, are loi-t'ring by;
From the depths of sin and darkness; There are help-less ones that cry:
And the Sav-ior, in each con-flict Swift to help, is ev-er nigh;

When the Mas-ter's voice is ring-ing O'er the fields of wav-ing grain,
"Who will feed the hun-gry chil-dren, Who will seek the lost to save?"
When He calls for deeds of dar-ing, And for loy-al hearts and true,

D. S.—*ev-er Thou wilt have me do to glo-ri-fy Thy name,*

Call-ing loud for reap-ers! an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"
Je-sus calls you, who will an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"
Read-y will I be to an-swer, "Here am I, Here am I!"

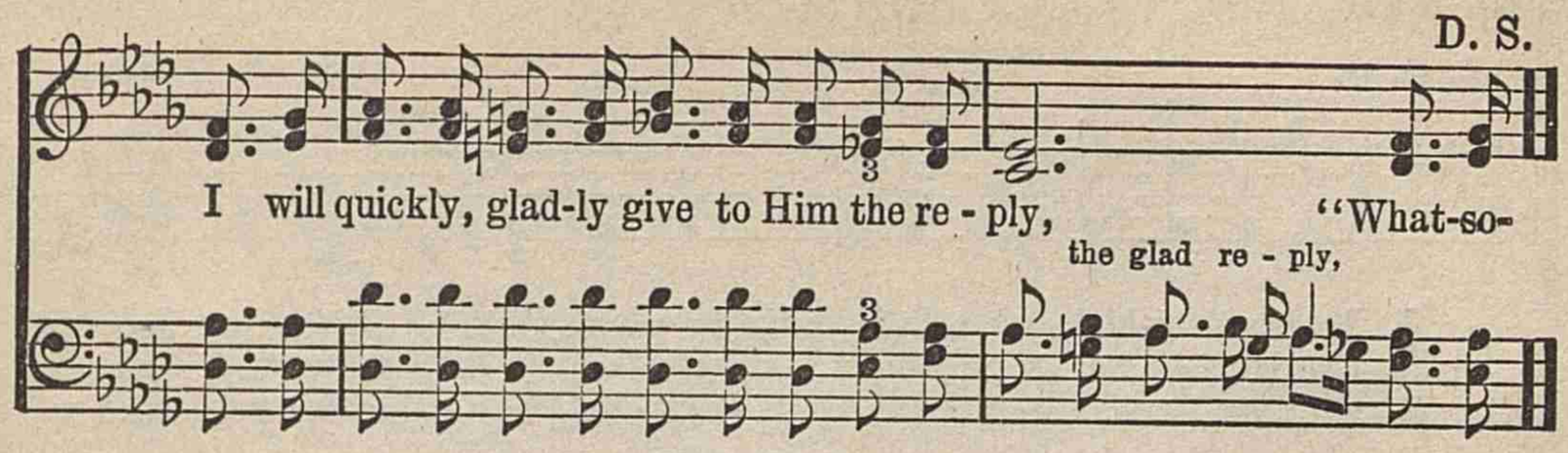
FINE.

Speak, O Lord, Thy serv-ant hear-eth, "Here am I, Here am I!"

CHORUS.

When I hear . . . . the voice of my Sav - - ior,
When I hear the lov-ing voice, the lov-ing voice of my Sav-ior,

Here Am I.

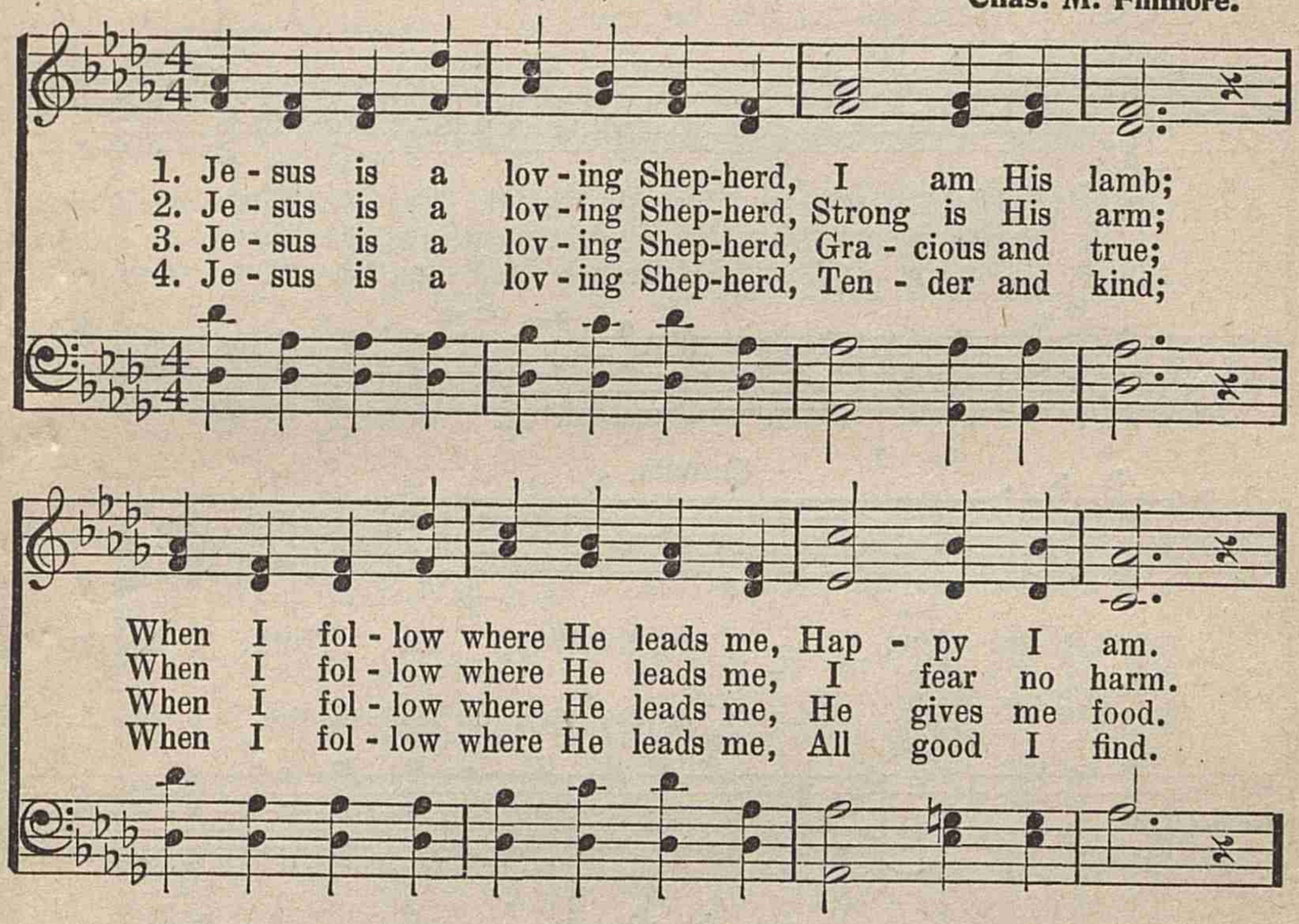


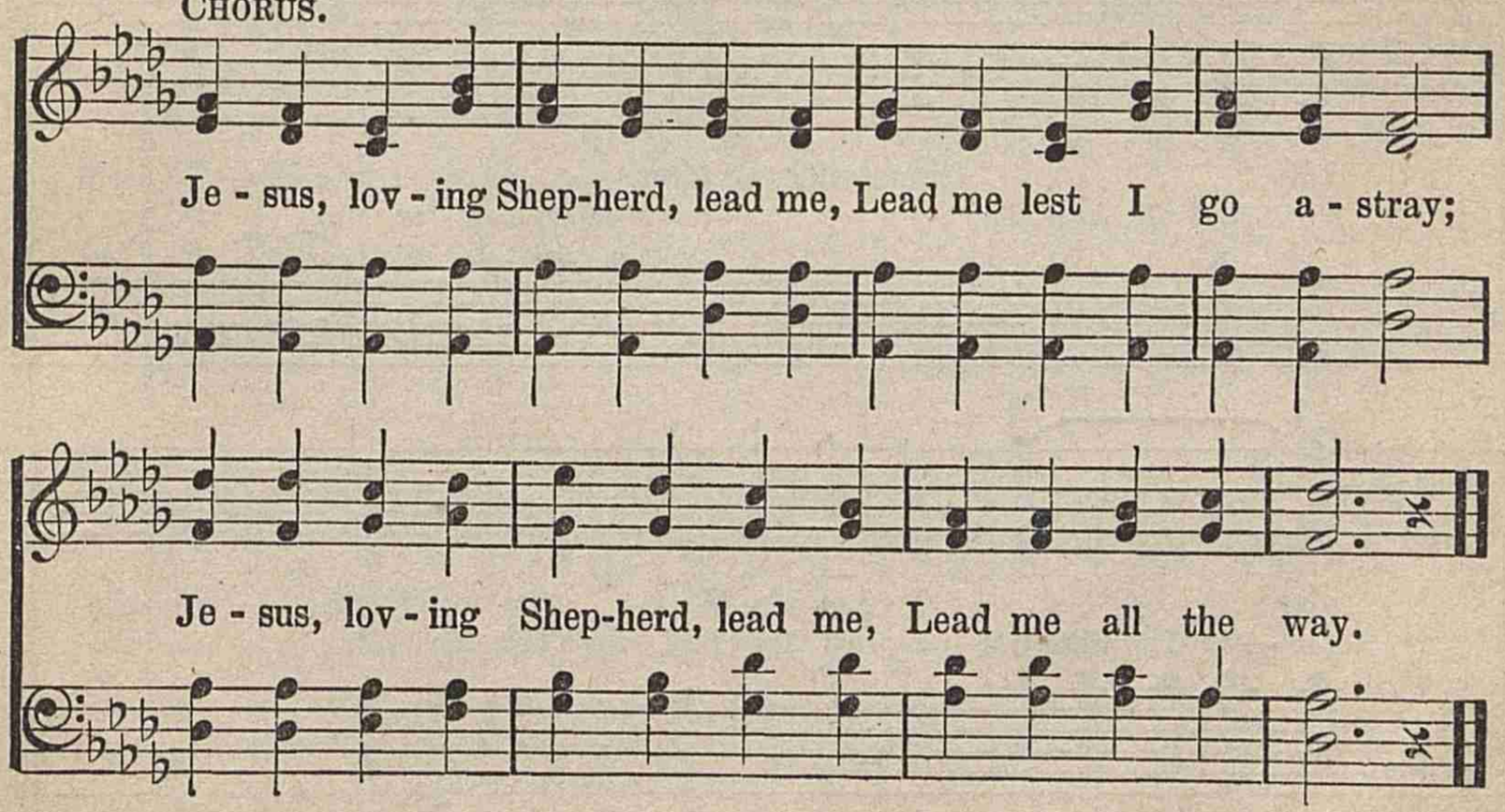
No. 111. Jesus, Loving Shepherd.

C. M. F.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Chas. M. Fillmore.



CHORUS.

No. 112.

I Am the Way.

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W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In from the high-ways, In from the by-ways, Gath-er souls in Je - sus'
2. Go to the er - ring, Kindly and cheer-ing, Point them to the Cru - ci-
3. Go, then, be-liev - ing, Blessing re - ceiv - ing, You shall reap re - ward a-

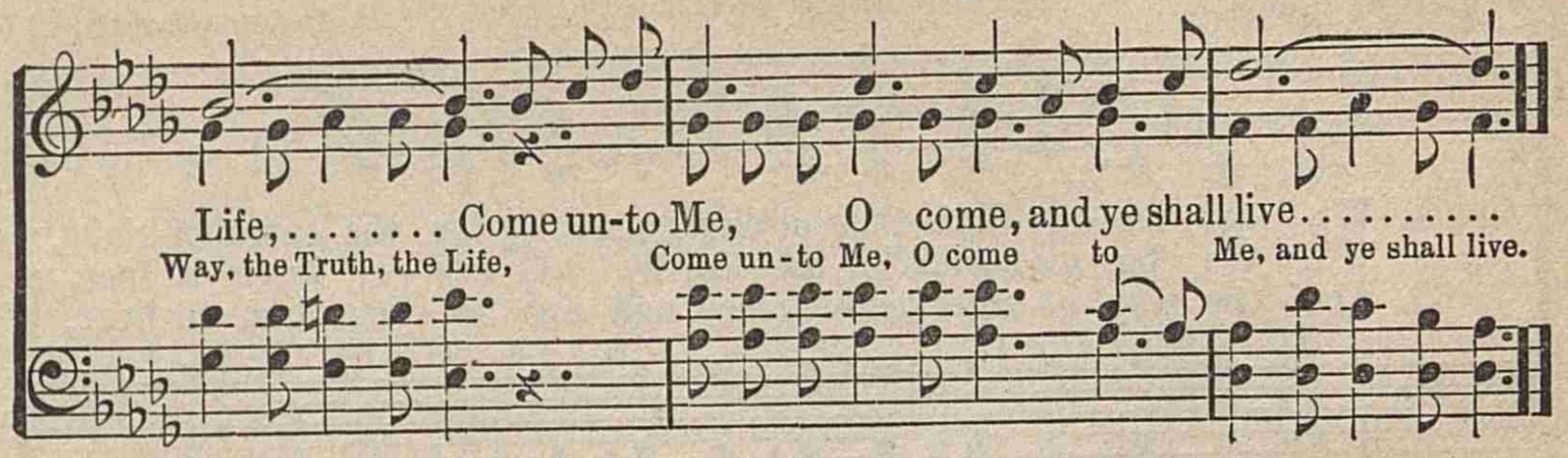
name; Publish the sto - ry, Her-ald His glo - ry, Un - to the world His
fied; Rescue the prayerless, Plead with the careless, Till they in Je - sus
bove; Je - sus is call - ing, Darkness is fall - ing, On with the bless - ed

CHORUS.

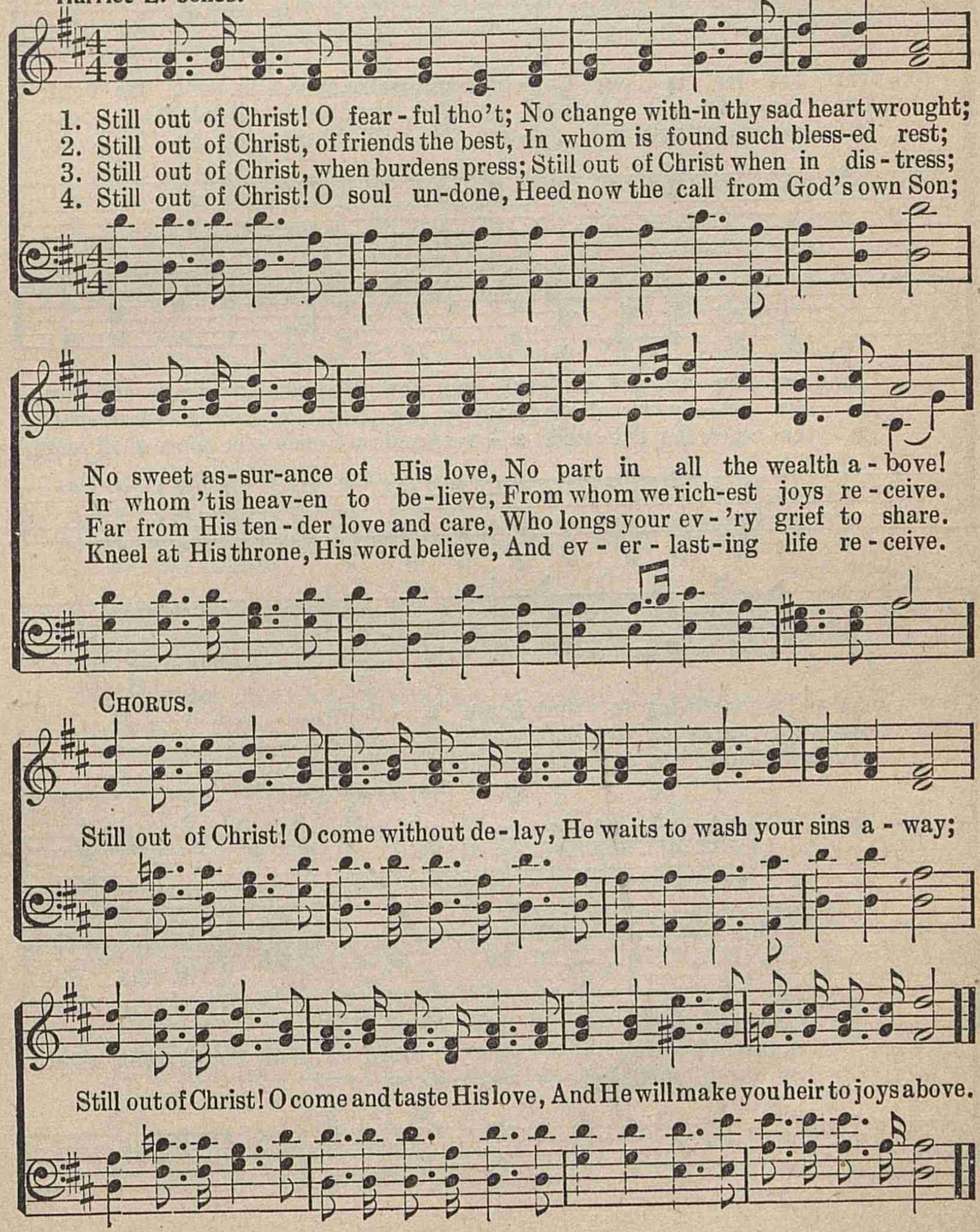
mes-sage pro - claim. I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
safe - ly a - bide.
la - bor of love. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

Life, ... Come without mon - ey, free - ly I will
Way, the Truth, the Life, Come with-out mon - ey, free - ly,

give; . . . . I am the Way, the Truth, I am the
free - ly I will give; I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, I am the

I Am the Way.

No. 113. Still Out of Christ.

Harriet E. Jones. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 114. Song of Victory.

DeLoss Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. DeLoss Smith.

1. We are hap - py Chris-tian sol-diers, marching for the cause of right,
2. When the bu - gle sounds for bat - tle, we will nev - er know a fear,
3. Tho' the way at times seems dreary, and our bur - dens hard to bear,

The Sav - ior is our Cap - tain and we're bound to win the fight;
Our ar - mor is the Word of God, its truth our might - y spear;
If we but trust in Je - sus He will light - en ev - 'ry care,

Come and join us, and we'll tell you how He wins by truth and love,
If we ral - ly 'round our Lead - er we will cap - ture Sa - tan's band,
So that when the bat - tle's o - ver, and we nev - er more shall roam,

As we're march-ing to that home a - bove.....
As we're march-ing to that heav'n-ly land.....
He will lead us to that heav'n-ly home.....
that beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

CHORUS.

We are march - ing on - ward For the cause of right,
We are march-ing, stead - i - ly march - ing on - ward

Song of Victory.

The roy - al ban - ner Gleam - ing in the light;
The roy - al ban - ner of our Sav - ior;

By the cross of Christ we'll ev - er take our stand,
By the pre - cious cross, the cross of Christ, we'll

As we're march-ing to that heav'n - ly land.....
beau - ti - ful heav'n - ly land.

No. 115. When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Tr. Edward Caswell. Joseph Barnby.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart awaking cries: "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
2. To Thee, O God a - bove, I cry with glowing love: "May Jesus Christ be praised!"
3. Does sad-ness fill my mind, A sol-ace here I find: "May Jesus Christ be praised!"

A - like at work and prayer, To Je-sus I re - pair; "May Je-sus Christ be praised!"
This song of sa - cred joy, It nev-er seems to cloy; "May Je-sus Christ be praised!"
Or fades my earthly bliss, My comfort still is this: "May Je-sus Christ be praised!"

No. 116.

Bring Them In.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Bring them in and keep them from go - ing a - stray a - gain,
2. Sore temp - ta - tions hov - er a-round and a - bout their way;
3. Bring them in! for Je - sus com-mand-ed you so to do;

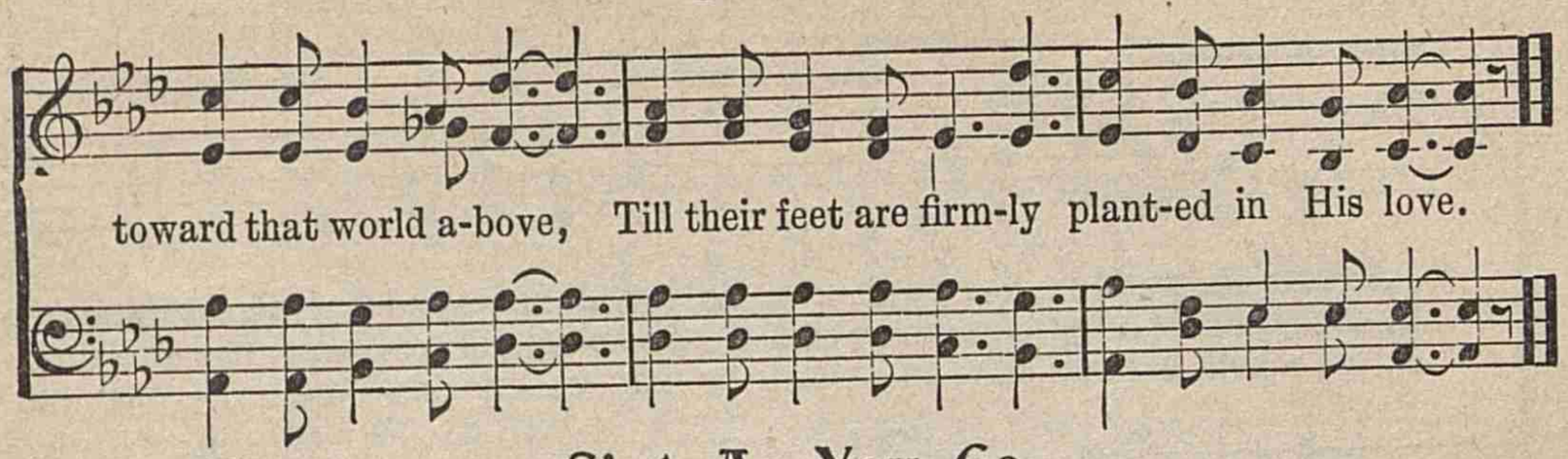
Precious souls of Je - sus, souls for whom He died; Think not when you've
Sa - tan, loath to lose them, fol-lows close be - hind, Whis-pers glow - ing
Bring them from the highways and the waste of sin To the fold e-

rescued them out of their sin and stain, They will safe - ly ev - er
prom-is - es, lead-ing the soul a-stray; You must be a broth - er,
ter - nal, in heav-en, pre-pared for them; While the door is o - pen,

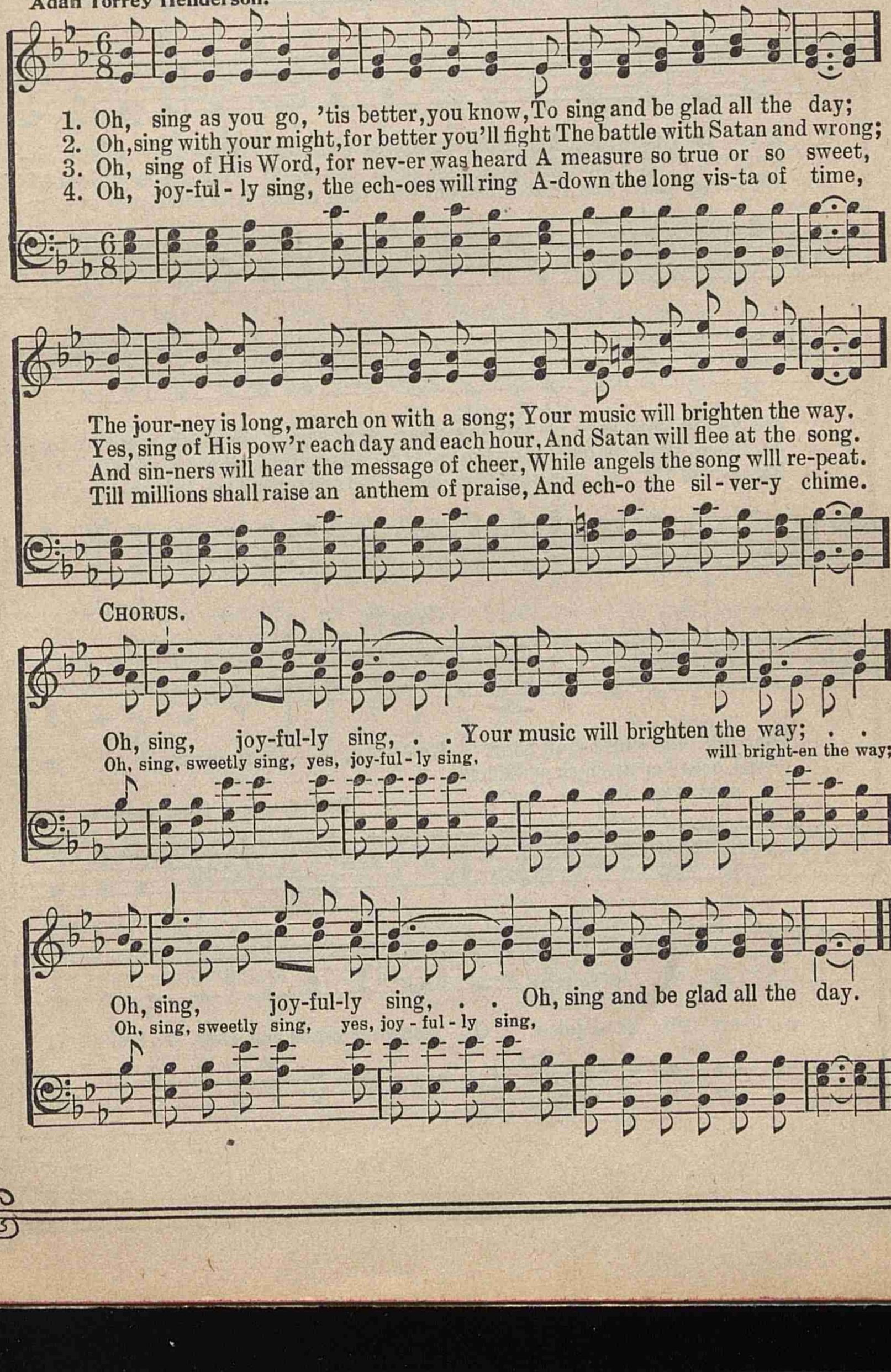
CHORUS.

in His love a - bide.
faithful, true and kind. You must help them upward, cheer them on their way,
lead, O lead them in.

And in lov-ing-kind-ness help them day by day; You must lead them gently

Bring Them In.

No. 117. Sing As You Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Adah Torrey Henderson. H. A. Henry.

No. 118. God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Press on, press on, ye work - ers, Be loy-al, brave and true: Great things the
2. The walls of leagued op-pres - sion To dust shall fall a - way; The sword of
3. Be - hold her marching on - ward, In maj - es - ty sub - lime, A - long the

Lord is do - ing, And great-er things will do; His ar - my still in-
truth e - ter - nal No pow'r on earth can stay; Tho' all the hosts of
roll - ing prai - ries That bound our west - ern clime; And soon from ev - 'ry

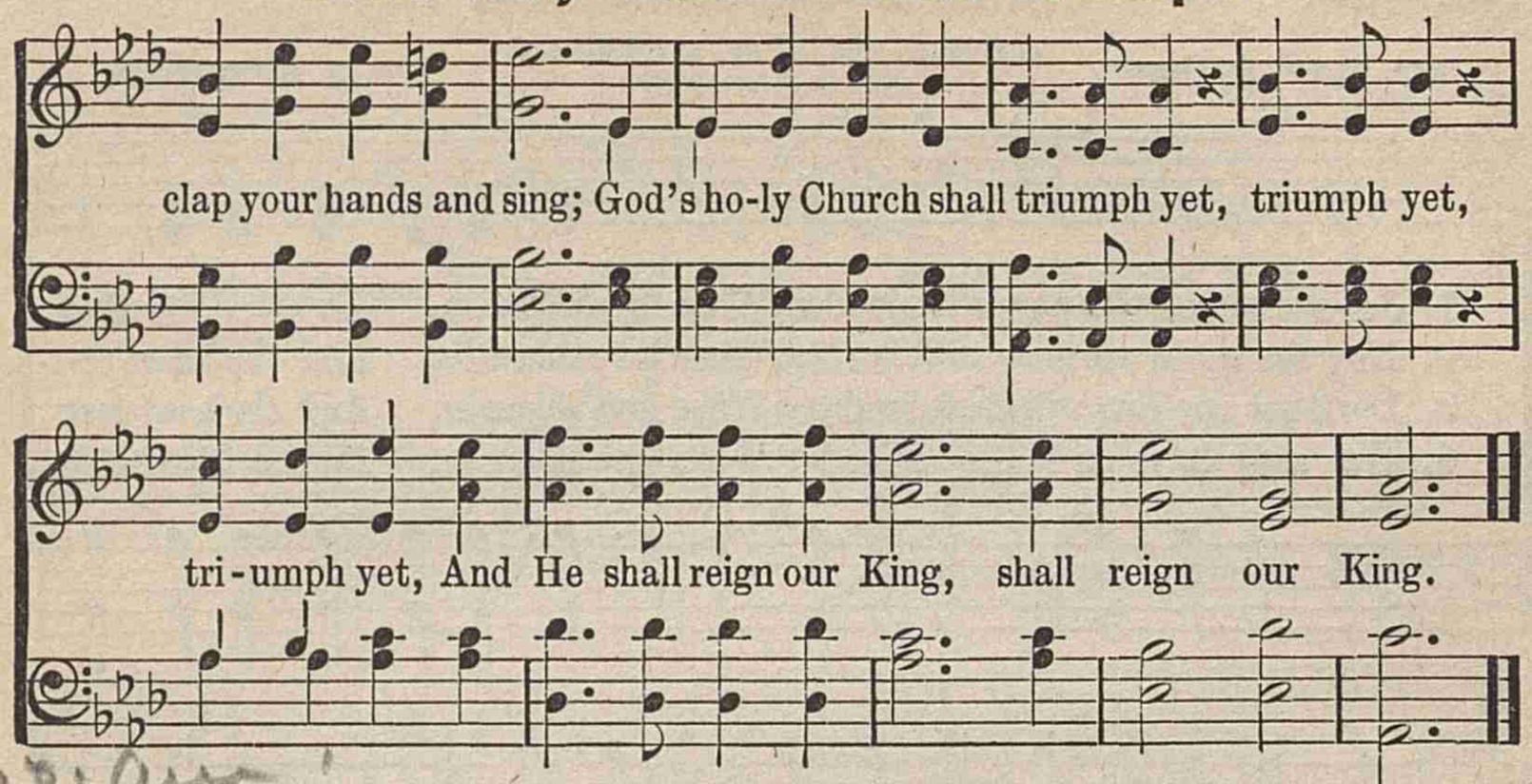
creas - ing With each re-volv-ing year, Shall send a shout of rap-ture forth
dark-ness Were marshaled on the field, The Church of God would stand unmoved,
ham - let On all our vast fron - tier Glad songs shall rise to Je - sus, While

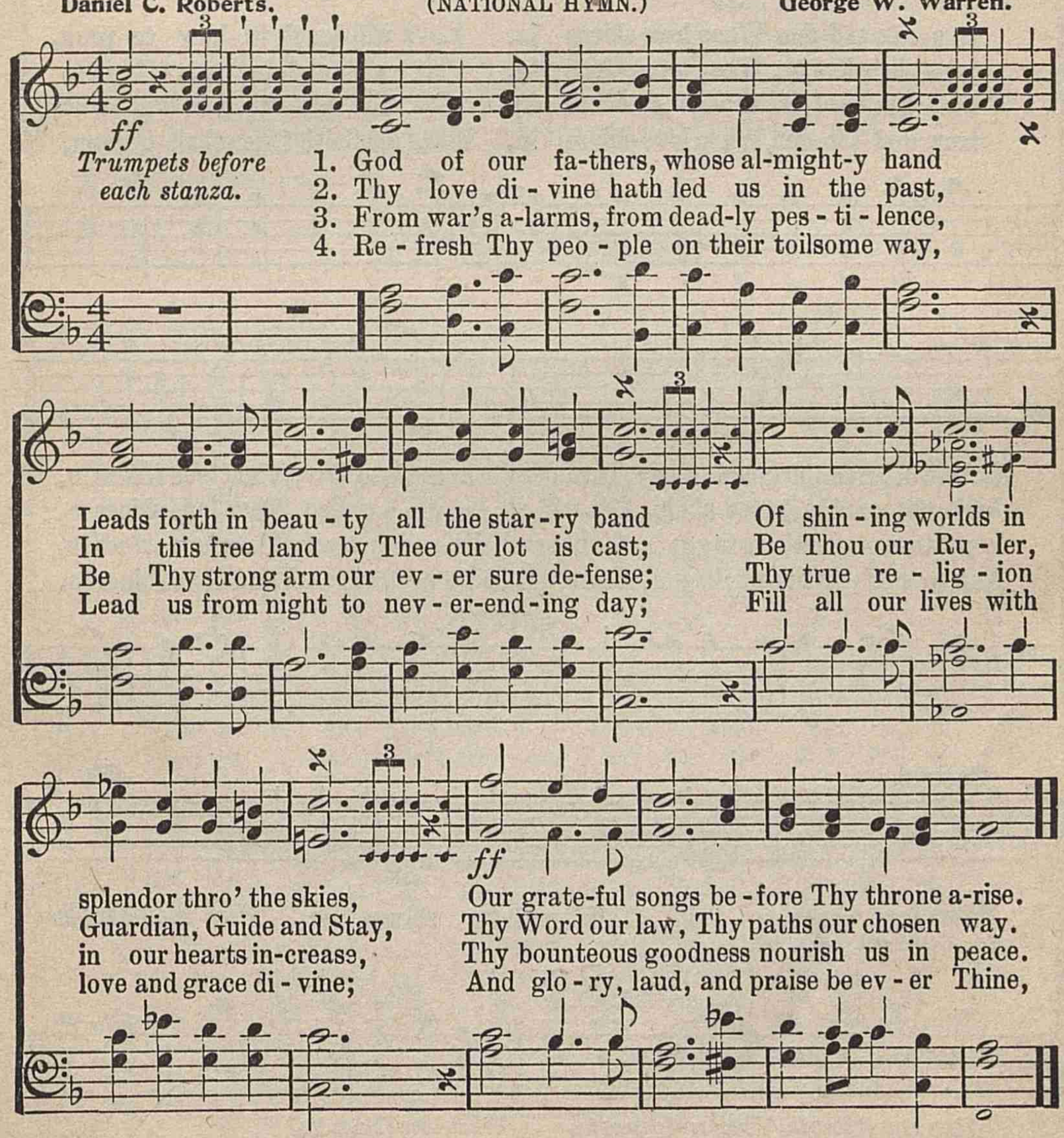
CHORUS.

That all the world shall hear. Re - joice, re - joice, ye
With Christ her strength and shield.
the scep - tics turn to hear.

Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice,

work-ers all, re - joice; O clap your hands and sing, (and sing,) O

God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.

No. 119. God of our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

Daniel C. Roberts. (NATIONAL HYMN.) George W. Warren.

No. 120. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
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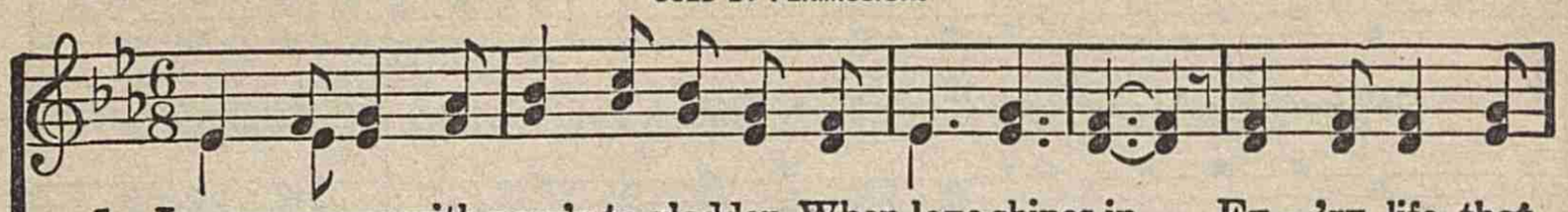
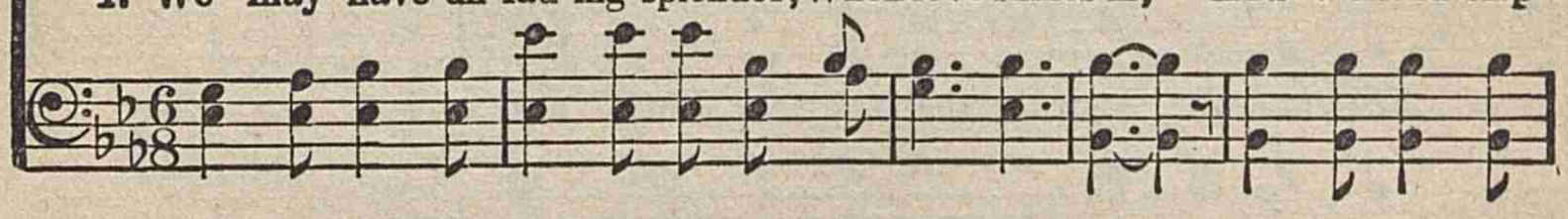
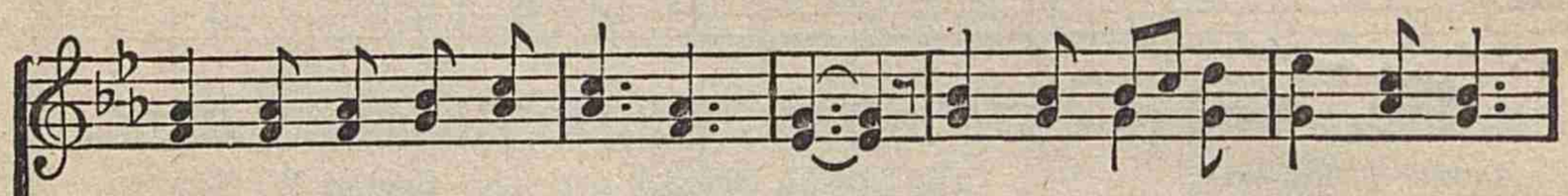
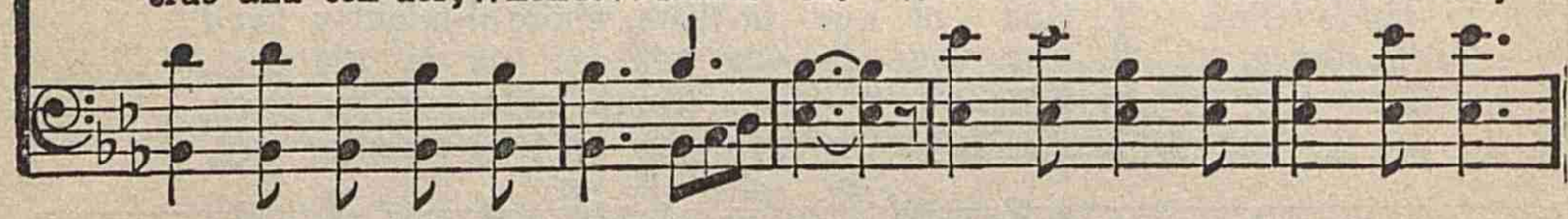
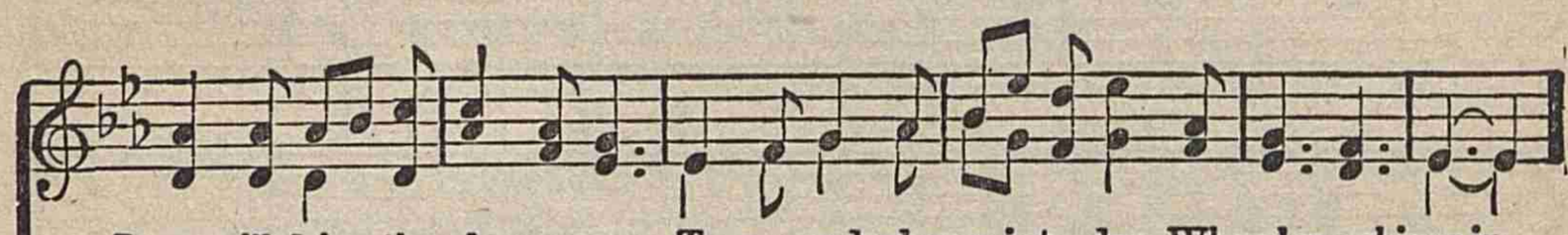
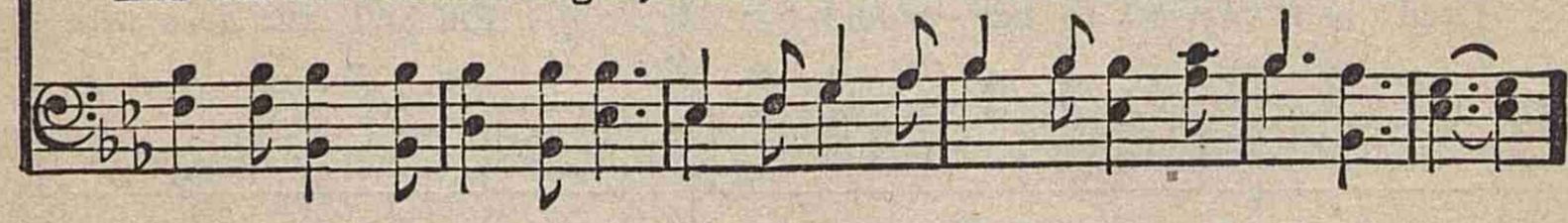
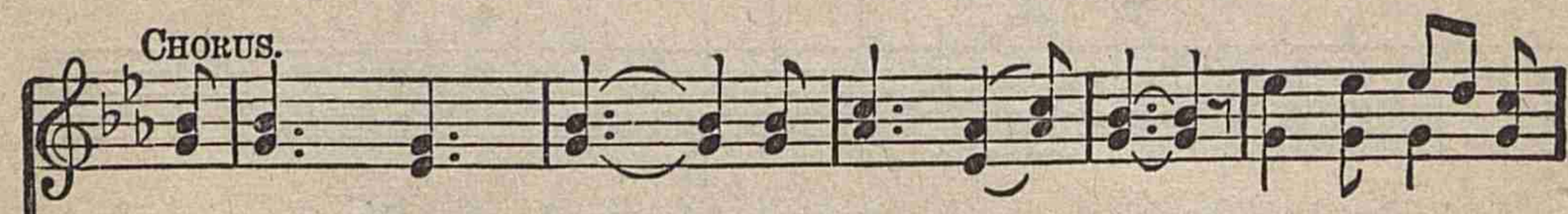
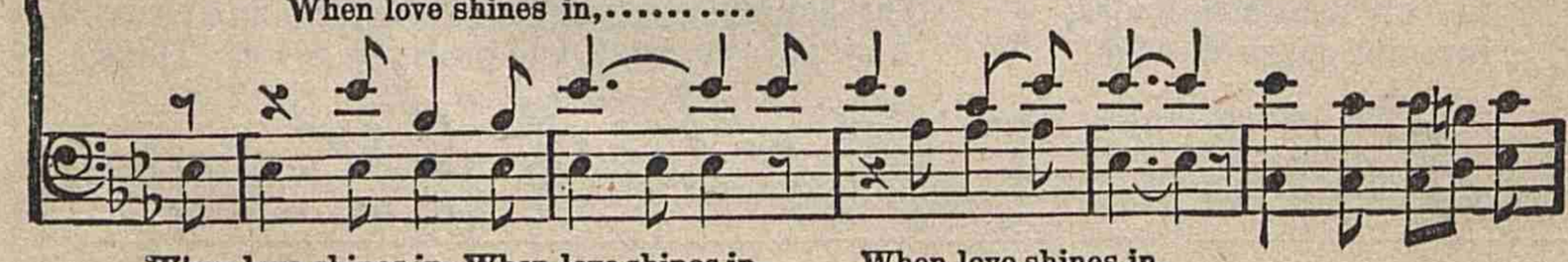
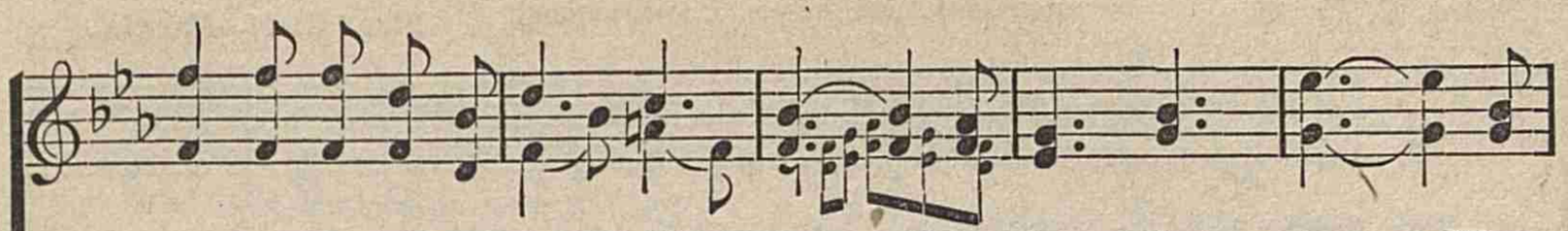
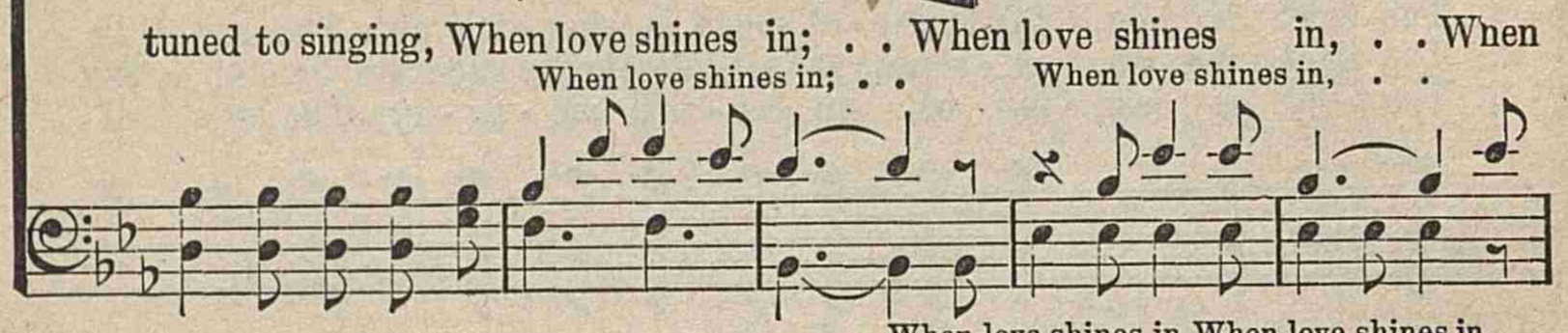
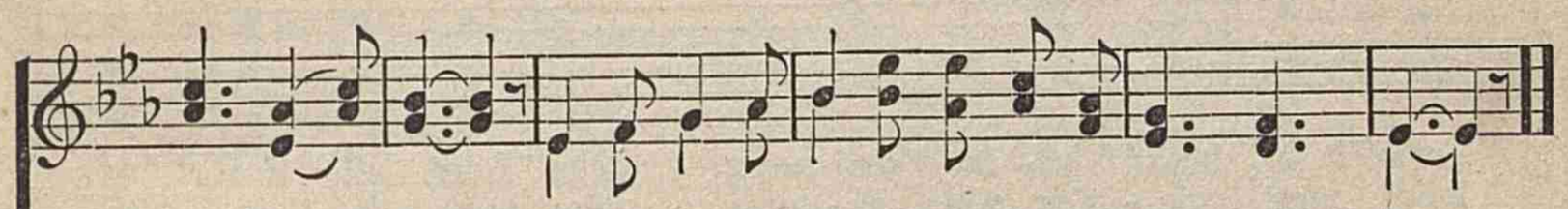
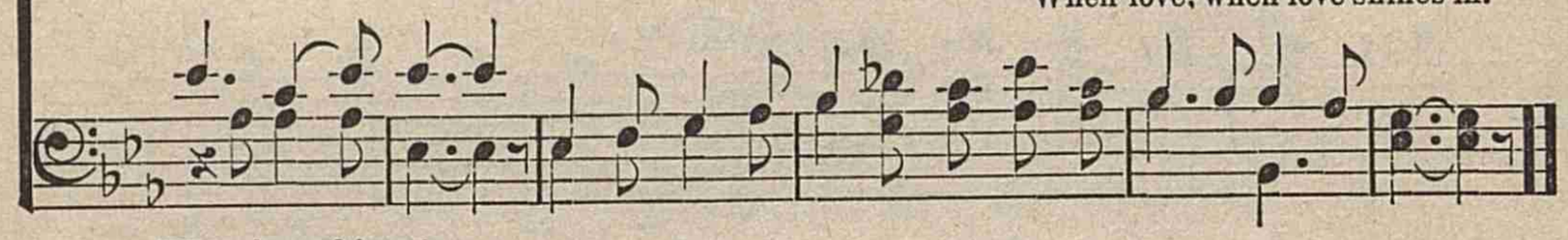
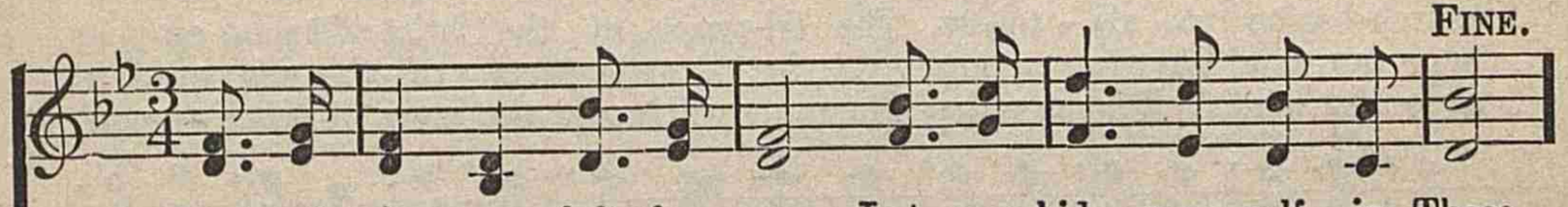
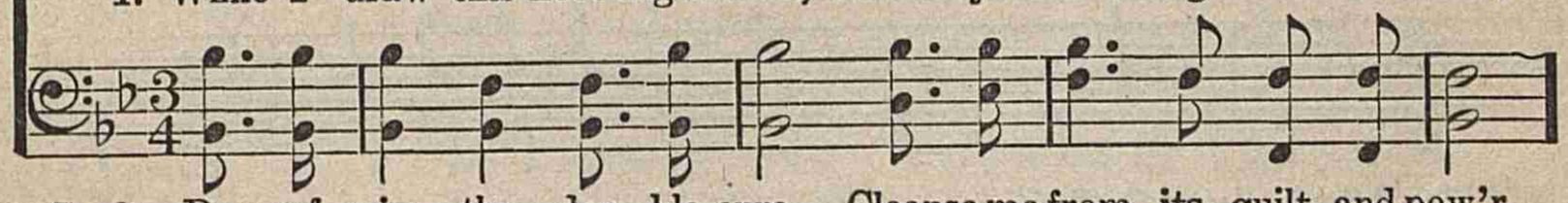
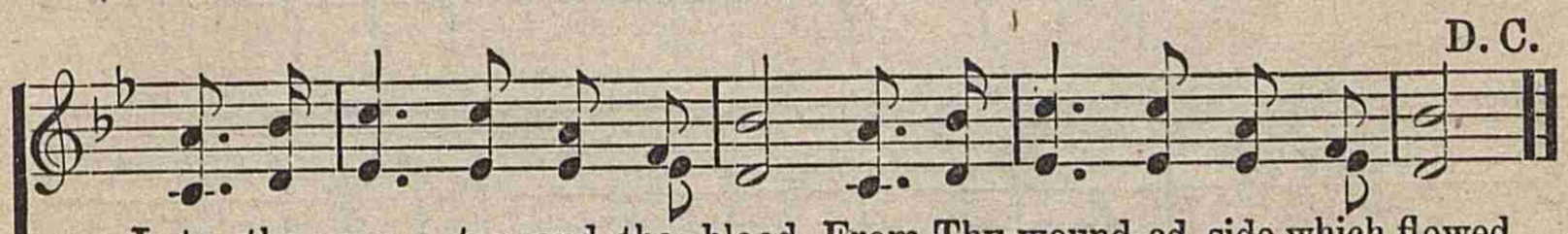
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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



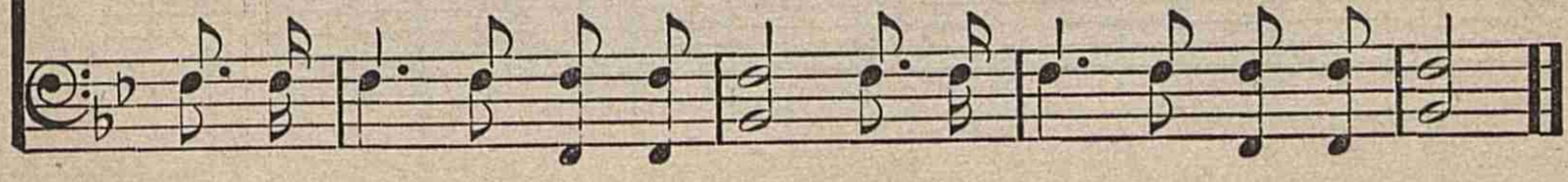
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

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

CHORUS.

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

When love shines in,.....

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

When Love Shines In.

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

When love shines in, When love shines in,

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love, when love shines in.

When love shines in, . .

No. 121. Rock of Ages.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my heart-strings break in death,

D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. C.—All for sin could not a - tone,—Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.—Vile, I to the Foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
D. C.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.

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

No. 122. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

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

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

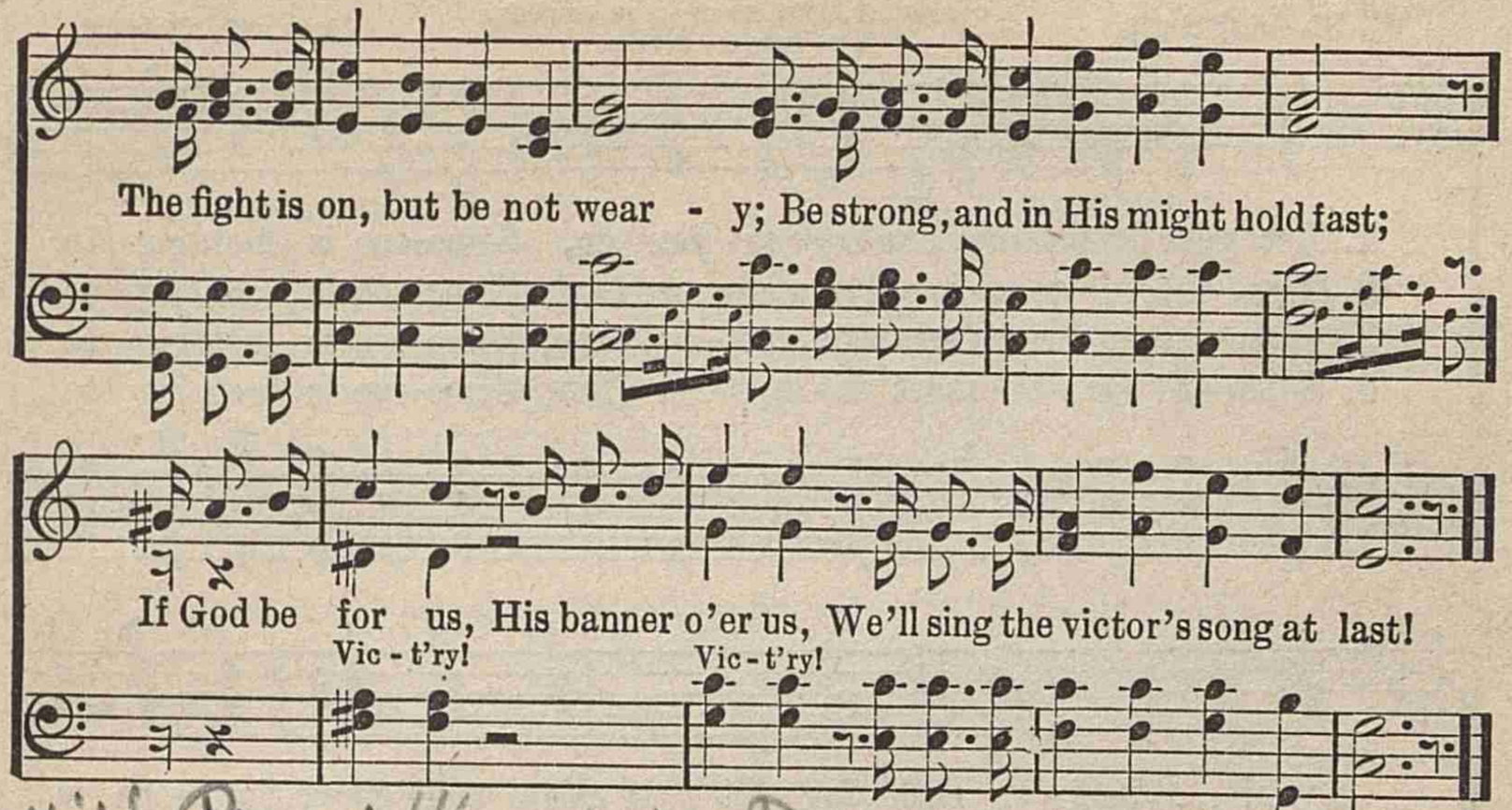
march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. UNISON.

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

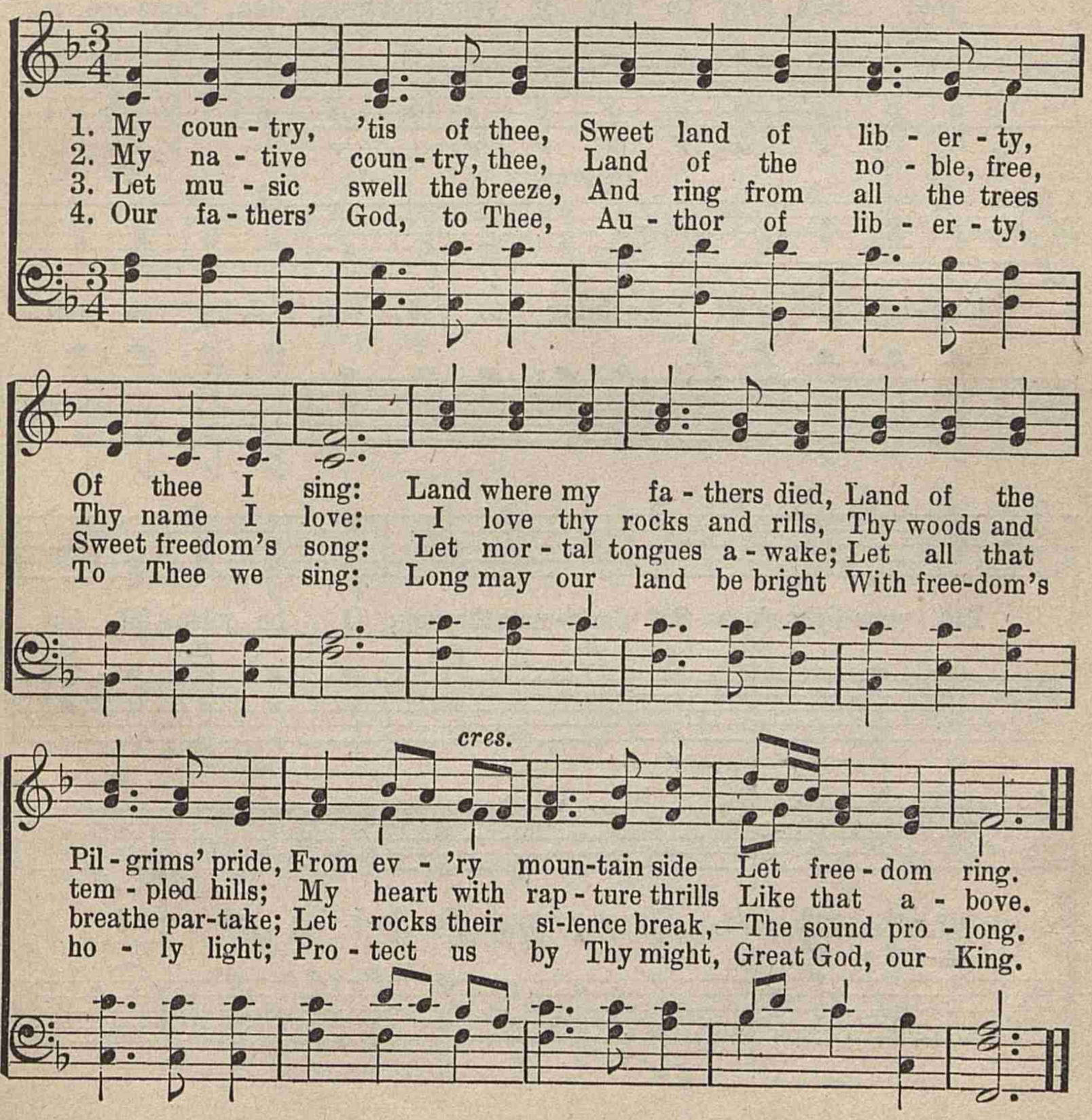
With armor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

The Fight is On.



8/24'16 Pm 1 4/22'16 Pm — 5/26'16 Pm — 6/23'16 Pm 1
7/7'16 Am

No. 123. America.



No. 124. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Let your light shine where-so-e'er you go, Some-one is look-ing to
2. Some-one is grop - ing his way to God, Some-one is look-ing to
3. Some-one your coun - sel will sure - ly take, Some-one is look-ing to
4. Some-one has al - most ac - cept - ed Him, Some-one is look-ing to

you! Bright - er each day let it gleam and glow, Some-one is
you! Fol - low - ing on where your feet have trod, Some-one is
you! And by your life his de - ci - sion make, Some-one is
you! And may be lost if your light grows dim, Some-one is

CHORUS.

look - ing to you! Look-ing to you, yes, look-ing to you!

Let your light shine the dark - ness through; O be faith - ful, be

loy - al, and true, For some-one is look - ing to you!

No. 125. Little Evangels.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad - ly we of - fer life's
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a-
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy - al through

morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,

CHORUS.

Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.

Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our

steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

No. 126. Keep in Step With Jesus.

David J. Beatty.

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

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Keep in step with Je - sus, wher-ev-er He may lead; Let come what may, Serve
2. Keep in step with Je - sus, with banners waving high; Your voi-ces raise In
3. Keep in step with Je - sus and yours the prize shall be; A cross laid down, A

CHORUS.

Him each day, In tho't and word and deed.
songs of praise, As day by day goes by. Keep in step with Je - sus, As
shin - ing crown For all e - ter - ni - ty.

thro' the world you go; . . . In Him con-fide, He'll safe - ly guide And

thro' the world you go;

shield you from the foe; . . Keep in step with Je-sus! He is your tru-est

the foe;

is your

Friend; Your cheerful light Keep shining bright Un-to the journey's end.

tru - est Friend;

No. 127.

Lead Us Onward.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **B. D. Ackley.**

1. Hark! the call to serv - ice, loy - al ones and true, Fall in line to-geth - er,
2. Day by day we fol - low, with the cross in sight, Wav-ing high a - bove us,
3. Gird - ed for the bat - tle, wield the Spir-it's sword; We must nev-er fail Him,

glad His work to do; At His word we ral - ly, by His grace we go,
crowned with glo-ry light; God is ev - er with us, we must not de - lay,
fight - ing for the Lord; In His glo-rious ar - my brave-ly take a stand,

CHORUS.

Brave - ly march-ing on to face the foe.
Win the world for Je - sus while we may. Shout - ing, sing - ing,
Read - y for the fight at His com - mand.

loud our voi - ces ring, "Vic - t'ry, vic-t'ry, thro' the might-y King!"

Shout-ing, sing-ing, swell the glad refrain, We'll win all the world for Je - sus.

No. 128. Lilies.

Allie Toland Criss.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When the joy - ous spring-time Fills the earth and air, And its breath of
2. When the gold - en sun-beams Fall with kiss - es sweet, And the birds of
3. When each bud and blos - som Lifts its smil - ing face, And the slen - der

per - fume Scat-ters gloom and care, From their earth-beds waking, 'Neath the
spring-time Notes of love re - peat, Then the grace - ful lil - ies, State - ly,
blos - soms Twine with gen-tle grace, Then the snow - y lil - ies Tell of

sun and dew, Pure, sweet thot's of heaven The lil - ies bring to you.
rare and tall, Come with ten-der greet-ing In an-swer to their call.
hope and love In their fragrant message Bro't down from heav'n above.

CHORUS.

{Lil - ies, lil - ies, pure and white, Lil-ies, lil - ies, fair and bright, Lil-ies, lil - ies,
{Lil - ies, lil - ies, fair to greet, Lil-ies, lil - ies, fragrant, sweet, Lil-ies, lil - ies,

pre-cious sight, Teaching love and du-ty; so complete, Blooming in their beauty.

No. 129. Little Rosebuds.

P. H. D. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. P. H. Duncan.

1. Pret-ty lit-tle rose-buds, Glist'ning with the dew, 'Mong the green leaves
2. Dain-ty lit-tle rose-buds, Burst-ing in-to flow'r, Gath-'ring rich-er
3. Love-ly lit-tle rose-buds, May we be like you, Liv-ing for the

nes-tling, In your dress so new; From your hid-ing-pla-ces,
beau-ty From the pass-ing show'r, Reach-ing out your pet-als,
Mas-ter, Faith-ful, pure and true; Of your wealth and beau-ty,

FINE.

Peeping sweet and shy, In your em'rald bow-er, Safe from harm you lie.
Gladd'ning ev-'ry eye, Greeting with your fragrance Ev-'ry pass-er-by.
Rich-ly you be-stow, Ev-'ry day a bless-ing, As you heav'nward grow.

D. S.—*As your charms expand, Liv-ing for the Mas-ter, Fashioned by His hand.*

REFRAIN.

Pret-ty rose-buds, What more fair than you? Love-ly
Pret-ty lit-tle Love-ly lit-tle

D. S.

rose-buds, Beau-ti-ful, pure and true; What sweet tho'ts you give me,

No. 130. Keep Step in the March.

Jessie H. Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Keep step in the march for the truth and right—Keep step in the
2. Keep step at the front of the mov - ing line—Keep step in the
3. Keep step with a tread that is firm and true—Keep step in the

march, keep step! Be strong in the strength of the Lord, our might—
march, keep step! Keep step where the cross is the blaz - ing sign,—
march, keep step! There's need in the ranks of the Lord for you—

CHORUS.

Keep step in the march, keep step! Keep step! keep step!
Keep step for the right, by day and by night,

Keep step in the march, keep step! . . . Turn nev - er a-
keep step!

side, but with zeal and pride Keep step in the march, keep step!

No. 131. Help the World Along.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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W. C. Poole. T. R. Allen.

1. Help the world a-long with your words of cheer, Ev-'ry hour of ev-'ry day; With a sun-ny smile wear-y hours be-guile,
2. Help the world a-long with your zeal and strength, Make it bet-ter, bright-er grow; Send a ray of light like the sun-shine bright,
3. Help the world a-long with your mind and skill, Some will brav-er, no-bler stand; Val-iant-ly and true ev-'ry du-ty do,—
4. Help the world a-long with your deeds of love, And the har-vest you shall see, For, when life is done and the guer-don won,

CHORUS.

Till the clouds have rolled a-way.
Thro' the dark-ness as you go.
Lend a will-ing, help-ing hand.
Yours a crown of life shall be.

Help the world a-long, help the world a-long, There is sure-ly something you can do; With a smile or song help to conquer sin and wrong,—Be willing, watchful, brave and true.

No. 132. Sweeter as the Days Go By.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shining,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and comfort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als

keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,

CHORUS.

Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, . . .
as the days go by,
Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . He's al - ways draw-ing
as the mo-ments fly;
near-er, and to me His love is dear-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

No. 133. Every Day the Sunbeams.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Marie DeForrest.

1. Ev - 'ry day the sunbeams Brighten some one's face; Ev'ry day the song-birds
2. Ev - 'ry day our Cap-tain In His wisdom leads, Giv-ing grace suf-fi-cient,
3. Ev - 'ry day His chil-dren May to oth-ers bring Cups of liv - ing wa - ter

Cheer some lone-ly place; Ev - 'ry day our Fa-ther Sends us blessings true;
Car - ing for our needs; Ev - 'ry day His Spir - it Will our lives con-trol,
From the heav'nly spring; In His smile is sunshine; In His voice a song;

CHORUS.

Faith-ful are His mercies, Ev-'ry mo-ment new.
If we give Him entrance To our in - most soul. Marching on, on, on,
Look and find Him with you, Tender, true and strong.

while we sing His praise; Je - sus will be with us "all the days;" Marching

on, on, on to our Home a-bove, Sing-ing, sing-ing of our Savior's love.

No. 134. Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the

of re-fresh-ing rain,
bur - den of our sin,
days are dark and drear?

Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,

And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?

CHORUS.

Sun - shine and rain re-freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 135. Little Raindrops.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Laura M. Winslow. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.

1. When God sees the flow-ers Need His ten-der care, He sends lit - tle rain-drops
2. We are lit - tle raindrops, God has sent us here, From His fount of blessing,
3. Ev - 'ry drop re-flect-ing Goe's most tender love, Helps to light the pathway,
4. Tho' we are but raindrops, We are glad to know, That we have a mis-sion,

REFRAIN.

With a bless - ing there.
Bring-ing hope and cheer. **Bus - y lit - tle rain-drops, Let us be to - day,**
To the Home a - bove.
In this world be - low.

As we strive to scat-ter bless-ings, All a - long the way; Help-ful lit - tle

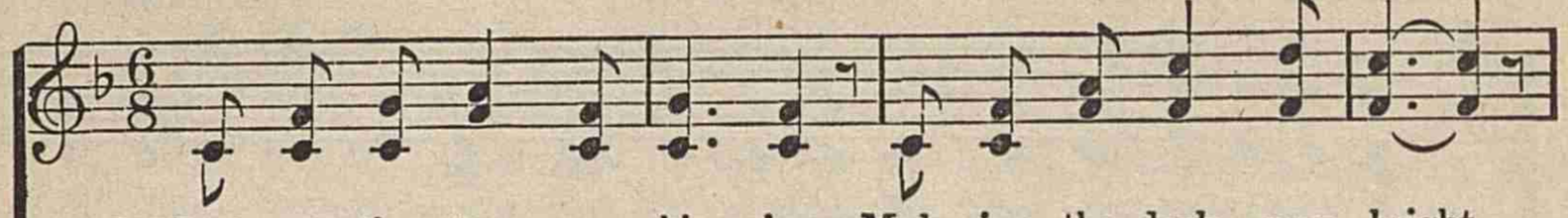
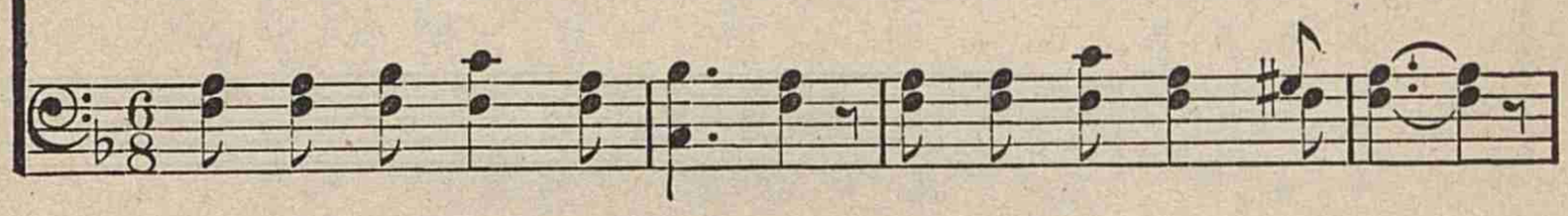
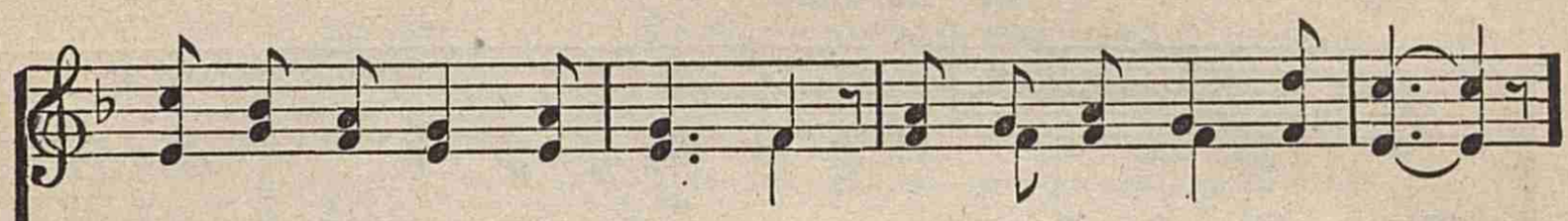
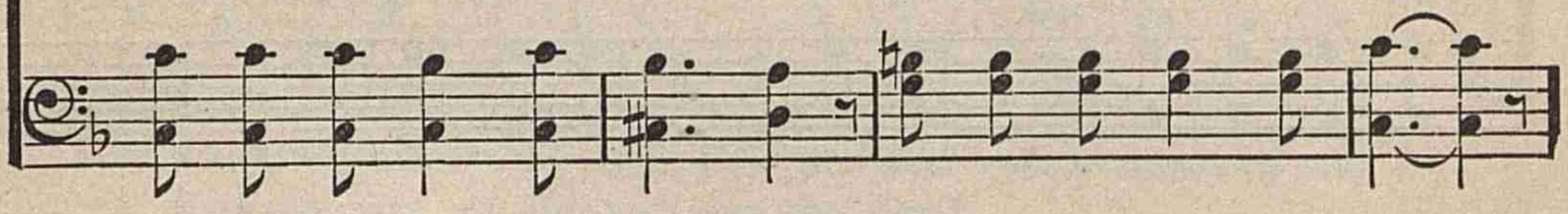
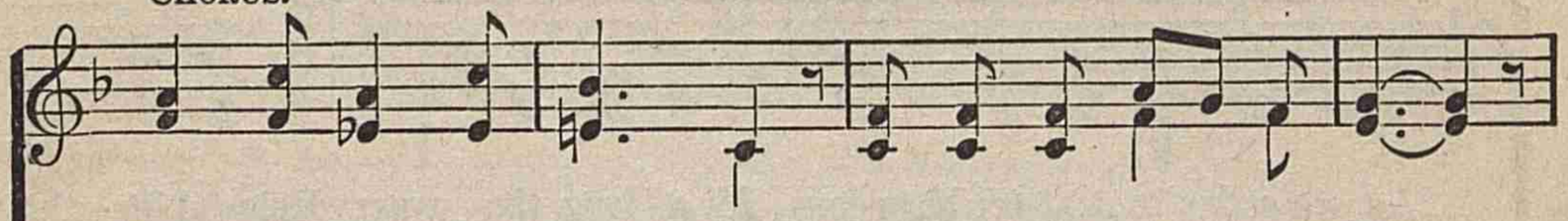
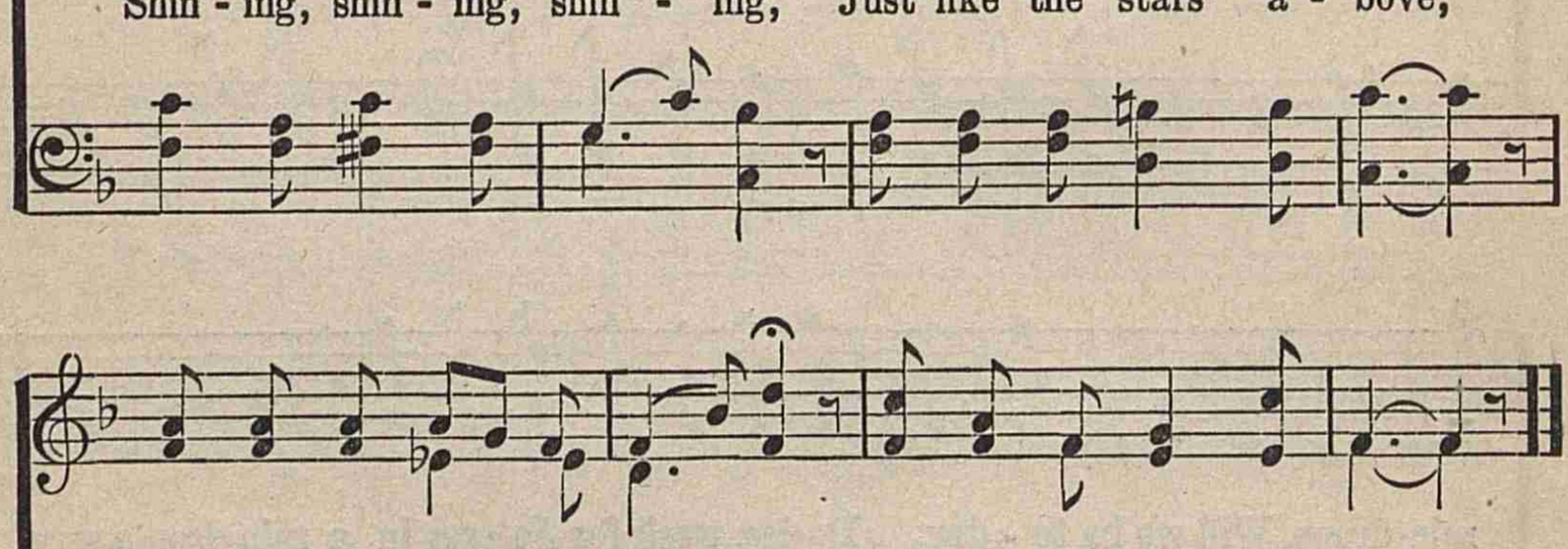
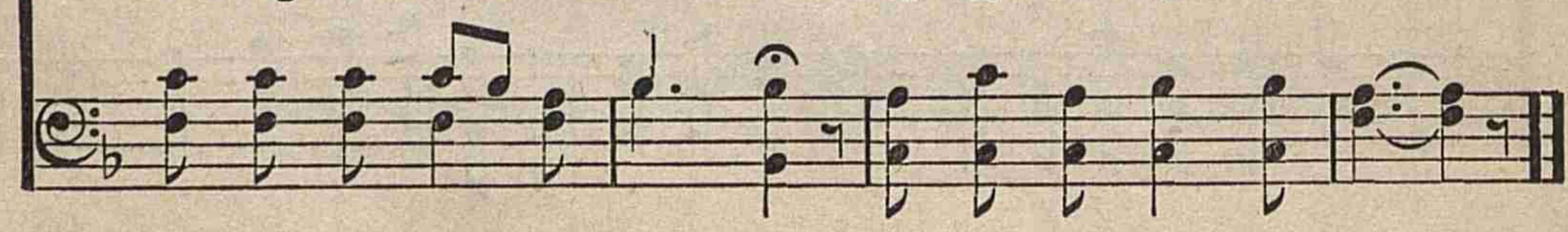
rain-drops, Will we be to - day, Do-ing work for Je - sus in a rain-drop's way.

No. 136.

Little Stars.

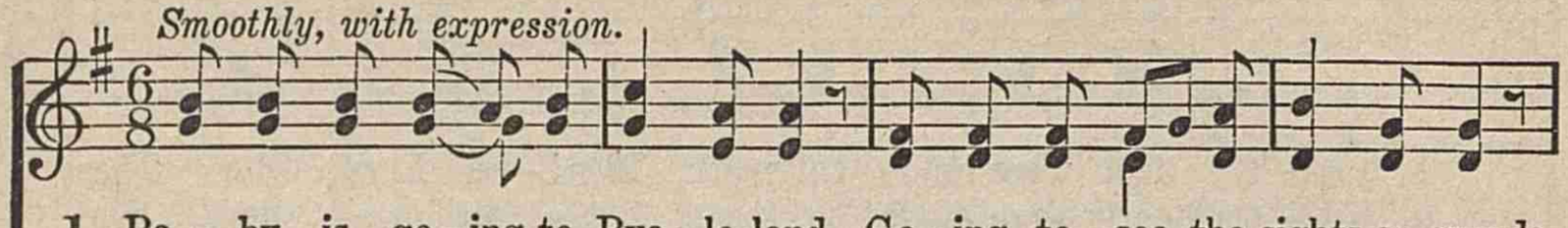
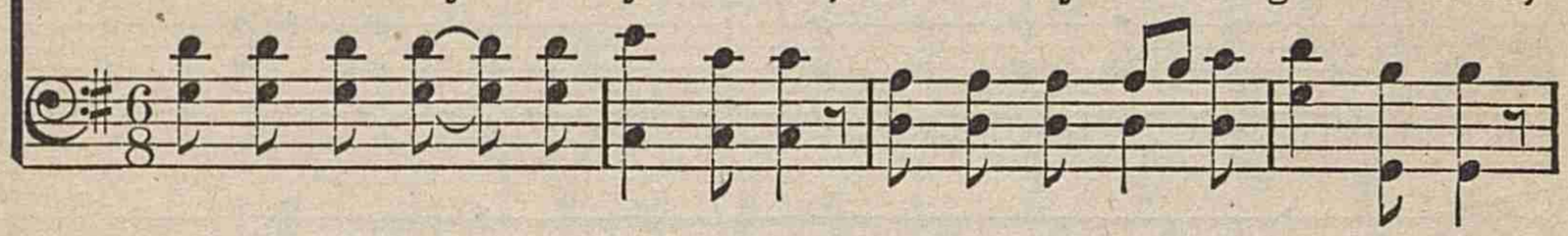
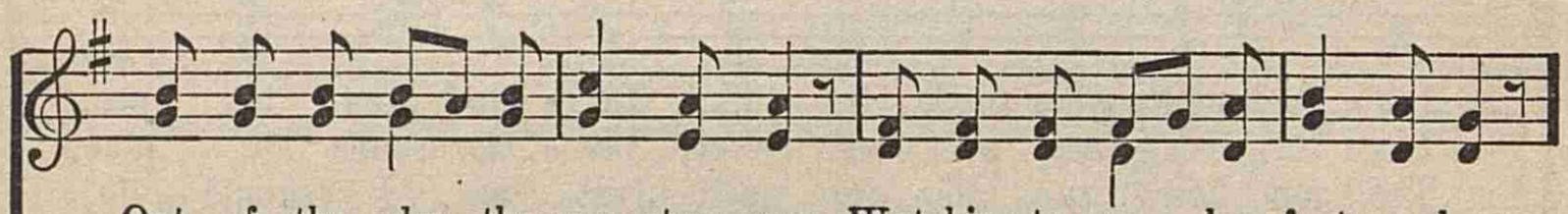
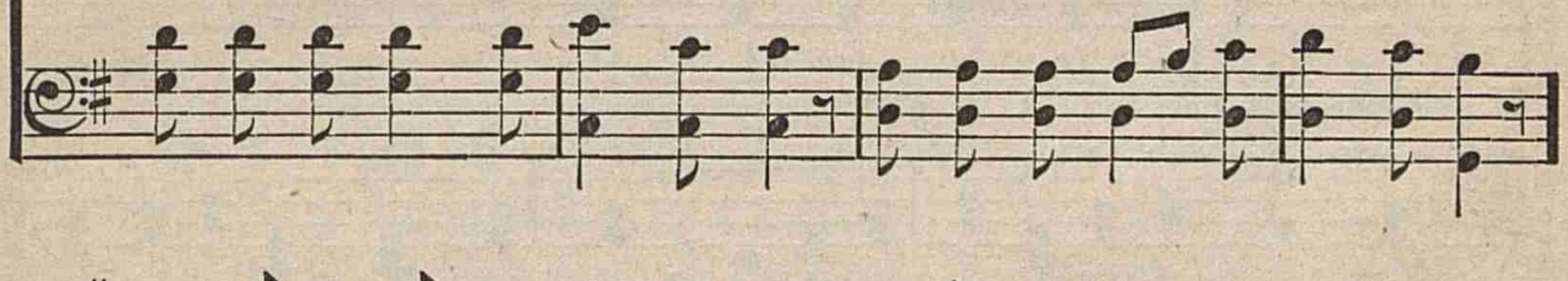
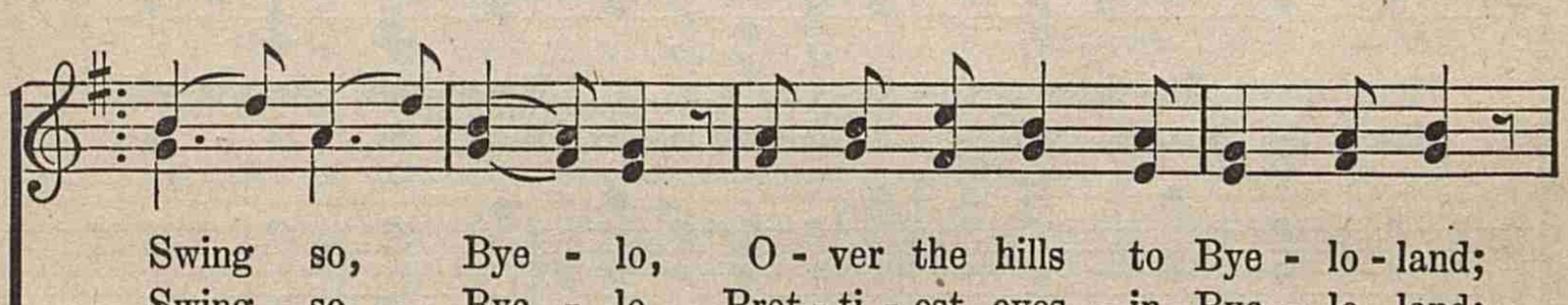
H. H. Pierson.

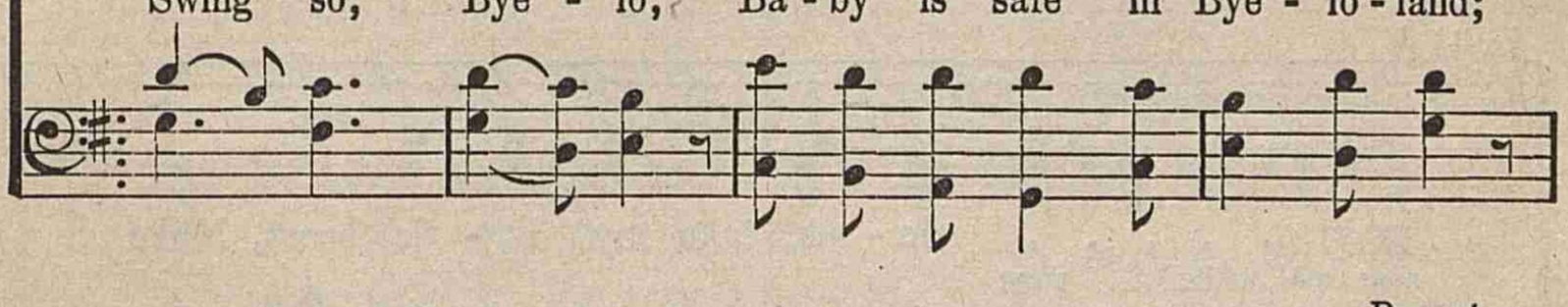
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.

1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;

So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher-e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin - ing, Just like the stars a - bove,

Mak - ing the world a - round us Hap - py with light and love.

No. 137. Bye-lo-land.

George Cooper. USED BY PERMISSION. **A. J. Van Fleet.**

Inscribed to my little friend, Wade Pealer, South Dansville, N. Y.

Smoothly, with expression.

1. Ba - by is go - ing to Bye - lo-land, Go - ing to see the sights so grand;
2. Oh, the bright dreams in Bye - lo-land, All by the lov - ing an - gel planned;
3. Sweet is the way to Bye - lo-land, Guid-ed by mother's gen - tle hand;

Out of the sky the wee stars peep, Watching to see her fast a-sleep.
Soft lit - tle lash - es down-ward close, Just like the pet - als of a rose.
Lit - tle lambs now are in the fold, Lit - tle birds nes - tle from the cold.

Swing so, Bye - lo, O - ver the hills to Bye - lo - land;
Swing so, Bye - lo, Pret - ti - est eyes in Bye - lo - land;
Swing so, Bye - lo, Ba - by is safe in Bye - lo - land;

Repeat pp

Swing so, Bye - lo, O - ver the hills to Bye - lo - land.
Swing so, Bye - lo, Pret - ti - est eyes in Bye - lo - land.
Swing so, Bye - lo, Ba - by is safe in Bye - lo - land.

No. 138.

Little Things.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

John O. Foster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle feet were made to walk, Bless - ed Lord, for Thee;
2. Lit - tle hearts were made to beat, Long as we shall live;
3. Je - sus, take my lit - tle heart, Make it good and true;
4. Hear the lit - tle prayer I say, Take me by the hand;

Lit - tle tongues were made to talk, Lit - tle eyes to see.
Lit - tle voi - ces, soft and sweet, Lit - tle songs to give.
Tell me how to do my part, Just as I should do.
Teach me some - thing good to - day, I may un - der - stand.

CHORUS.

Hear my lit - tle song to - day, ... Hear me, Je-sus, while I
Hear my song, my lit - tle song to - day, Hear me, Je - sus,

pray; . . . . . Je - sus, take my lit - tle heart, Make it
hear me while I pray;

good and true; Tell me how to do my part, Just as I should do.

No. 139. Jesus Loves the Little Children.

Maggie E. Gregory.

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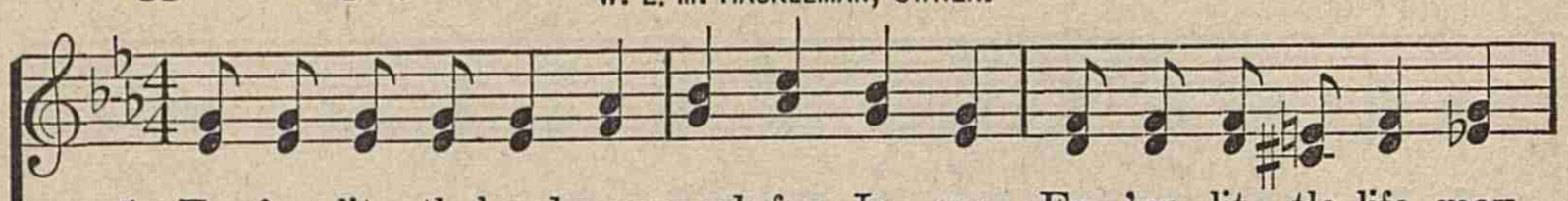
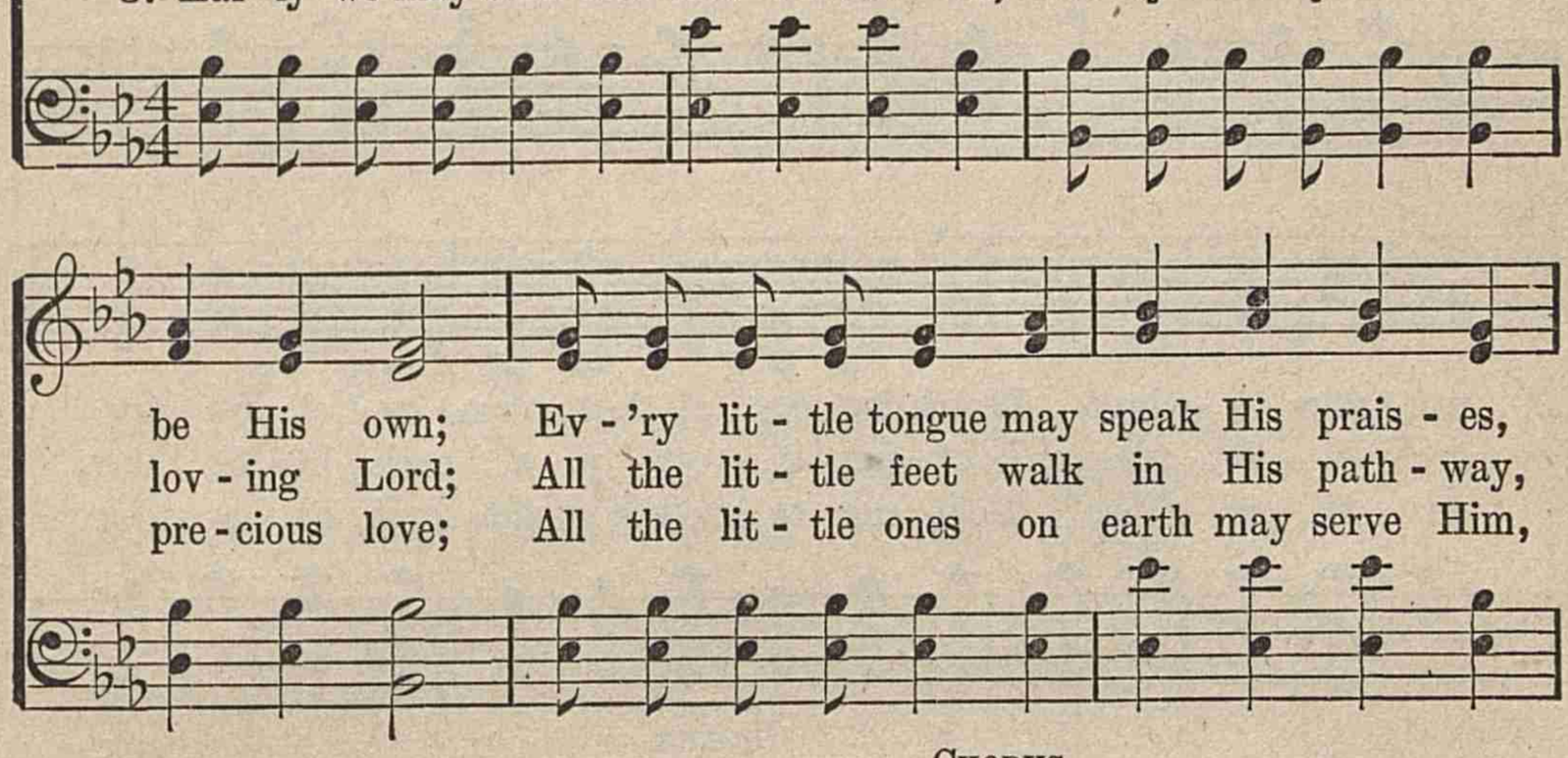
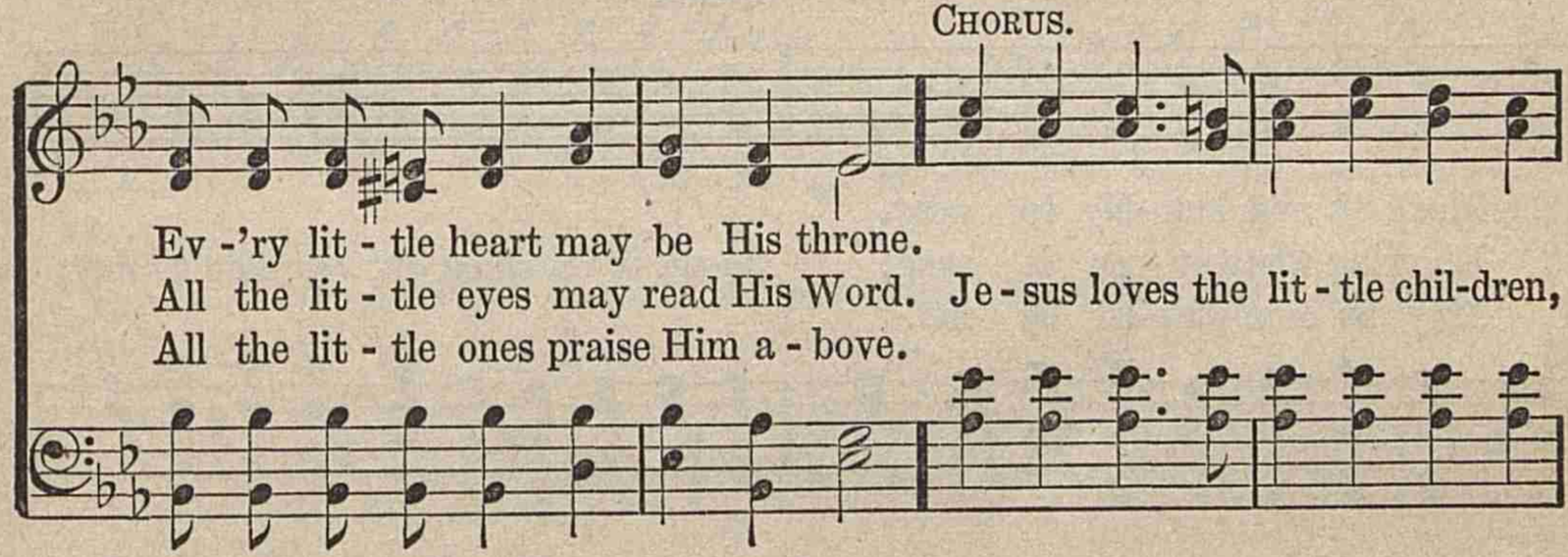
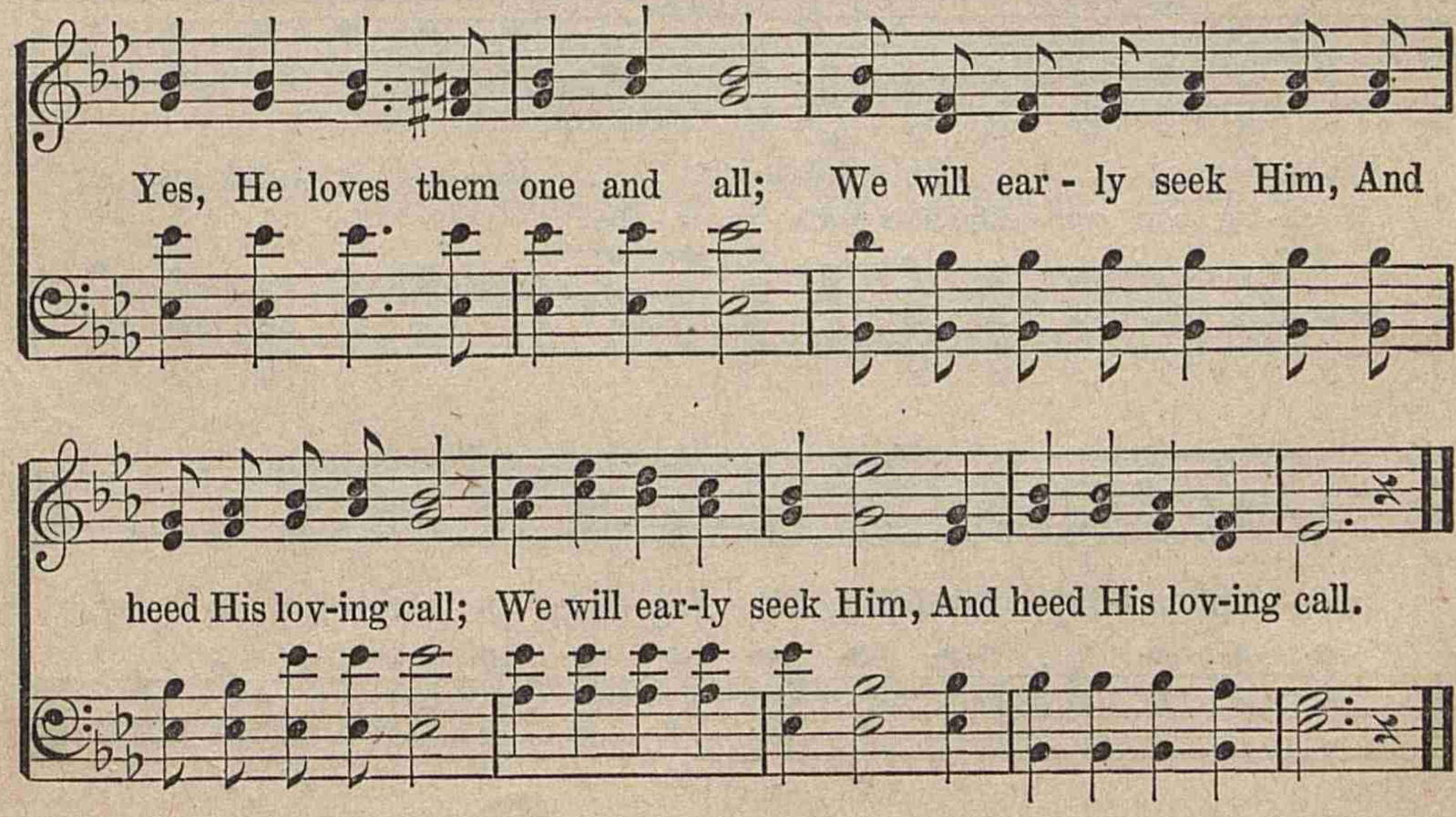
H. A. Henry.

1. Ev -'ry lit - tle hand may work for Je - sus, Ev -'ry lit - tle life may
2. All the lit - tle ears may hear the mes-sage, Spo-ken to them by their
3. Ear - ly we may seek and find the Sav - ior, Ear - ly we may know His

be His own; Ev - 'ry lit - tle tongue may speak His prais - es,
lov - ing Lord; All the lit - tle feet walk in His path - way,
pre - cious love; All the lit - tle ones on earth may serve Him,

CHORUS.



Ev -'ry lit - tle heart may be His throne.
All the lit - tle eyes may read His Word. Je - sus loves the lit - tle chil-dren,
All the lit - tle ones praise Him a - bove.



Yes, He loves them one and all; We will ear - ly seek Him, And

heed His lov-ing call; We will ear-ly seek Him, And heed His lov-ing call.

No. 140. Jesus is Waiting.

John O. Foster.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je - sus looks down from His throne in the sky, See - ing our wor - ship to - day; Watch-ing our ef - forts when - ev - er we try
2. Je - sus is hear - ing us now as we sing, List -'ning to each lit - tle tongue; Look - ing di - rect - ly at each lit - tle thing,
3. Ear-nest - ly then, my dear Sav - ior, I ask, What is my du - ty to Thee? Help me to know how the least of a task

Meek - ly and hum-bly to pray.
Knowing what-ev - er is sung.
May be com-plet-ed by me.

CHORUS.

Je-sus is watching our wor-ship to-day;
Watch-ing, ... He's watch-ing; . . . Je - sus is watch-ing our
Watch - ing our wor - ship, He's watch - ing to - day;
wor - ship to - day, Read - ing, or sing - ing, or try - ing to pray.

No. 141.

Coming to Jesus.

T. C. Neal.

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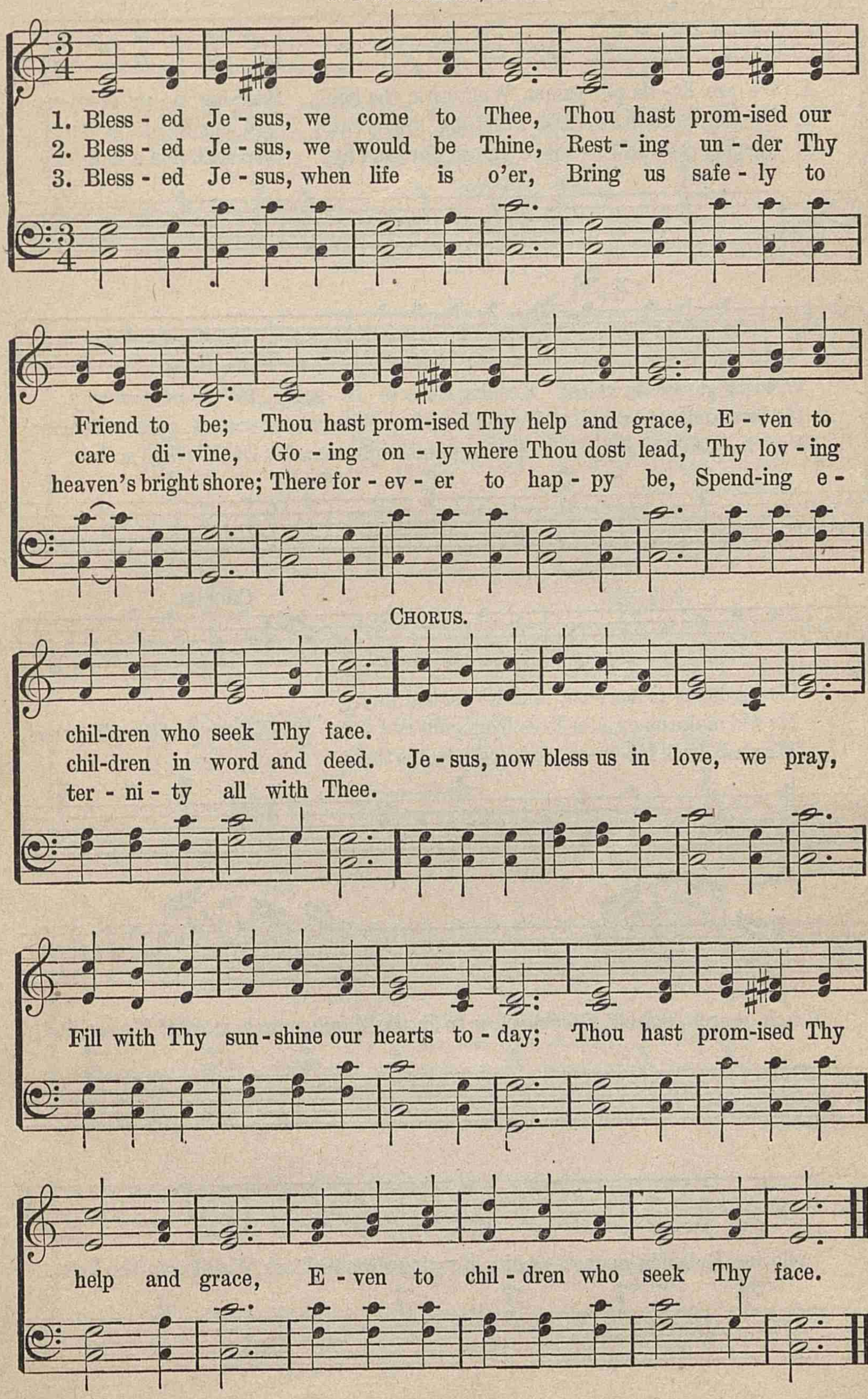
Chas. E. Neal.



No. 142. Little Pilgrims.

COPYRIGHT 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Ida M. Budd. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are lit - tle pil - grims, Walking in the light, Bear-ing ti - ny cross-es,
2. Keeping close to Je - sus, Trust-ing in His care, All our lit - tle cross-es
3. Keeping close to Je - sus, Some day by, and by, We shall find a coun-try

Wearing garments white; Keeping close to Je - sus, In the narrow way,
He will help us bear. He will keep our white robes Spotless, pure and clean;
Far be-yond the sky; And in some bright mansion Of that land so fair,

CHORUS.

Go-ing home to heav-en, And e - ter-nal day.
He will make us ev - er Free from guilt and sin. We are lit - tle pil - grims,
We shall dwell for-ev-er, Safe with Je-sus there.

8va

March, march, march! Keeping close to Jesus, March, march, march! We are lit-tle

pilgrims Robed in garments white, Keeping close to Jesus, Walking in the light.

No. 143.

Trust Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

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

1. Lit - tle birds of springtime, sweet and gay, Sing-ing all the sun - ny
2. Lov-ing prais-es we will glad - ly sing, Glo - ry to our Sav - ior
3. If He kind-ly will the spar-row see, He will care for thee and

day, Tell of Him who guides them thro' the air,
King; He will al - ways hear us when we pray;
me; If He gives the lil - y gar - ments white,

CHORUS.

Of the heav'nly Fa - ther's care.
He will help us ev - 'ry day. Trust Him, we hear them
He will keep us day and night.

say, . . Sing - ing all the sun-ny day; . .

Trust Him, the children say, . . And love and serve Him ev-'ry day.

No. 144. God's Little Ones.

Maggie E. Gregory.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are lit - tle work - ers, Work-ing for the Lord; By His help we're striv - ing For the blest re-ward; We have heard the Master's call,
2. We are lit - tle sing - ers, Sing - ing for our King; Loud our in - fant voi - ces In His praise shall ring; Je - sus loves our hap - py songs,
3. Lit - tle lambs are we, and Christ our Shep-herd bold, He has sweet-ly called us To His bless - ed fold; Naught of e - vil can be - fall,

He has need of one and all, So we'll glad - ly work for the Lord.
For to Him our praise be-longs, So we sweet-ly sing for our King.
While we heed our Shepherd's call, We're the lit - tle lambs of His fold.

CHORUS.

We will work, work, work, We will sing, sing, sing, And to Him our off'rings bring;
Sweetest songs of praise We will glad-ly raise To our Sav-ior, Shepherd, King.

No. 145.

Snowflakes.

Mrs. Ida. M. Budd.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ti - ny lit - tle snowflakes, Sail - ing thro' the air, Where can you be go - ing? Will you tell me where? From your cloud-land har-bor, Down-ward drift - ing slow, Like a fleet of fair - y sails, On, and on you go.
2. Bus - y lit - tle snowflakes, Now your work I've found, Weav-ing soft white car - pet For the cold, hard ground; Fold-ing all the wheat-fields In your blank-ets deep, Keep-ing them all safe and warm For their win - ter sleep.
3. Hap-py lit - tle snowflakes, Turn-ing work to play, I have learned a les - son, Watching you to - day; If I do my du - ty Faith - ful- ly and true, Work will seem like play, and I Shall be glad as you.

CHORUS.

{Mer - ry lit-tle snowflakes, How you dance and play, Just like hap-py chil-dren
{Rush-ing fast and fast - er, Skipping here and there; [*Omit.*]

On a hol - i - day; Have you an - y work to do In the win-try air?

No. 146.

Little Temples.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Ida Scott Taylor. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Lit - tle tem - ples, Lord, are we, Build - ed on Thy love—
2. Lit - tle eyes are ours, to see Things that God has made;
3. Lit - tle ears, dear Lord, have we, Trump - ets for Thy truth—
4. Lit - tle hands to us were giv'n, Made to do Thy will;

Reach - ing up - ward ev - 'ry day Tow'rd the skies a - bove;
Pre - cious gifts to us are they, Show - ing light and shade;
Made to car - ry ti - dings sweet In - to hearts of youth;
Lit - tle feet to walk Thy paths— Nev - er to be still;

Help us lay our cor - ner-stone In the name of Christ a - lone.
Let us use them as we should—On - ly for our tem-ple's good.
If Thy tem - ples we would be, We must use our ears for Thee.
These will help us swift - ly go, Make our tem - ples stron - ger grow.

CHORUS.

Bless Thy lit - tle tem - ples, Je - sus dear, Bless them, one and all;

Help us build them firm, and strong, and good, So they will not fall.

No. 147. The World Children For Jesus.

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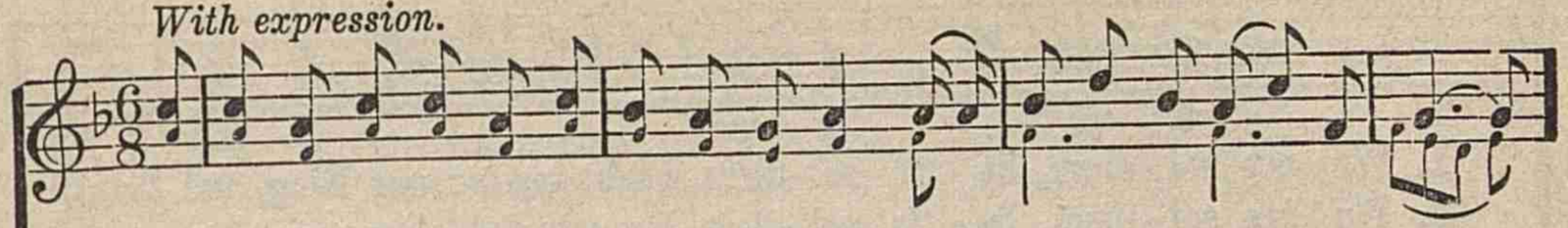
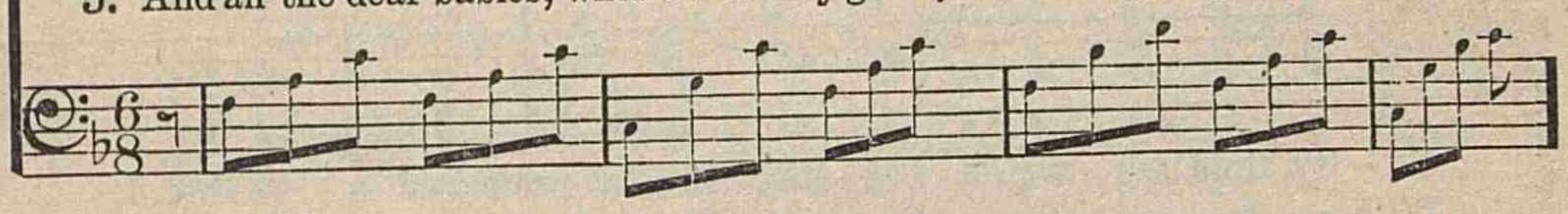
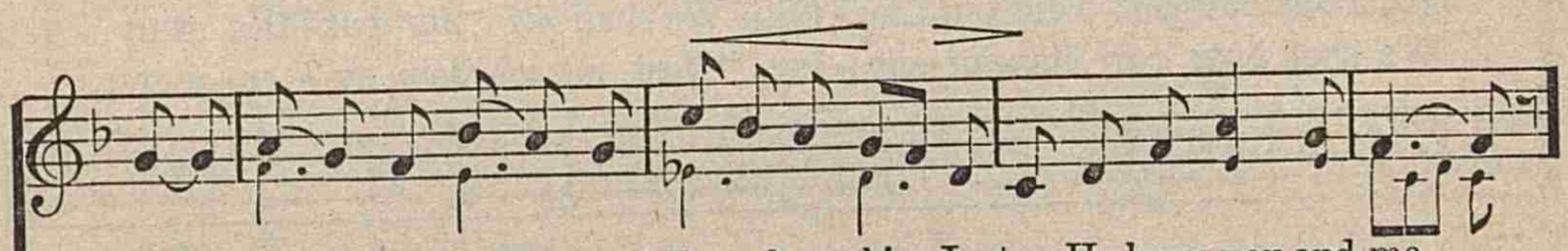
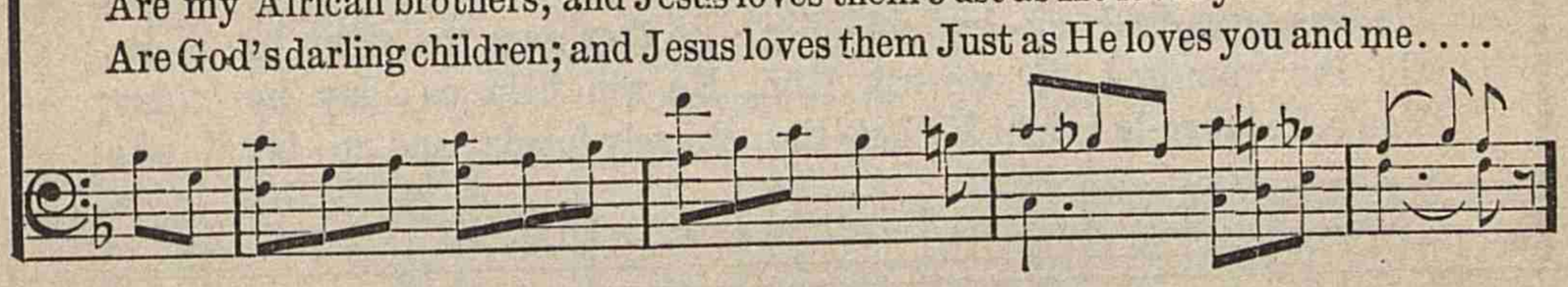
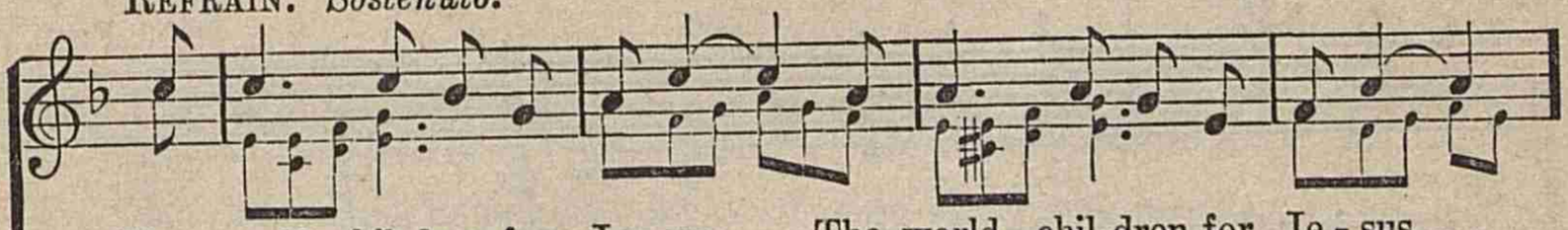
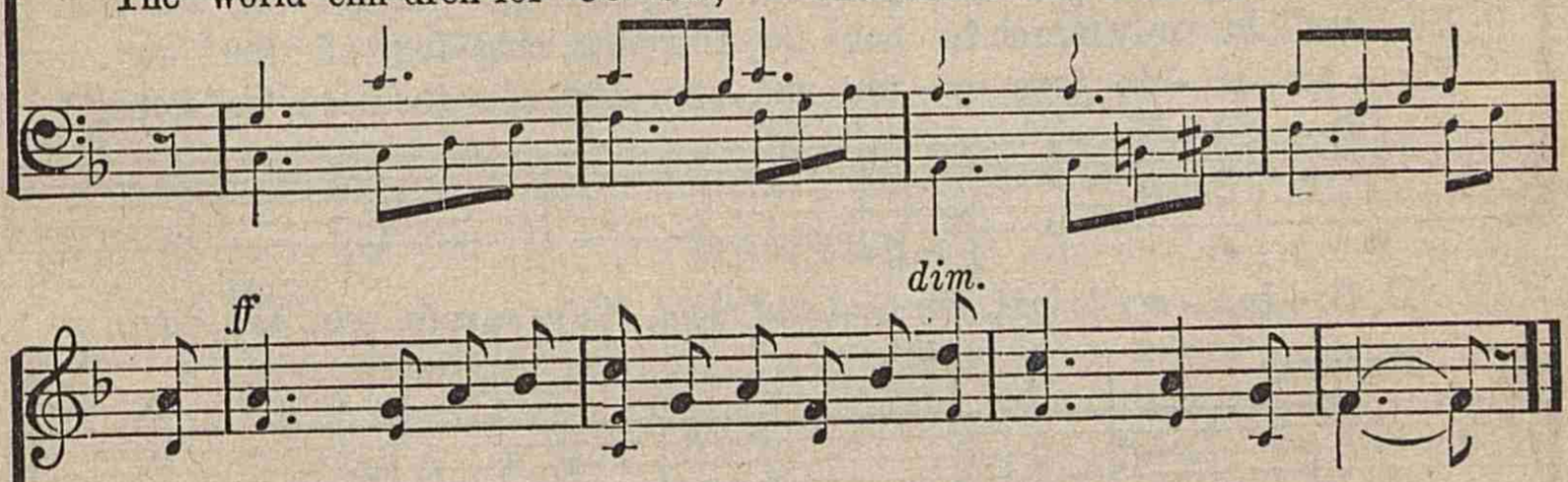
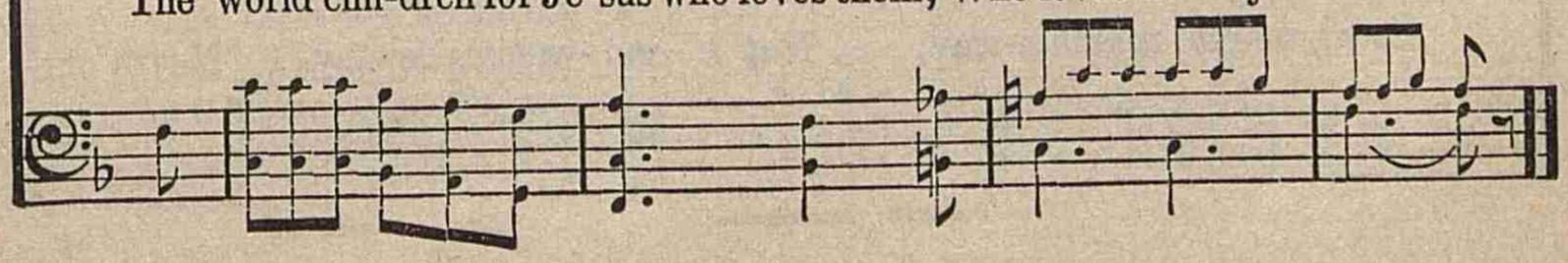
M. C. B. **Margaret Coote Brown.**

With expression.

1. The cunning papoose in the wigwam that lives, Whose life is so happy and free,
2. The Es-ki - mo ba-bies are wrapped all in fur; They live in the north coun-try,
3. The lit-tle Jap ba-bies, with shining dark eyes, Live on a green isle in the sea;
4. The pretty brown babies who roll in the sand, In a coun-try far over the sea,
5. And all the dear babies, wher-ev-er they grow, So cunning, so precious, so wee,

Is my In - di - an brother; and Jesus loves him Just as He loves you and me....
Where cold winds blow; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
Too man-y to count; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
Are my African brothers; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....
Are God's darling children; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves you and me....



REFRAIN. *Sostenuto.*

The world chil-dren for Je - sus, The world chil-dren for Je - sus,...

dim.

The world chil-dren for Je-sus who loves them, Who loves ev - 'ry one....

No. 148.

Little Soldiers.

Lena Thompson.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Fight-ing for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Bravely fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver, And we've reached the heav'nly shore,

Ev - 'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has prom-ised a re - ward;
With our Sav - ior for our Cap - tain We shall all our bat - tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say - ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev - er - more;

He has prom-ised ev - 'ry sol - dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has prom-ised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have brave-ly fought My bat - tles, Bravely fought, and no - bly won;

Prom-ised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat - tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray-ing, sing - ing all the way.
En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal,—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"

FINE.

D. S.—*ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.*

D. S.

CHORUS.

So we march, march a-way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay, 'Neath our

No. 149. Kind Words for All.

E. E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O speak kind words to one and all, As thro' the world you go;
2. As we go journeying on thro' life, Per-haps we may not know
3. So speak kind words to one and all; This life is all too brief

Let help - ful deeds be - side your path Like flow'rs of beau - ty grow.
The good kind words of ours have done To those who come and go. . .
To waste in dis - cord, and in strife That brings re - gret and grief. .

The fra-grance of a lov - ing word Will lin - ger in the heart,
But God will know, and sure - ly He, In His good time and way,
With sun-shine, born of pleas-ant words, Let's scat-ter clouds of pain,

As sweet-ness haunts the fad - ed rose When sum-mer days de - part.
The Giv - er of each kind - ly word Will roy - al - ly re - pay.
And thus make bright the sorrowing face, As skies are aft - er rain.

FINE.

D.S.–*The seeds of liv - ing tho'ts and deeds, For God would have it so.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Then scat - ter ev - 'ry-where, As thro' the world we go,
Then scat - ter, scat - ter

No. 150. Our Gifts to Jesus.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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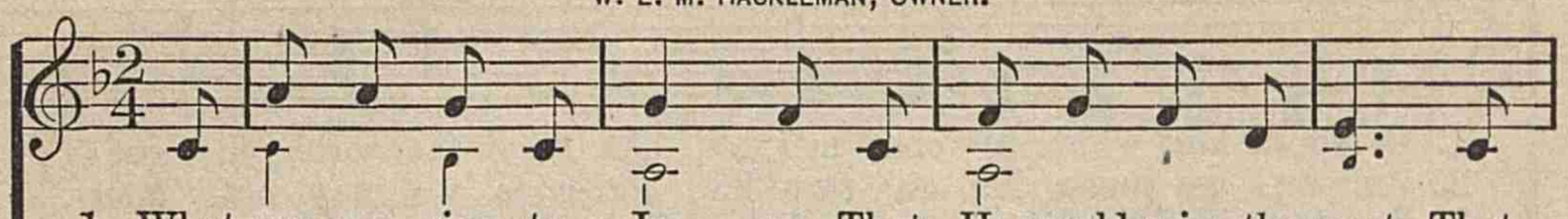
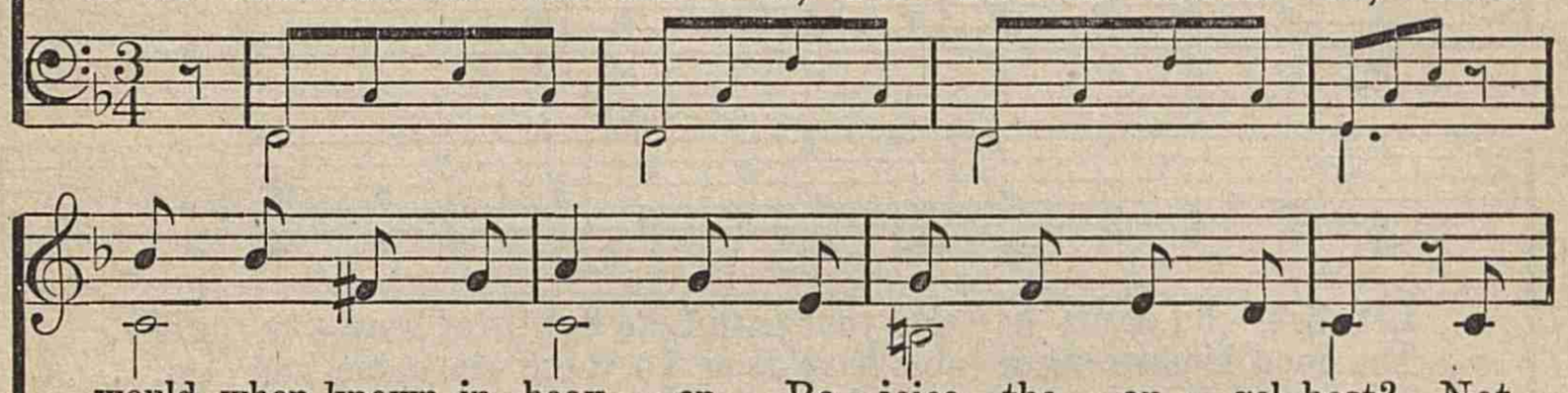
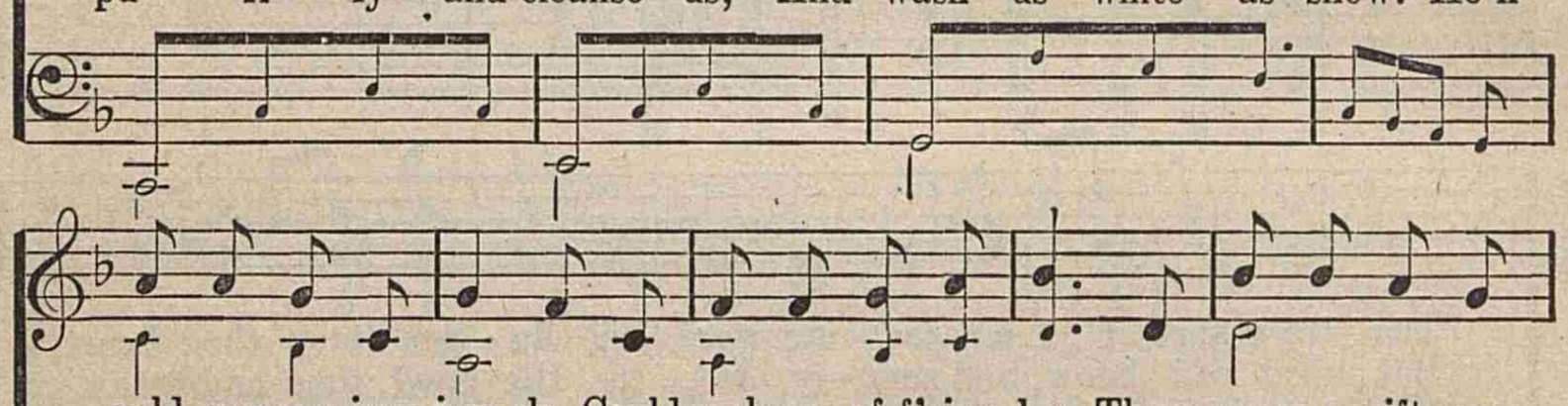
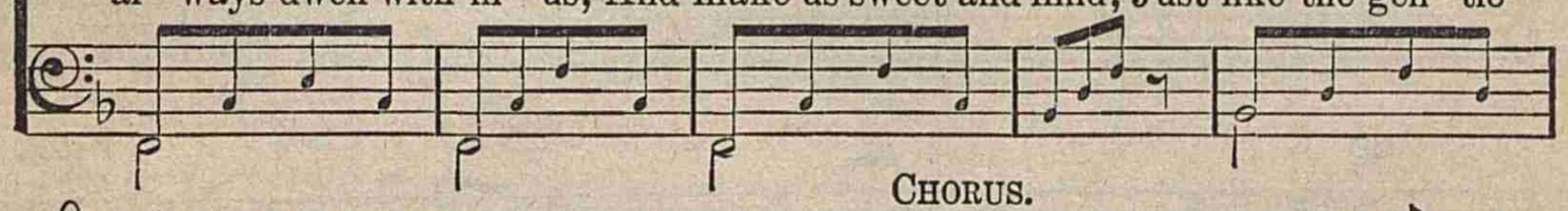
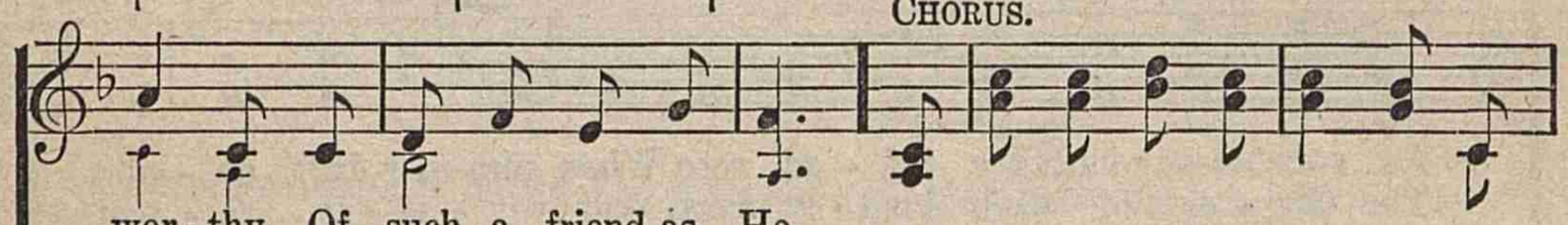
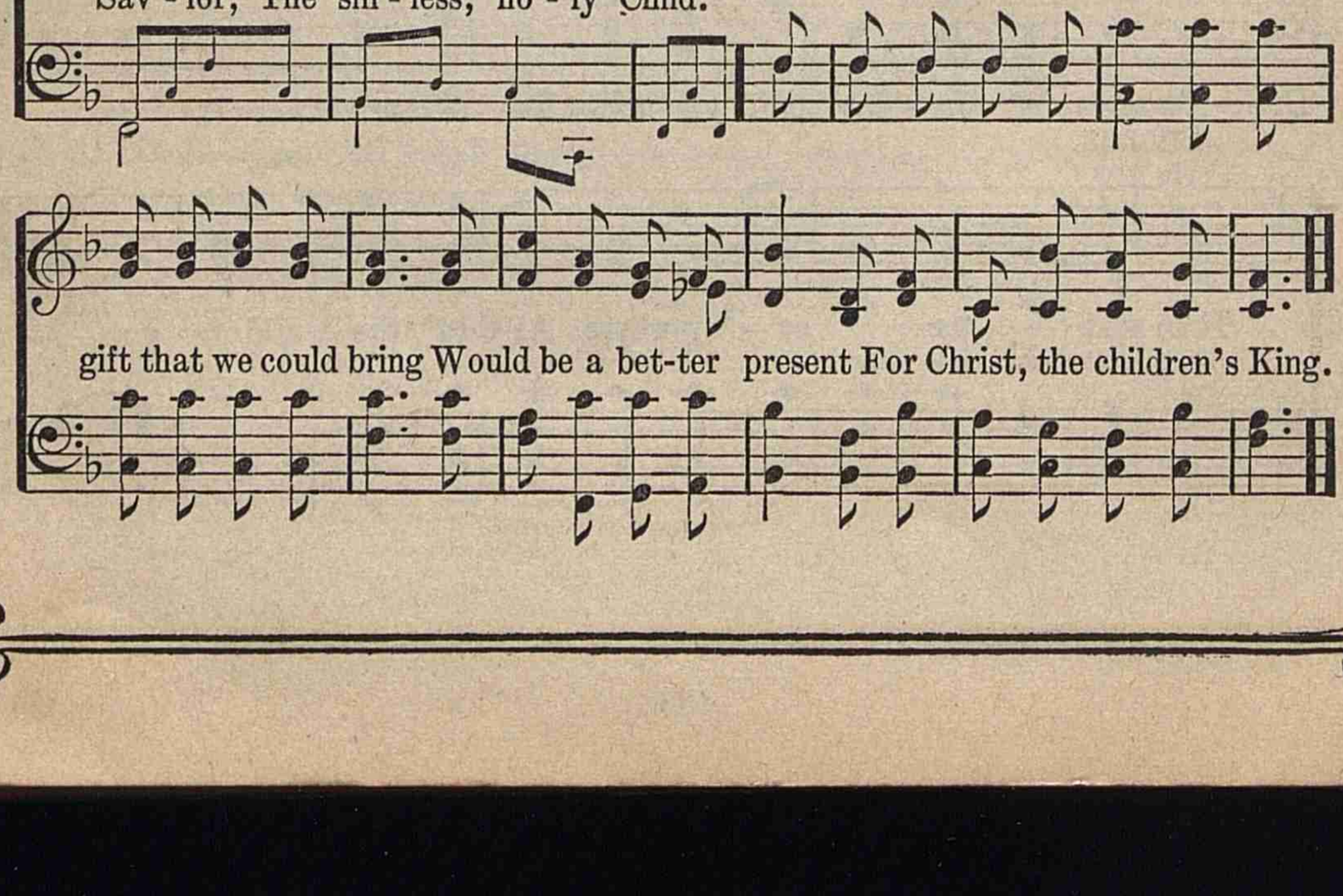
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What can we give to Je - sus That He would prize the most, That
2. We may not gov - ern rich - es, Our tal - ents may be few, Yet
3. We know that He will take us, For He has told us so; He'll

would, when known in heav - en, Re - joice the an - gel host? Not
sure - ly there is some - thing That we for Him may do. He
pu - ri - fy and cleanse us, And wash us white as snow. He'll

gold, nor precious jew-els, Could such an of-f'ring be; These were a gift un-
owns the love-ly flow-ers, The earth, and heav'n above; He asks us not for
al - ways dwell with-in us, And make us sweet and mild, Just like the gen - tle

CHORUS.

wor - thy Of such a friend as He.
rich - es— He on - ly wants our love. We'll give our hearts to Je - sus; No
Sav - ior, The sin - less, ho - ly Child.



gift that we could bring Would be a bet-ter present For Christ, the children's King.

No. 151. Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go, The most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight, And life have much of sor - row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun-beams day by day, And scat - ter joy and brightness A - bout us all the way; Let's chase a - way life's

sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer, To bright-en up the shad-ows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov - ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers Of

CHORUS.

oft - en gath-er here.
ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.

man; In all life's sha - dy pla - ces We shine as best we can.

No. 152. Help to Send the Light.

Ida M. Budd.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. S. B. Jackson.

1. In hea-then coun-tries far a - way, How man - y chil-dren dwell,
2. For them no peal - ing Sab-bath bell Calls to the house of prayer;
3. If we were in the mid-night gloom, And they in sun-shine bright,

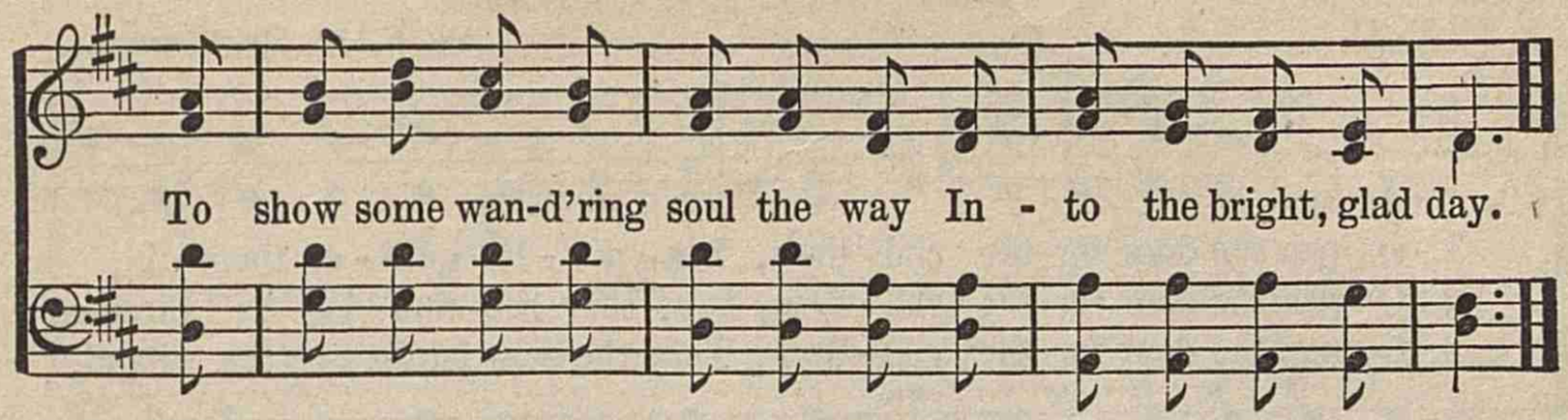
Who nev - er heard the sto - ry sweet Which we de - light to tell!
No faith - ful teach-er waits to tell Of love they all may share;
Would we not long for them to come And lead us to the light?

They know not of the love that gives Sal - va - tion full and free;
But all a - lone they wan - der on In dark-ness and in sin;
Then let us help them by our prayers, And by our of - f'ring too;

They do not know that Je - sus died That all might ran-somed be.
Shall we not help those err - ing souls For Christ, our Lord, to win?
And know our God will ne'er for - get The good we seek to do.

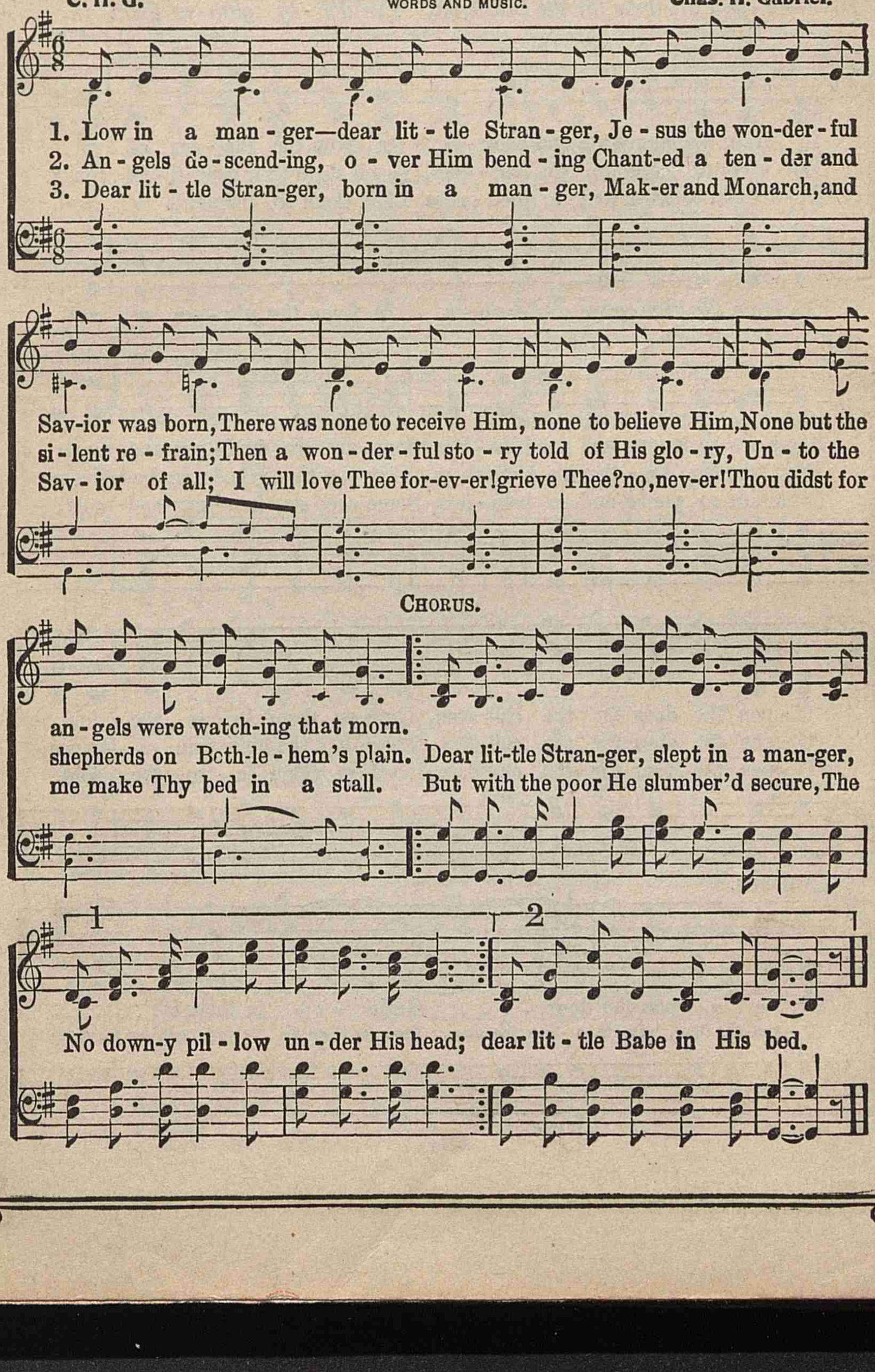
CHORUS.

O help to send the light, The glo-rious Gos-pel light,
O help to send the Gos - pel light, The glo - rious light, the heav'n-ly light,

Help to Send the Light.

No. 153. Dear Little Stranger.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

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



No. 154. Open the Door for the Children.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

U. N. O. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,
2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs;
3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,

D. C.—*o - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,*

FINE.

In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin.
Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs.
Point them to truth and to good - ness, Lead them to Canaan's fair land.

In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the pla - ces of sin.

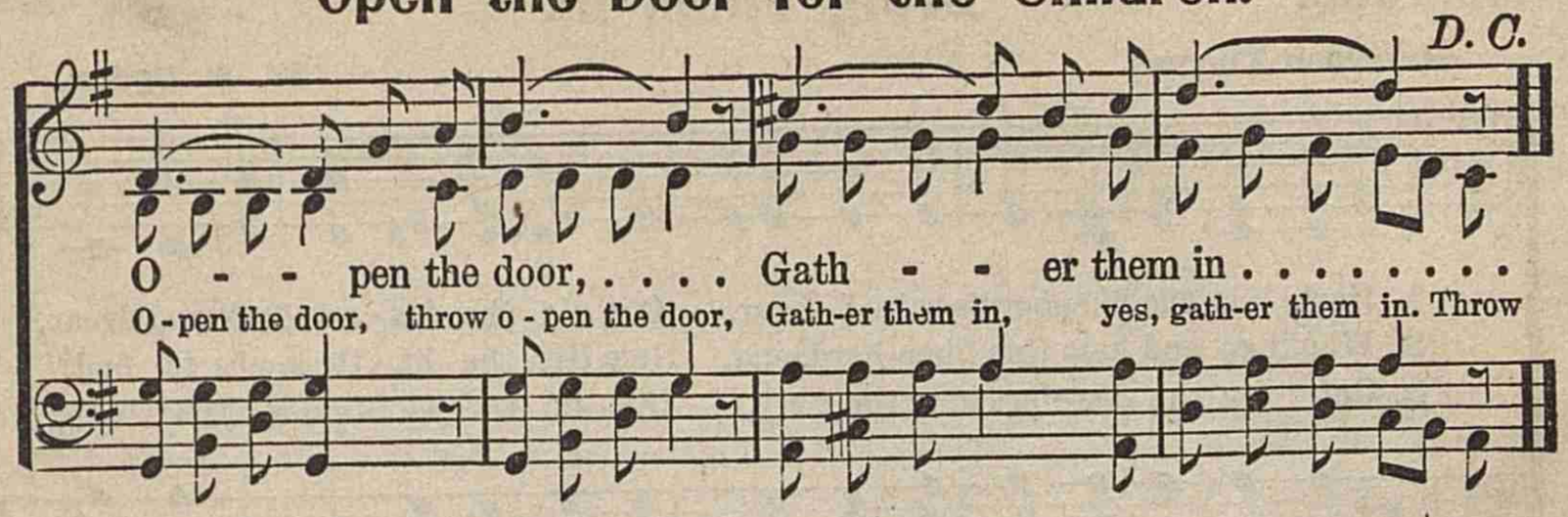
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;

O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heaven.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.

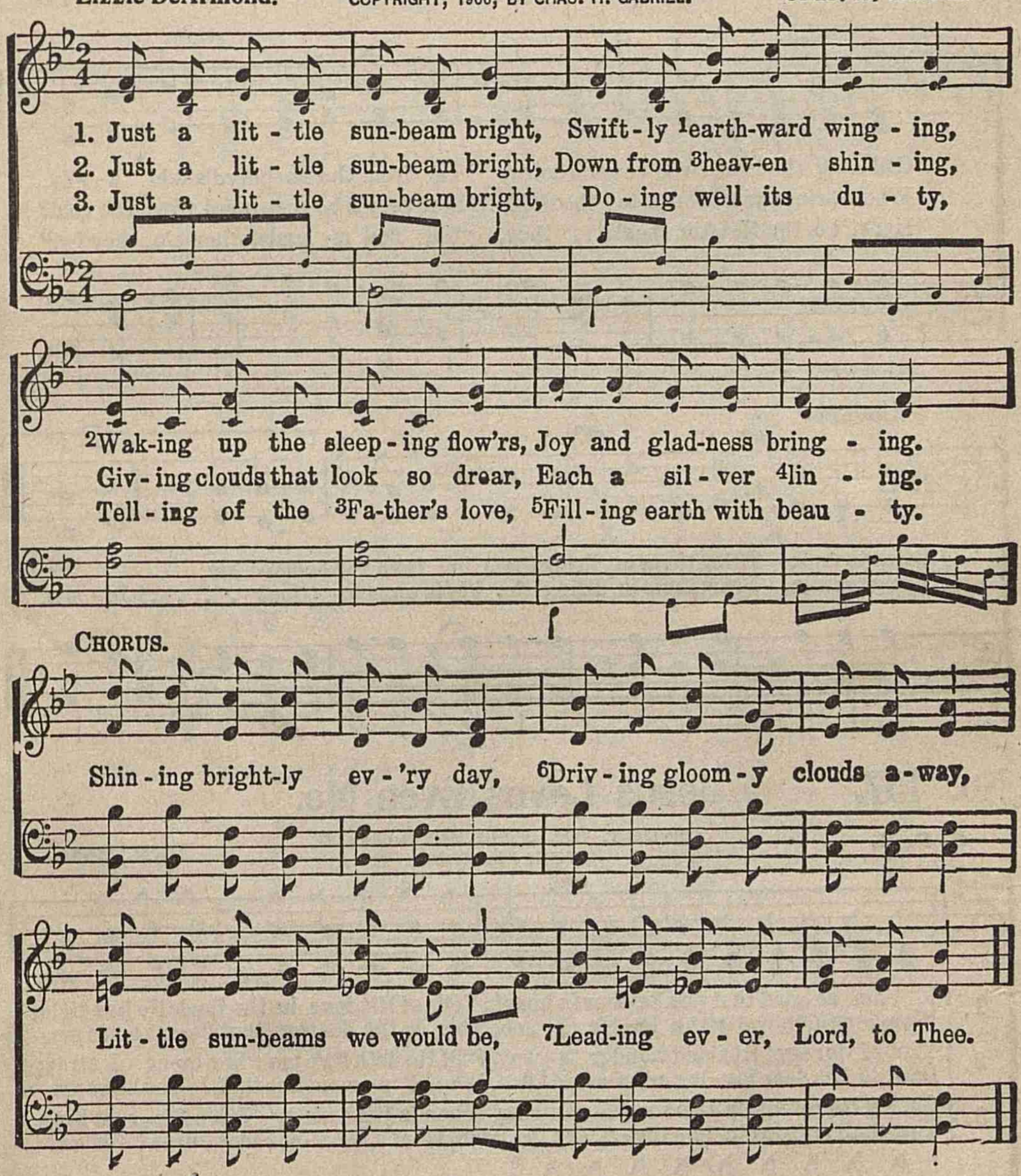
CHORUS.

O - - - pen the door, ... Gath - - - er them in; . . . . .
O - pen the door, throw o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, yes, gath-er them in;

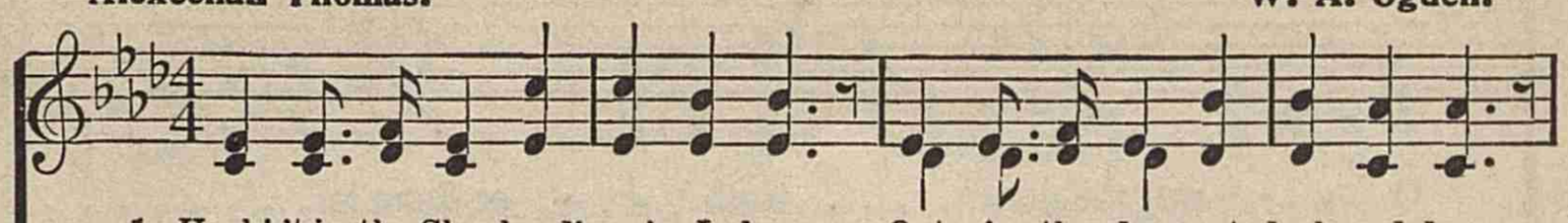
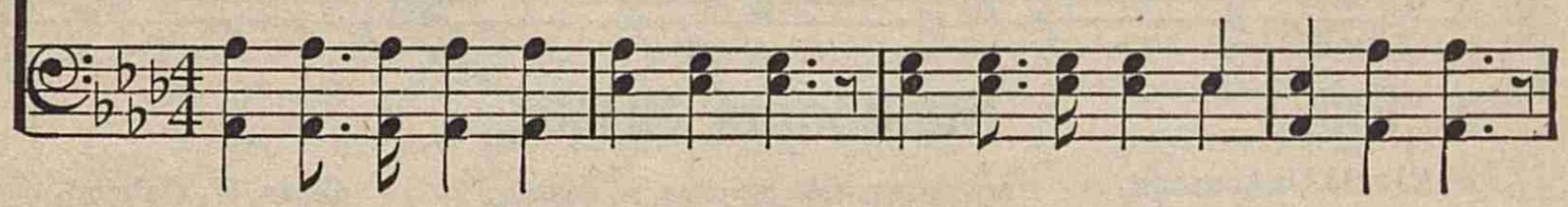
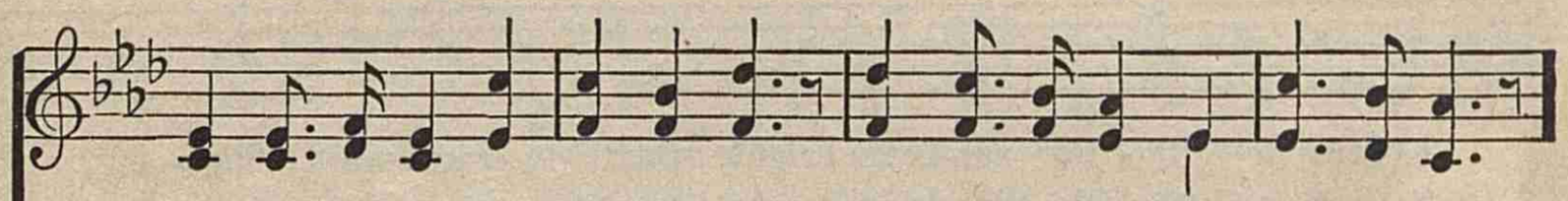
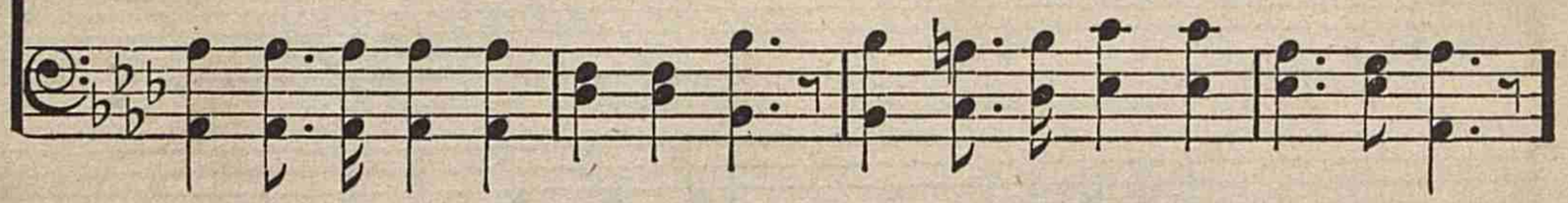
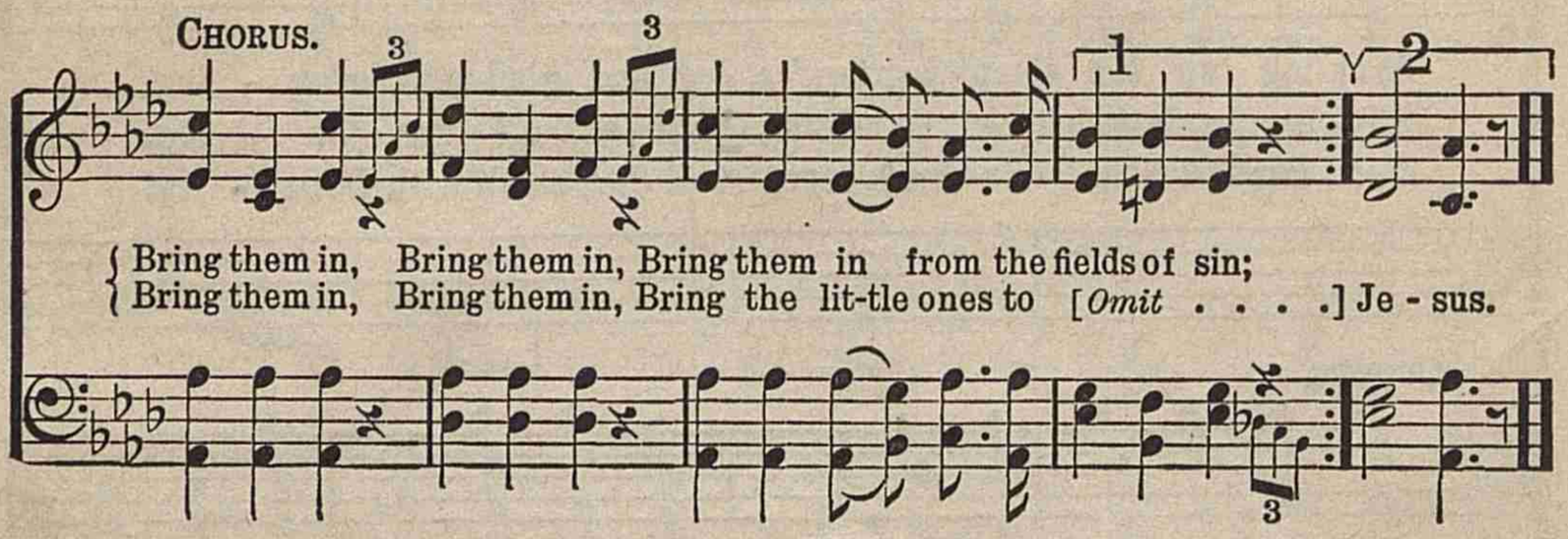
Open the Door for the Children.



No. 155. Sunbeams Bright.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

MOTIONS.—1. Raise right hand high, then bring it swiftly downward. 2. Stoop lightly, make motions as if lifting up flowers. 3. Point up. 4. Raise right hand and describe a semi-circle with it. 5. Hold arms out wide and bring them slowly together, till palms of hands touch. 6. Move right hand and arm with sweeping motion from left to right. 7. Move right hand slowly upwards.

No. 156. Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. **W. A. Ogden.**

1. Hark! 't is the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high;

Call - ing the lambs who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 't is the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs wher-e'er they be."

CHORUS.

{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to [*Omit . . . .*] Je - sus.

No. 157. Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

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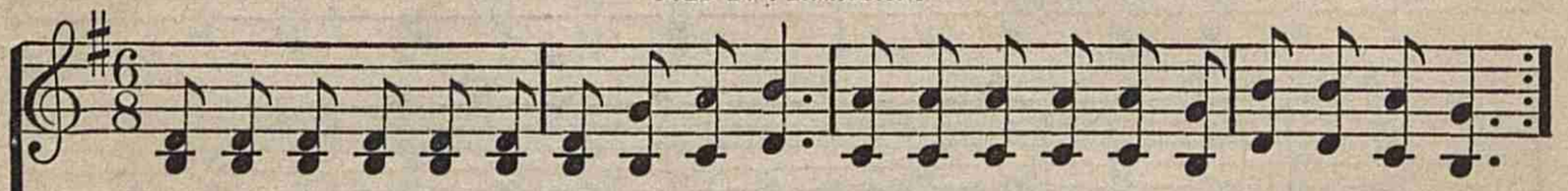
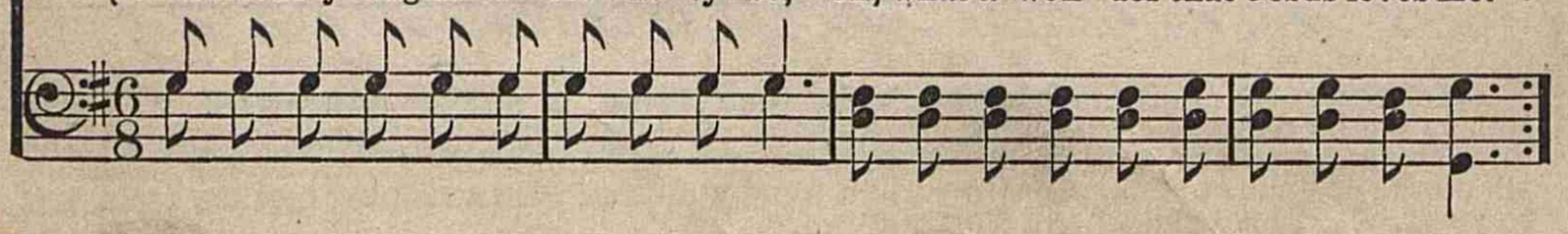
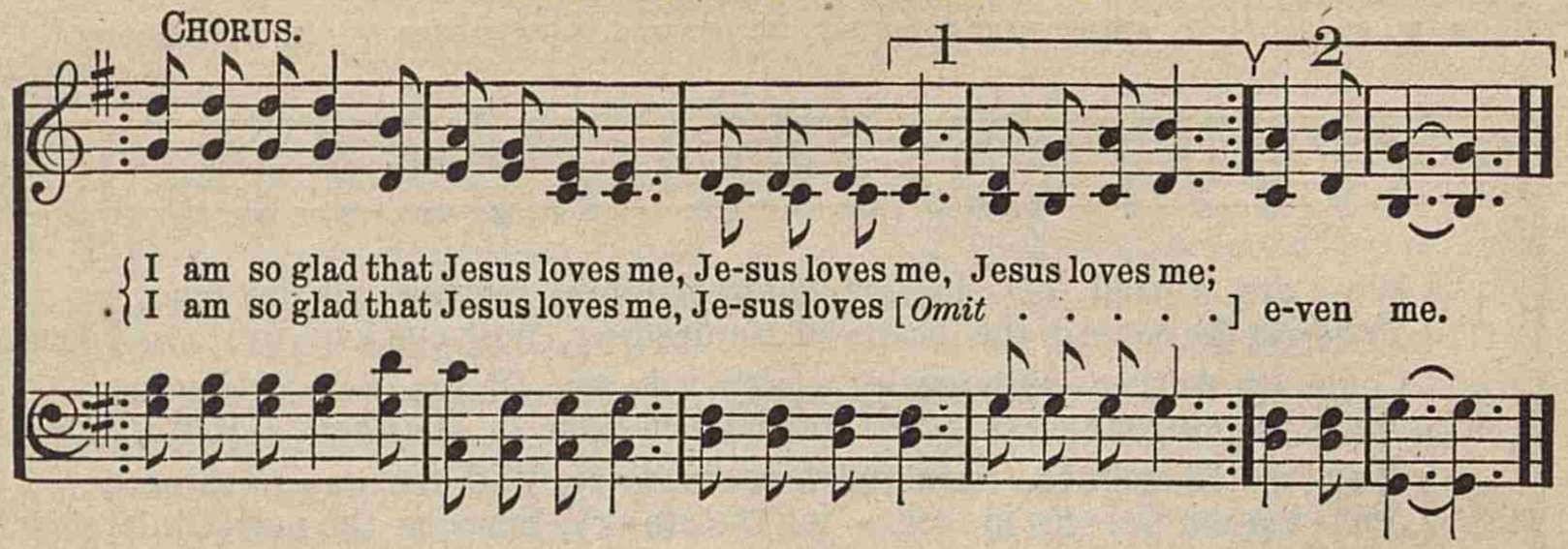
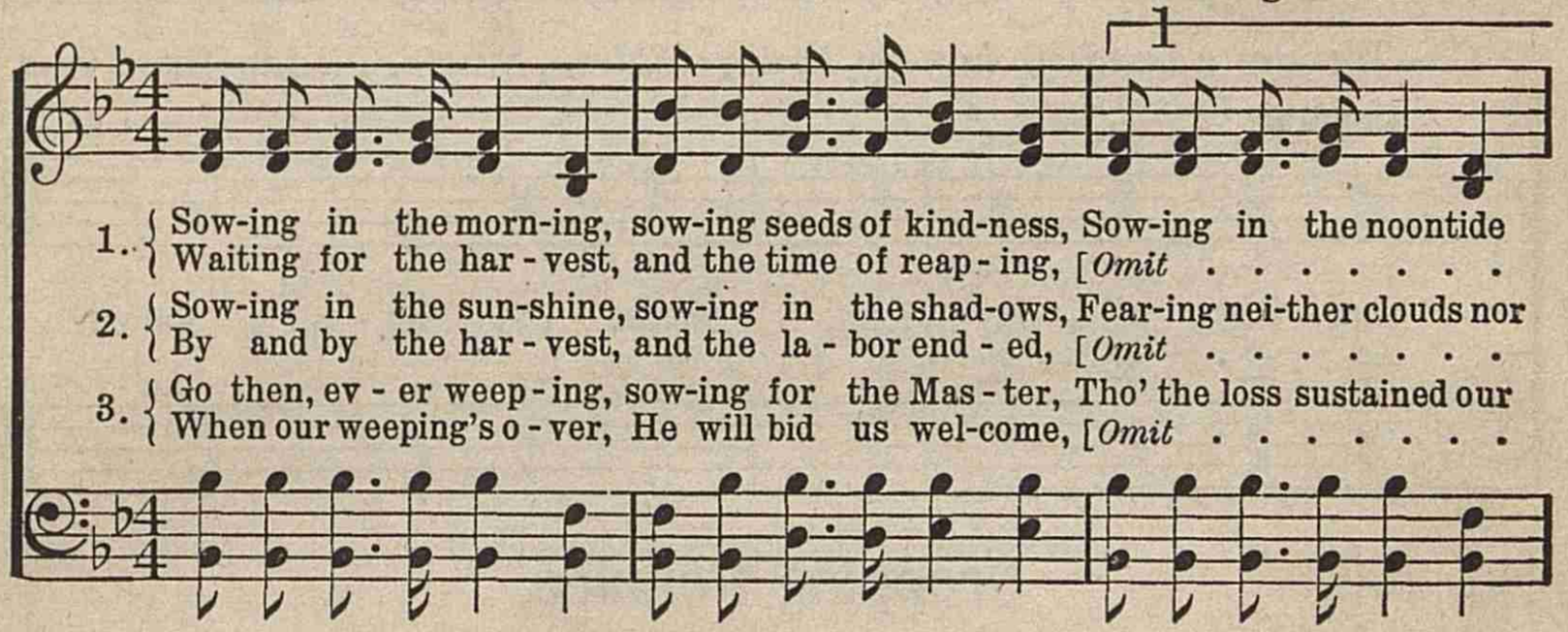
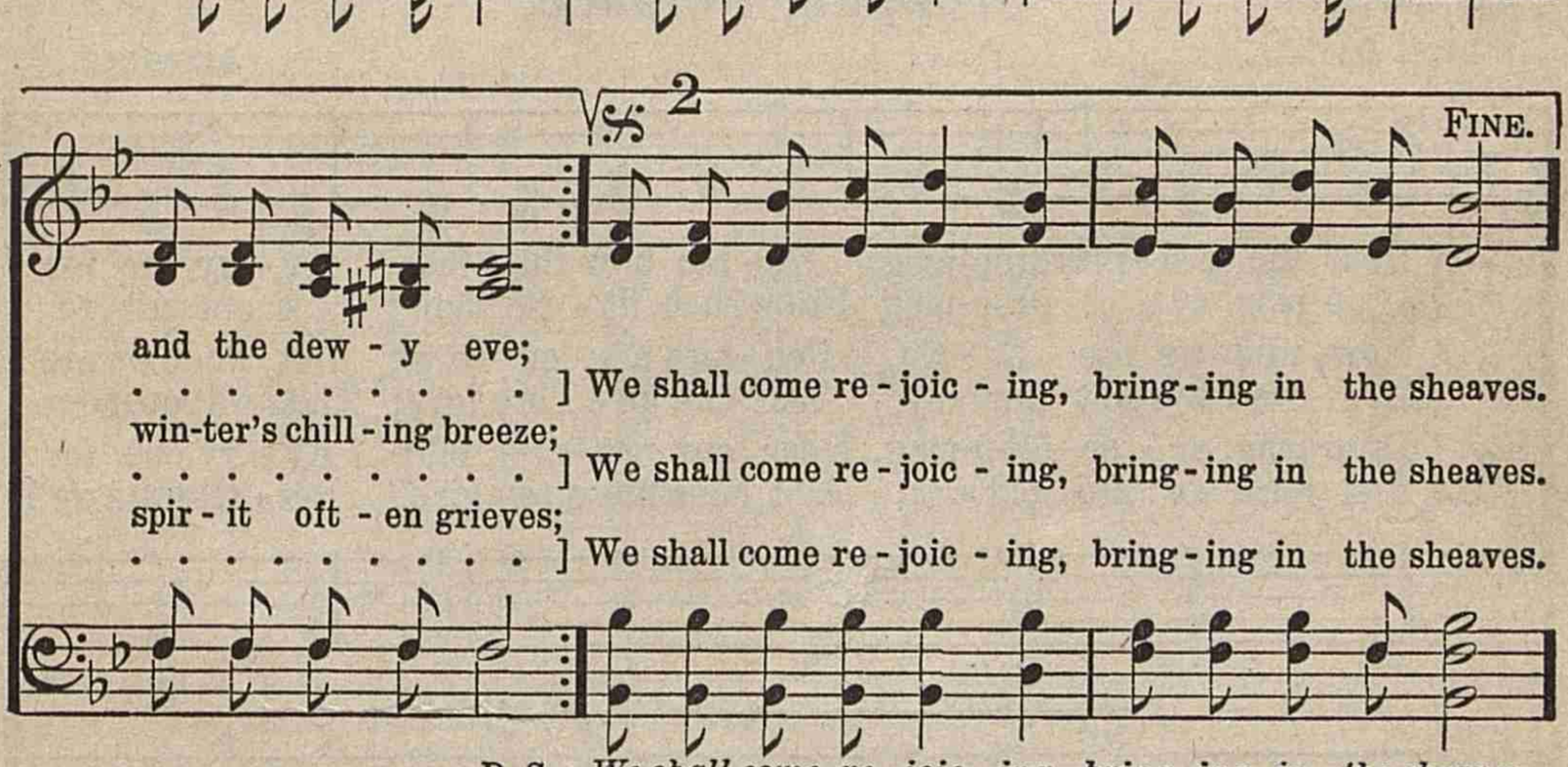
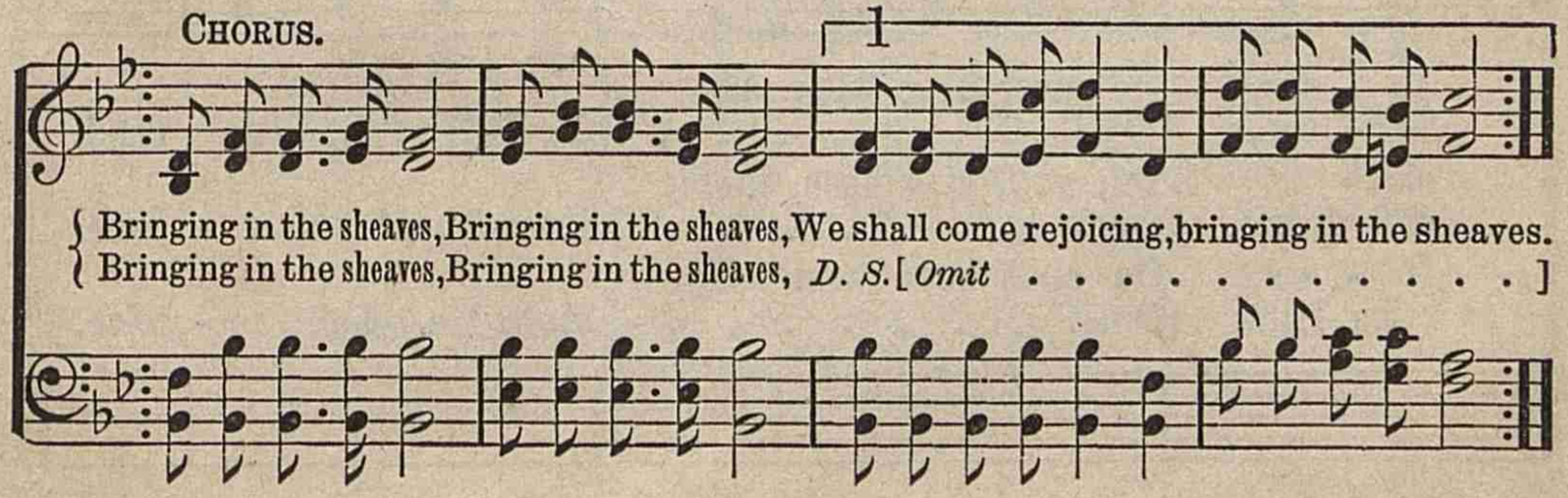
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n;
   { Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dearest, that Je-sus loves me.
2. { Tho' I for - get Him and wander a - way, Still He doth love me wher-ev-er I stray;
   { Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
3. { Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,
   { This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be, "Oh, what a won - der that Jesus loves me!"

Jesus Loves Even Me.

No. 158. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. **George A. Minor.**



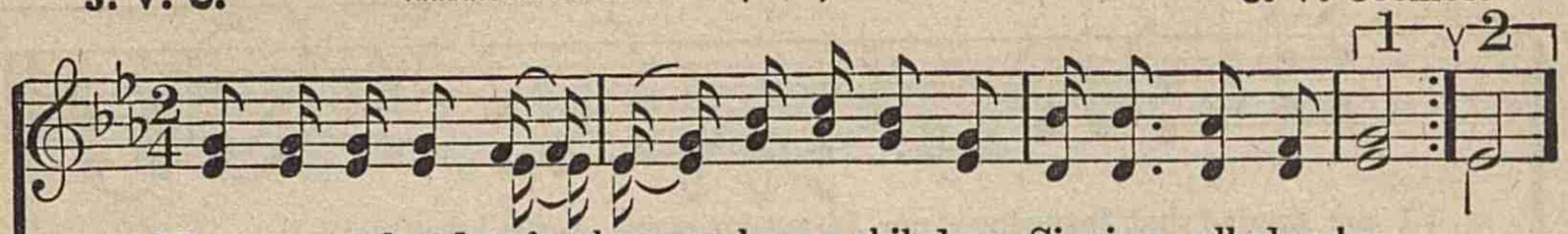
D. S.—*We shall come re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.*



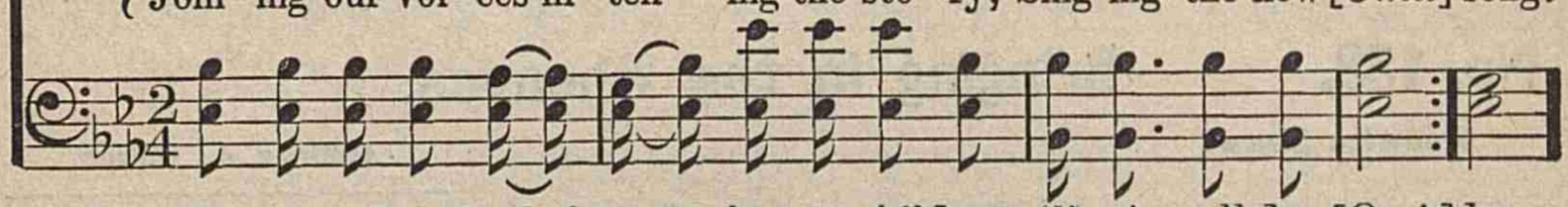
No. 159. Happy Children.

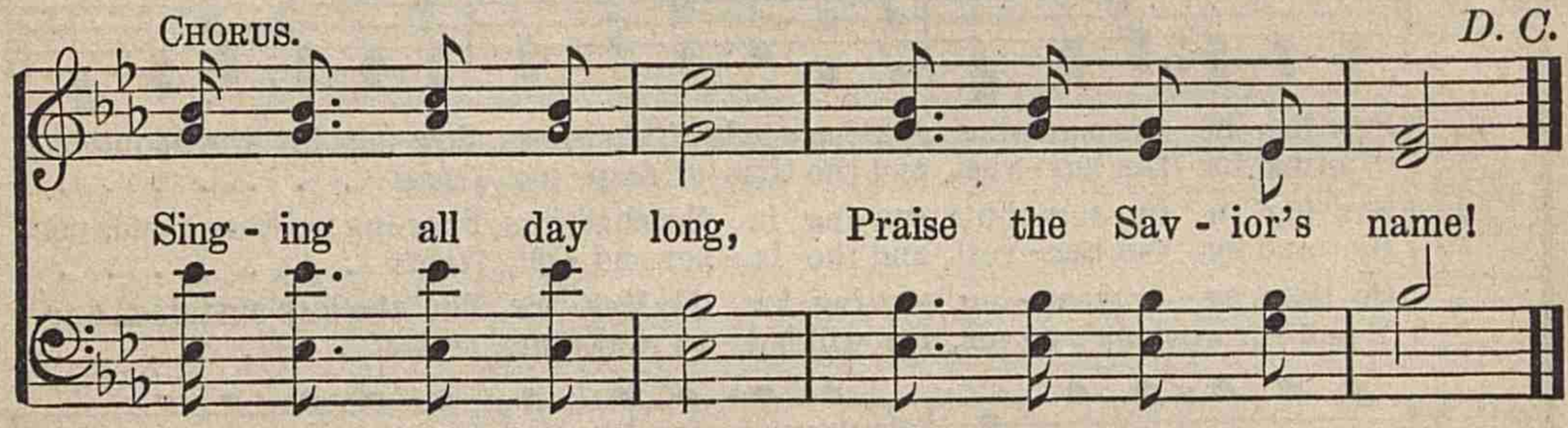
J. V. C.

ARRANGEMENT COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

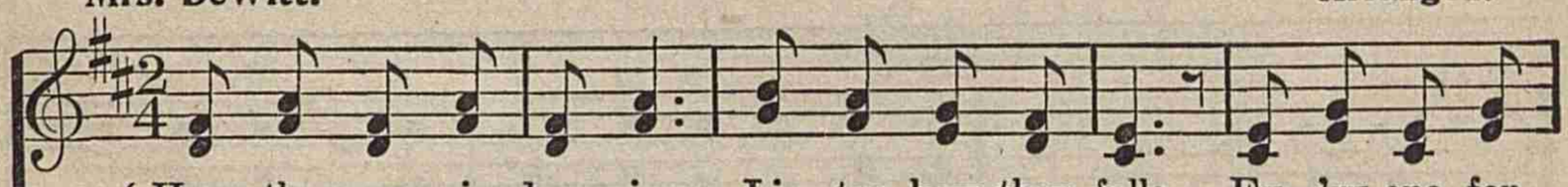
J. V. Coombs.

1. We are a band of hap-py, happy chil-dren, Singing all day long,
   Prais-ing the name of the bless-ed Re-deem-er, With our hap-py [*Omit*] song.

2. Come, let us sing with mer-ry, merry voi-ces, Of the Sav-ior's love;
   He is pre-par-ing a place for His chil-dren In His home a-[*Omit*] bove.

3. May we all sing a-round the throne in glo-ry, With the an-gel throng;
   Join-ing our voi-ces in tell-ing the sto-ry, Sing-ing the new [*Omit*] song.

D. C.—*We are a band of hap-py, happy children, Singing all day* [Omit] *long.*

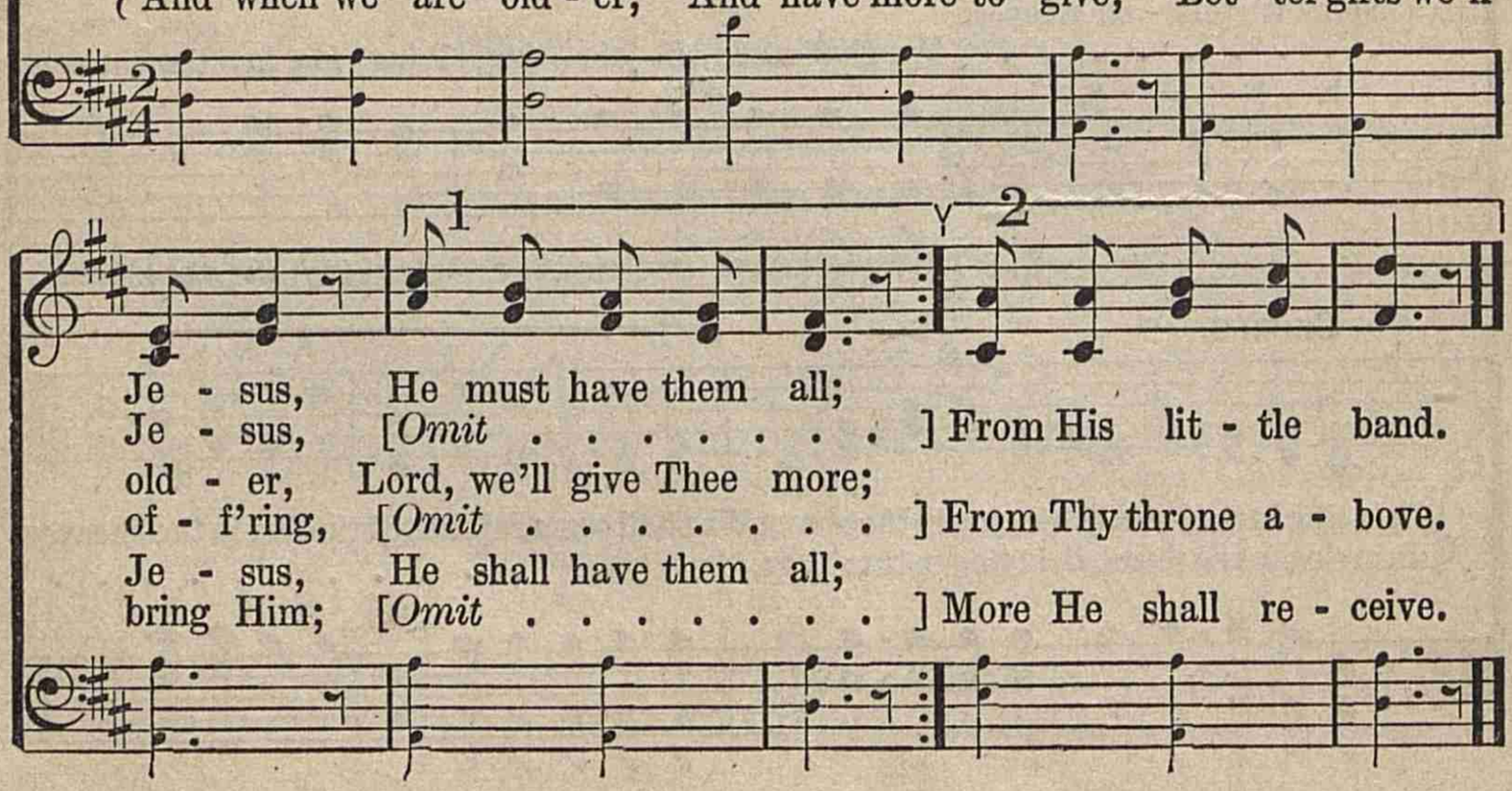
CHORUS. *D. C.*

No. 160. Dropping Pennies.

Mrs. DeWitt.

Arranged.

1. Hear the pen-nies drop-ping; Lis-ten how they fall; Ev-'ry one for
   Drop-ping, ev-er drop-ping From each lit-tle hand; 'T is our gift to

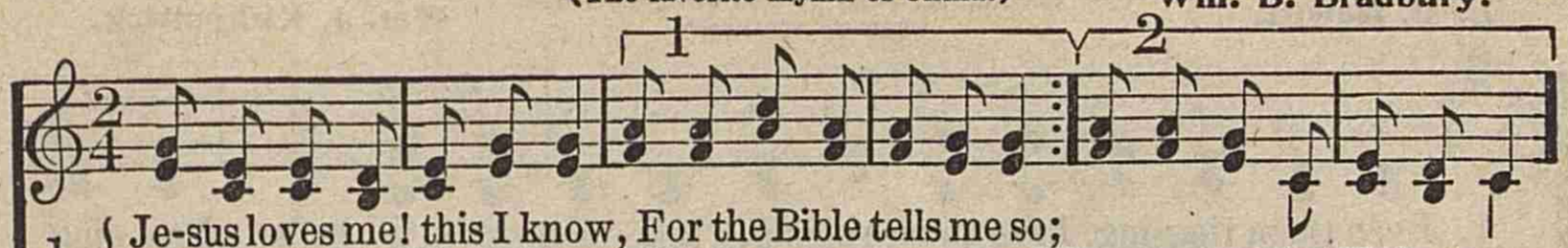
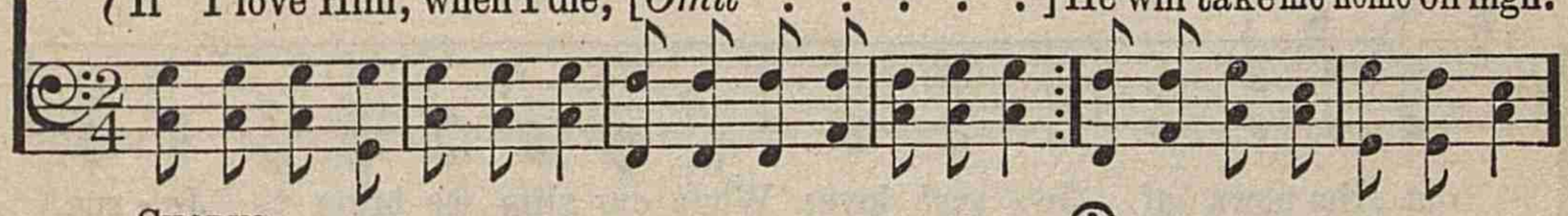
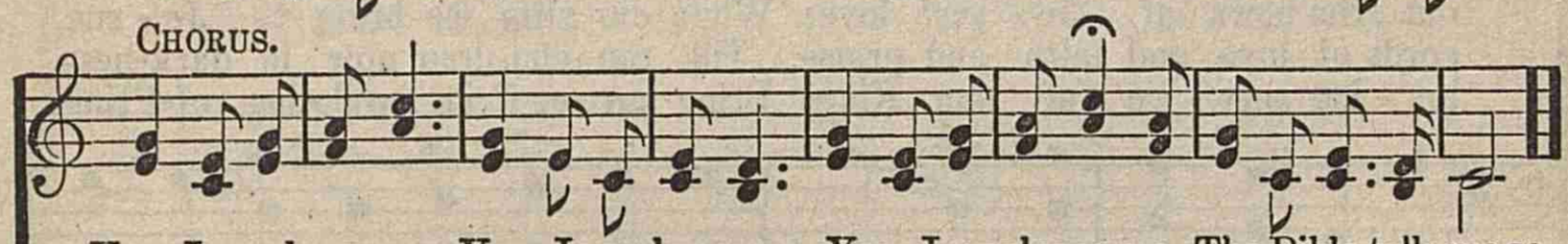
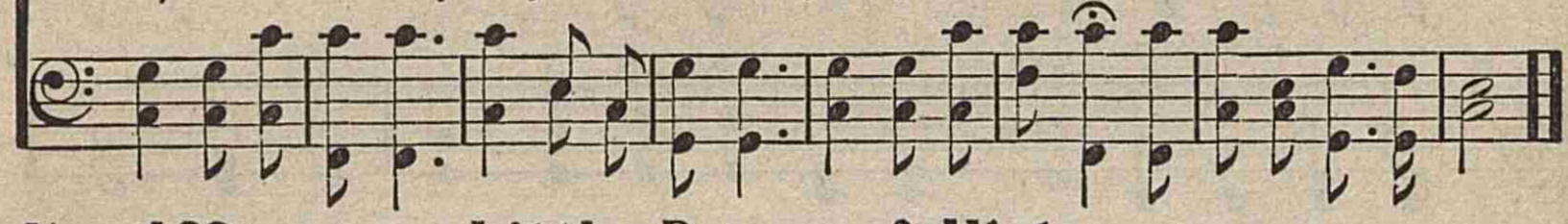
2. Now, while we are lit-tle, Pen-nies are our store; But, when we are
   If we have not mon-ey, We can give Thee love; Thou wilt own our

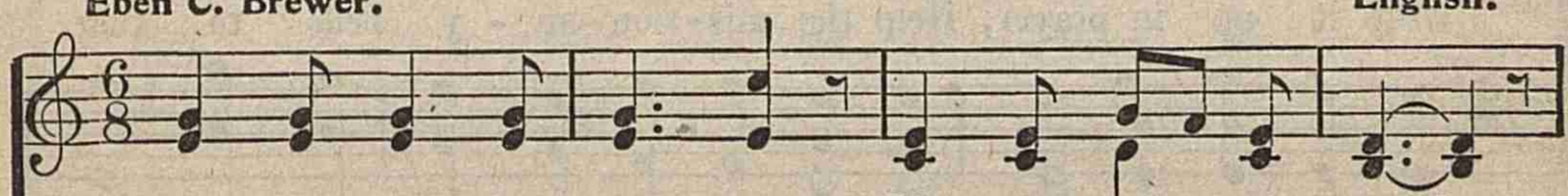
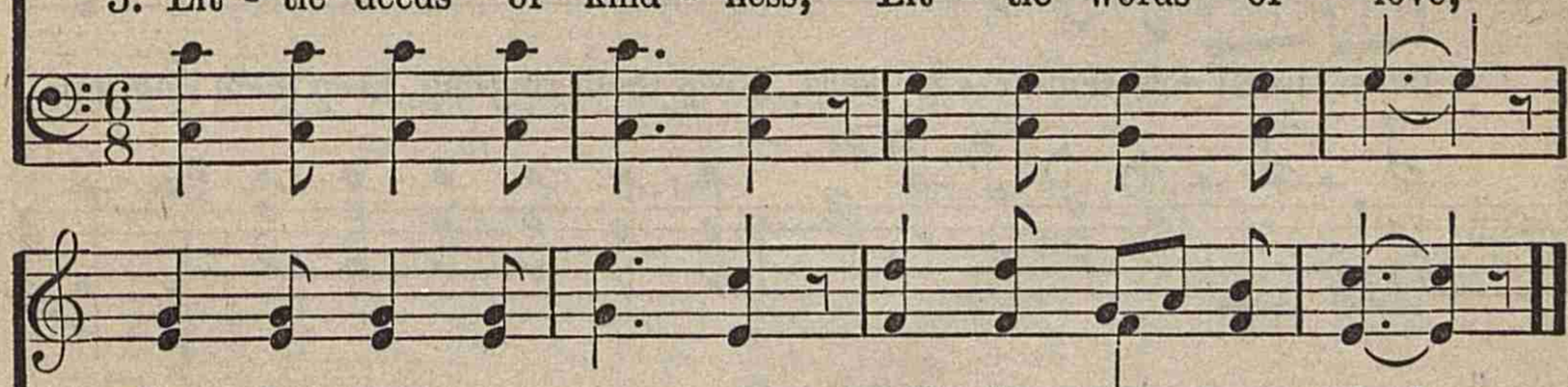
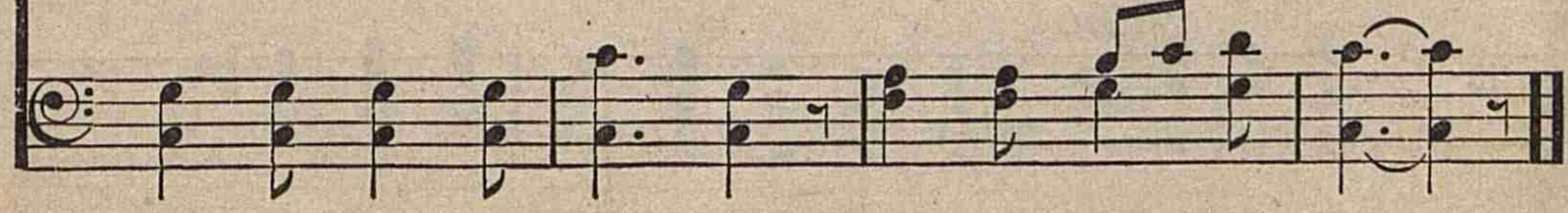
3. Drop-ping, ev-er drop-ping, Hear our pen-nies fall; Ev-'ry one for
   And when we are old-er, And have more to give, Bet-ter gifts we'll



Je-sus, He must have them all;
Je-sus, [*Omit* . . . . .] From His lit-tle band.
old-er, Lord, we'll give Thee more;
of-f'ring, [*Omit* . . . . .] From Thy throne a-bove.
Je-sus, He shall have them all;
bring Him; [*Omit* . . . . .] More He shall re-ceive.

No. 161. Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so;
   Lit-tle ones to Him belong, [*Omit . . . . .*] They are weak but He is strong.
2. Je-sus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gates to open wide,
   He will wash a-way my sin, [*Omit . . . . .*] Let His lit-tle child come in.
3. Je-sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm very weak and ill;
   From His shining throne on high [*Omit . . . . .*] Comes to watch me where I lie.
4. Je-sus loves me! He will stay Close beside me all the way;
   If I love Him, when I die, [*Omit . . . . .*] He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

No. 162. Little Drops of Water.

Eben C. Brewer. English.

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle mo - ments, Hum - ble tho' they be,
3. So our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
4. Lit - tle seeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth - ful hands,
5. Lit - tle deeds of kind - ness, Lit - tle words of love,

Make the might - y o - cean, And the beau-teous land.
Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
From the paths of vir - tue Oft in sin to stray.
Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in hea - then lands.
Make our earth an E - den Like the heav'n a - bove.

No. 163.

Missionary Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, mis - sion - ar - y bells, Peal - ing
2. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ringing, let the children's hands Pull the
3. Keep them ring-ing, keep them ring-ing, ev - 'ry one may share In the

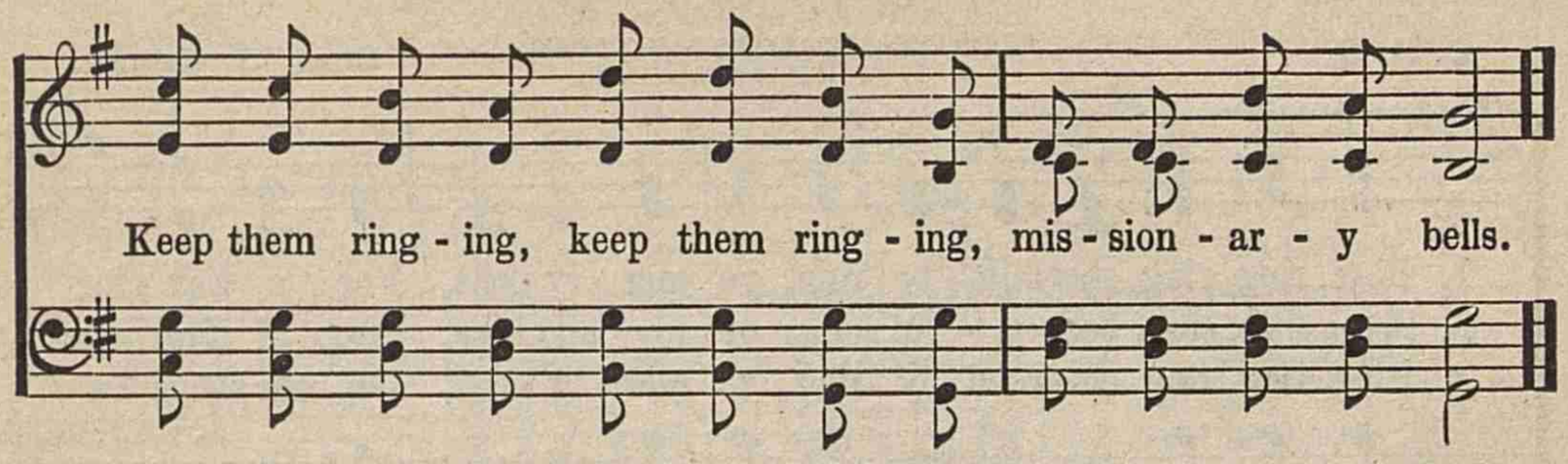
out the news of Je - sus' love; While our gifts we bring to Je - sus,
cords of love and faith and praise, Till the chil-dren now in dark-ness,
lov - ing serv - ice of our King; Bring an of-f'ring, will - ing of-f'ring,

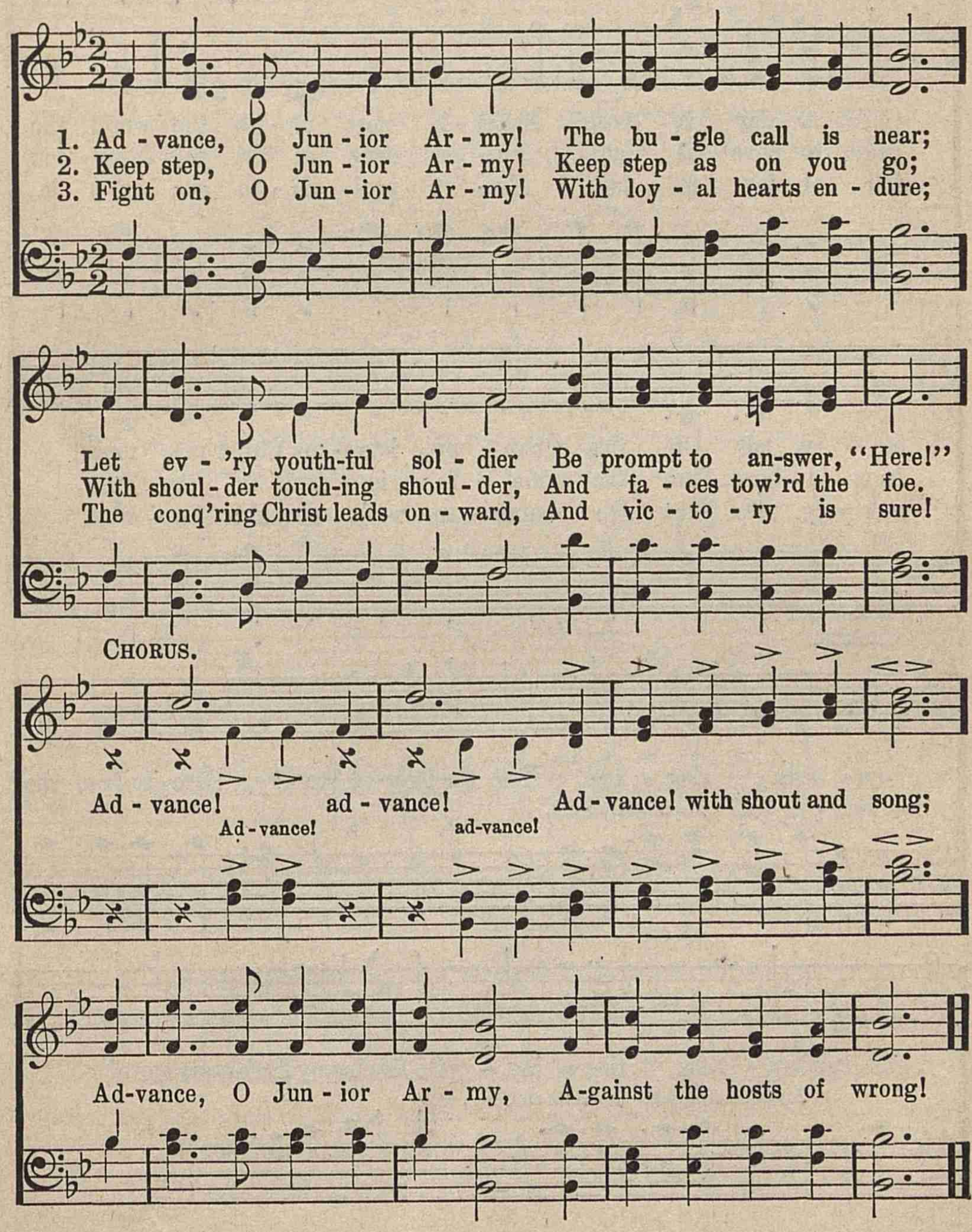
hap - py mus - ic swells, Tell - ing of our bless - ed Friend a - bove.
hear of God's commands, Learn to fol - low in the Sav - ior's ways.
wrap it up in prayer; Help the mis - sion - ar - y bells to ring.

CHORUS.

Bells! bells! mis-sion-ar - y bells, Keep them ring-ing, keep them ring-ing,

each a sto - ry tells, Sound-ing loud and free o - ver land and sea,

Missionary Bells.

No. 164. Advance, O Junior Army!

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

No. 165.

Ring, Ring, Ring.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Ring, ring, ring, cheer-ful - ly ring, ye mer - ry bells, For a Sav - ior
2. Sing, sing, sing, beau-ti - ful songs of joy and love, Sing of Him who
3. Ring, ring, ring, cheer-ful - ly ring, ye mer - ry bells, Let our songs be

Christ to - day is born! Sweet - ly now un - to the world the
came to save us all! An - gels sang of the re - demp - tion
full of joy to - day; Ev - 'ry peal un - to our hearts in

sto - ry tell Of this hap - py, hap - py Christ-mas morn.
from a - bove, Thro' the low - ly in - fant in the stall.
mer - cy tells That He came to wash our sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Joy - bells ring - ing, Tell the bless-ed sto - ry, Give to Him the
Joy-bells ring-ing, joy-bells ring-ing,

glo - ry; Joy - bells ring - ing, On this happy Christmas morn!
Joy-bells ring-ing, joy-bells ring-ing,

No. 166. With Joy We Sing.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Lizzie DeArmond. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Lit-tle bells of Christmas, hear us gai-ly [1]ring, Chim-ing out the sto - ry
2. Lit-tle bells of Christmas [6]thro' the whole long year Should be ever read - y
3. Lit-tle bells of Christmas peal-ing in His name, Who to [10]bless and save us,

of the Ba - by King; [2]Com-ing thro' the star-light to a man-ger low,
with their notes of cheer; Lit - tle bits of glad - ness from the [7]angel song,
to this old world came, Ring-ing hap-py prais - es as the days go by,

While the world lay [3]sleeping 'neath the moon's pale glow.
[8]Lift - ing earth to heav-en, mak-ing weak hearts [9]strong. [1]Ring, ring, ring, yes, with
[11]"Glo-ry with-out ceas-ing, un - to God most high."

CHORUS. *Faster.*

joy we glad-ly ring; [4]Hail! all hail! to the lit-tle Infant King; [1]Chime, chime,

chime, in a merry song we chime; [5]"Wake up, little people, 't is the Christmas time."

Sung by a select number of children holding red and green paper or card-board bells, and wearing a sprig of holly on breast. 1, make ringing motion with bells; 2, raise bells high, bring slowly downward; 3, close eyes, lay left cheek upon left hand; 4, wave bells held high; 5, turn bells outward and upward; 6, move bells in a semi-circle slowly from left to right; 7, point up with bells; 8, move bells slowly upward; 9, lay bells against heart; 10, fold hands across heart and look up; 11, hold bells high and make a ringing motion.

No. 167. Ring the Merry Bells.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Ring them far and near;
2. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Wake the ju - bi - lee;
3. Ring the mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Thro' the star-ry night;

Peal - ing o - ver hills and dells, Bid the world good cheer.
Hark, the bless - ed mu - sic swells O - ver land and sea.
Ev - 'ry note the day fore - tells, Noon - tide splen - dor bright.

Gold - en hopes and mem'ries ho - ly Clus - ter round the man-ger low - ly;
Tell the wondrous news from heav-en, "Un - to us a Son is giv - en;"
Christ, the Morning Star, is shin - ing, Light that nev - er knows de - clin - ing;

D. S.—*Tell a - new the dear old sto - ry, Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry;*

FINE.

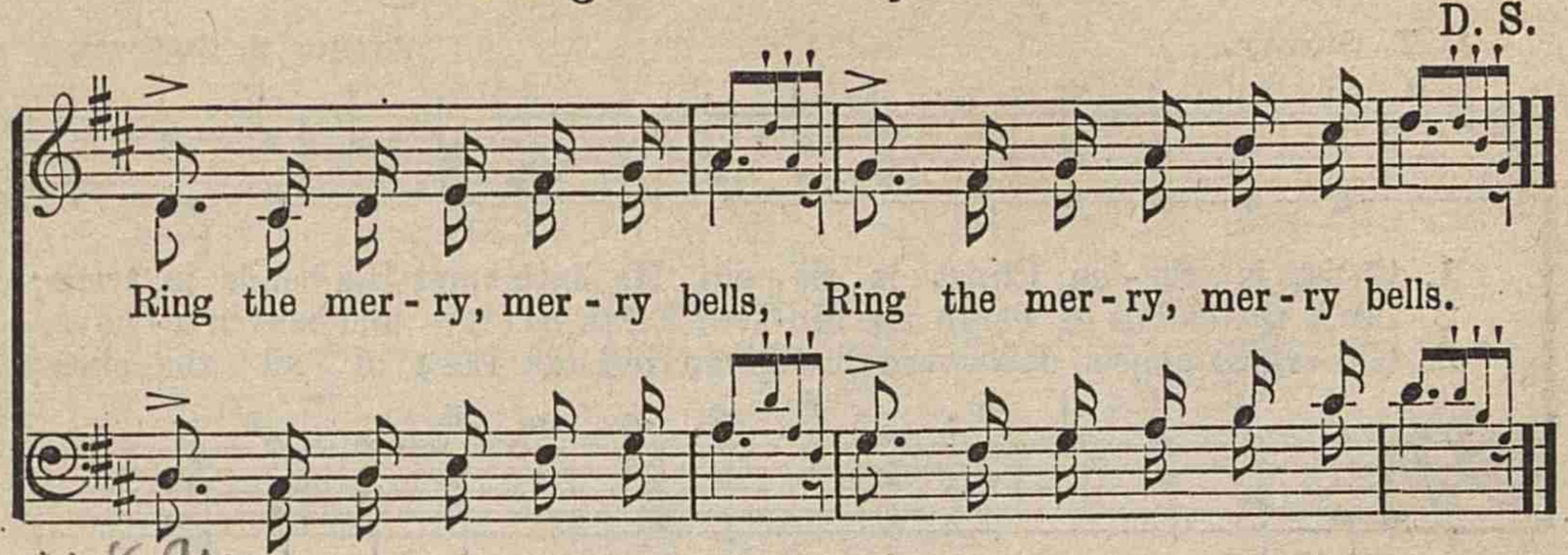
Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the mer - ry bells.

Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the mer - ry bells. *

CHORUS.

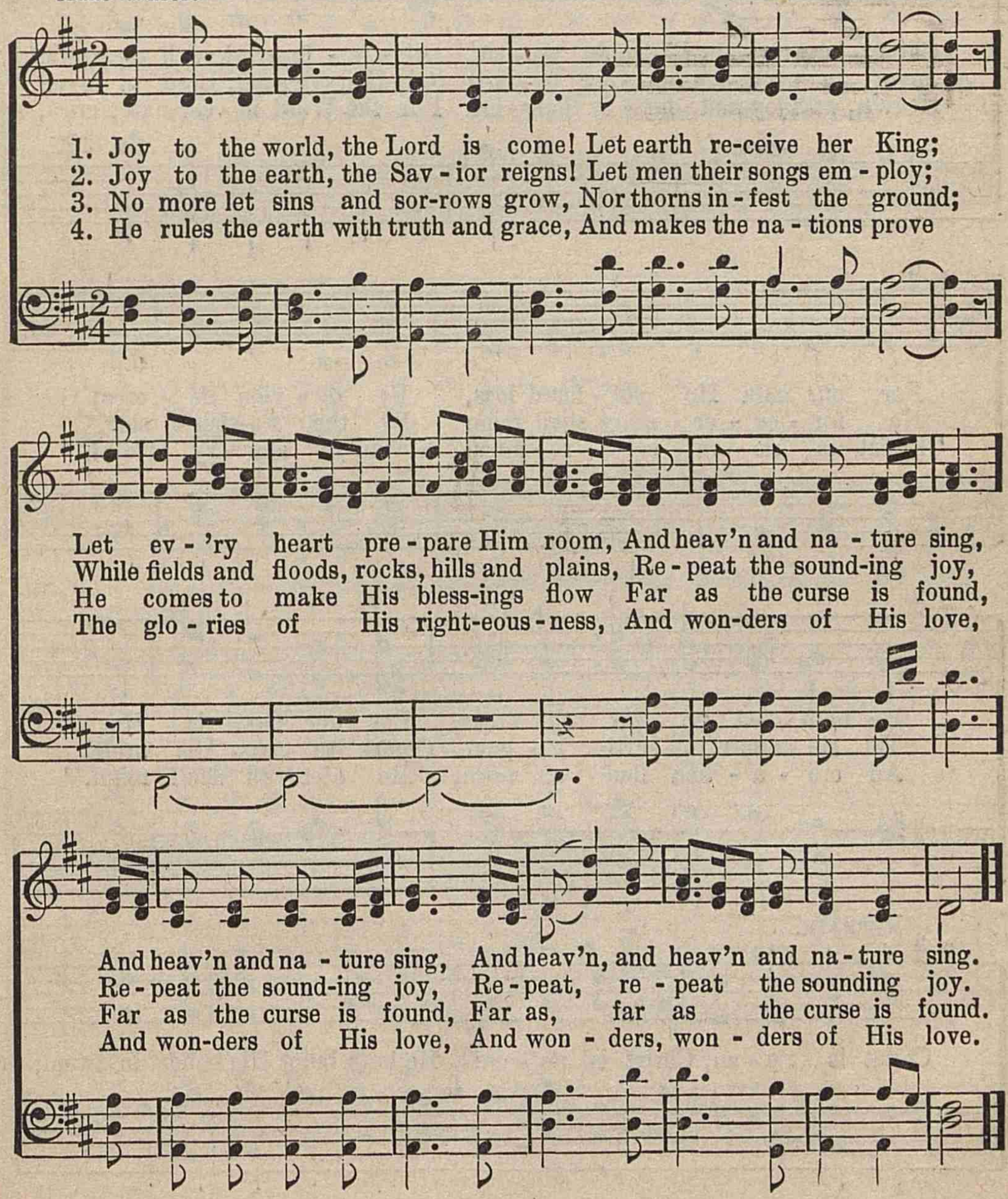
Bells of love and peace and glad-ness Charm a - way the tho't of sad-ness,
Ring the bells, ring the bells, Ring the merry, merry Christmas bells,

*After last chorus, No. 168 may be sung without announcement.

Ring the Merry Bells.

3/31'18 Ann

No. 168. Joy to the World.

Isaac Watts. Arr. from Handel.



No. 169. Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen.

A. T. Gurney. Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
2. See, the chains of death are bro-ken; Earth be - low and heav'n a - bove,
3. Glo - rious angels, downward thronging, Hail the Lord of all the skies;

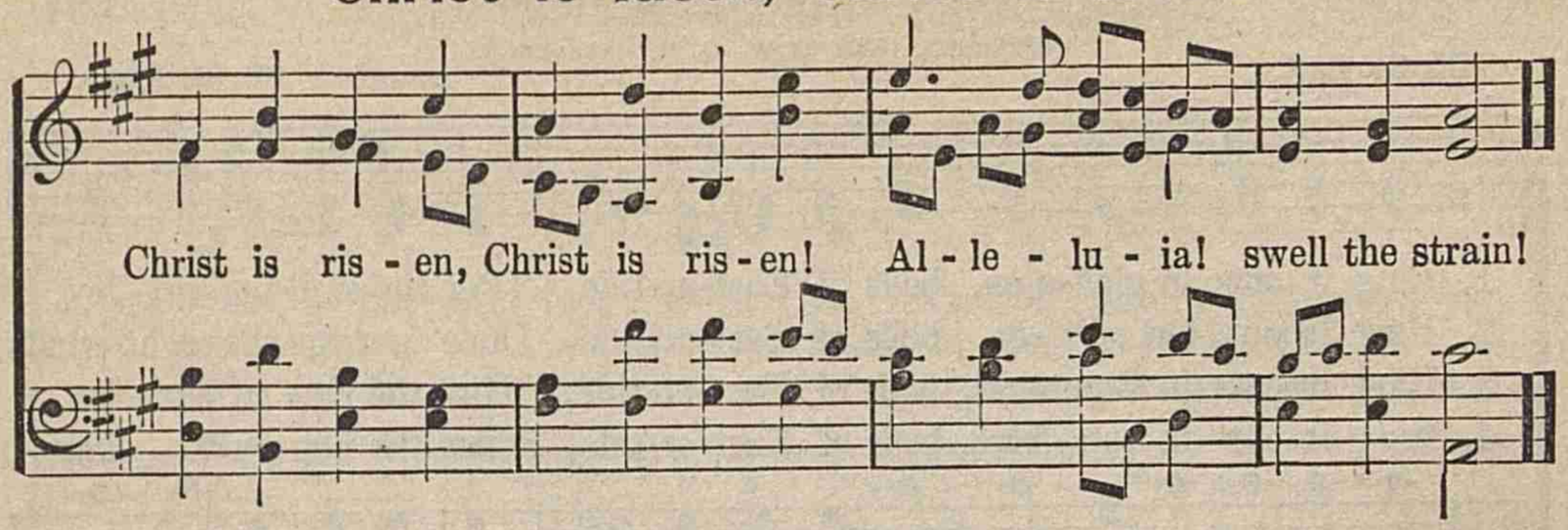
Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!
Joy in each a - maz - ing to - ken Of His ris - ing, Lord of love:
Heav'n, with joy and ho - ly long - ing For the Word in - car-nate, cries,

For our gain He suf - fered loss, By di - vine de - cree;
He for - ev - er - more shall reign By the Fa-ther's side,
"Christ is ris - en! earth re - joice! Gleam, ye star - ry train!

He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.
Till He comes to earth a - gain, Comes to claim His bride.
All cre - a - tion find a voice; He o'er all shall reign."

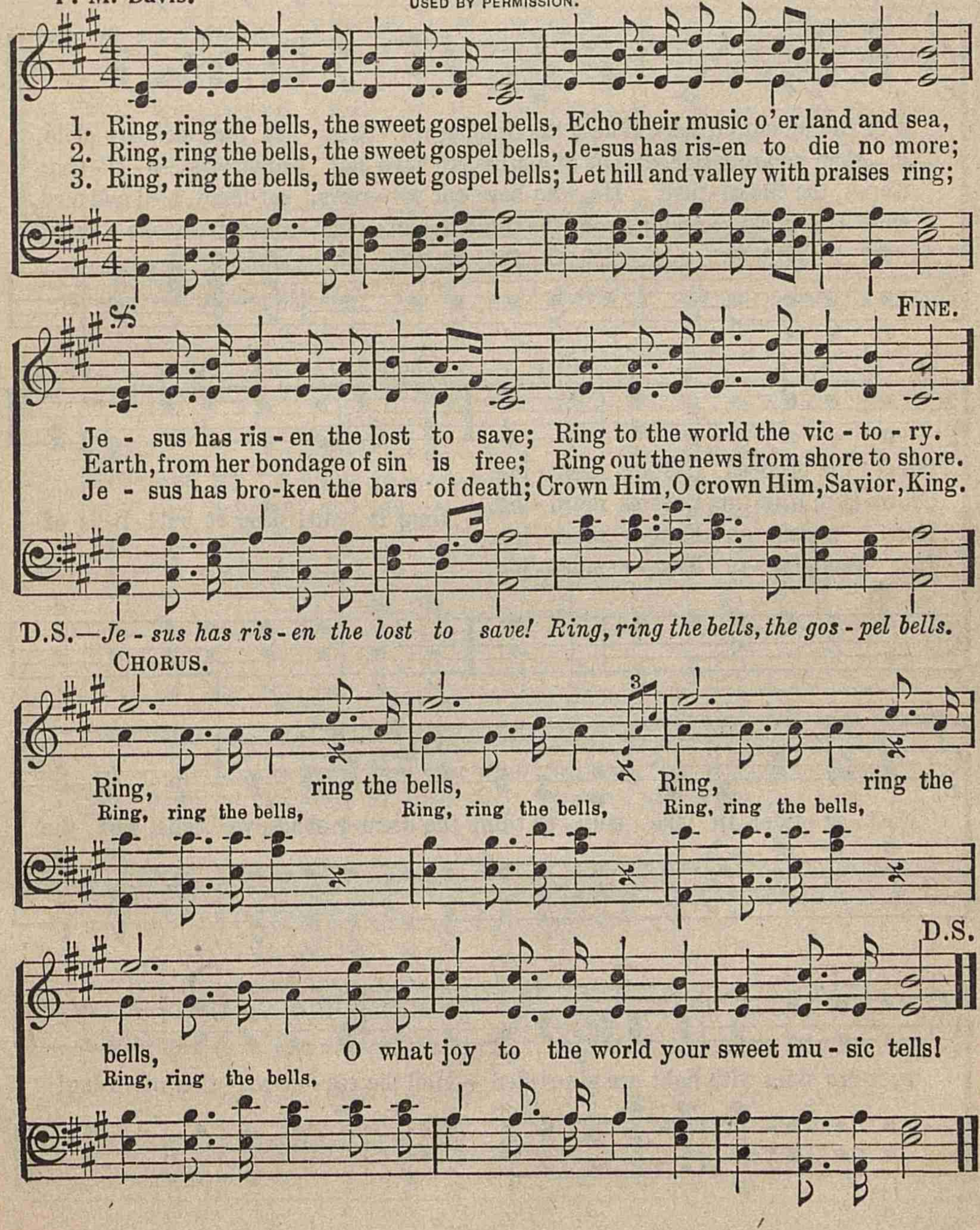
REFRAIN.

Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;

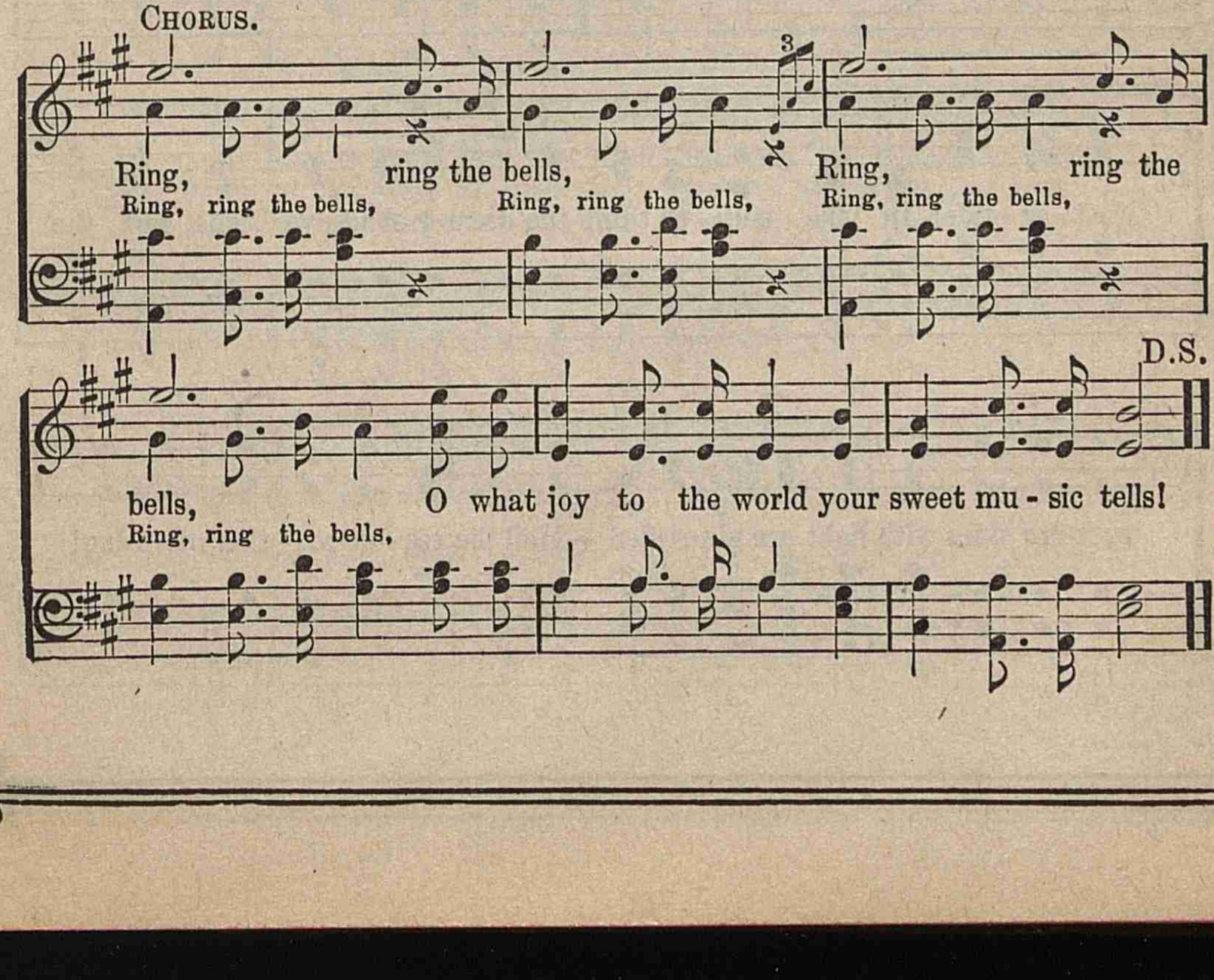
Christ is Risen, Christ is Risen!

No. 170. Ring the Bells.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY C. E. POLLOCK.
USED BY PERMISSION.

F. M. Davis. Chas. E. Pollock.



CHORUS.



No. 171. Bells of Eastertide.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Birdie Bell. W. J. King.

1. Ring it out in glad-ness, bells of East-er-tide, O'er the smil-ing val - ley,
2. Ring it out, but soft - ly, bells of East-er-tide, Once a dirge the night-winds
3. Ring it out in sweetness, bells of East-er-tide, Hail the ris - en Sav - ior,
4. Ring it out in rap - ture, bells of East-er-tide, Sound the hap-py ti - dings

o'er the mountain side, Where the rippling wa - ters in their beau-ty glide,
in their sor-row sighed; On the cross, to save us, Christ was cru - ci - fied;
Christ, the Glo-ri - fied; He who bore our sor - rows, suf-fered, bled and died,
thro' the world so wide; From the tomb the an - gels rolled the stone a - side,

CHORUS.

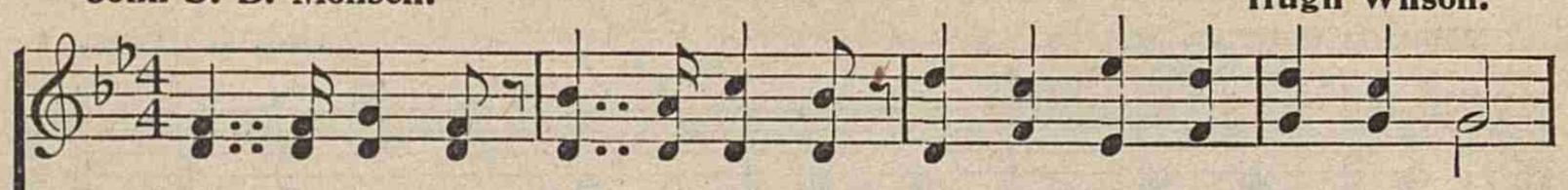
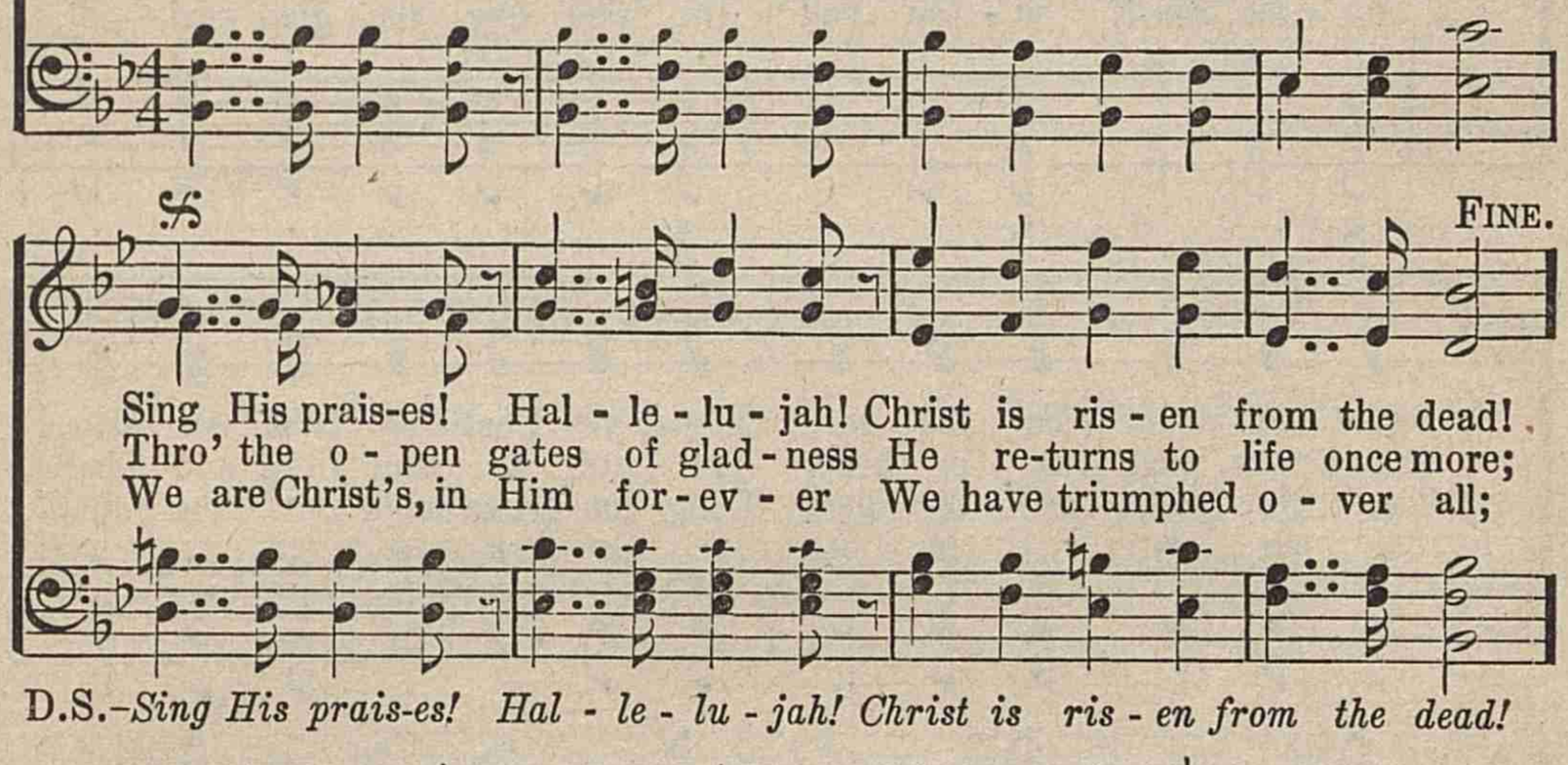
Greet the bless-ed East-er morn - ing.
Crown Him King this East-er morn - ing.
Rose a-gain on East-er morn - ing.
It was emp - ty East-er morn - ing.

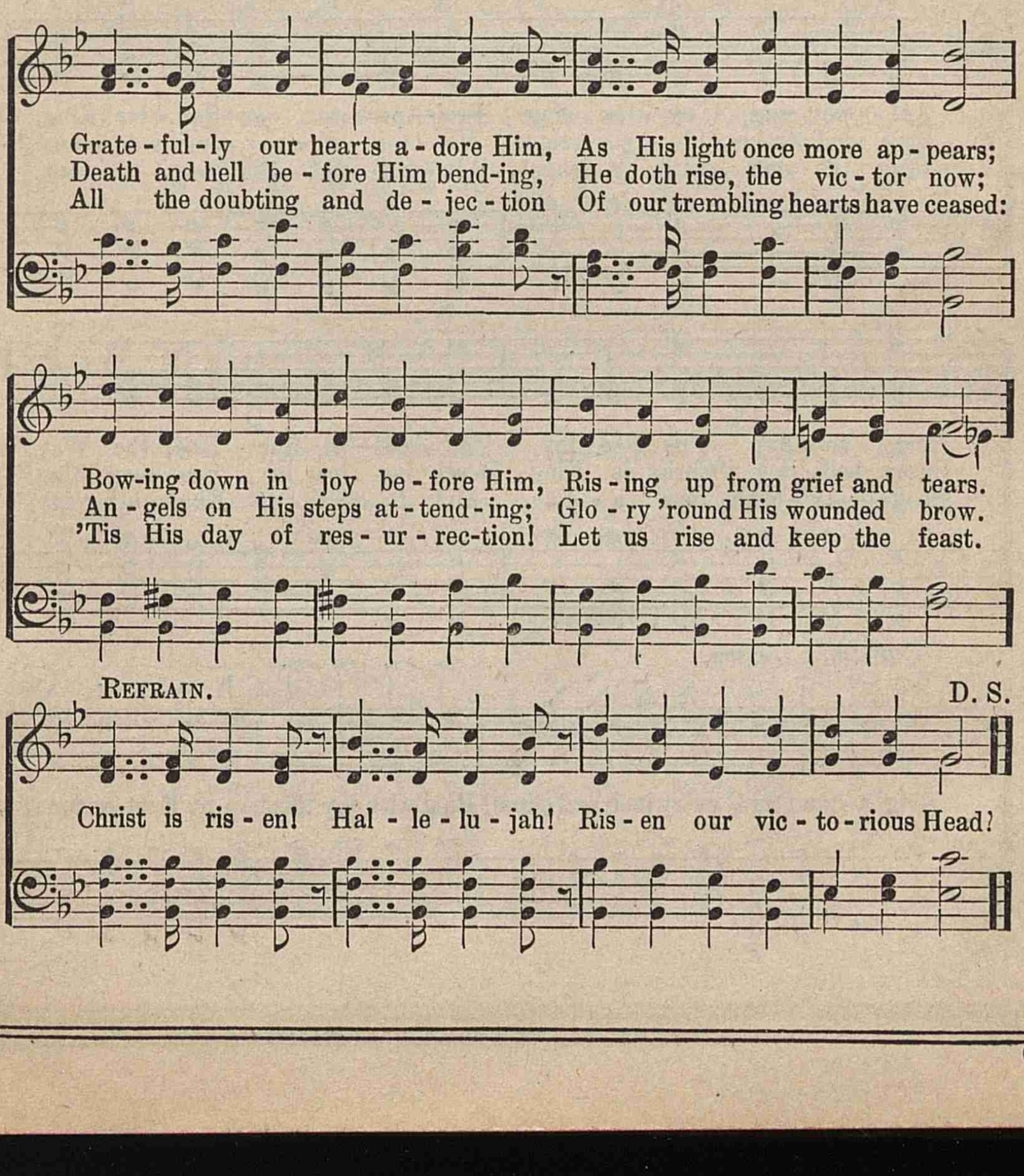
Ring it out! Ring it out! Bells of

East - er - tide! In the emp - ty tomb the drear-y shad-ows hide, But the

east-ern skies with light are glo-ri-fied,—Hail the res - ur-rec - tion morn-ing!

No. 172. Christ is Risen! Hallelujah!

John S. B. Monsell. Hugh Wilson.

1. Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ris - en our vic - to-rious Head!
2. Christ is ris - en! all the sad - ness Of His earth - ly life is o'er:
3. Christ is ris - en! hence-forth nev-er Death o'er hell shall us en - thrall:

Sing His prais-es! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead!
Thro' the o - pen gates of glad - ness He re-turns to life once more;
We are Christ's, in Him for - ev - er We have triumphed o - ver all;

D.S.–*Sing His prais-es! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead!*

Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears;
Death and hell be - fore Him bend-ing, He doth rise, the vic - tor now;
All the doubting and de - jec - tion Of our trembling hearts have ceased:

Bow-ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing; Glo - ry 'round His wounded brow.
'Tis His day of res - ur - rec-tion! Let us rise and keep the feast.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!

No. 173. Song of the Bells.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

Joyously.

1. Sweet-ly chime, loud - ly chime, Peal a - gain in rhyth-mic rhyme!
2. Ring, ye bells! hills and dells, Clap your hands while mu - sic swells;
3. Mu - sic, swell! ev - 'ry bell On this day the glad news tell;

Sweet and clear on the ear, Chime, ye East - er bells so dear.
Glad hearts, sing; ev - er bring Trib - ute to your Lord and King.
"Tho' He died, cru - ci - fied, Long the grave could not Him hide."

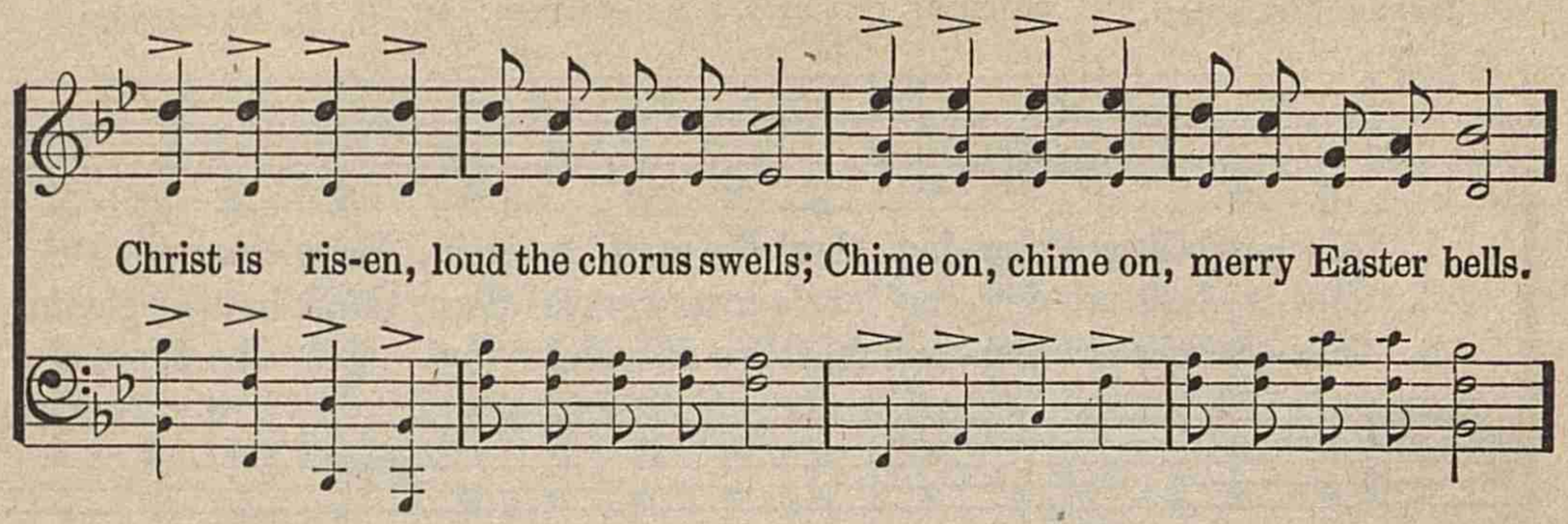
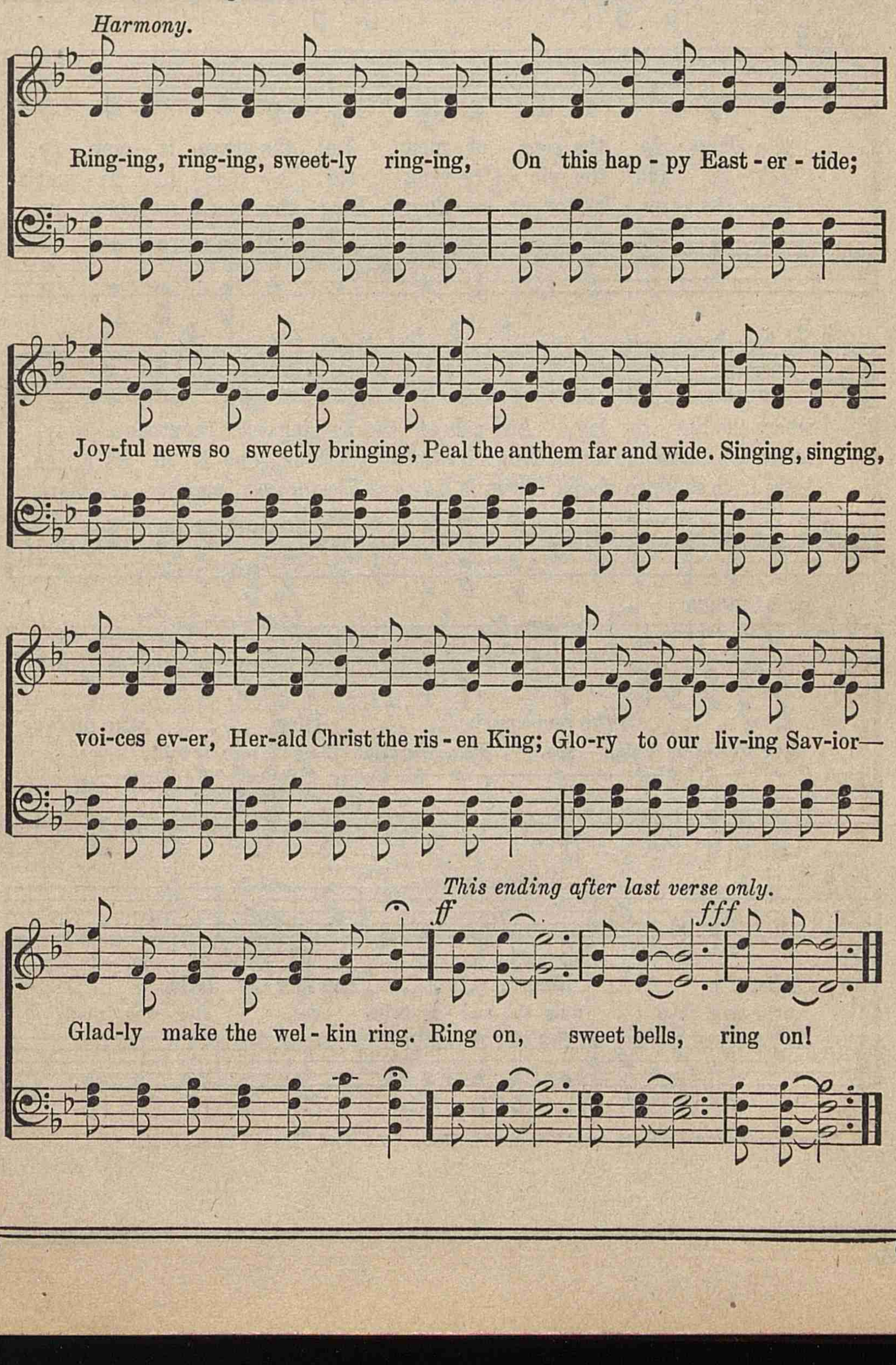
As ye ring, ev - er sing Prais - es to our Sav - ior King;
Sing glad strains, "Je - sus reigns Vic - tor o - ver death's do-mains."
Ring it out with a shout, "Je - sus put His foes to rout,

Ring to - day this glad lay, "Je - sus is the Life, the Way."
Sweet bells ring, "Christ is King, Death has lost his ven-omed sting."
Broke death's chain, rose a - gain, And to - day our King doth reign."

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Ring a - loud thro' ev'ry land and clime! Ring with joy this hap-py East-er time!

Song of the Bells.



No. 174. Merry Bells are Ringing.

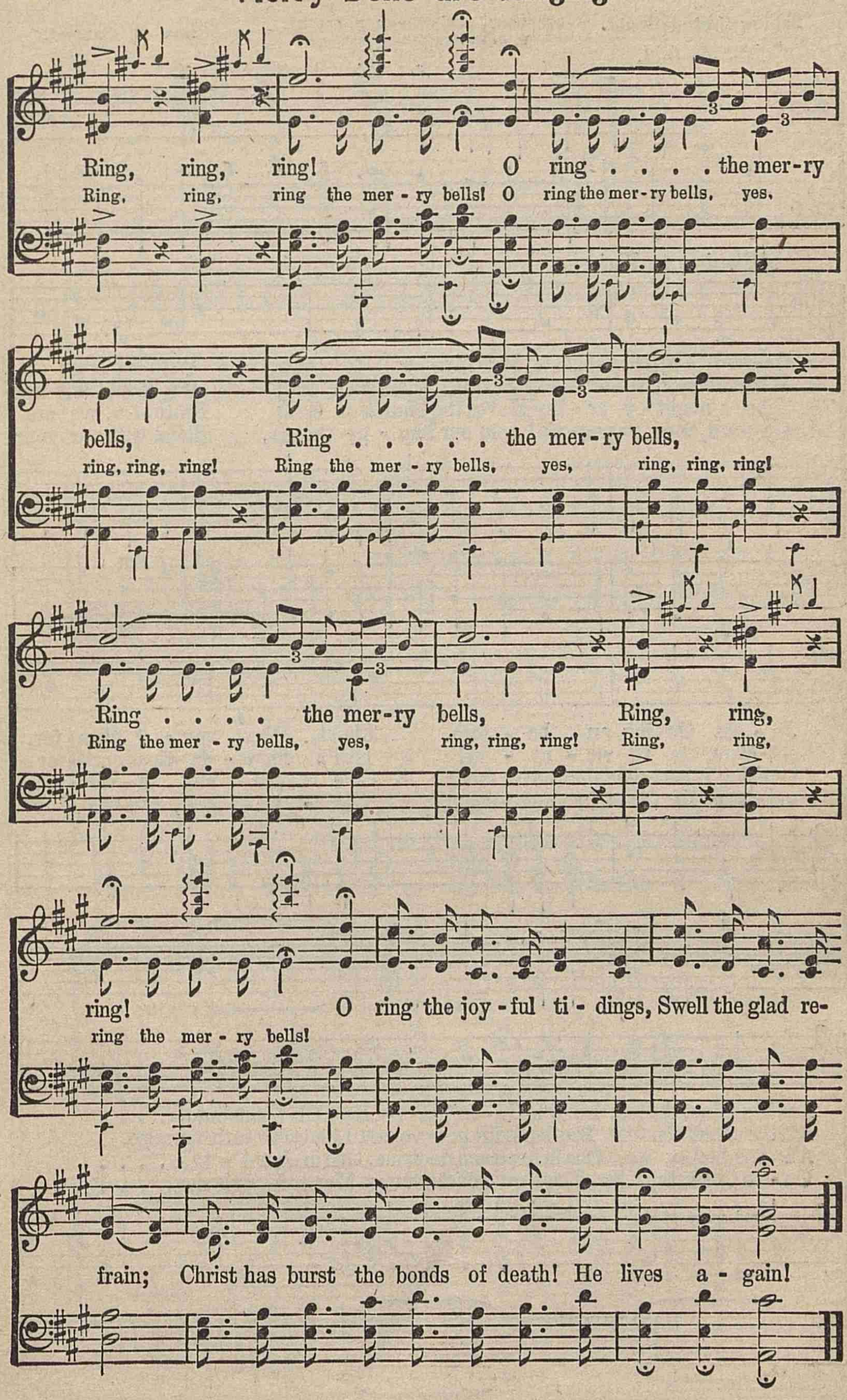
Jerome McCauley. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **W. E. M. Hackleman.**

1. *Mer - ry bells are ring - ing thro' the earth a - gain, Bring - ing joy - ful ti - dings to the sons of men; Lo! the grave is emp - ty where the Sav - ior lay, An - gels at the dawning rolled the stone a - way.
2. Mer - ry bells are ring - ing! love's great work is done; Christ hath fought the bat - tle and the vic - t'ry won; He a - rose in tri - umph from the darksome tomb, Now it shines in splendor, gone is all its gloom.
3. Mer - ry bells are ring - ing! shout! ye saints of joy! Let the praise of Je - sus ev - 'ry tongue em-ploy; Ring the mer - ry chim - ing bells from shore to shore, Christ is Roy - al Vic-tor now, and ev - er - more.

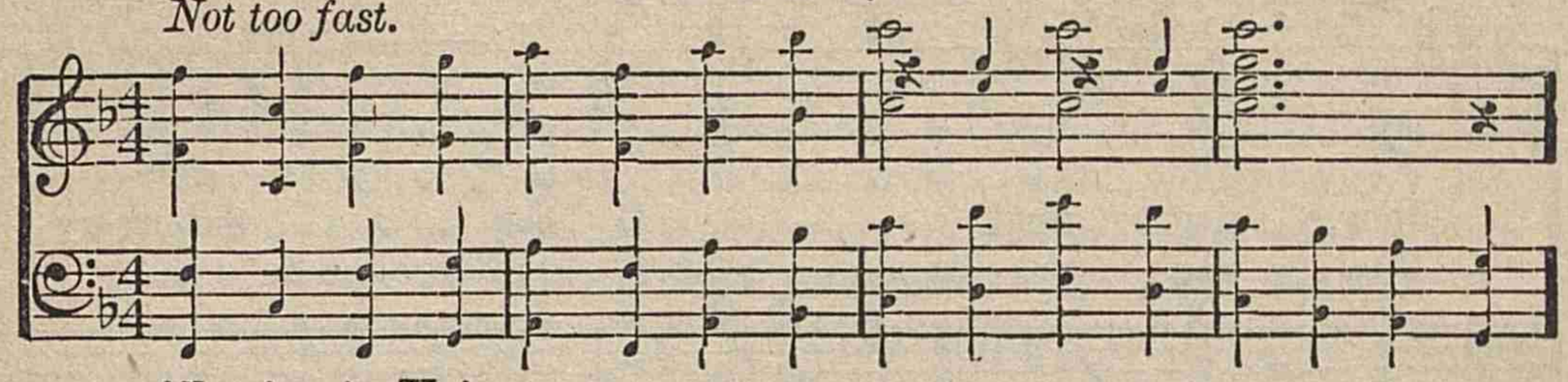
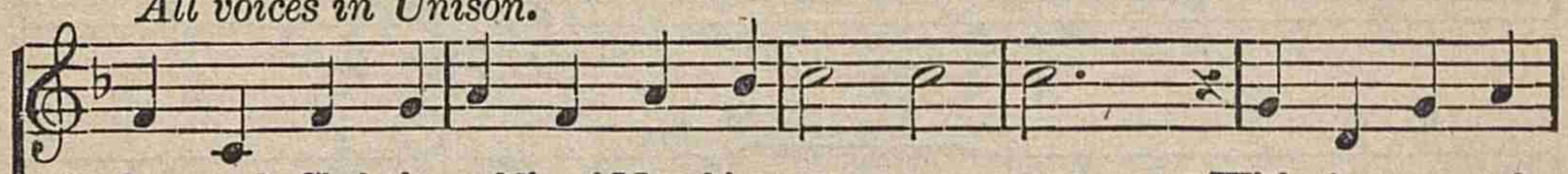
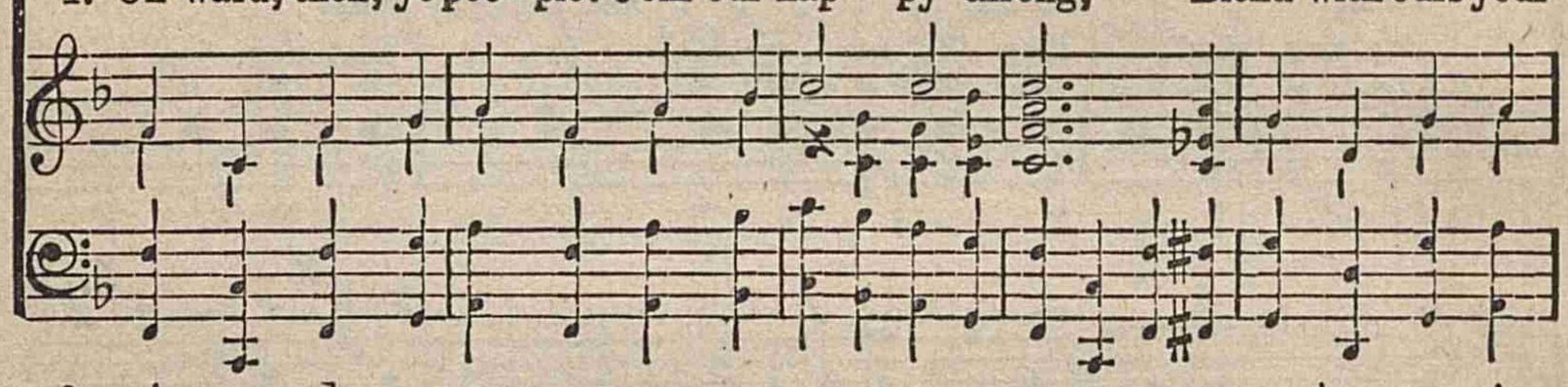
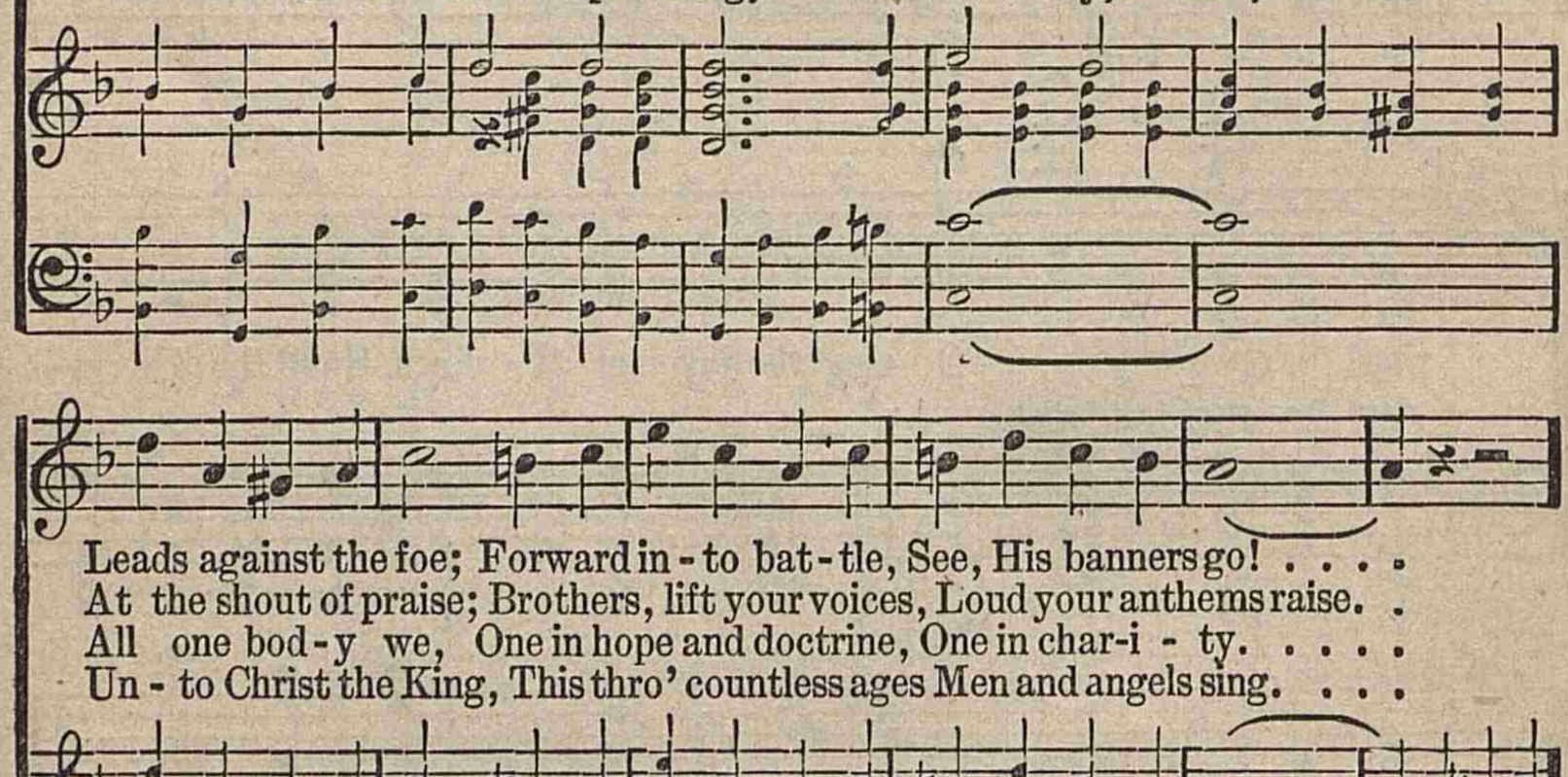
CHORUS.

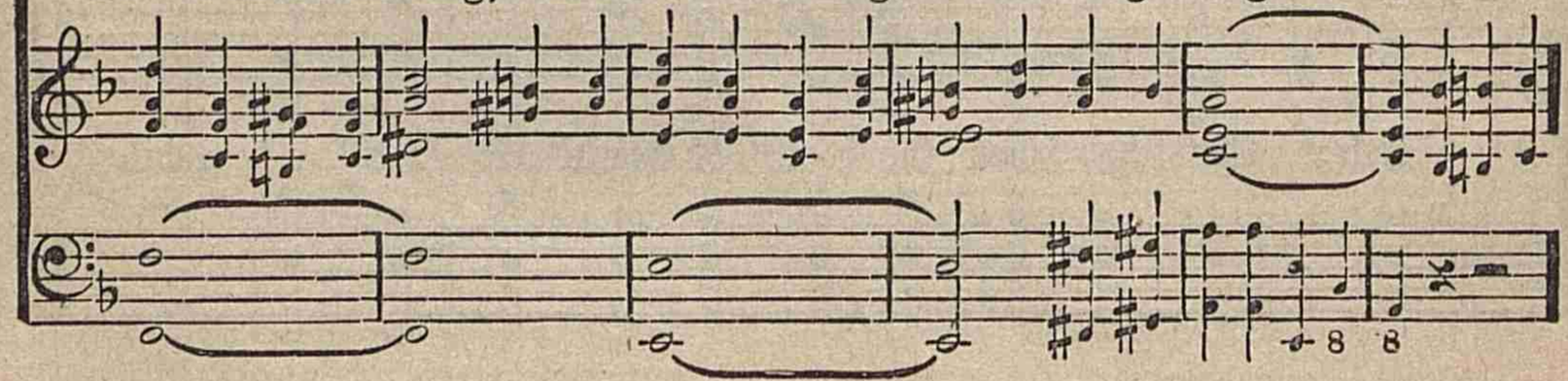
Ring . . . . the mer - ry bells, Ring . . . . the mer - ry bells,
Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring! Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring!
Ring . . . . . the mer - ry bells,
Ring the mer - ry bells, yes, ring, ring, ring!

*For Easter service use the word "Easter" in place of the word "Merry" throughout.

Merry Bells are Ringing.

No. 175. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

Not too fast.

All voices in Unison.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. When we march u-nit-ed, Sa-tan's hosts doth flee; On, then, Chris-tian
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
4. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter,
sol-diers, On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er
treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed,
voi-ces In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or

Leads against the foe; Forward in-to bat-tle, See, His banners go! . . . .
At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise. .
All one bod-y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty. . . . .
Un-to Christ the King, This thro' countless ages Men and angels sing. . . .



Onward, Christian Soldiers.

With the cross of Je - sus

On - ward! On - ward! With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing

On-ward, Christian soldiers! Onward! With the cross of Je - sus, With the cross of

Go-ing on be-fore. a'- gainst the

on be - fore. Christ, the roy- al Mas-ter, Leads a-gainst the foe, a-

Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. *8va.* –

f *ff*

foe; For-ward in - to bat-tle, See, His ban - ners go.

gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.

8va. – – For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.

3/24/18

No. 176. Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. MUSIC, AND WORDS OF CHORUS.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Isaac Watts. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.
3. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, tho' they die: They see the triumph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh. When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thine armies shine In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

ff

rit. e dim.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

CHORUS.

A - wake! ye slum - b'ring saints, a - wake! The

Lord hath need of thee; The dawn of tri - umph

8va.

rit.

soon will break In shouts of vic - to - ry!

8va.

No. 177. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!

Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,

Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Hail! . . . . . .

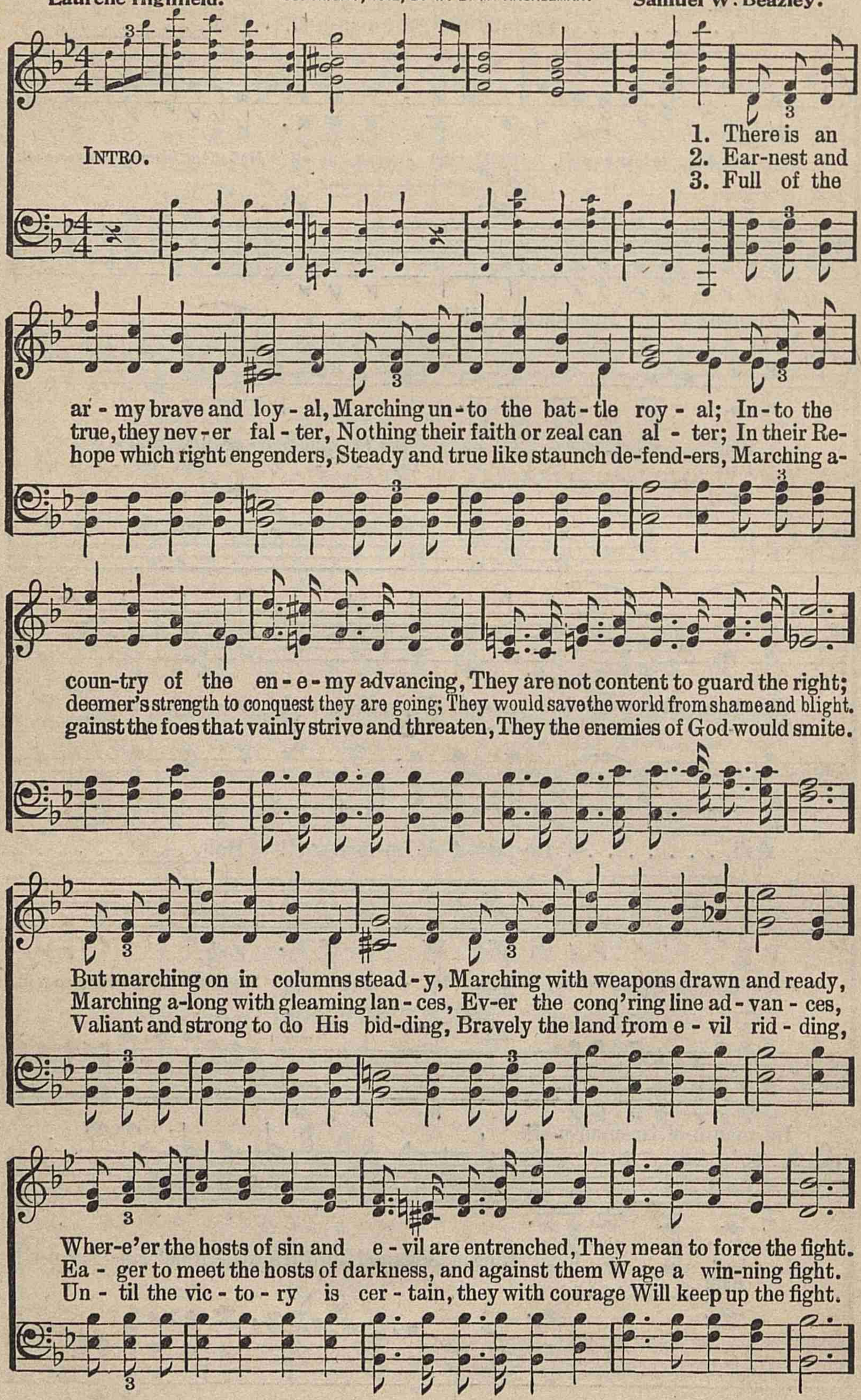
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

Hail! . . . . . .

No. 178. Into the Enemy's Country.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



Into the Enemy's Country.

CHORUS.

Marching a - gainst the hosts of e - vil, Where sin abounds, boldly the land they in-

Marching a-gainst the hosts of sin and night,

vade, ... Marching a - long to fight for Je - sus, Strong in His

for the right, Marching a - long to fight for truth and light,

strength, onward they go undismayed; Marching a - gainst the pow'rs of

to the fight; Marching a-gainst the pow'rs of

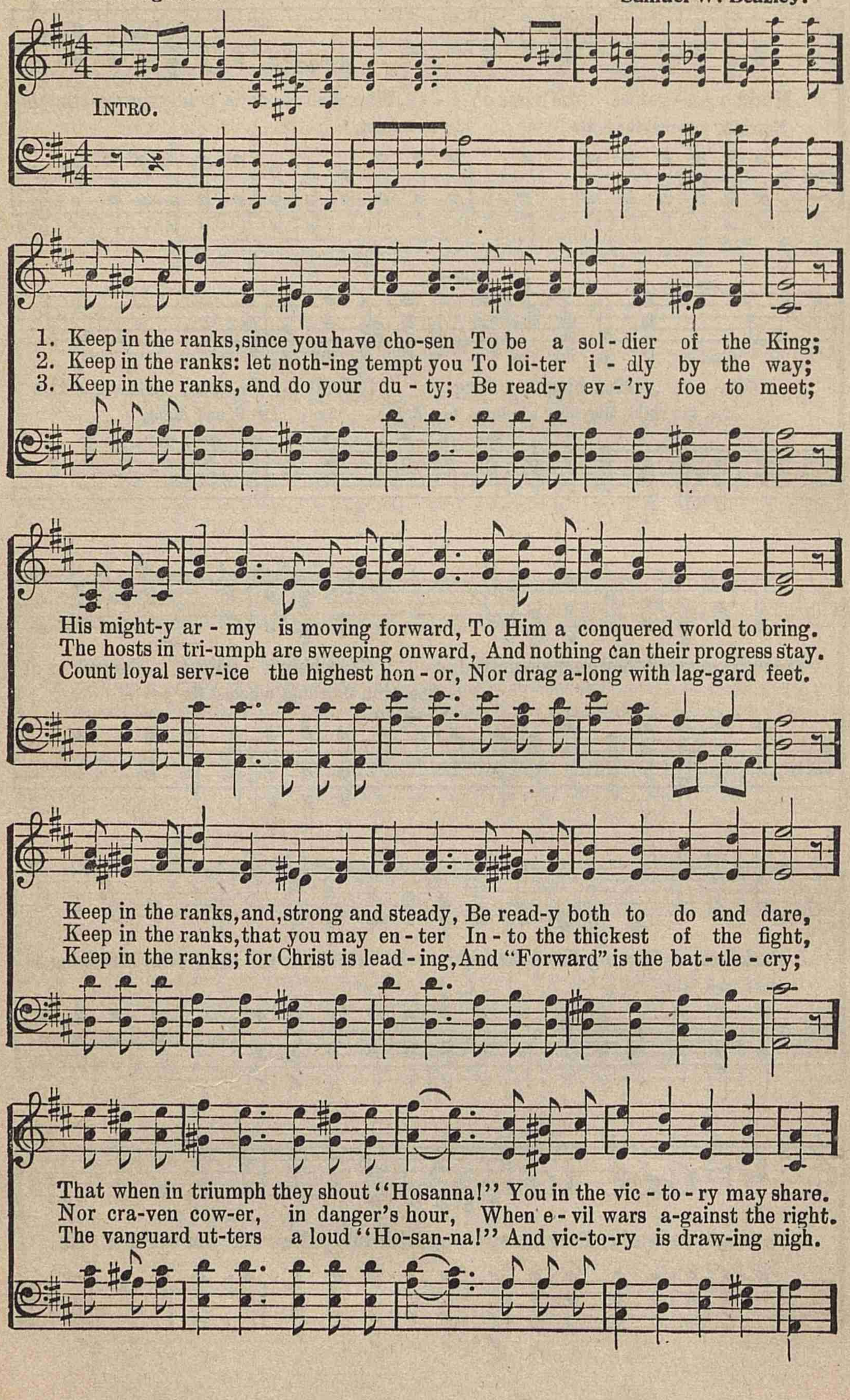
darkness, Forcing the fight wher-ev-er sin lurks in the shad-ows; Marching a-

dark and sin,

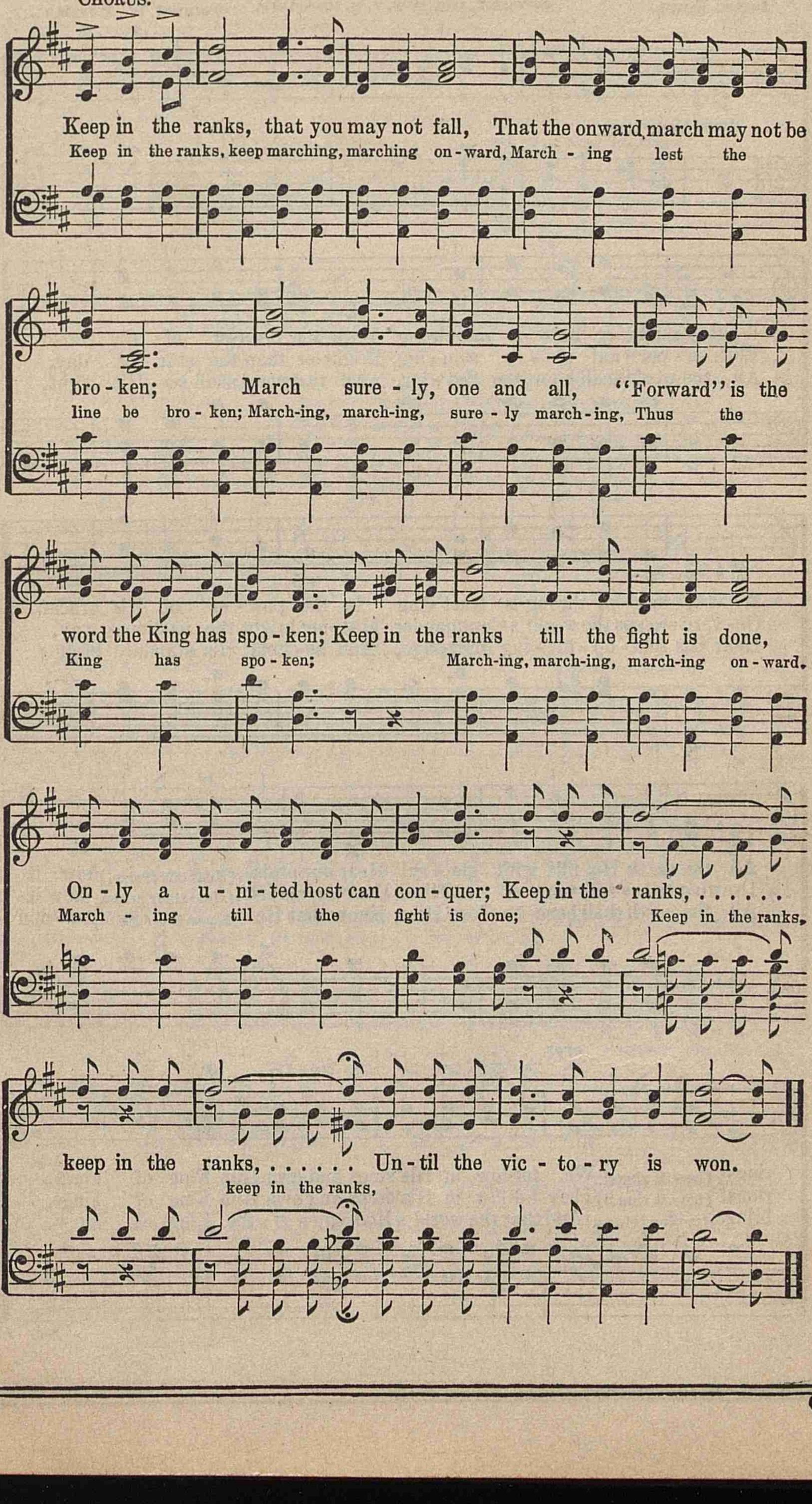
long right valiantly, They are striv-ing faith-ful-ly To rid the world of sin.

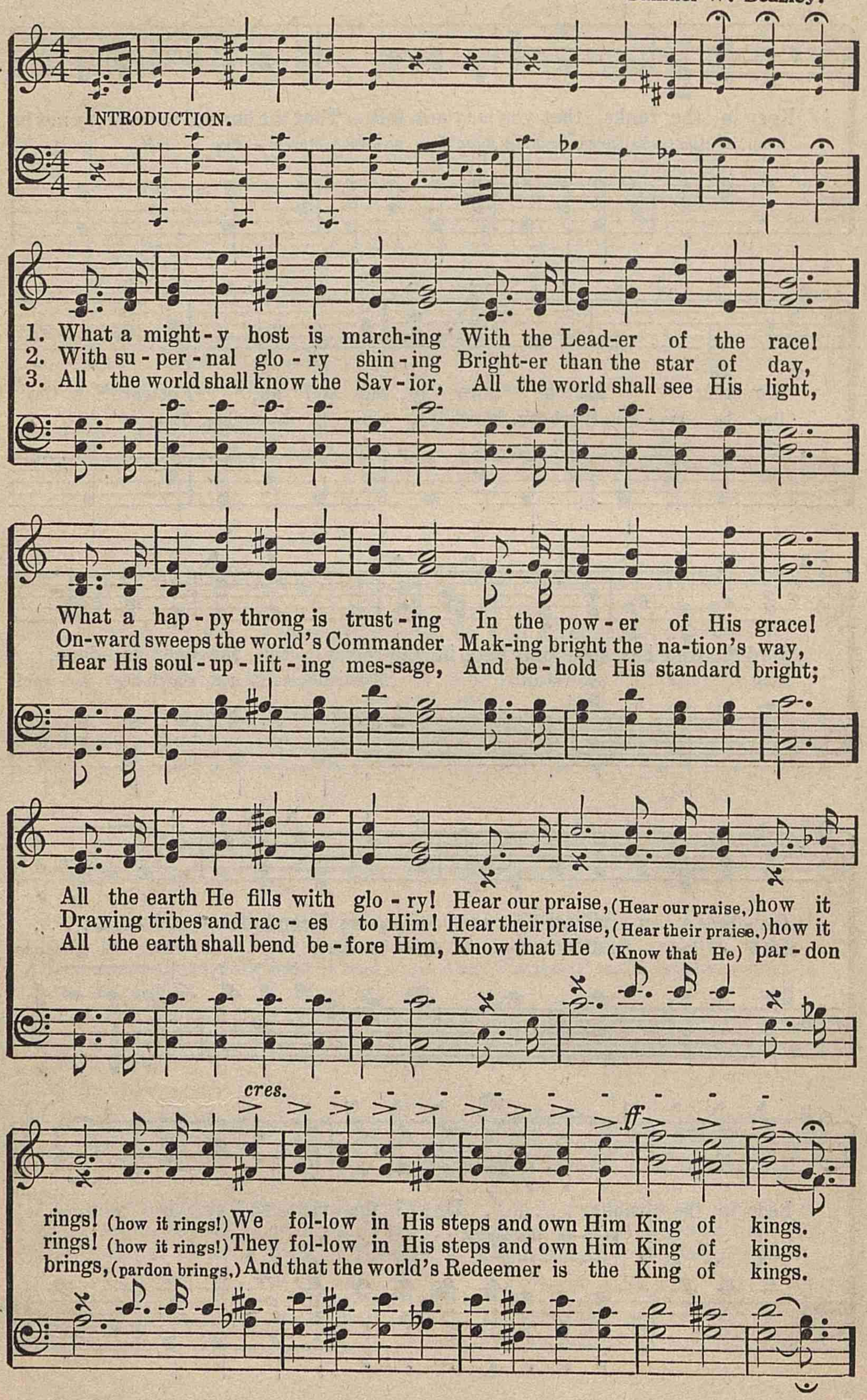
No. 179. Keep In the Ranks.

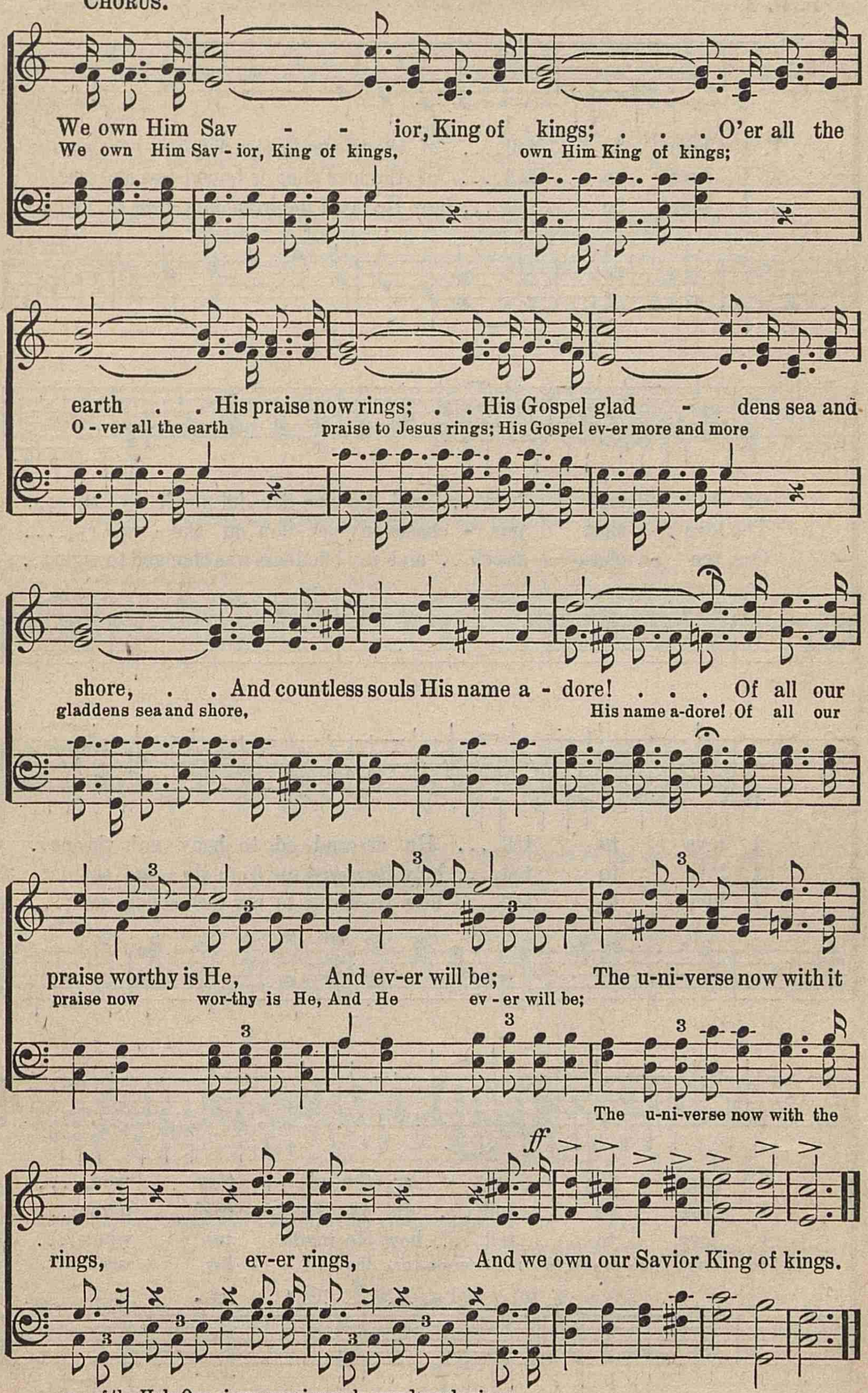
Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



Keep In the Ranks.

CHORUS.

No. 180. We Own Him King of Kings.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

We Own Him King of Kings.

CHORUS.

No. 181. I Love to Tell.

F. H. S. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. F. H. Shaul.

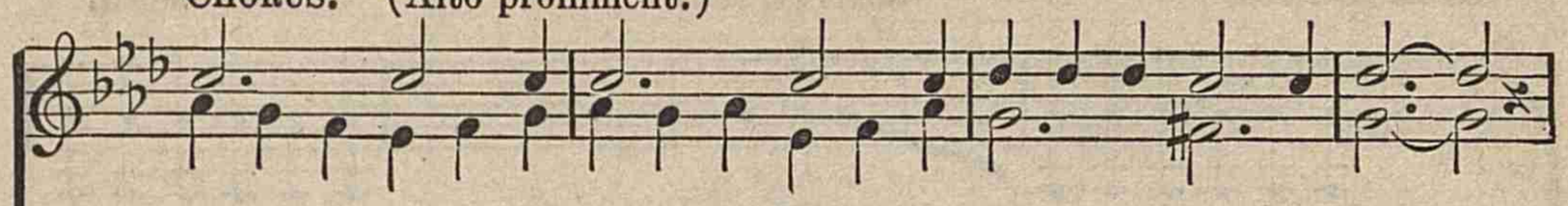
1. I love to tell.... of the tri-umph o'er death and the grave;
2. I love to tell.... of the love that is bound-less and free,
3. I love to tell.... how He bro't me from dark-ness to light;

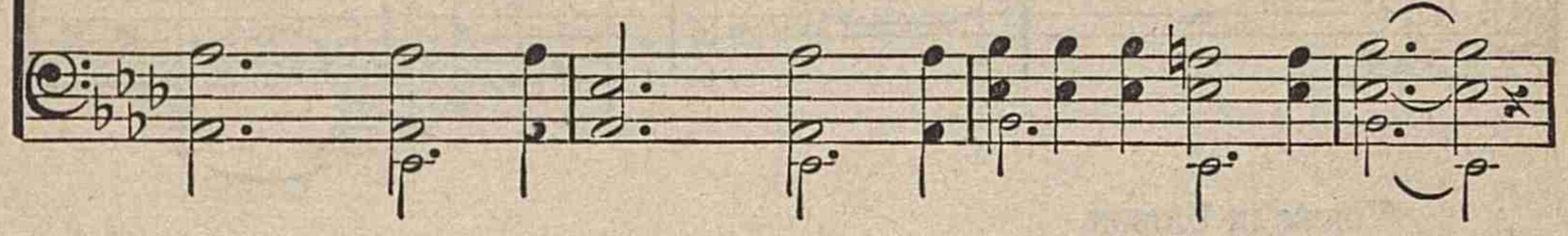
Of Je - sus' love.... and His won-der-ful pow'r to save;..
The love that pur - chased my par-don on Cal - va - ry;....
One ten - der touch,.. and my blindness was changed to sight;..

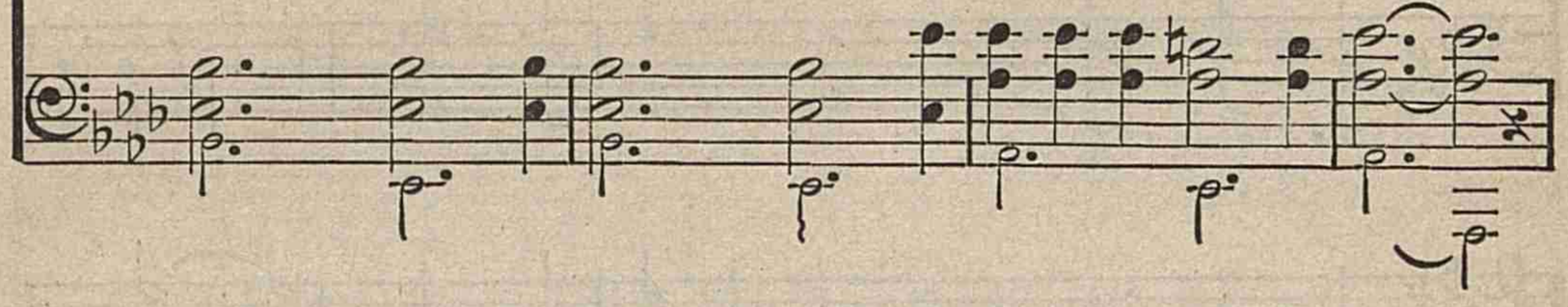
I love to tell.... He as-cend-ed to heav-en's throne..
I love to tell.... how He saved me from sin and shame;
I love to tell.... how He spoke to my trem-bling soul;...

To reign for - ev - er, the vic - t'ry won.....
I love to tell.... it in Je - sus' name....
I love to tell.... how He made me whole....
(1.) To reign for-ev-er, to reign for-ev-er, the vic - t'ry won.....

I Love to Tell.

CHORUS. (Alto prominent.)

Je - - sus is reign - ing in heav-en, O praise His name!

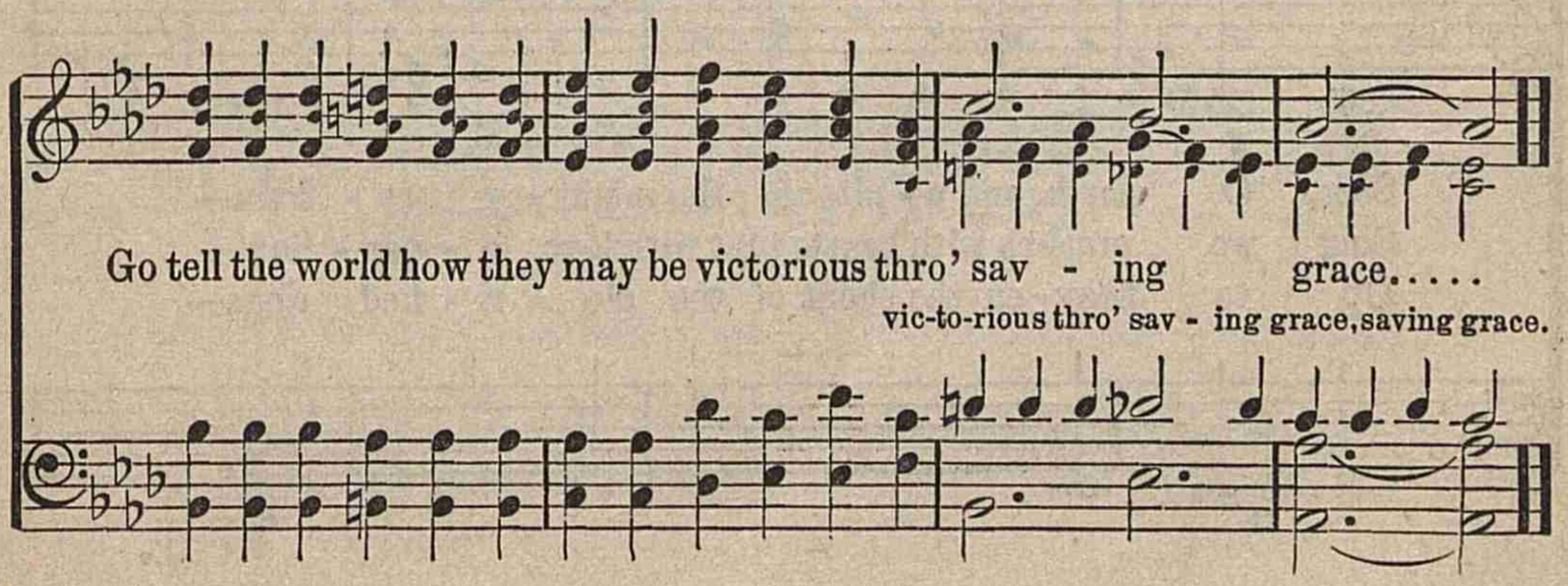
Je-sus is reign-ing in heav-en for-ev-er, O praise His name!

Laud and a-dore Him with song and with glad ac-claim!

Laud and a-dore Him with songs of re-joic-ing and glad ac - - claim!

Go tell the news, glo-rious news to the dy-ing race,

Go tell His vic-t'ry o'er death and the grave to the dy - - ing race,

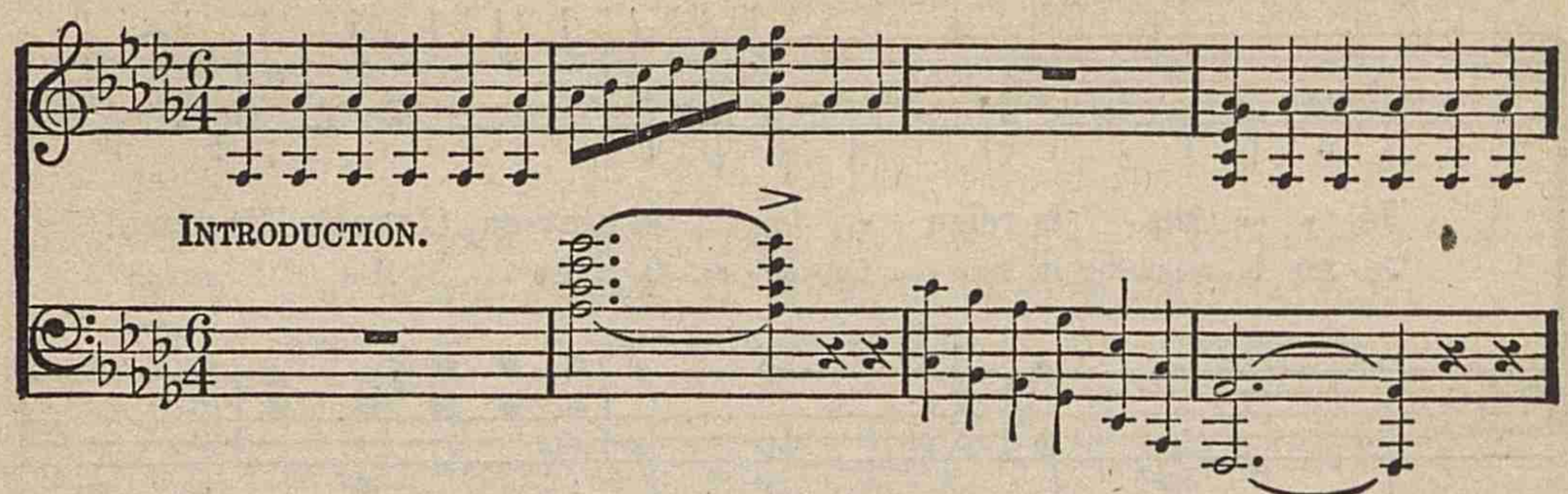
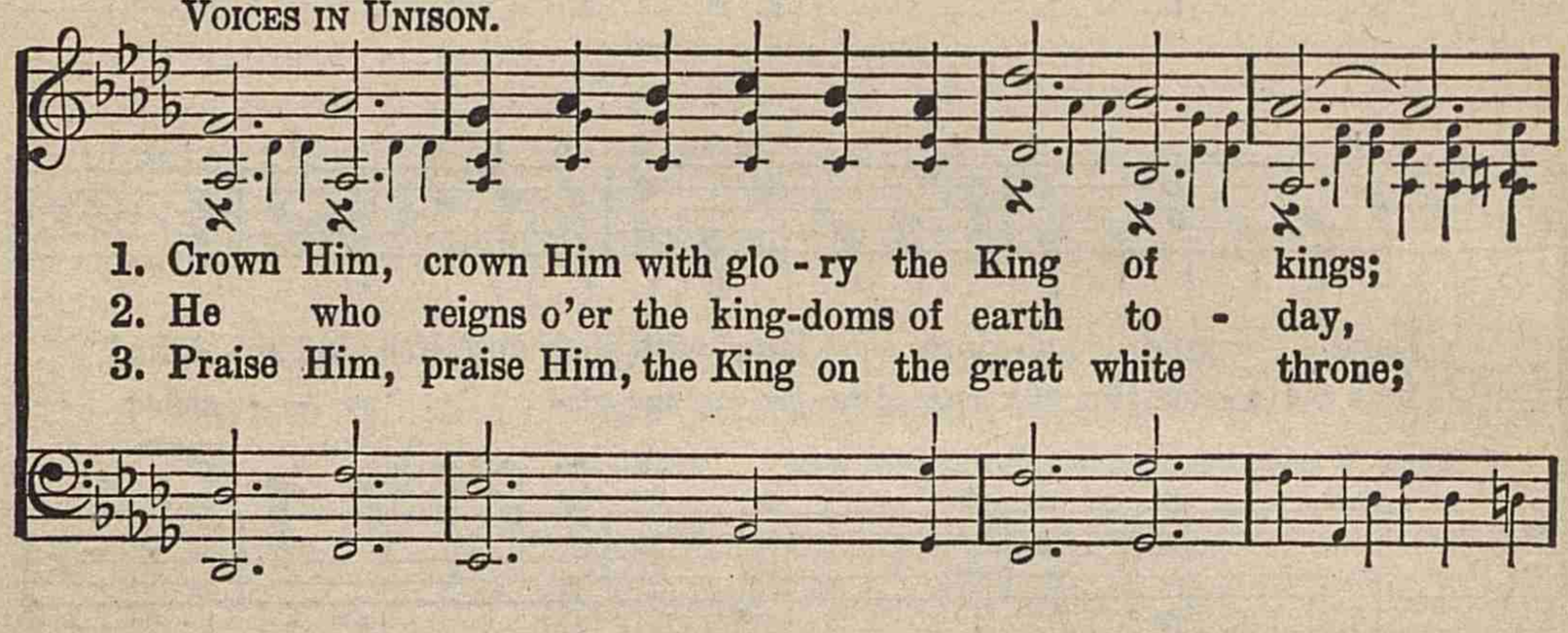
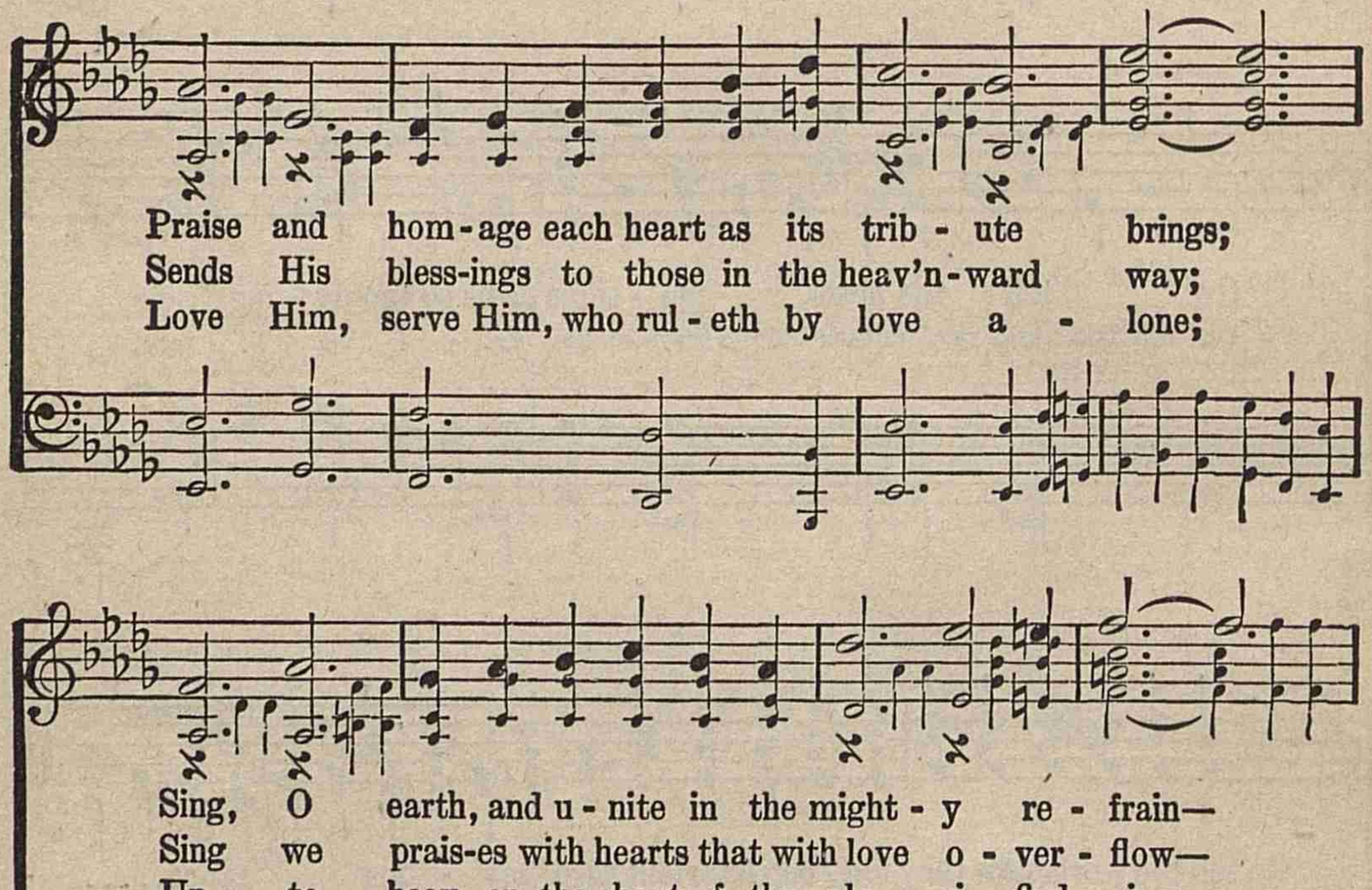
Go tell the world how they may be victorious thro' sav - ing grace.....

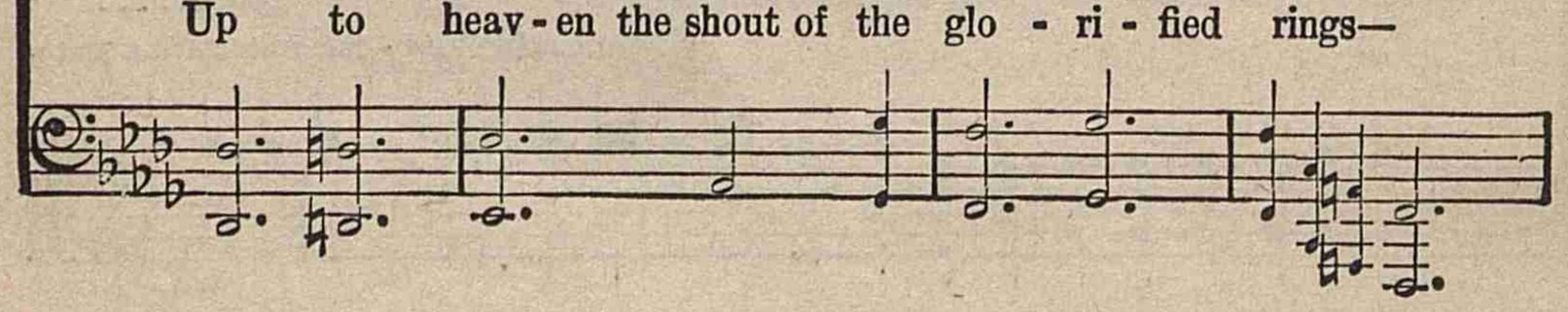
vic-to-rious thro' sav - ing grace, saving grace.



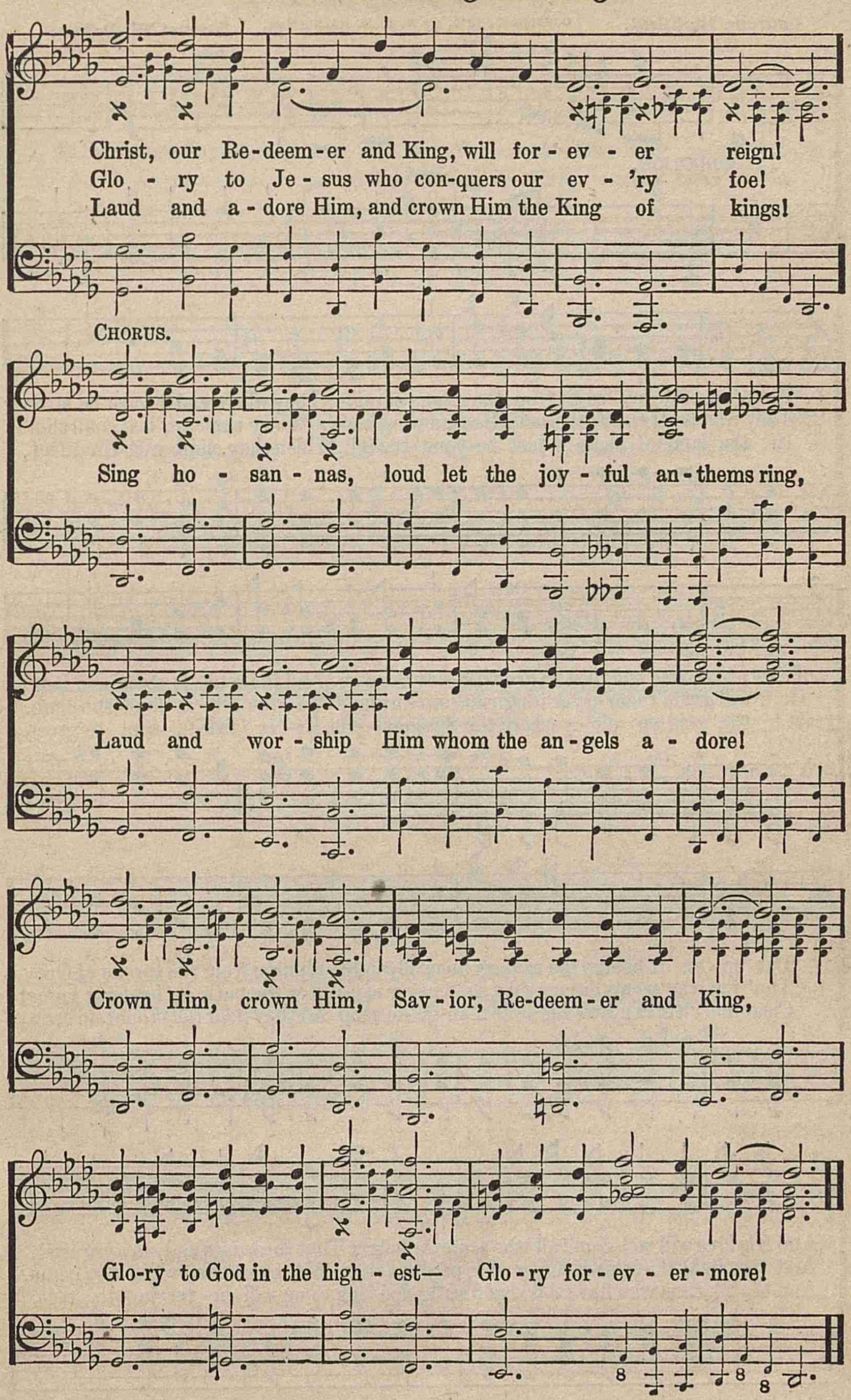
No. 182. Crown Him King of Kings.

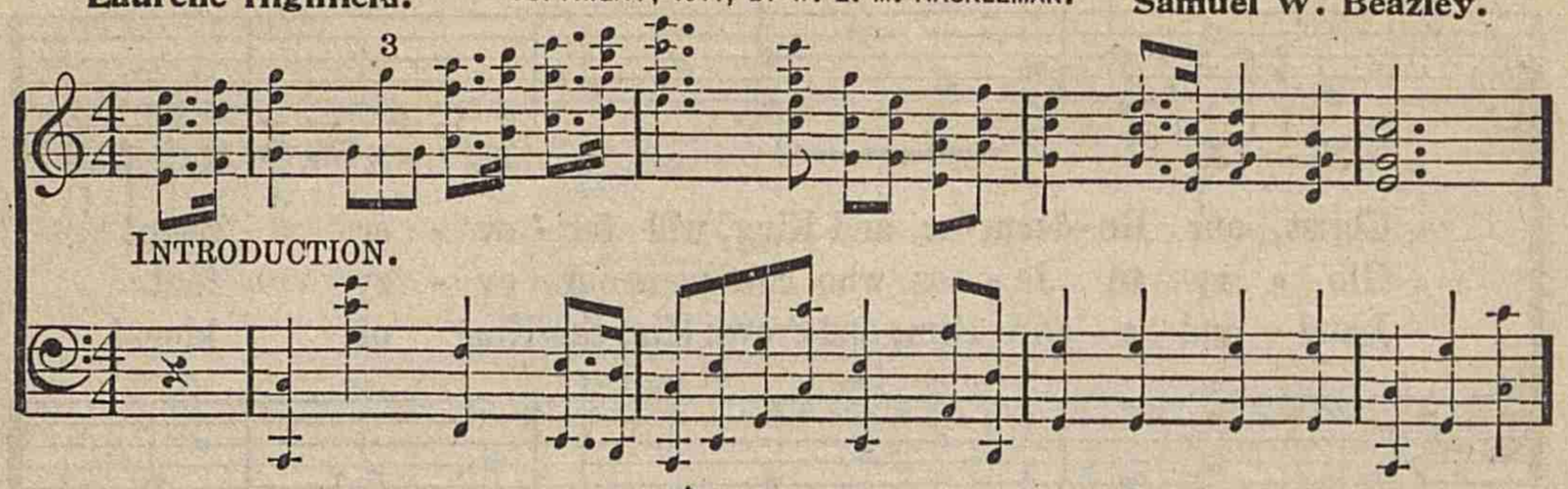
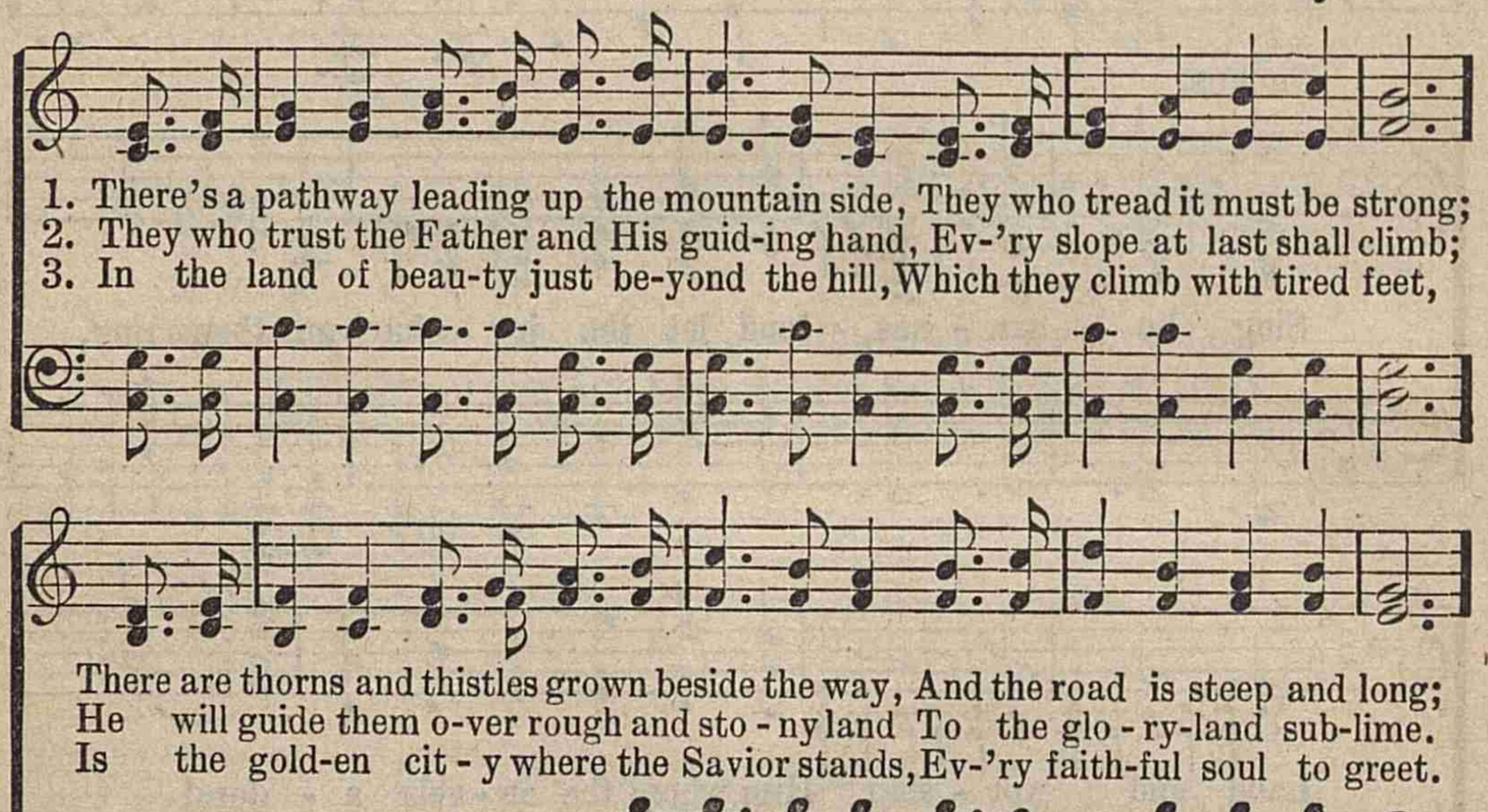
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. E. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. DeLoss Smith.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;

Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;

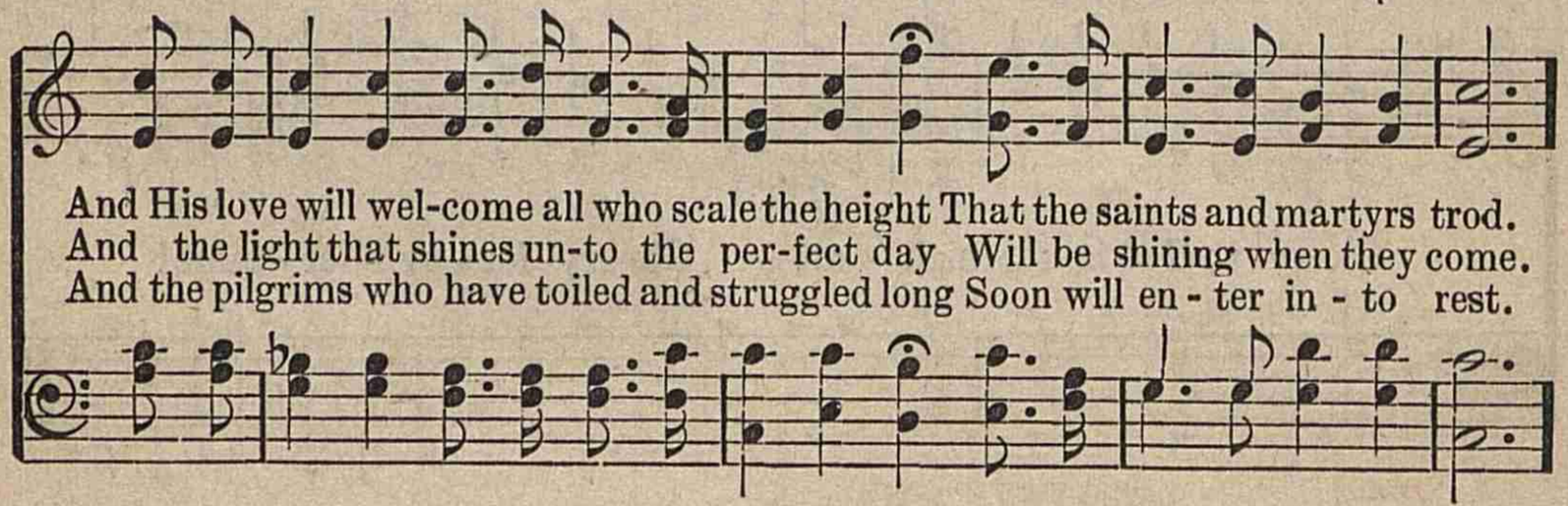


Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

No. 183. The Upward Way.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. There's a pathway leading up the mountain side, They who tread it must be strong;
2. They who trust the Father and His guid-ing hand, Ev-'ry slope at last shall climb;
3. In the land of beau-ty just be-yond the hill, Which they climb with tired feet,

There are thorns and thistles grown beside the way, And the road is steep and long;
He will guide them o-ver rough and sto - ny land To the glo - ry-land sub-lime.
Is the gold-en cit - y where the Savior stands, Ev-'ry faith-ful soul to greet.

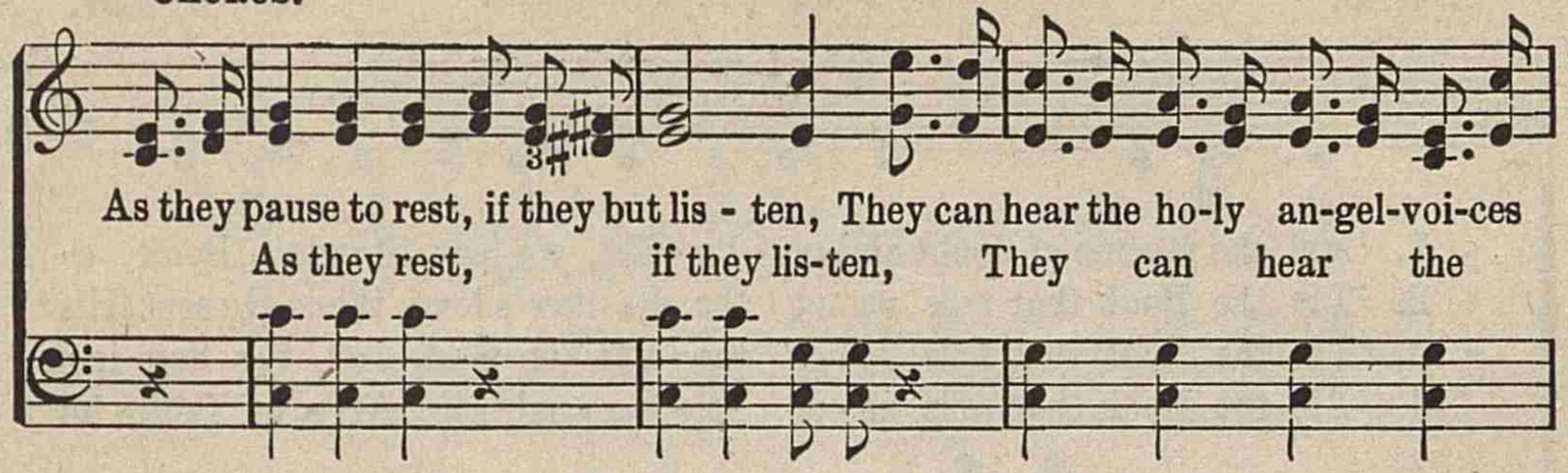
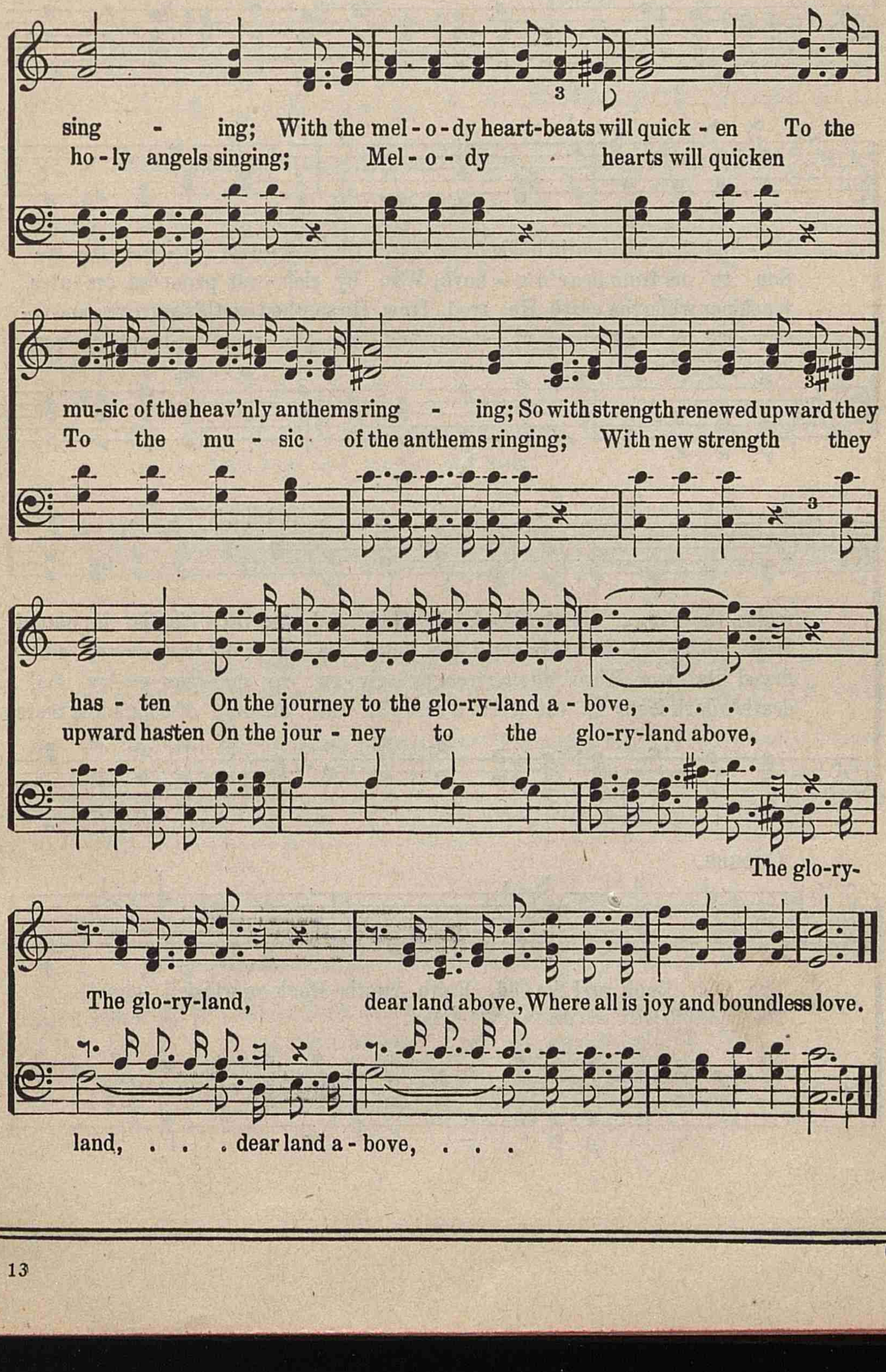
But up - on it beams the radiant heav'nly light, Shining from the throne of God,
Tho' the way seems dreary they shall never stray, For the path is lead-ing home;
Clear and clearer grows the sweet, an-gel-ic song As they near the mountain crest,



And His love will wel-come all who scale the height That the saints and martyrs trod.
And the light that shines un-to the per-fect day Will be shining when they come.
And the pilgrims who have toiled and struggled long Soon will en - ter in - to rest.

The Upward Way.

CHORUS.



No. 184. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

G. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Geo. H. Carr.

1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief, we fear, Stands a Book e-
2. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the Fa-ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav-ior's
4. 'Tis the Book that tells us of E - ter-nal Life, Aft - er faith-ful

ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re-
Son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom-ise cre-ates
teachings while the earth He trod, How He soothed earth's sorrows, and re-
serv - ice in a world of strife, And this glo - rious tri-umph o - ver

mains the same, 'Tis the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is its name!
Hope with - in, For 'tis thro' His blood we are saved from ev-'ry sin!
lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con-quer ev-'ry foe!
death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of count-less tears!

CHORUS.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith on which I stand!

The Old Book and the Old Faith.

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the bul-wark of the land! ...

The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

Thro' storm and stress they stand the test, In ev-'ry clime and na-tion blest;

The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!

The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith

GRAND CHORUS AT CLOSE. (*May be omitted.*)

Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!

rit.

Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!

No. 185. Servant of All.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY VAWTER AND HACKLEMAN.

C. A. F.

Chas. A. Finch.

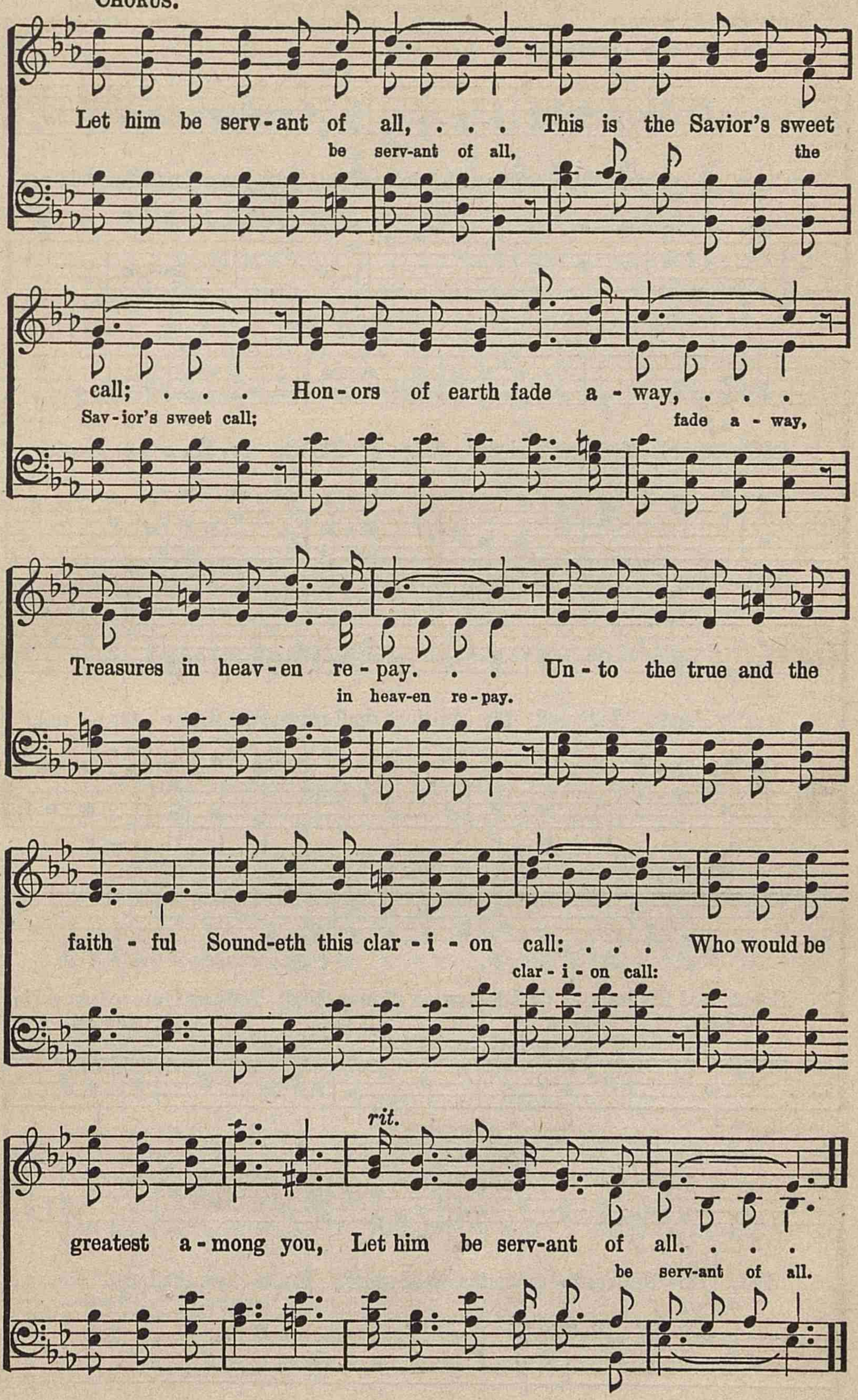
1. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
2. Who would be greatest a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all;
3. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—What shall the prof-it then be,
4. Who would be greatest a-mong you,—Moth-er of Zeb - e - dee's sons,

This is the Sav-ior's commandment, This is the Spir-it's sweet call.
Drink of the cup of My sor - row, Taste of earth's wormwood and gall.
Gain - ing the world, if thou los - est Life thro' e - ter - ni - ty?
Seats of the kingdom are giv - en Him who in low - li - ness comes.

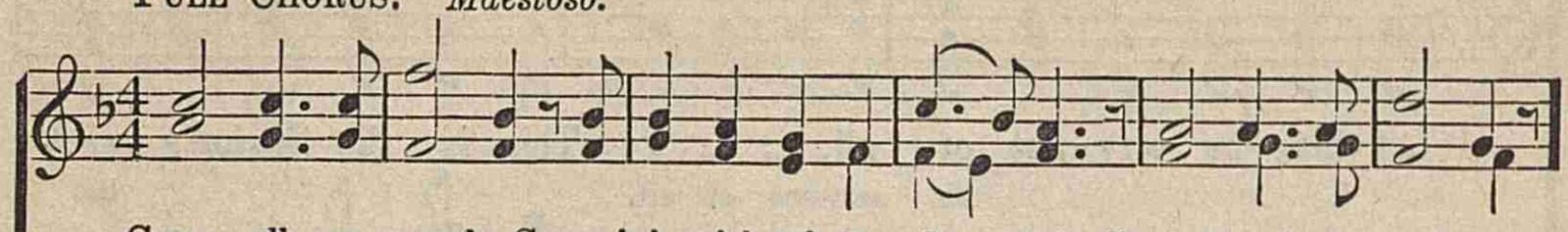
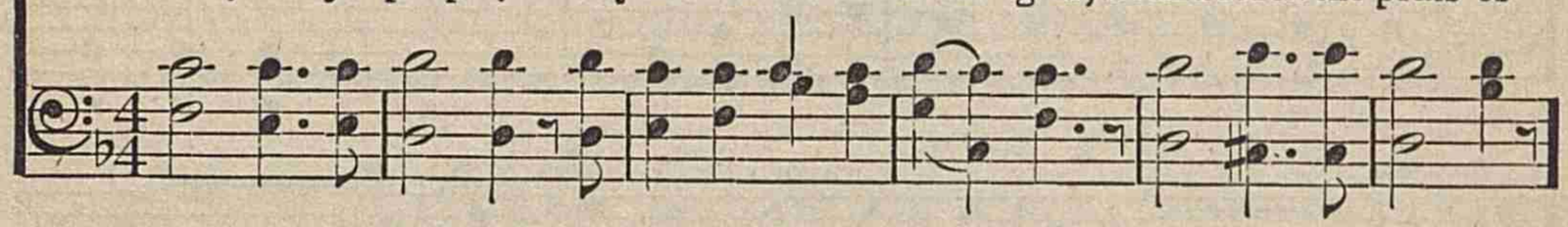
Un - to the true and the faith - ful Soundeth this clar - i - on call:
Deep are Geth-sem - a - ne's shad - ows, Yon-der the cross, grim and tall:
Voi - ces of pleas-ure are call - ing Un - to the ban-quet-ing hall:
Thrones on My right and My left hand On - ly to he-roes shall fall:

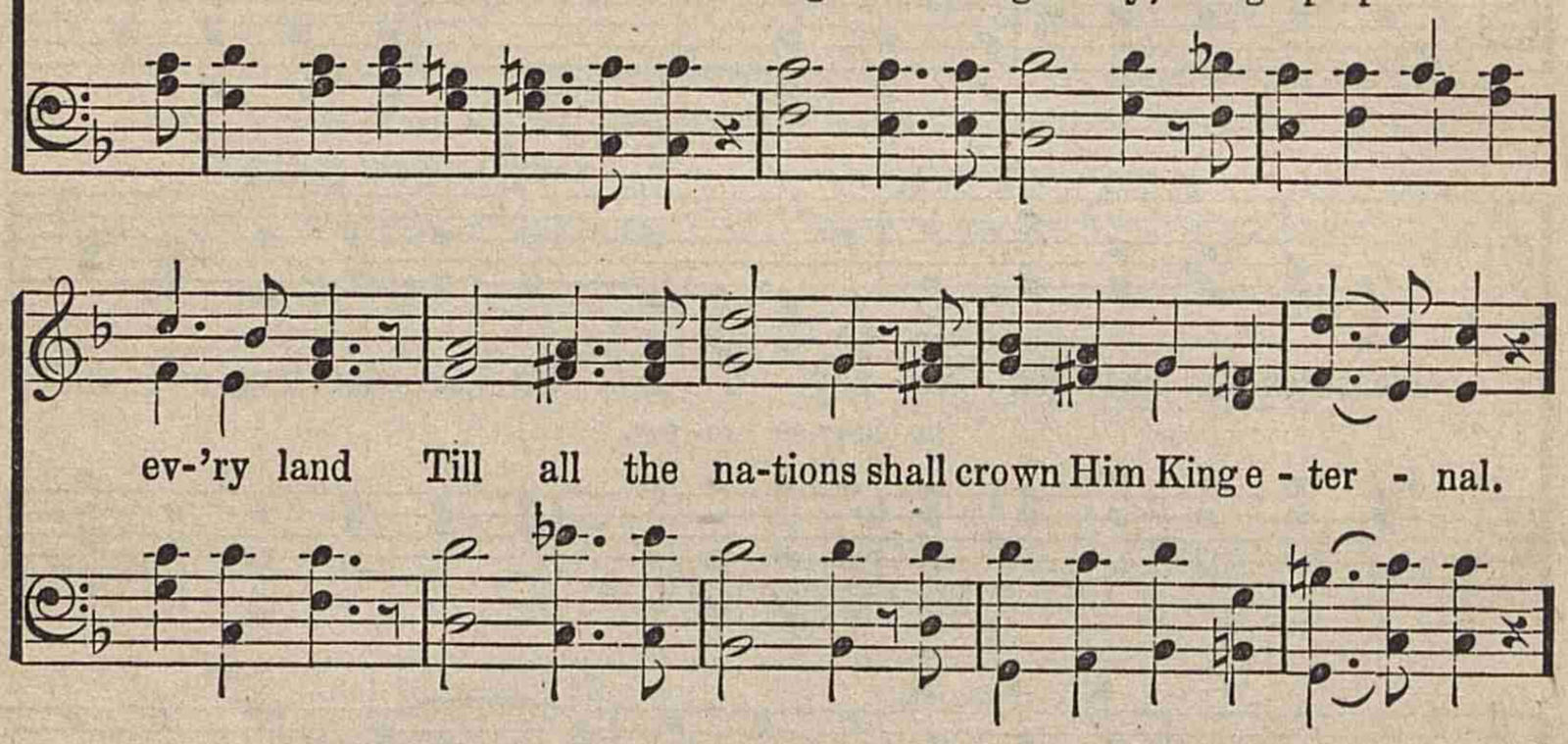
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Who would be great-est a-mong you, Let him be serv-ant of all.
Those who o - bey My commandments, These are the greatest of all.

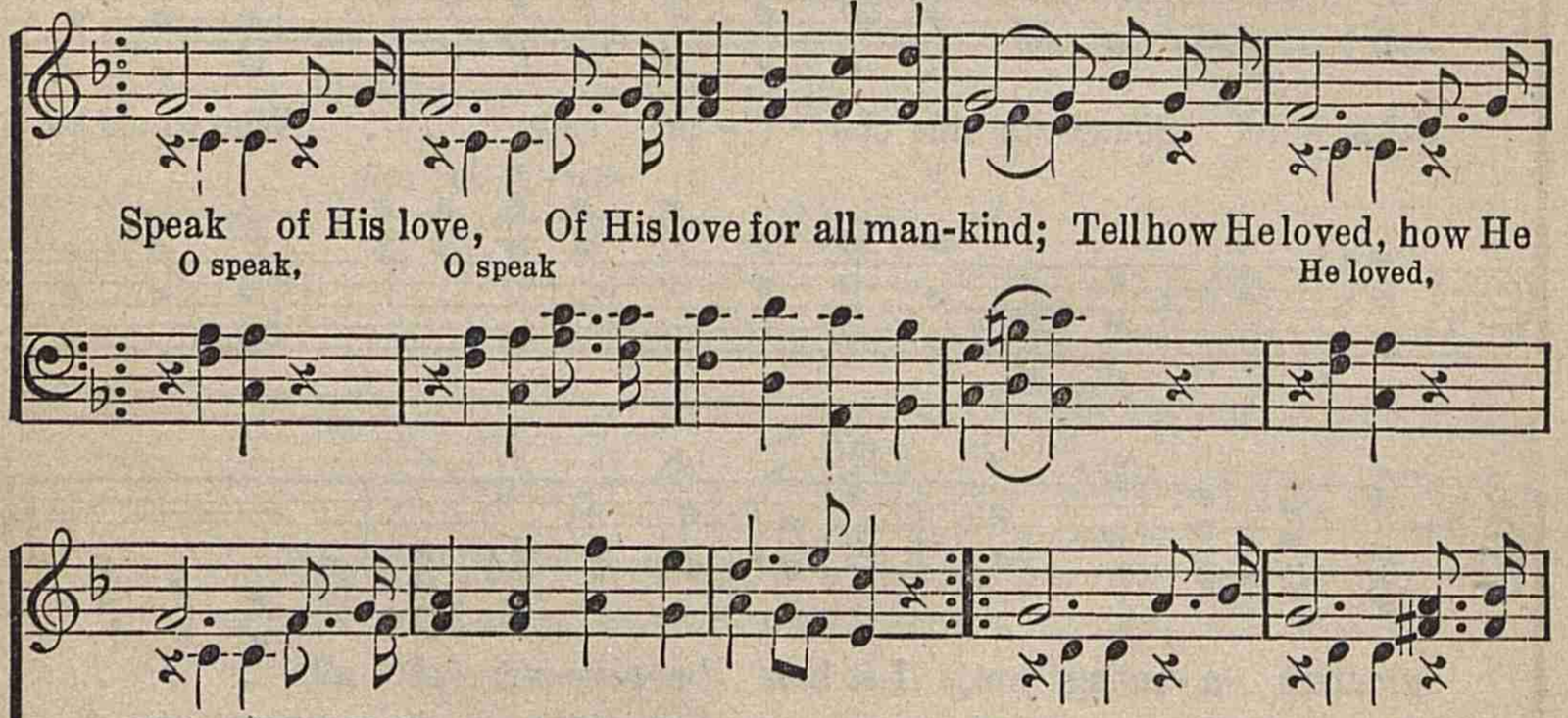
Servant of All.

CHORUS.

No. 186. Come, All Ye People.

Americus W. Conner. WORDS AND ARR. OF MUSIC
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. **Arr. from Chas. Gounod.**

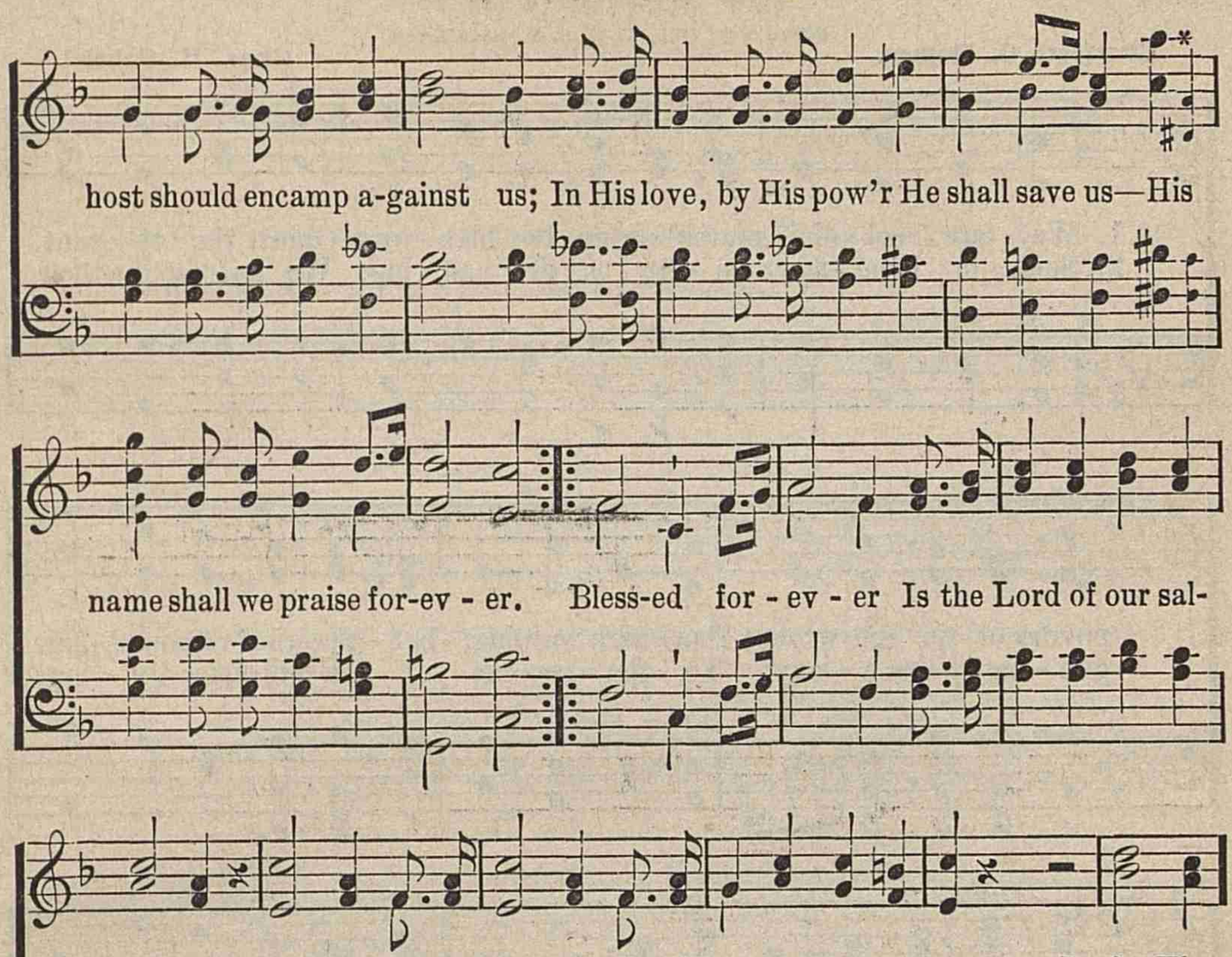
FULL CHORUS. *Maestoso.*

Come, all ye people, Come join with saints and an - gels; Sound forth the prais-es

Of Christ our Lord, once cru-ci-fied. Sing of His glo - ry, His gospel preach in



ev-'ry land Till all the na-tions shall crown Him King e - ter - nal.

Speak of His love, Of His love for all man-kind; Tell how He loved, how He
O speak, O speak He loved,

died, How He lives and reigns for-ev-er-more. Praise we the Lord, Tho' a
He died, O praise, O praise,

Come, All Ye People.



*Use small notes if desirable.

No. 187.

On, Joyfully On.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol - diers march-ing up the high - way 'Gainst the ty - rant pow'rs of sin and wrong; Ban - ners wav-ing, bat - tle-cries re-sound - ing,
2. Souls in bond - age un - to us are call - ing; We must strike their gall - ing chains a - way; To the res - cue of the mil-lions dy - ing,

We re - joice, al-though the foe is strong. Christ, our great Com-man-der,
We are march-ing, fight-ing ev - 'ry day. See! the clouds are rift - ing,

leads us on - ward, Al-ways marching on be - fore, Urg - ing, cheering when
soon with sun - shine All the world shall be a - flame, Ev - 'ry na - tion re-

CHORUS.

foes, ap-pear-ing, Would drive us from their shore. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
ceive sal - va - tion, In our Im-man-uel's name! Tramp,.....

On, Joyfully On.

thro' a world of woe; Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, sing-ing as we go;

Tramp,.....

On-ward! on-ward! for-ward! for-ward! Per-ils fade, and foes be-fore us fly,

Vic-to-ry is draw-ing nigh! On, joy-ful-ly on, Wand'ring

On, on, on, with joy we go, His

ones..... to gath-er in; On, on, joy-ful-ly on, We

wan-d'ring ones to gath-er in; On, on we go, with joy we go, We

1 2

go..... to fields of sin; Yes, go..... the prize to win.....

brave-ly go to fields of sin; Yes, brave-ly go the prize to win.

No. 188. Praise Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY W. E. M. HACKELMAN.

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

1. A-wake! let songs of joy and glad-ness ring Un - to Him, un - to
2. A-wake, and ren-der more than songs of praise Un - to Him,

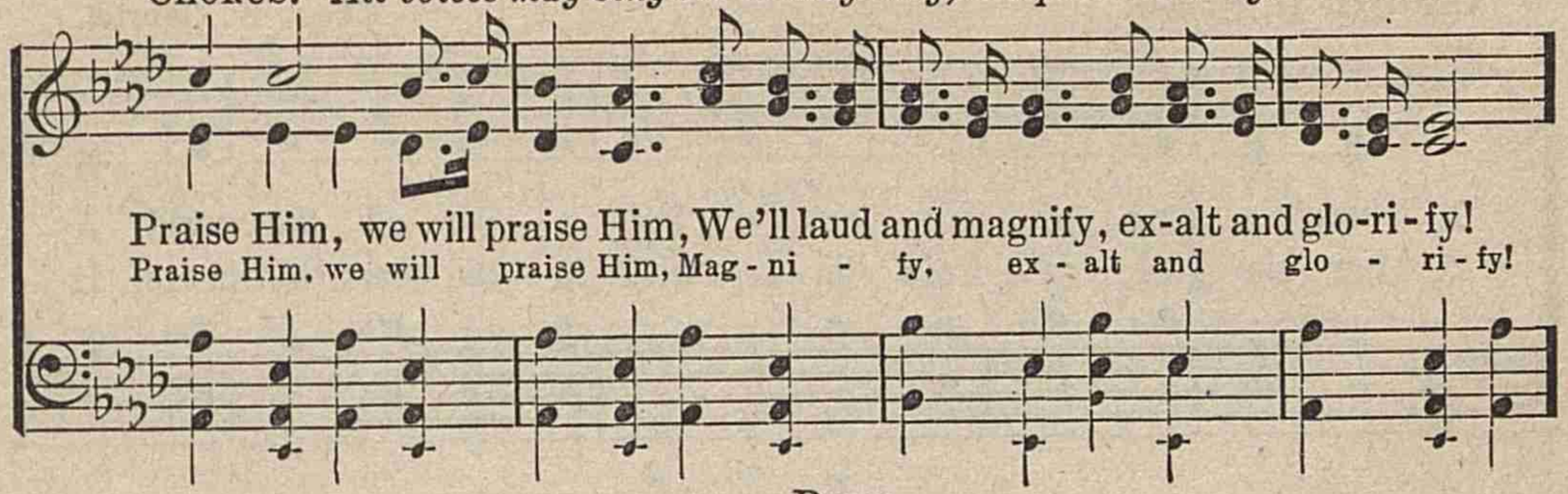
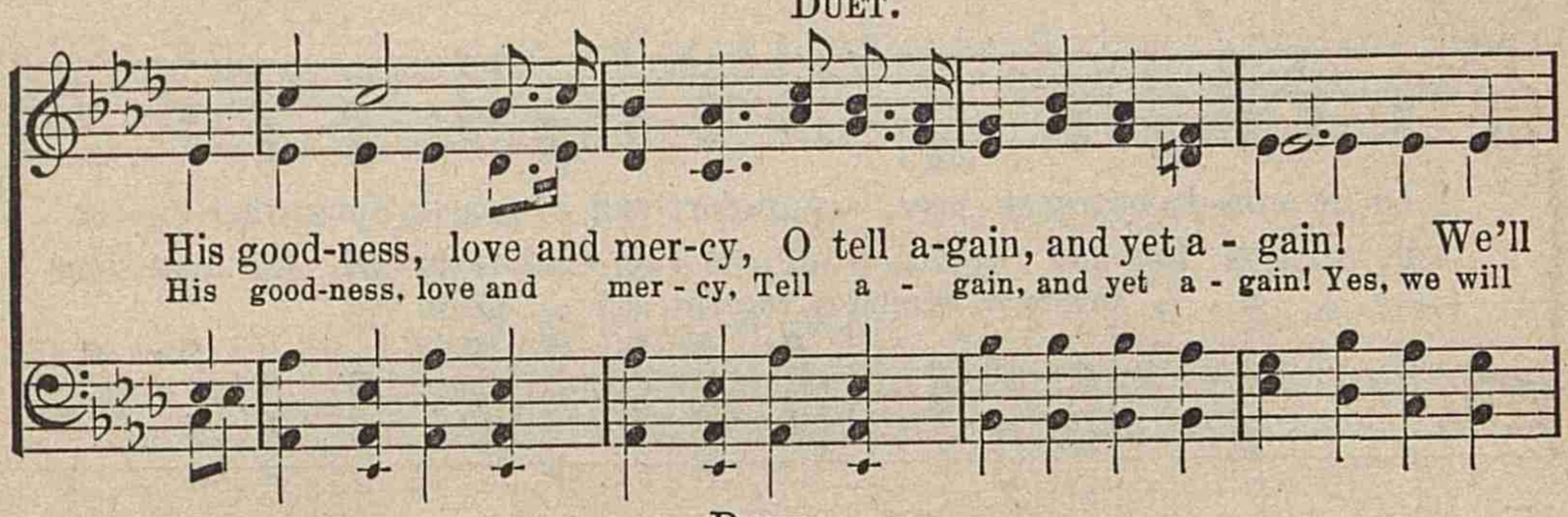
Him, Let men with an - gels join His praise to sing, Hal - le -
un - to Him, For, lo! we're in the midst of har - vest day, And the

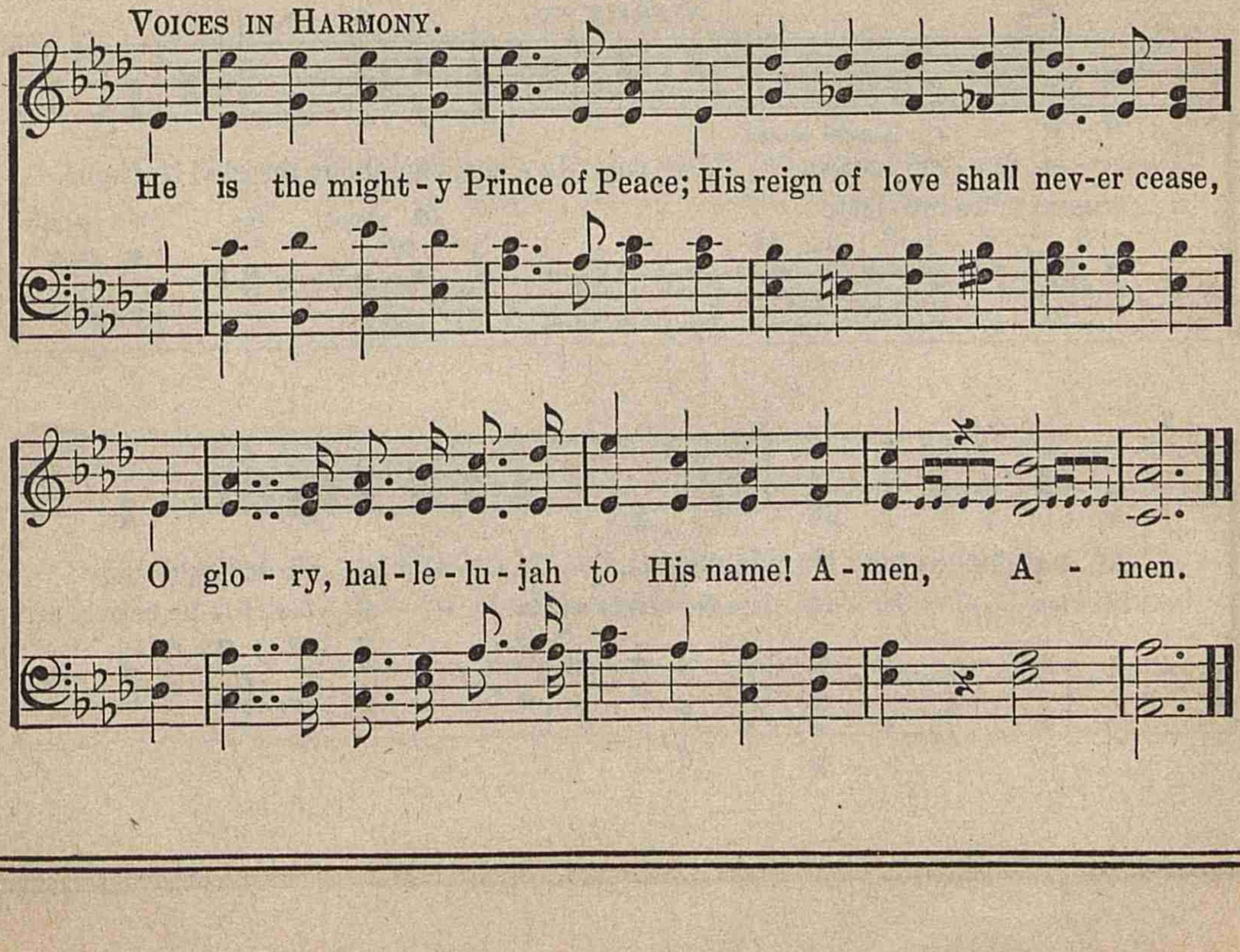
lu - jah to His name! He suffered for me, He bled and died on the tree,
Mas-ter calls for you; Look out o'er the plain; Go forth and gather the grain,
Hal - le-lu - jah
And the Master

For - ev - er His shall the praise and glo-ry be! We'll love, mag - ni - fy, a - dore
For, doubters, love shorn of works will be in vain. Go out to the fields of sin

And praise Him for - ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu - jah to the King!
And gath - er the wan-d'rers in, Call them from the broad high-ways.

Praise Him.

CHORUS. *All voices may sing the melody only, except the last eight measures.*

DUET.

VOICES IN HARMONY.



No. 189. The Song of Joy.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a song of joy ech - o - ing o - ver all the world, A
2. How the glad re - frain lin - gers with - in the heart that hears! It

song of won-drous sweet - ness, com - fort and of peace; Sung wher-ev - er
tells of sins for - giv - en, of e - ter - nal rest; Of the man-sions

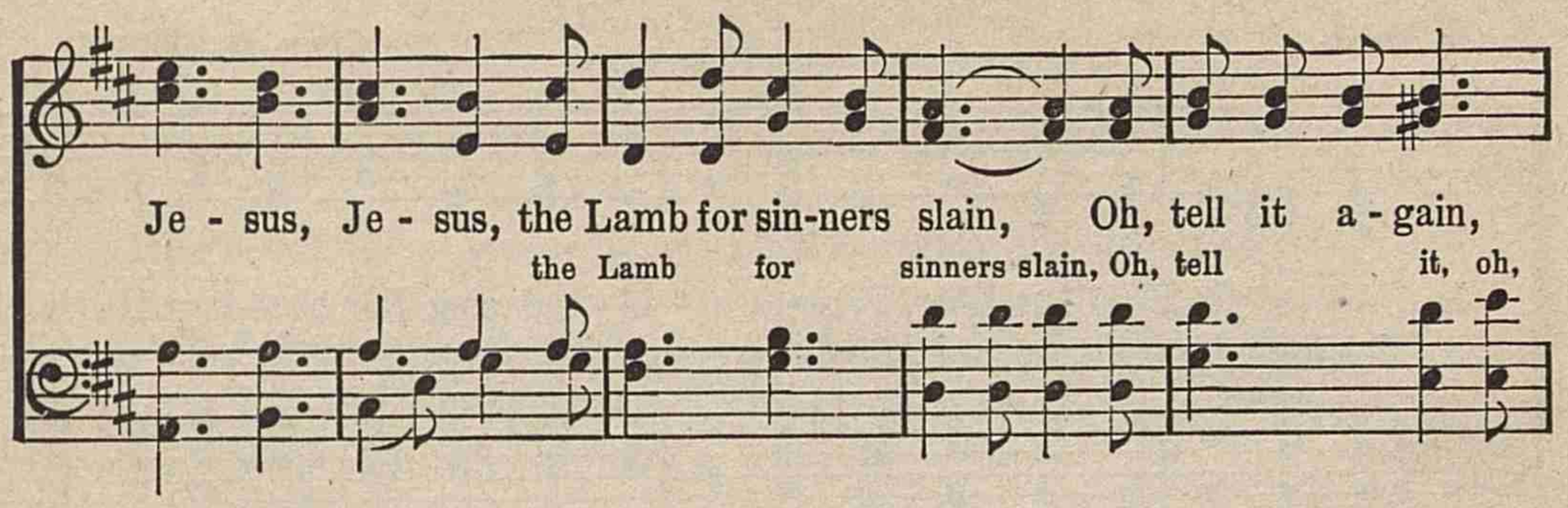
song of won-drous sweetness, com-fort, and of peace;

love's beau-ti-ful ban - ner is un-furled, The song be-gun at Beth-le-hem shall
bright wait-ing be-yond the vale of tears, Of home where partings never come, and

REFRAIN.

nev - er, nev - er cease. Je - sus, Je - sus, Oh, shout the glad re-frain!
cares no more mo - lest. Oh, shout the glad re-frain!

In ten-der-est love He sought us, In - to the fold He brought us;
In ten - der - est love He sought us, In - to the fold He brought us;

The Song of Joy.

No. 190.

Unto the Lord.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Un - to the Lord our King, Prais-es u - ni - ted sing For bless-ings He is
2. Holding our ban - ner high, Shouting our bat - tle - cry Of "Loy - al - ty to

show-'ring on our way; Un - der His wing we'll hide, Safe in His
Je - sus!" as we go; March - ing at His com-mand, We shall pos-

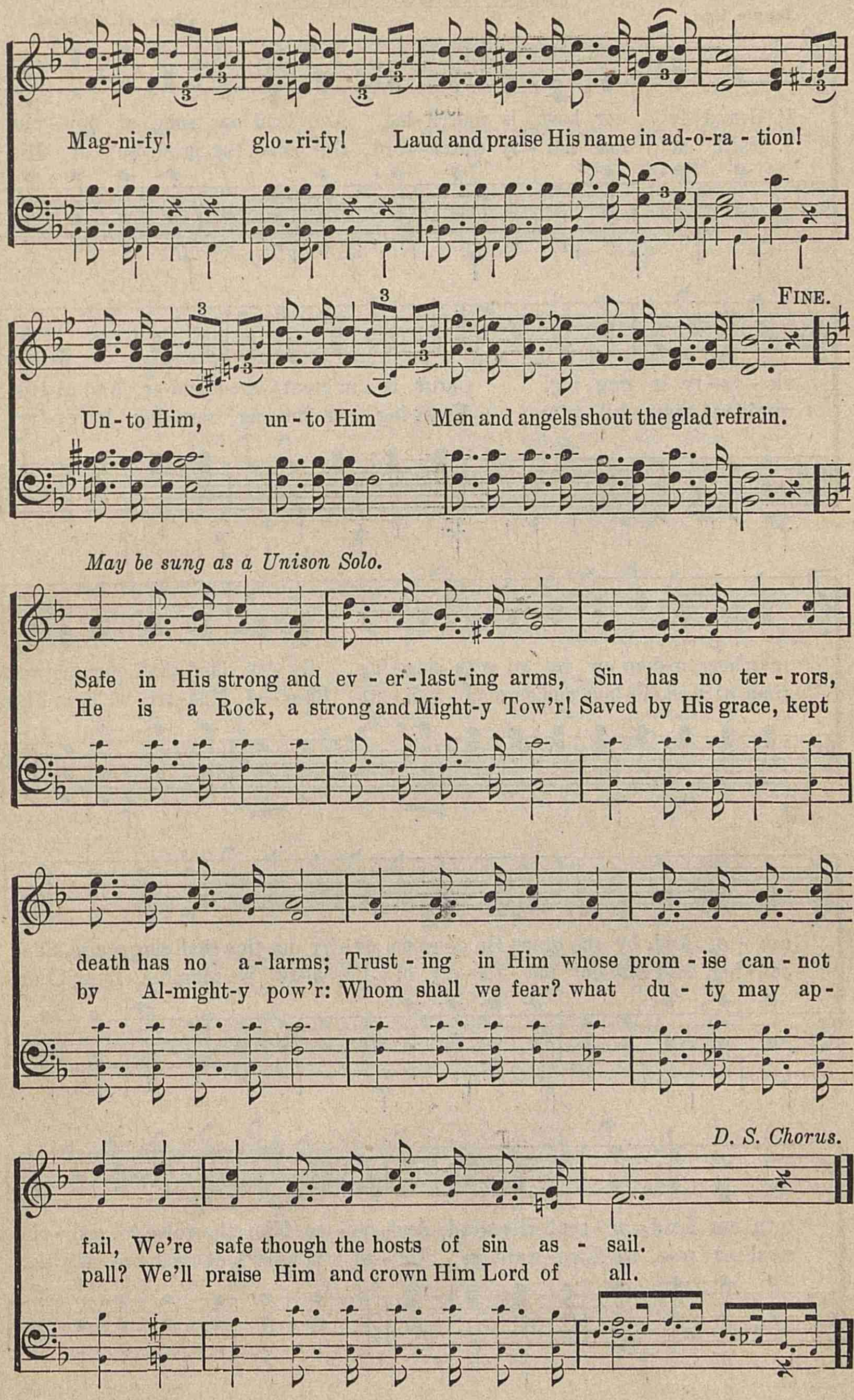
love a - bide When sor - row veils the beau - ty of the day.
sess the land, And Sa - tan's kingdom sure - ly o - ver - throw.

𝄋 CHORUS.

Vic - to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Sin has lost the pow'r of condemnation;

Vic-to-ry! Vic - to-ry Thro' the love of Him who once was slain;

Unto the Lord.



No. 191. Grandly Our Host Is Marching.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Jennie Ree. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Grand-ly our host is march-ing, And loud our song of joy-ous vic-to-ry is ring-ing! Christ is our great Com-mand-er, And at His marching or-ders on we go with sing-ing. Ev-'ry land shall our song re-ech-o, And, by the grace He gives us, ev-'ry na-tion shall sing praise, Shall own our Lord, ac-cept His word, And un-to Him the voice of sup-pli-ca-tion ris-ing, Un-til the whole world's ran-somed, And heav'n and earth are sing-ing.

2. Faith is our dai-ly watch-word, Our hope, the prom-ise of His word that nev-er fail-eth; Trust-ing con-fid-ing, serv-ing, In ev-'ry time of need His love and care a-vail-eth. Bless-ed Mas-ter, we hear Thee call-ing, And with our bat-tle-cry of "Loy-al-ty" we march a-long; Come weal or woe, we'll on-ward go, Un-til in heav'n at last we sing the

Grandly Our Host Is Marching.

CHORUS.

ca - tion raise. On - ward we go with sing - ing, Our mes - sage
vic - tor's song. On we go with sing - ing, sing - ing,

ring - ing, His king-dom near - er bring - ing; Out - ward the gates are
On, His king - dom near - er bring - ing; On, the gates are

swing-ing, That all the world may en - ter in: Yes, On - ward with prayer and
swing - ing, That the world may en - ter in: Yes, On - ward go with

weep-ing Our ranks are sweep - ing, Our faith - ful watch - es keep - ing;
prayer and weep - ing, On - ward sweep - ing, Watch - es keep - ing;

On, till the fruits of reap - ing Are gar-nered from the fields of sin.
On - ward, gath - er fruits of reap - ing From the fields of sin.

No. 192. Harvest-Time is Here.

C. H. G.

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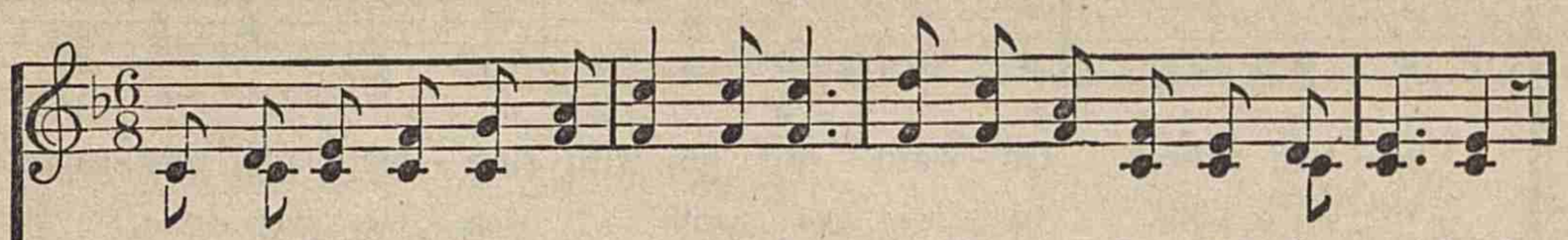
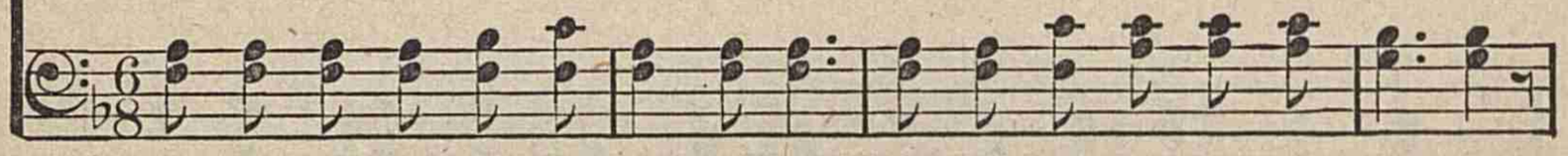
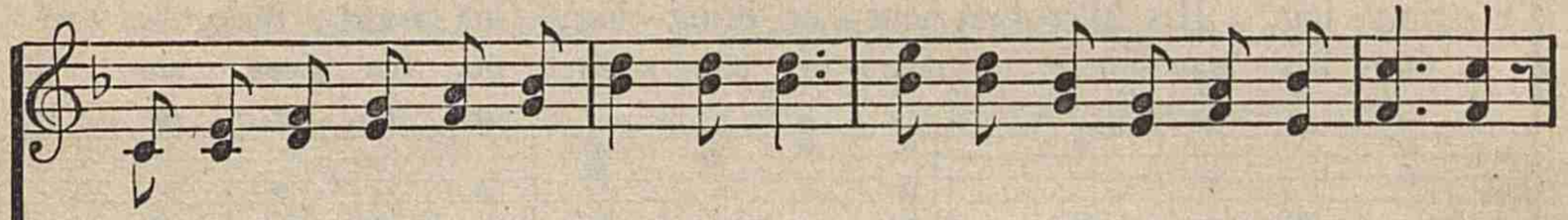
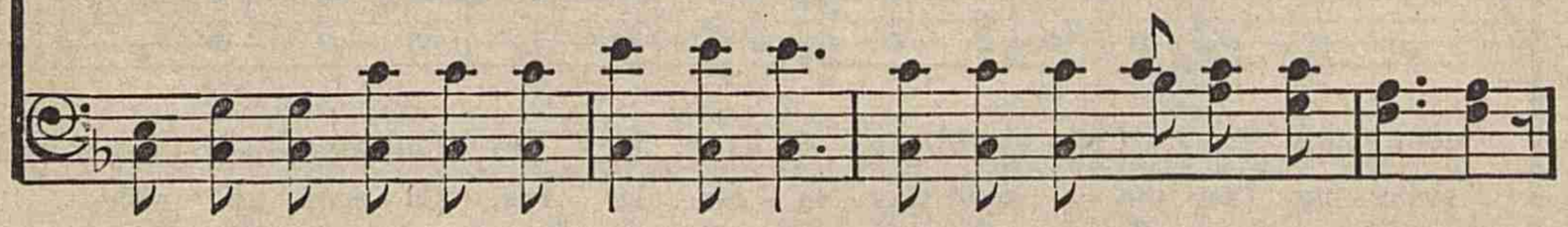
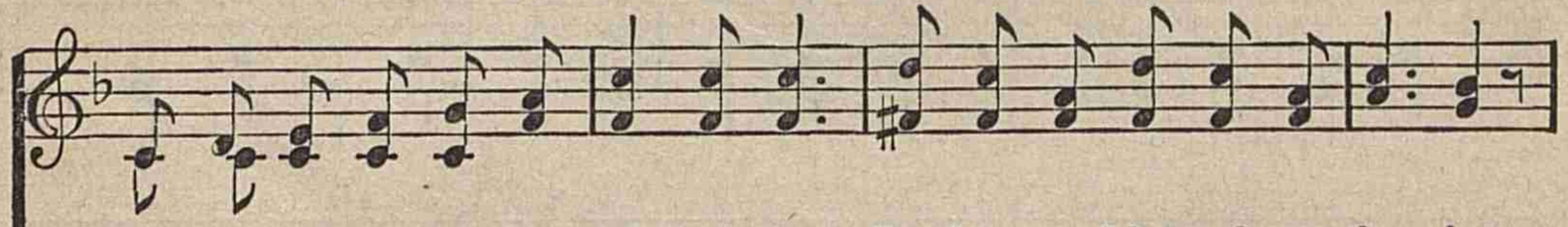
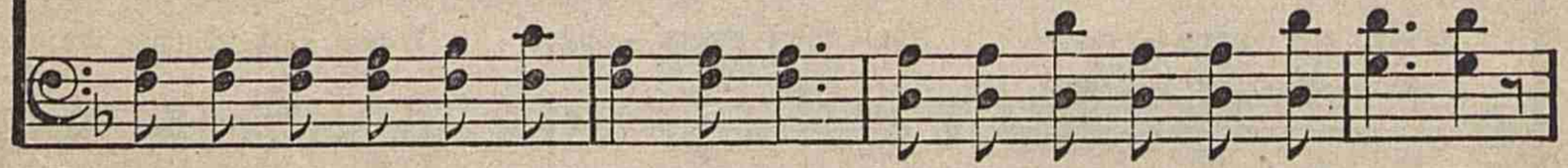
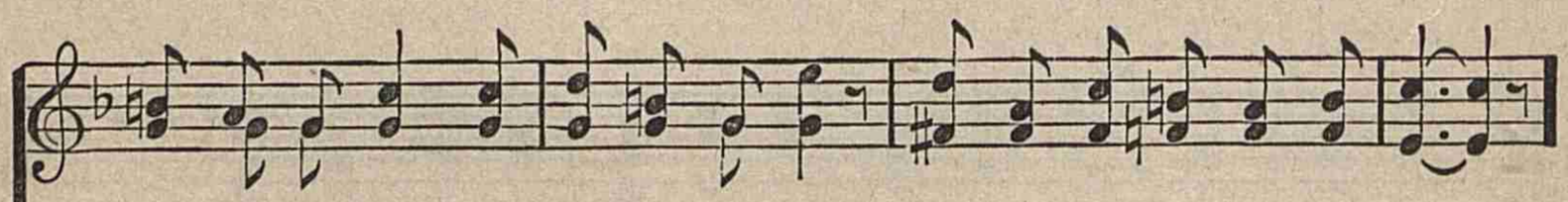
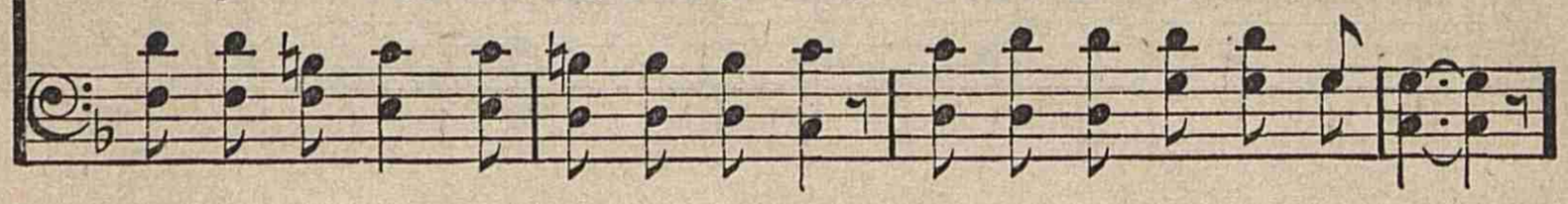
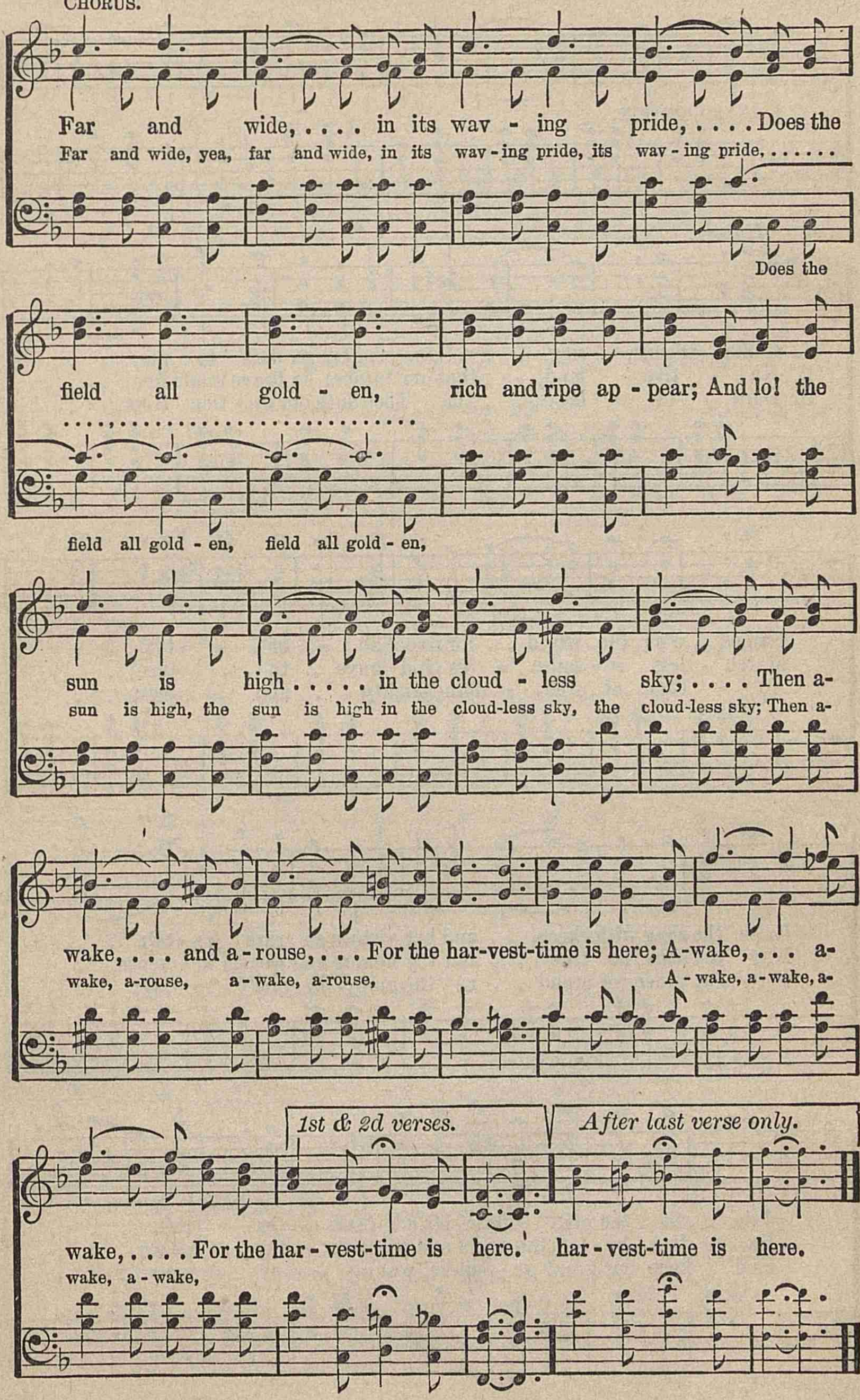
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Glad is the song that the reap-ers sing, As they are joy-ful-ly mow-ing!
2. Bright is the sun, and the sky is clear, Swift-ly the mo-ments are fly-ing;
3. Look ye, the har-vest is tru-ly great, Gold-en and ripe it is gleam-ing!

Hith-er and thith-er they bend and swing, Zeal to the ef-fort be-stow-ing;
Hark-en! the voice of the Mas-ter hear, Loud-ly for la-bor-ers cry-ing;
Won-drous-ly wide is thy Lord's es-tate, In its mag-ni-fi-cence teem-ing;

Loud-er and sweet-er the ech-oes ring, Pa-tience and loy-al-ty show-ing,
While in the mark-ets, a-far and near, Man-y are wait-ing, de-ny-ing
Reap-ers are need-ed, and still you wait, I-dle and care-less-ly dreaming!

As in the field the sick-le they wield, Gath-er-ing sheaves for the King.
Service they might, with joy and de-light, Give ere the shad-ows ap-pear.
Go ye to-day, and reap while you may! Go, ere you en-ter too late!

Harvest-Time is Here.

CHORUS.

No. 193.

Song of America.

C. R. Piety.

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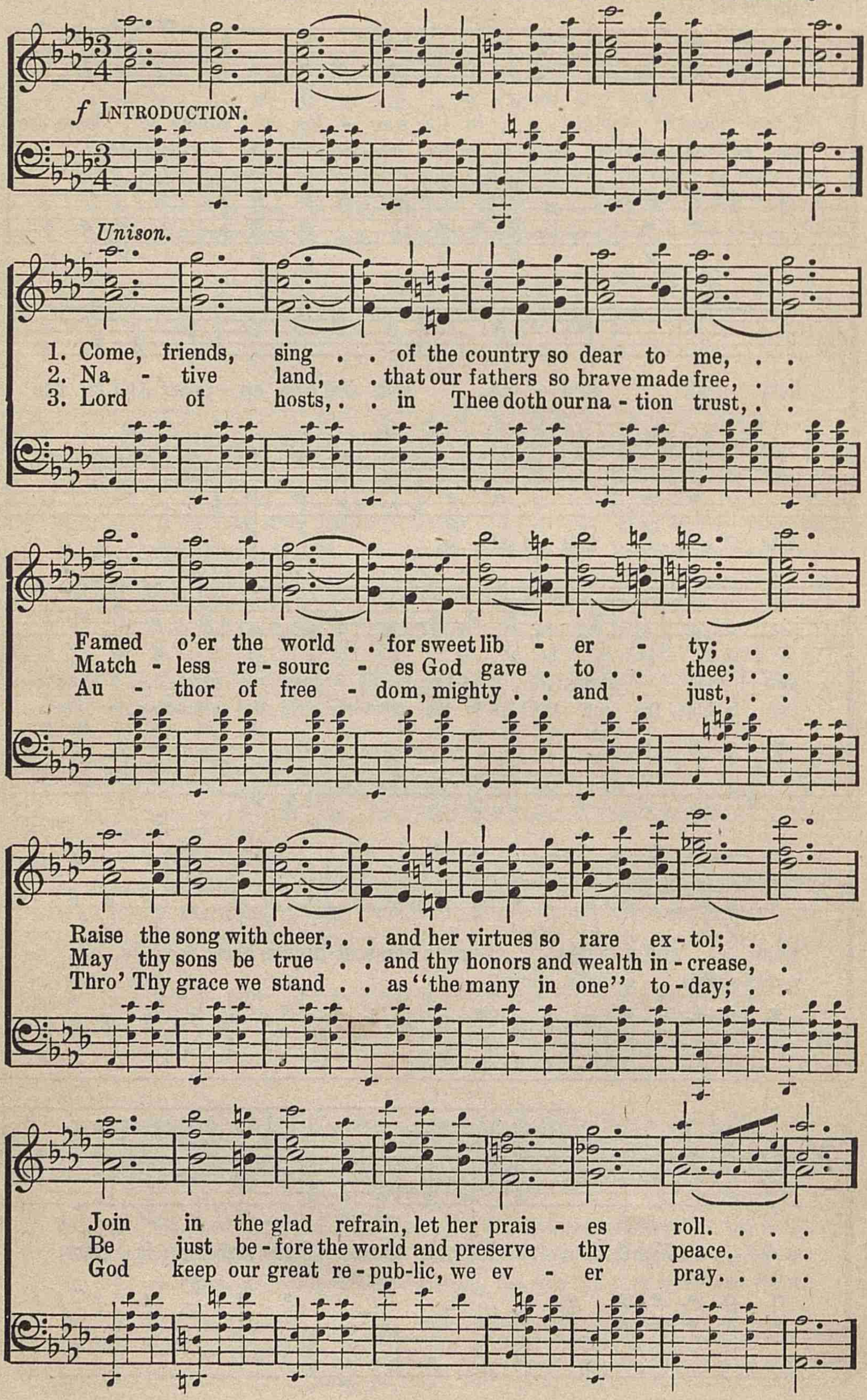
Samuel W. Beazley.

Song of America.

CHORUS.

Hail to the glo - ri - ous na - tion, A - mer - i - ca, home of the
glo - ri - ous na - tion,

free! . . Blazoned with glo - ry thy his - t'ry, Great-er thy
the free! with glo - ry thy his - to - ry,

future shall be: . . Striv-ing for jus-tice and prog - ress,
shall be: for justice and progress, we're

marcato.

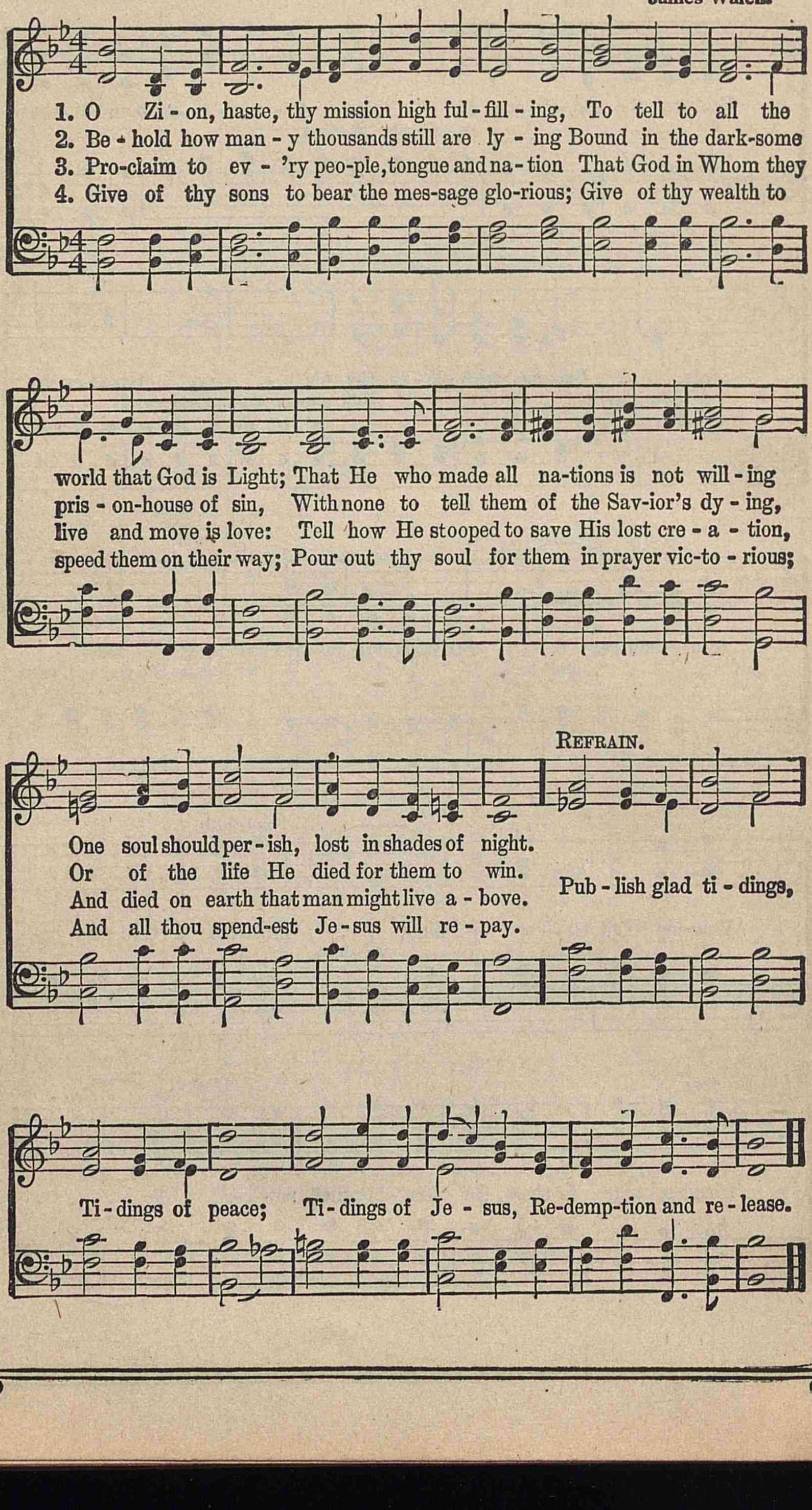
Wav-ing "Old Glo - ry" on high, . . Trust-ing in God who be-
on high,

cres. *ff*

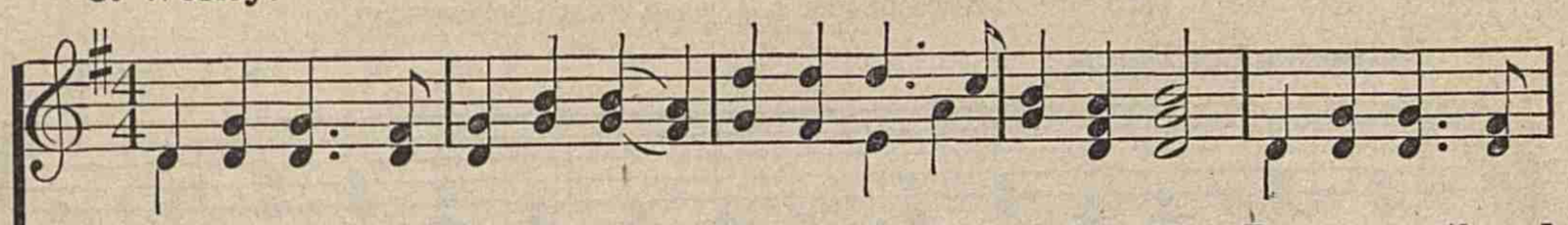
friend-ed our fa-thers, Co - lum - bia shall nev - er die. . .

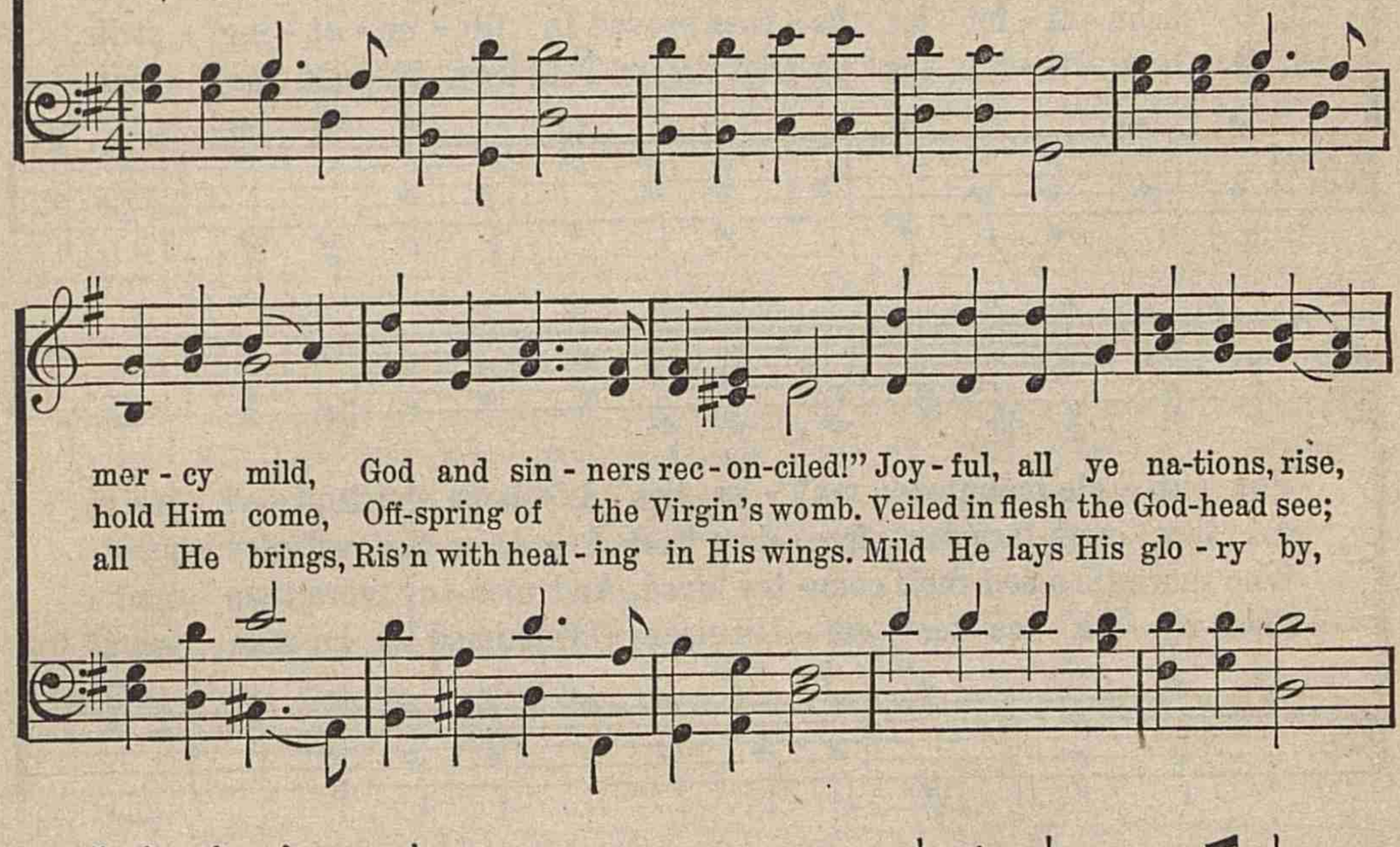
No. 194. O Zion, Haste.

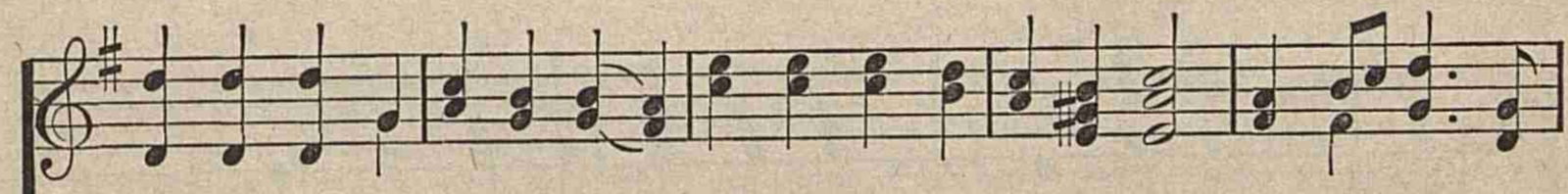
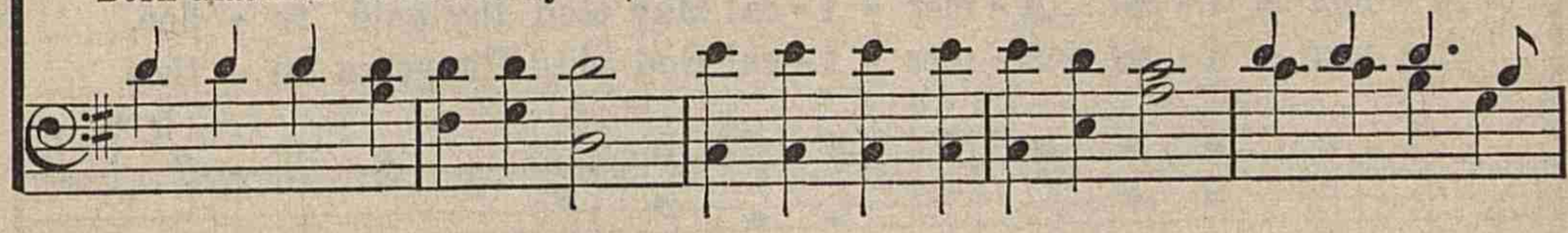
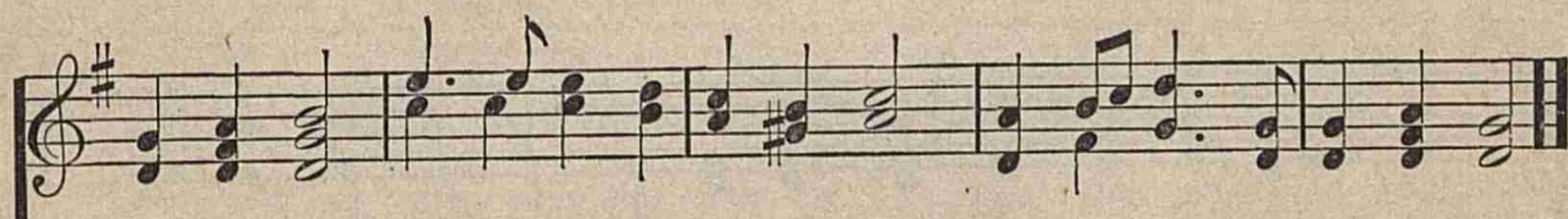
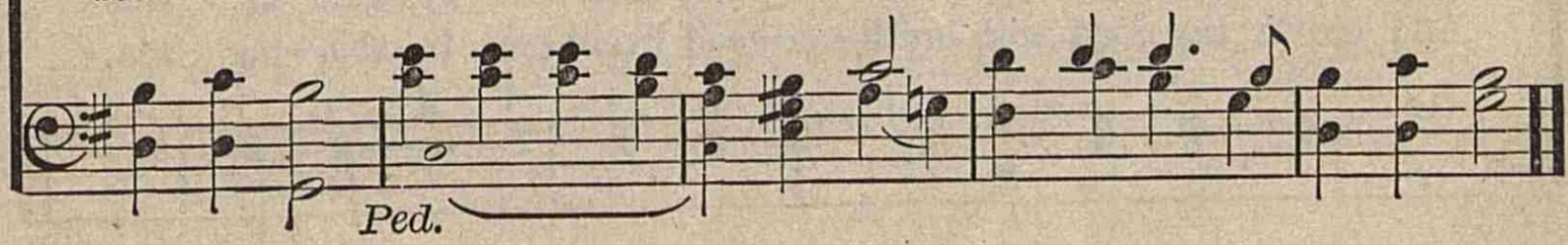
James Walch.



No. 195. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

C. Wesley. Arr. from Mendelssohn.

1. Hark! the her - ald an-gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a-dored; Christ, the ev - er-last-ing Lord! Late in time be-
3. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to



mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off-spring of the Virgin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God-head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Beth - le-hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
man - u - el. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."
sec - ond birth. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

5/19/18 Sun.

No. 196. O Beautiful for Spacious Skies.

USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. S. A. WARD, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Katharine Lee Bates. **S. A. Ward.**

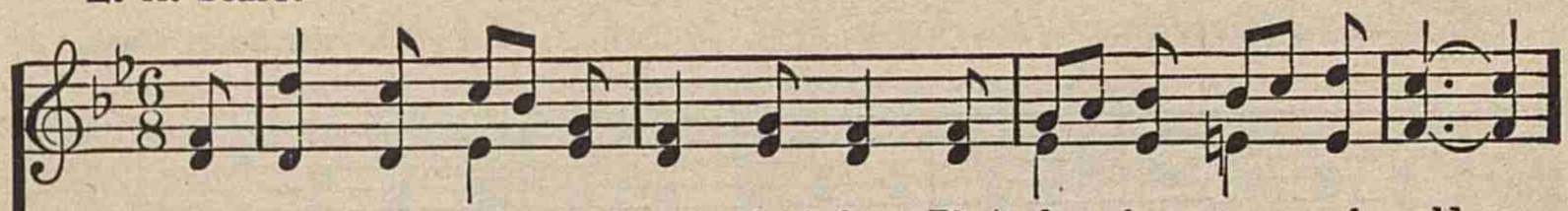
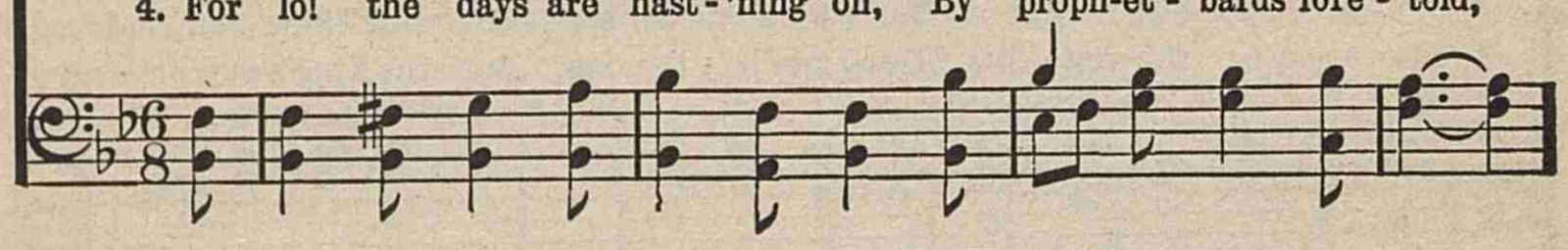
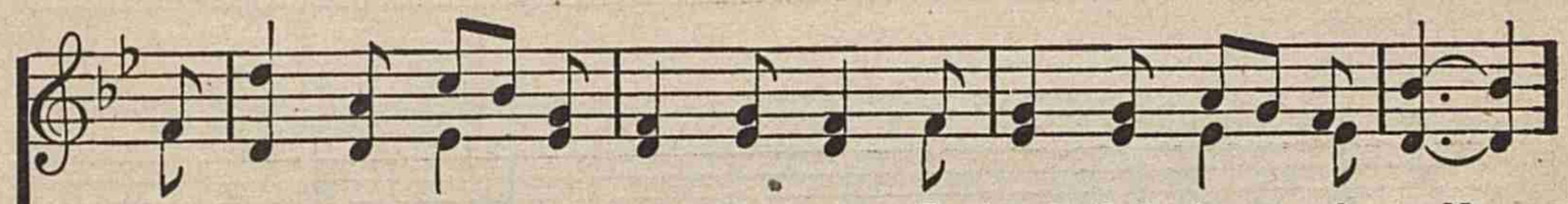
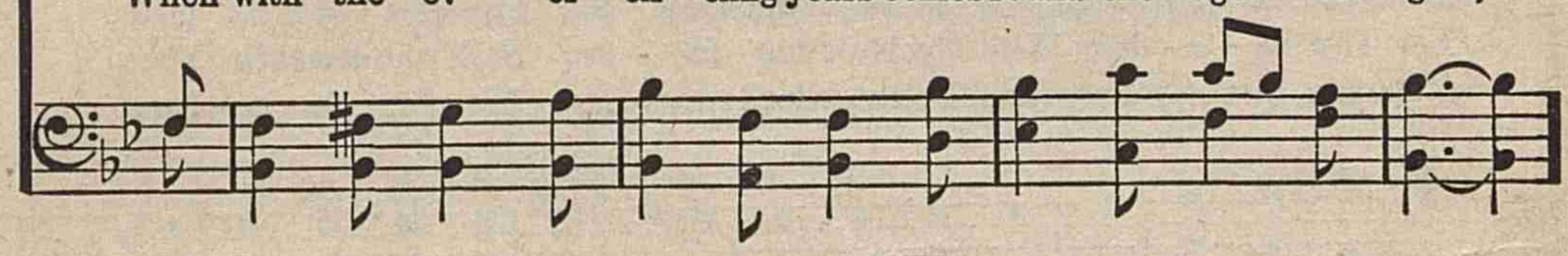
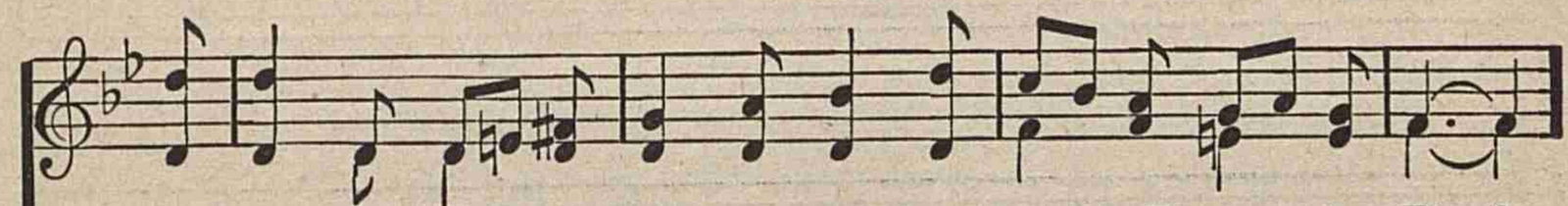
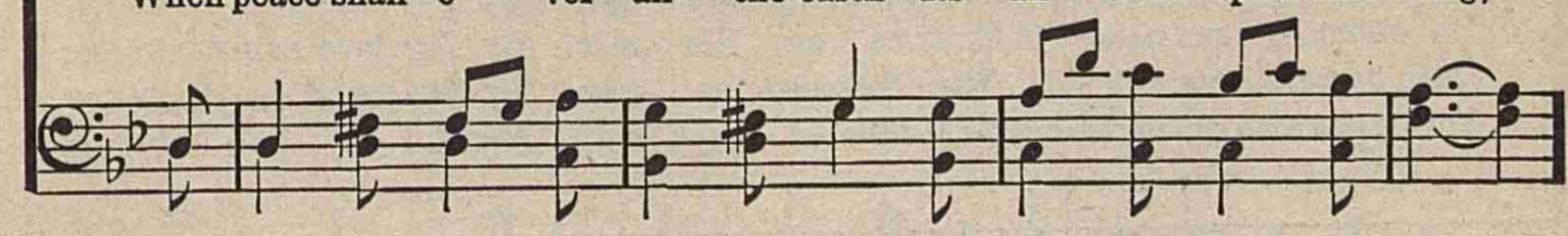
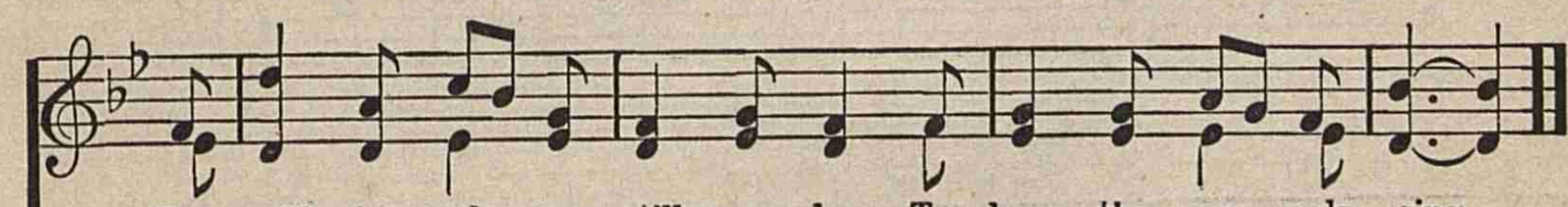
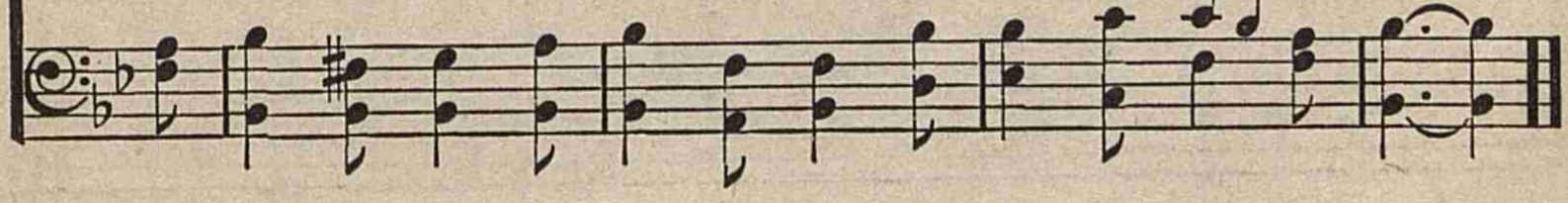
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern, im-pass-ioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years

For pur - ple mountain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!

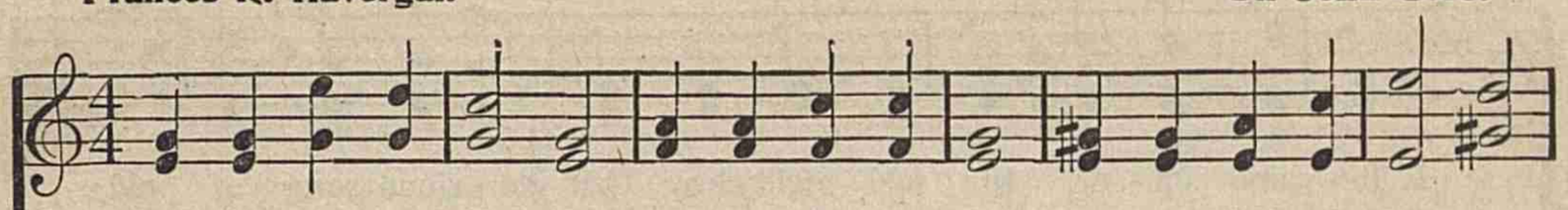
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee

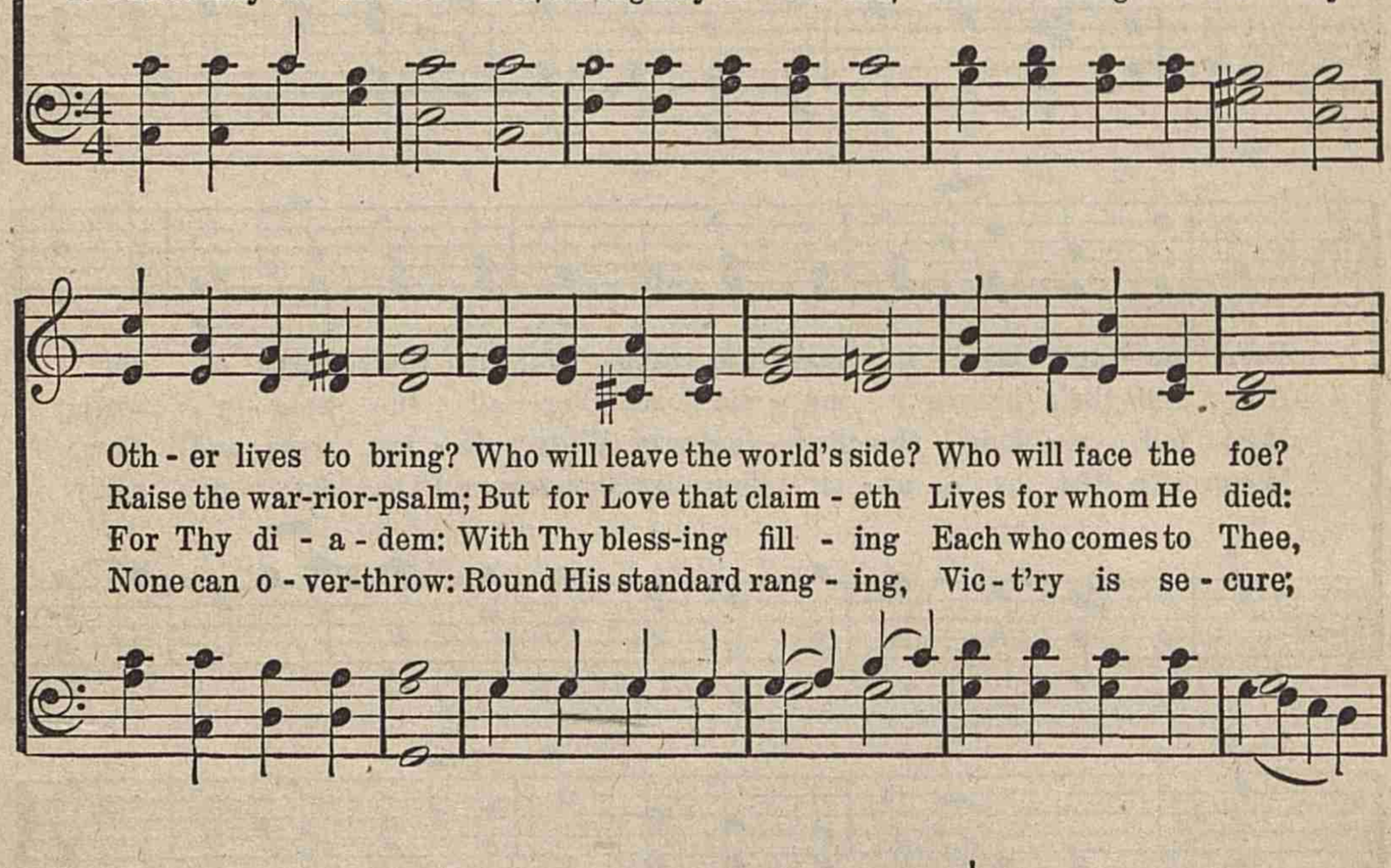
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

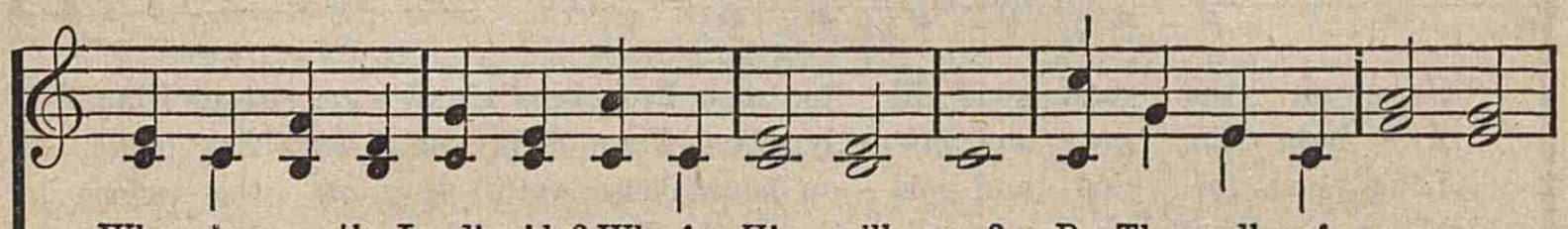
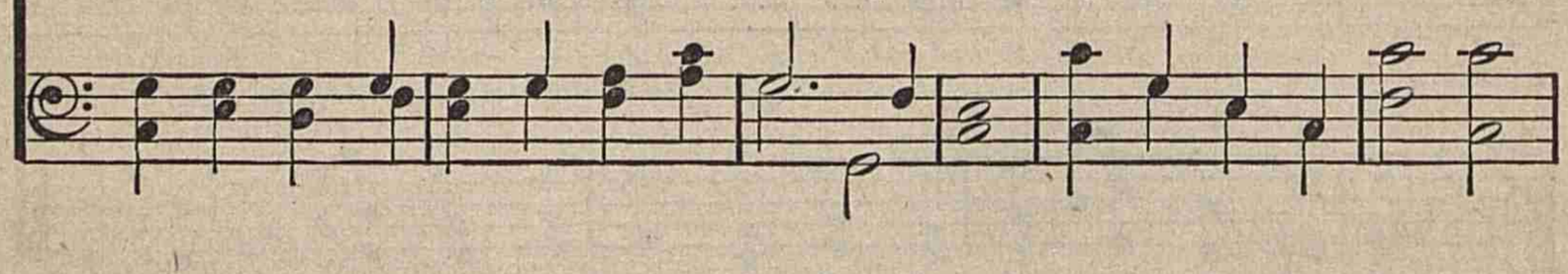
No. 197. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears. R. Storrs Willis.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. O ye, be - neath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo! the days are hast - 'ning on, By proph-et - bards fore - told,

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

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

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

7/14 '18 Am'

No. 198. Who is On the Lord's Side?

Frances R. Havergal. **Sir John Goss.**

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers,
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war-rior-psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o - ver-throw: Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure;

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,

By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine.

4/14'18 Cin – 6/10'18 Ald – 7/2'18 Cin –

No. 199. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

Elizabeth C. Clephane. **Frederick C. Maker.**

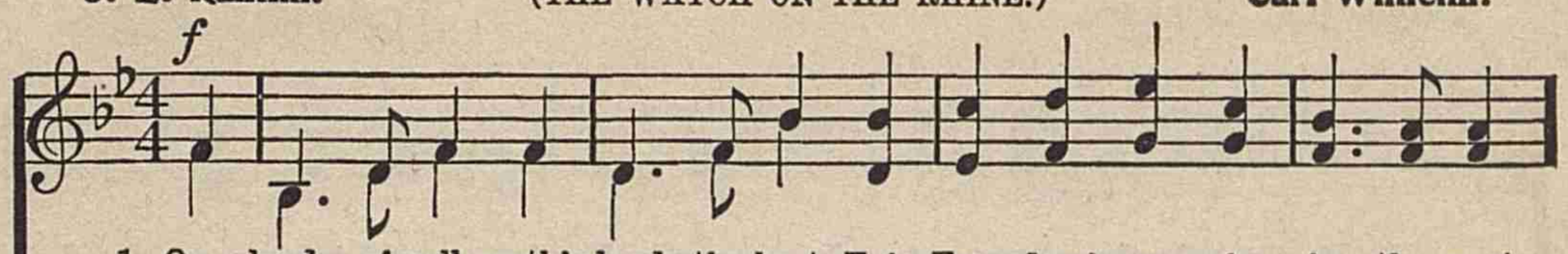
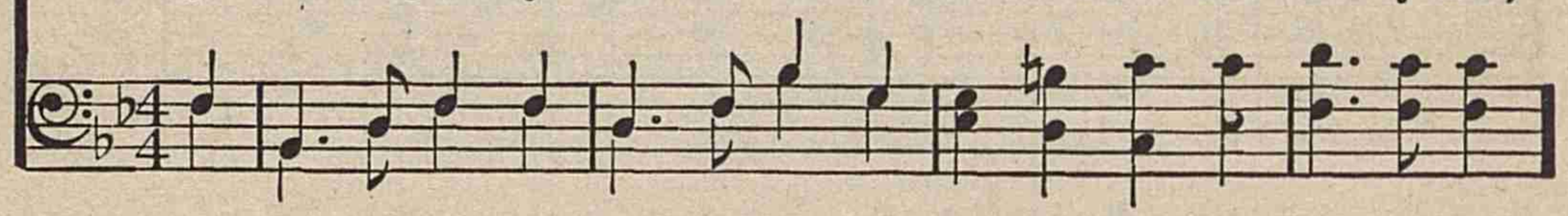
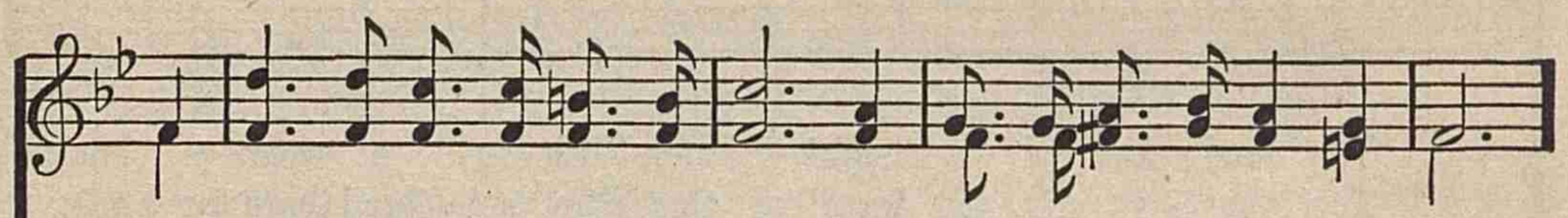
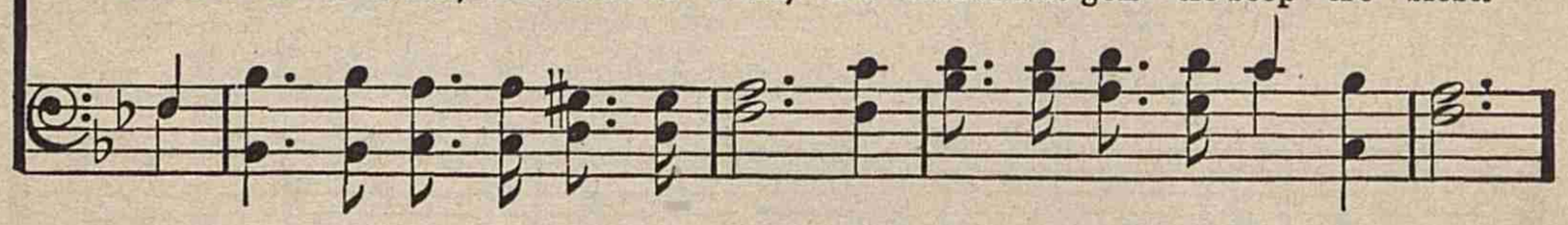
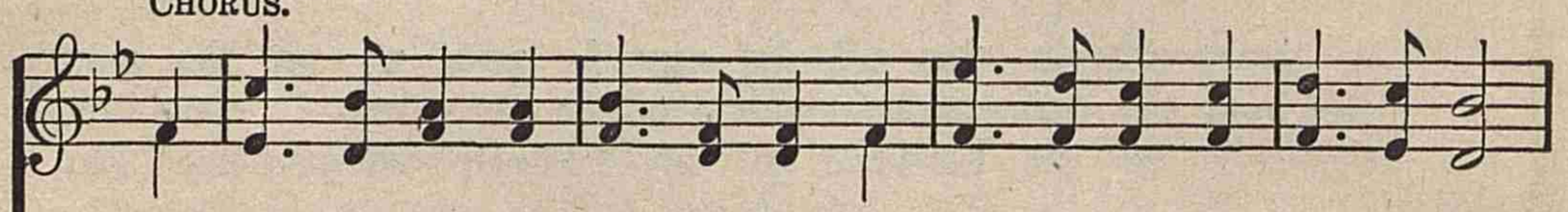
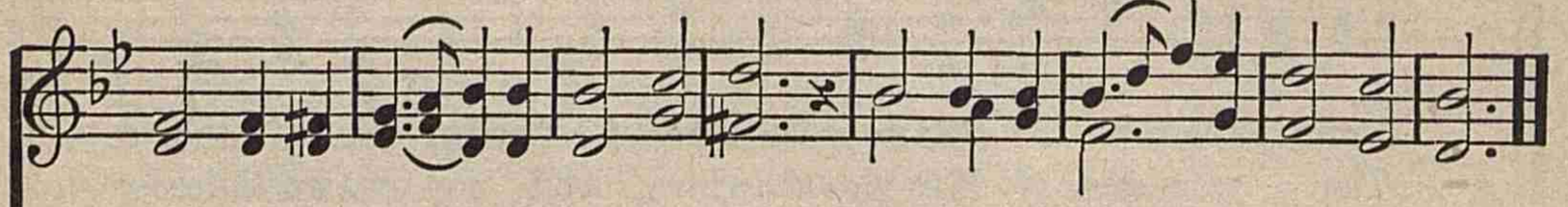
1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wear - y land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

From the burn-ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
The won - ders of His glo - rious love, And my own worth-less-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

No. 200. Fair Freedom's Land.

J. B. Rankin. (THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.) **Carl Wilhelm.**

1. O land, of all earth's lands the best, Fair Free-dom's em - pire in the west;
2. Our fa-thers came as ex - iles here, They saw our day with vi - sion clear;
3. Shall we, the sons of Pil - grim sires, Neg-lect to kin - dle fresh the fires
4. Ah, no! By faith Christ's standard goes Be - yond Si - er - ra's dis - tant snows,
5. By faith this good - ly land I see In Christ's own free - dom doub - ly free;

From ris - ing to the set - ting sun, All na - tions here u - nite in one.
De - spised at home the cor - ner-stones Which God, the na-tion's Build-er, owns.
They light - ed on At - lan - tic's coast, Which makes our land of lands the boast?
To where Pa - cif - ic wa - ters lie Be - neath the gold - en sun - set sky.
From north to south, from east to west, Be - neath His gen - tle scep - tre blest.

CHORUS.

Fair Free-dom's land! fair Free-dom's land! Be - girt with might, long may she stand!

And may her realm Christ's kingdom be From lake to gulf, from sea to sea.

No. 201. Men For the Man of Galilee.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

S. J. Duncan Clark. W. E. M. Hackleman.

1. Shout a - loud the stir - ring sum-mons O'er the land from sea to sea,
2. Men are want - ed, men of pur - pose, Men of high or low de - gree,
3. From the count-ing-house and col - lege, From the forge and fac - to - ry,
4. On - ward! are His march-ing or - ders, He who leads to vic - to - ry,

Men are want-ed, men of cour-age, For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Each to be a fel-low work-er With the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Lo, there throngs a loy - al le - gion For the Man of Gal - i - lee.
On - ward! till the world is ta - ken For the Man of Gal - i - lee.

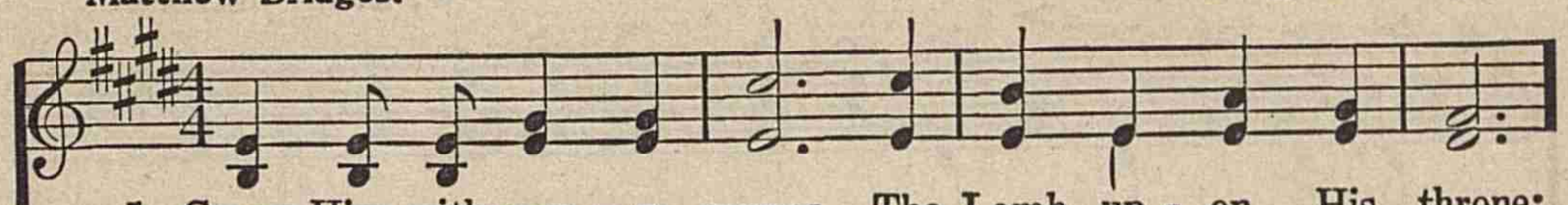
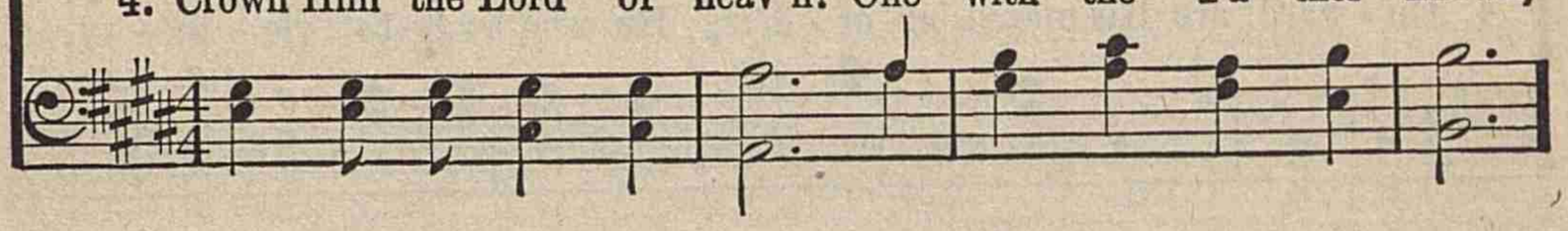
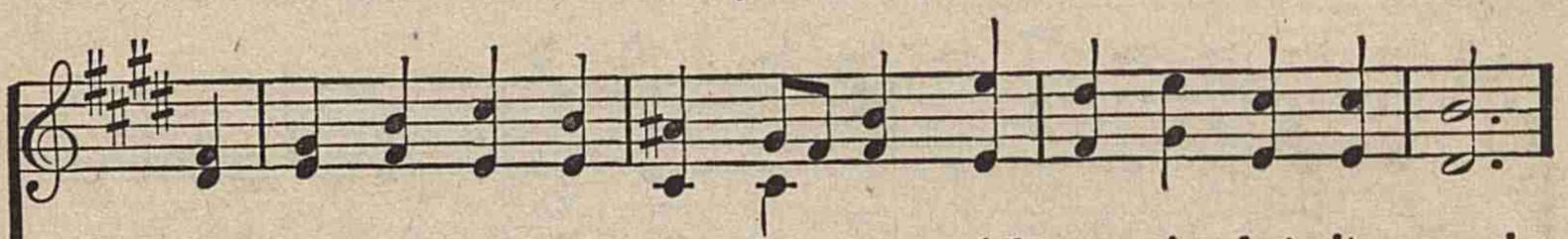
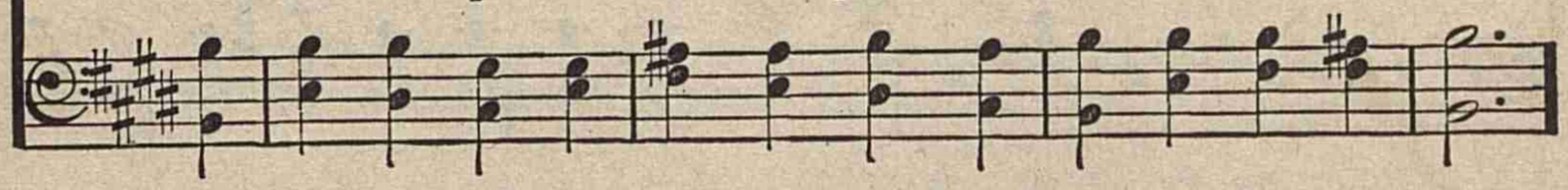
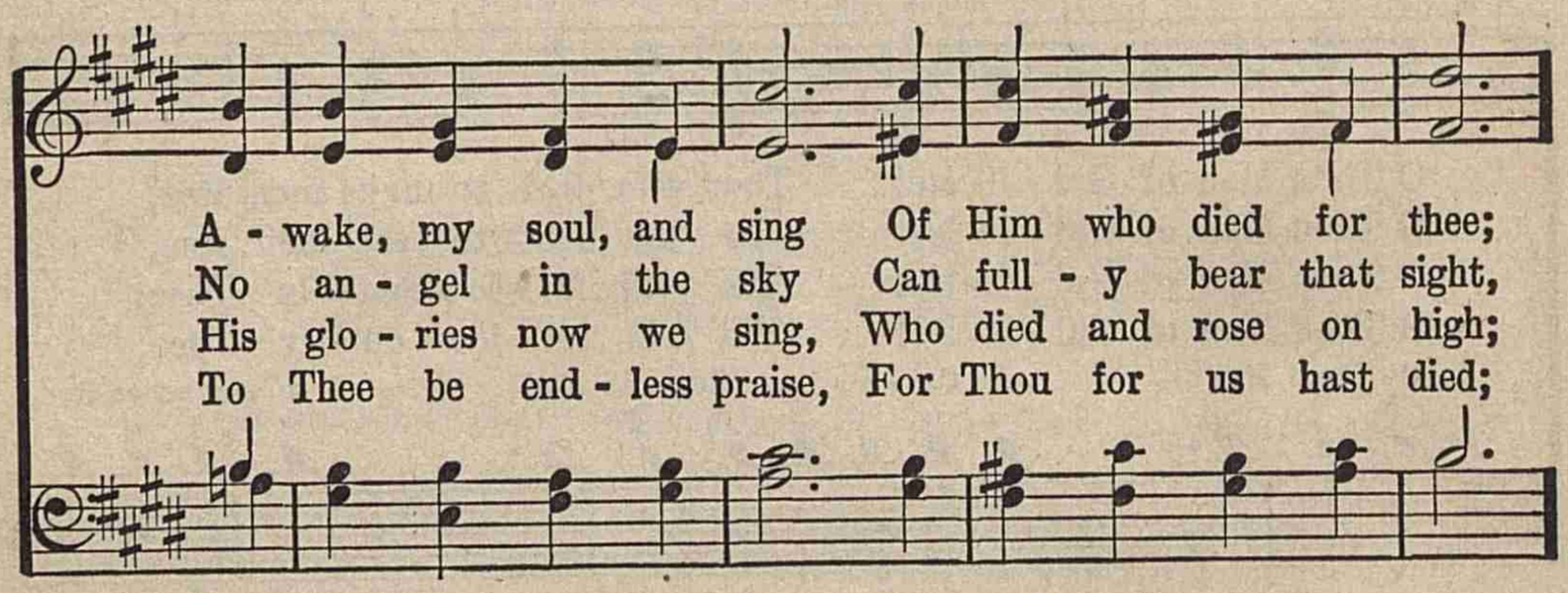
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Thou who died to make men free,
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! In the fight to set men free,
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! We will fol - low on - ly Thee,
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! We will fol - low on - ly Thee,

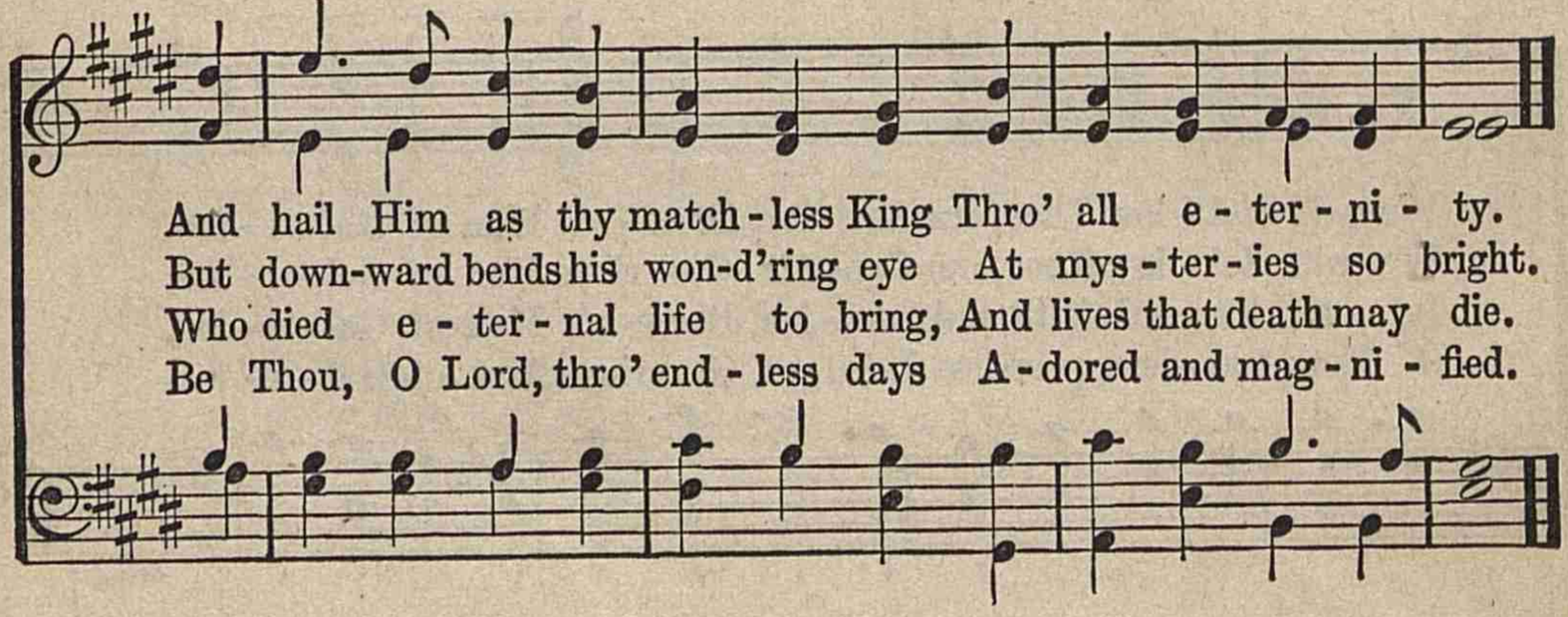
O Thou Man of Gal - i - lee! Thou who died to make men free.

ritard.

We will fol - low Thee, our Sav - ior, Bless - ed Man of Gal - i - lee.
We will fol - low Thee, our Cap-tain, Glo - rious Man of Gal - i - lee.
In a life of faith and serv - ice, Bless - ed Man of Gal - i - lee.
O Thou fear - less, peer-less Lead - er, Glo - rious Man of Gal - i - lee.

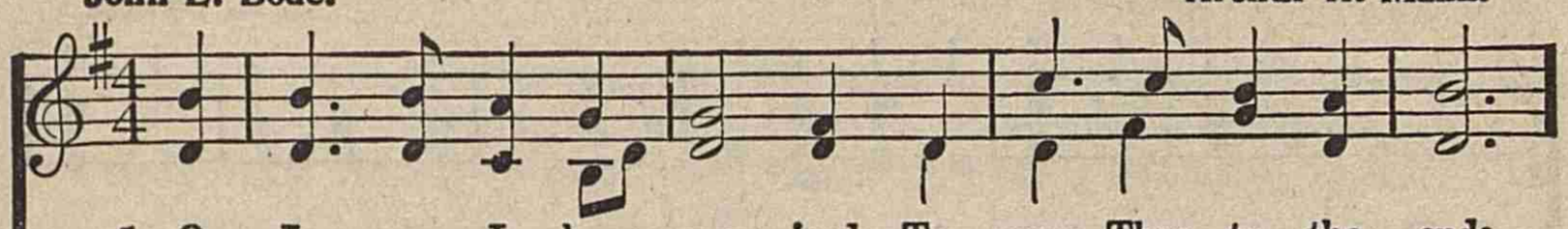
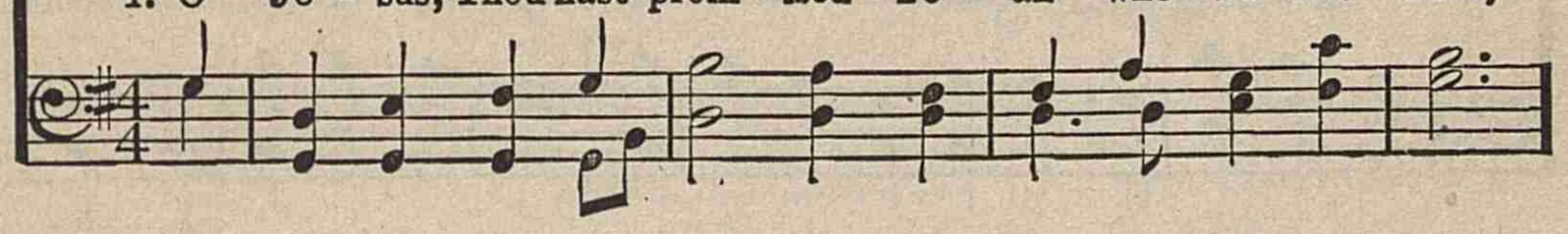
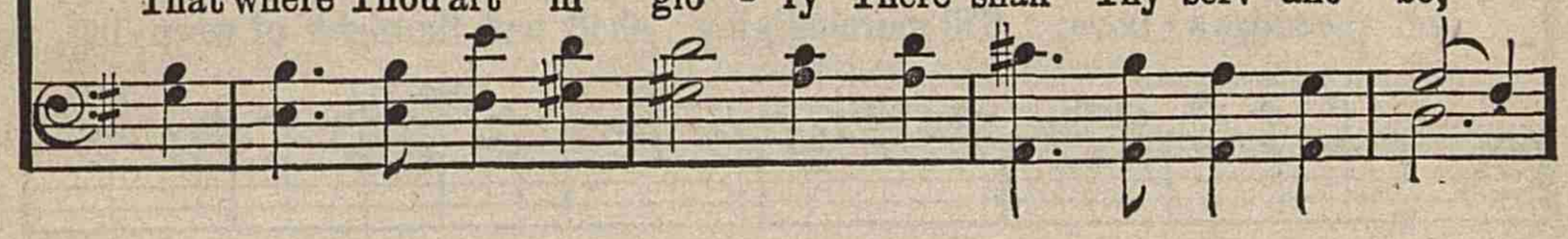
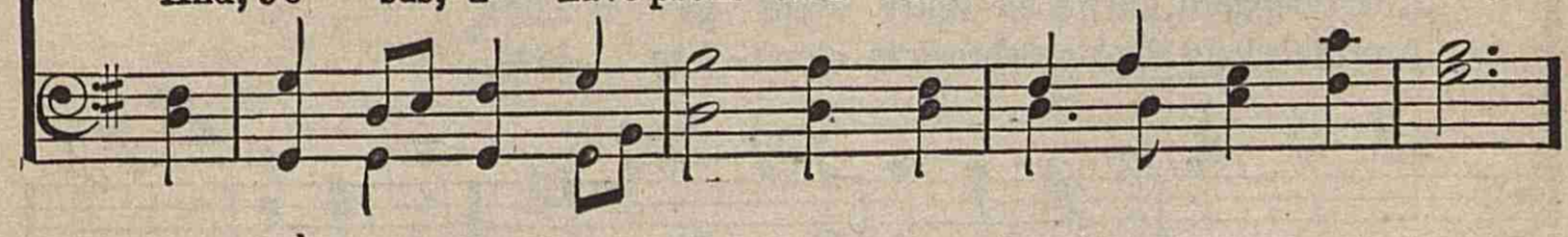
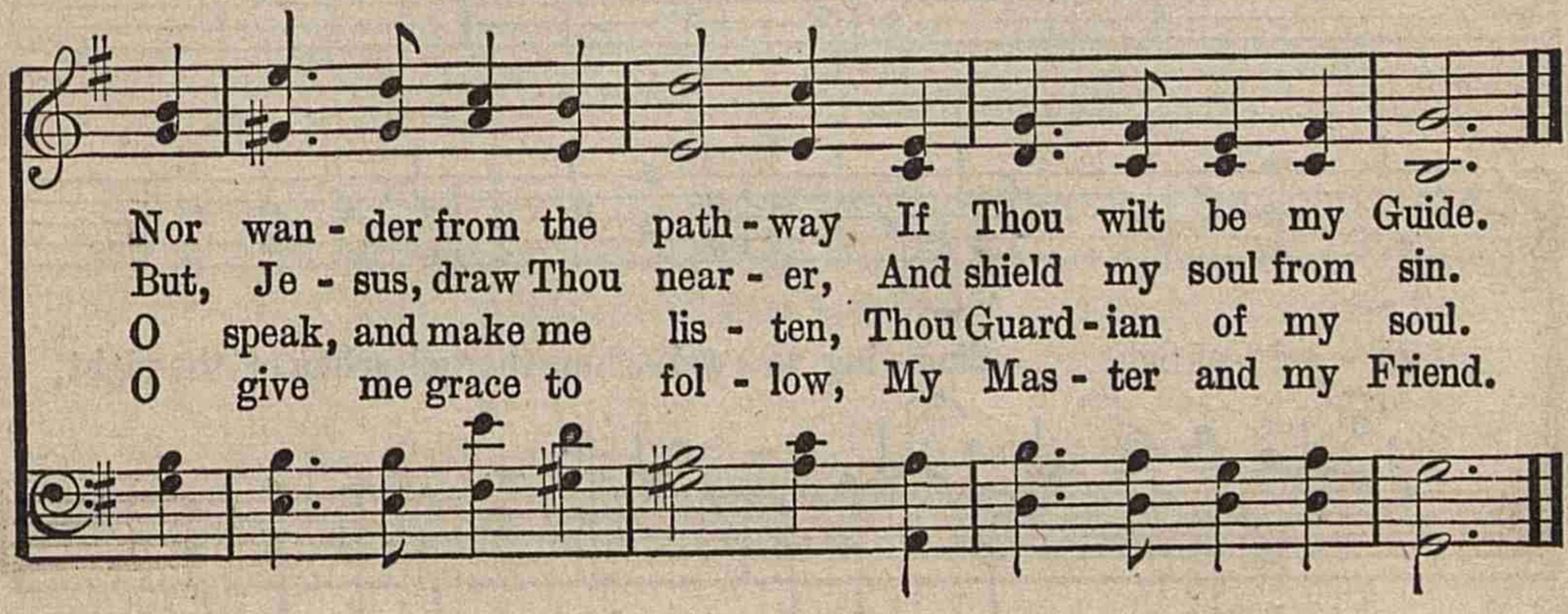
No. 202. Crown Him With Many Crowns.

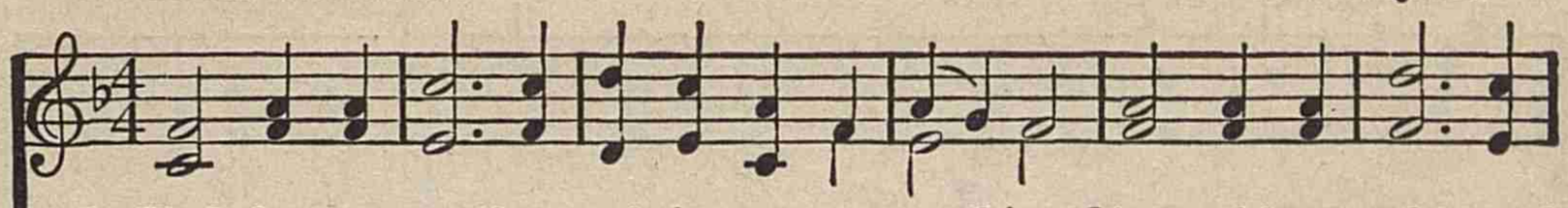
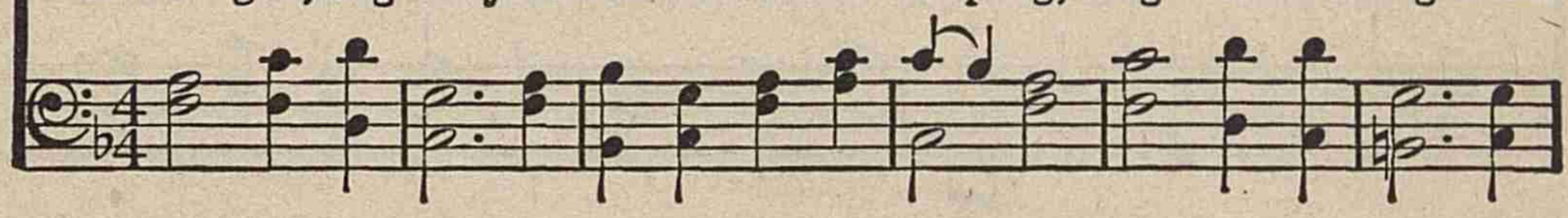
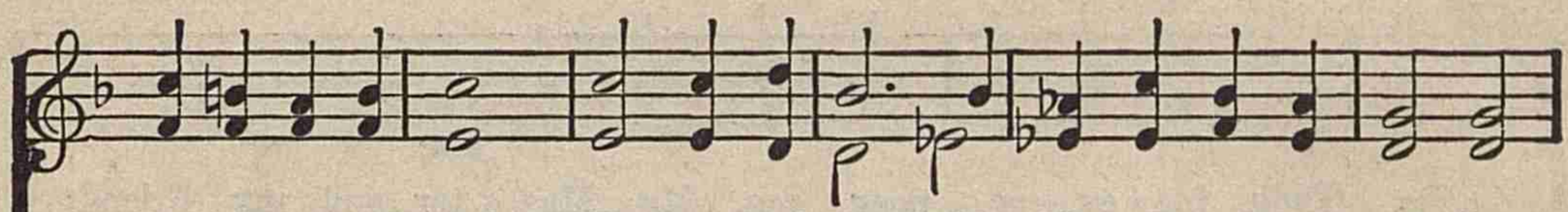
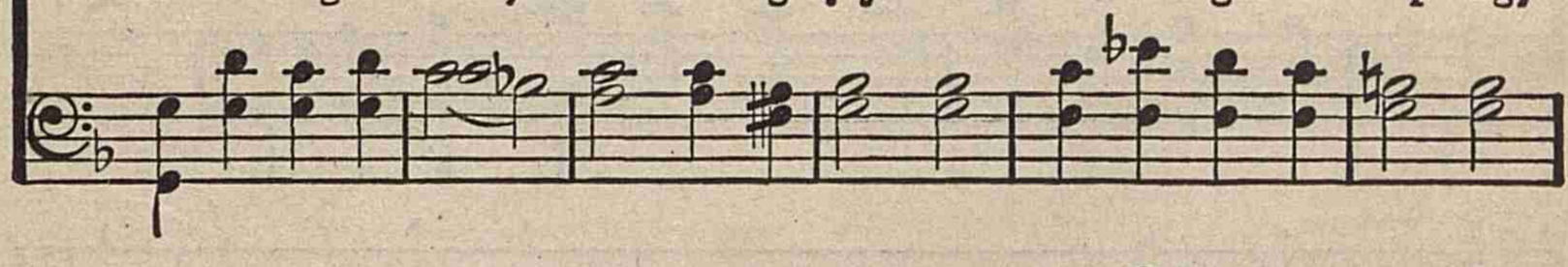
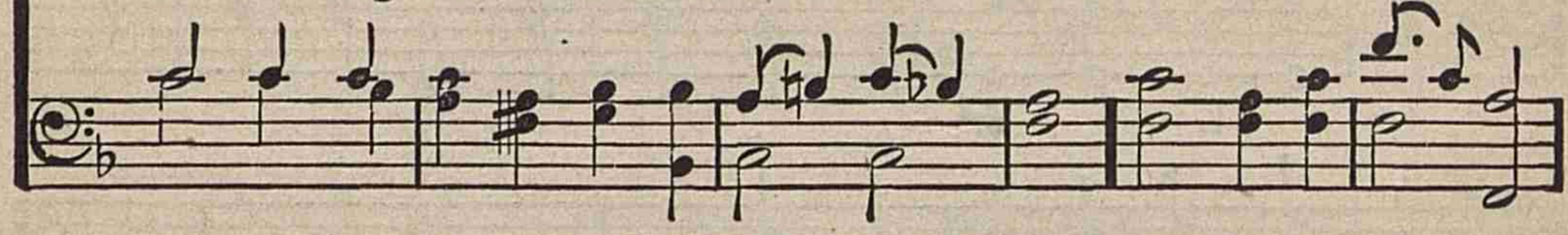
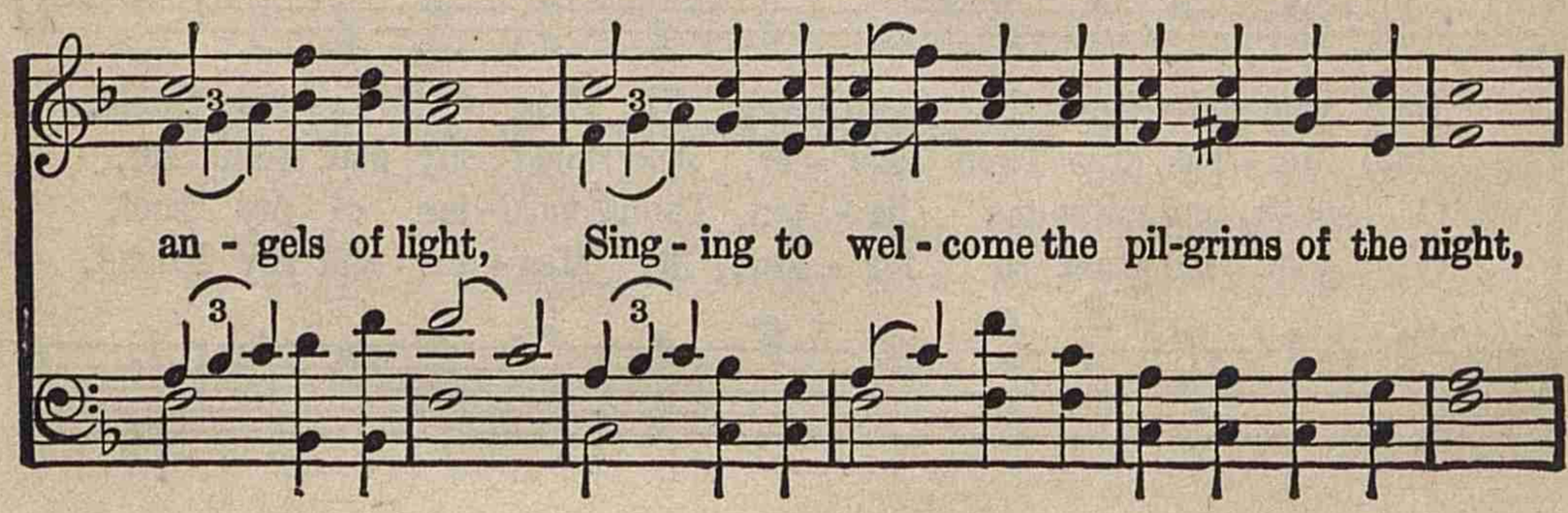
Matthew Bridges. George J. Elvey.

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,

Hark! how the heav'nly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died;



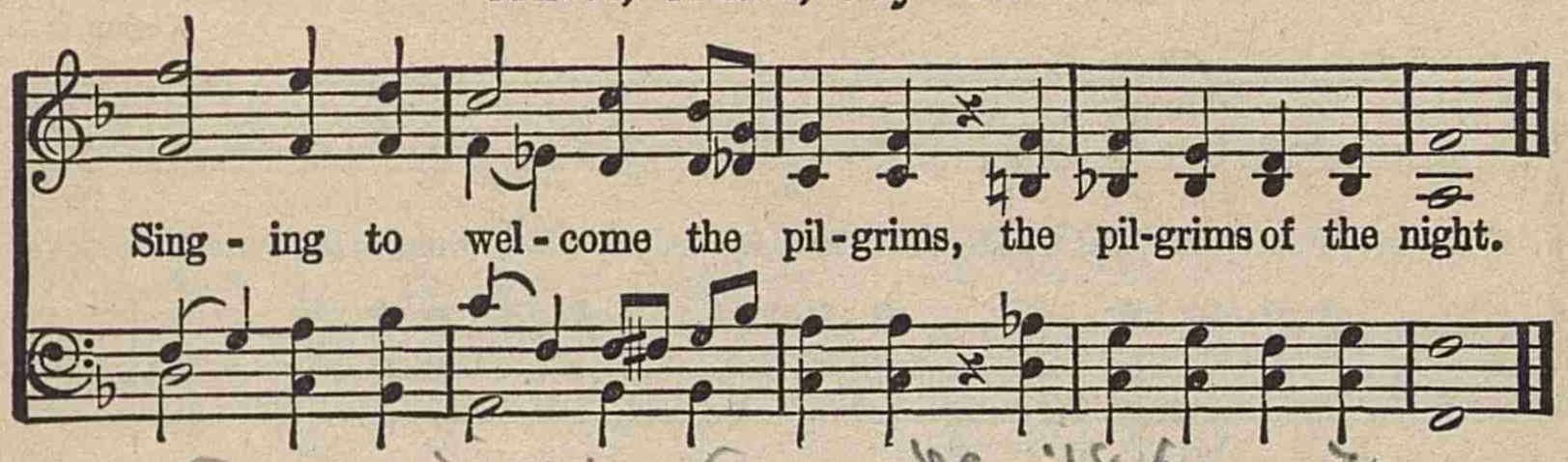
And hail Him as thy match - less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his won-d'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

No. 203. O Jesus, I Have Promised.

John E. Bode. Arthur H. Mann.

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me: The world is ev - er near;
3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing, In ac - cents clear and still,
4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,

Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear;
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will;
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be;

I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
O speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol;
And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;

Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
O speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou Guard - ian of my soul.
O give me grace to fol - low, My Mas - ter and my Friend.

No. 204. Hark, Hark, My Soul!

Frederick W. Faber. **J. B. Dykes.**

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watches keep-ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments

o-cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
And life's long shad-ows break in cloud - less love.

an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

Hark, Hark, My Soul!



4/20'14 Penn 5/26'18 Cin. 4/20'18 Cin. 4/15'18 Cin.

No. 205. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

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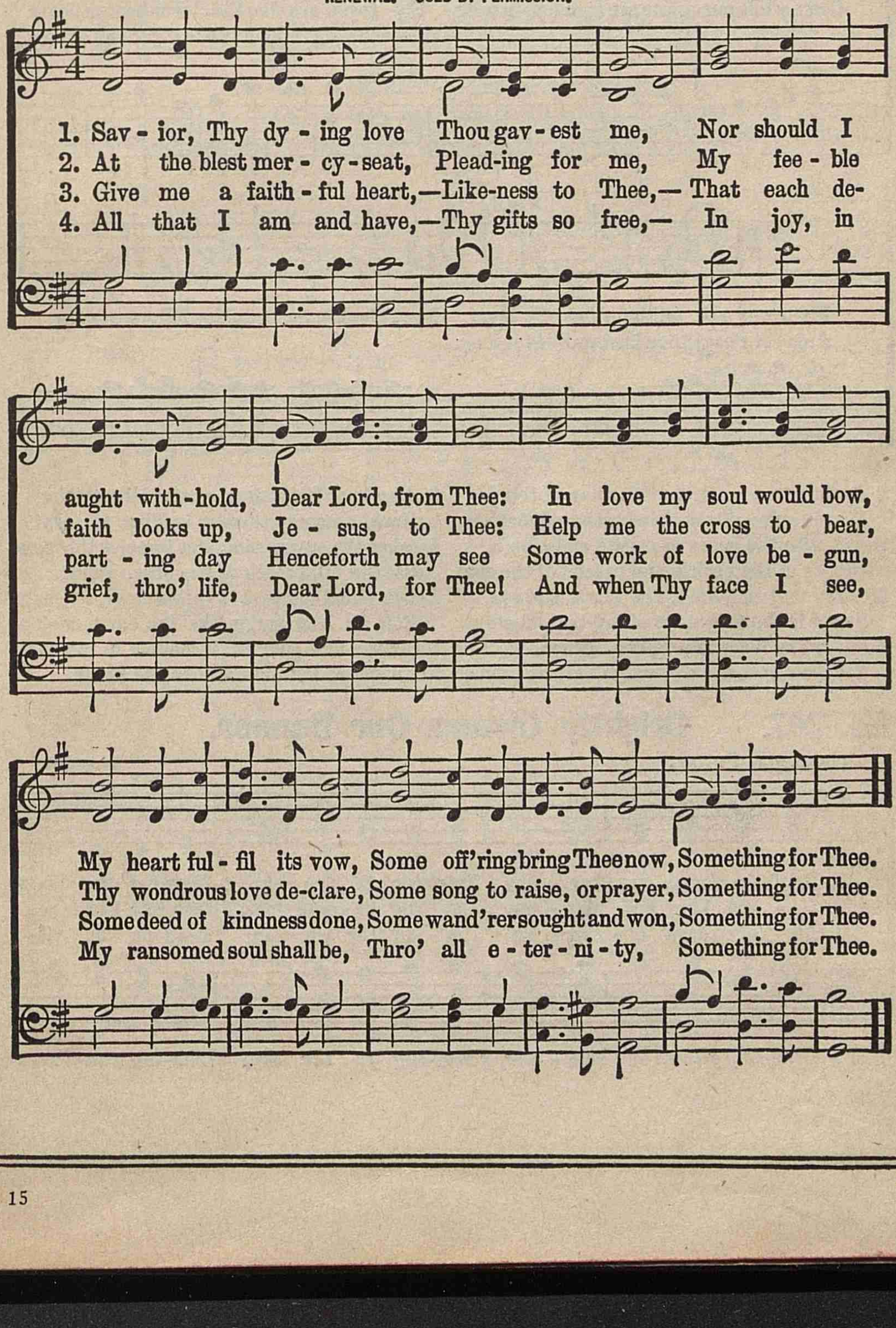
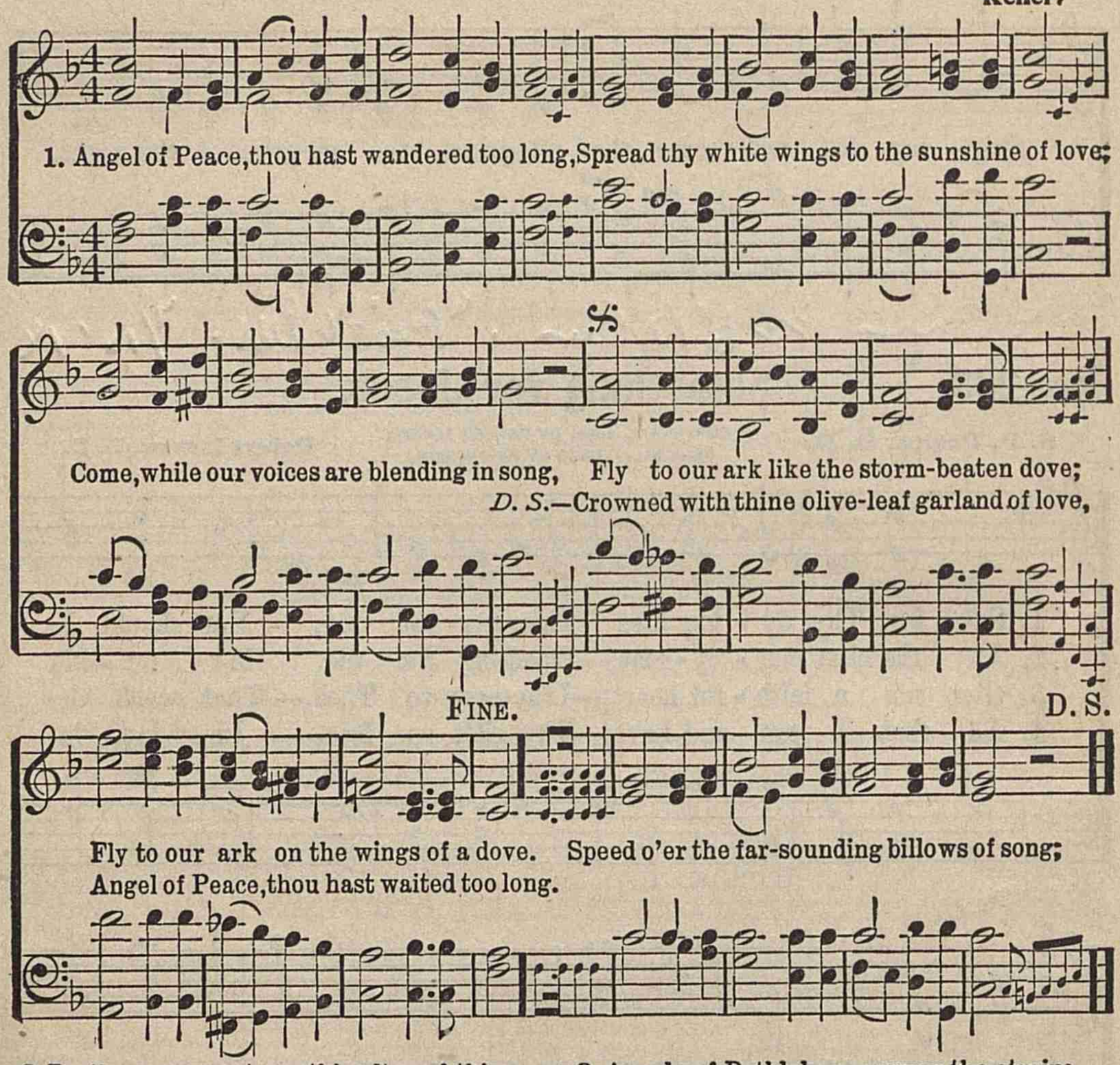
Robert Lowry, D. D.



No. 206. Angel of Peace.

Keller.



1. Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long, Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love;
Come, while our voices are blending in song, Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove;
D. S.—Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,
Fly to our ark on the wings of a dove. Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song;
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long.

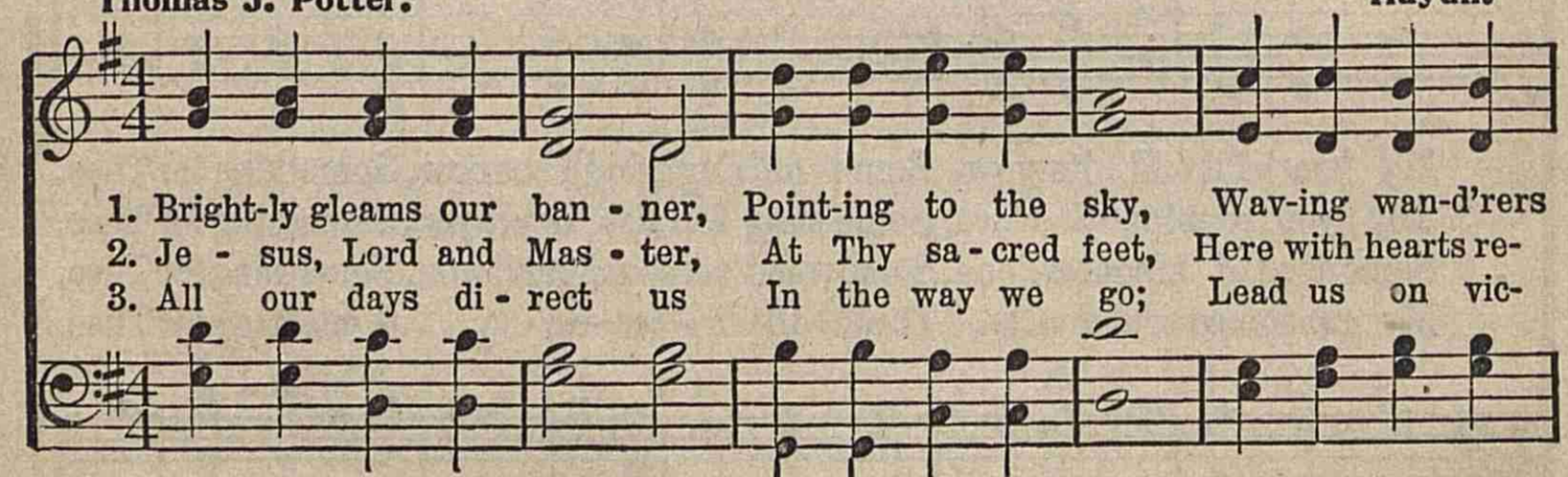
FINE. D. S.

2 Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee;
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea;
Meadow and mountain, and forest and sea,
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine;
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers once more round this altar of thine.

3 Angels of Bethlehem answer the strain;
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply;
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,— [main!
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
Angels of Bethlehem echo the strain.

No. 207. Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

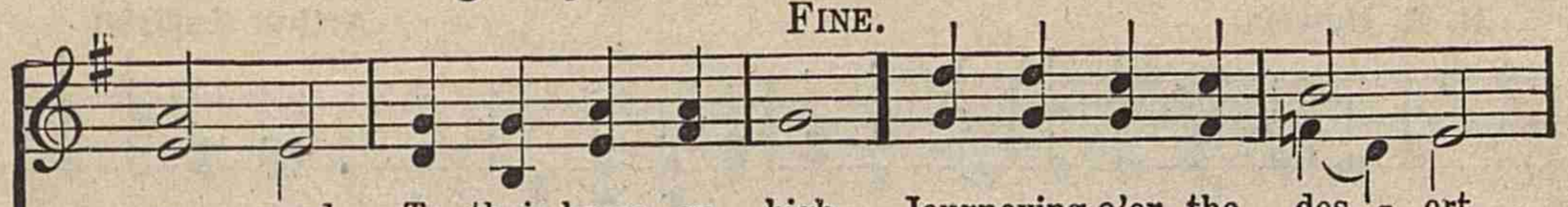
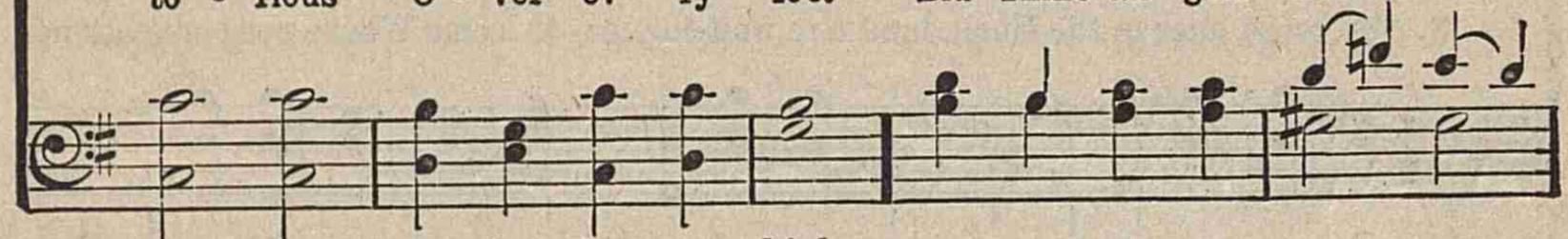
Thomas J. Potter. Haydn.



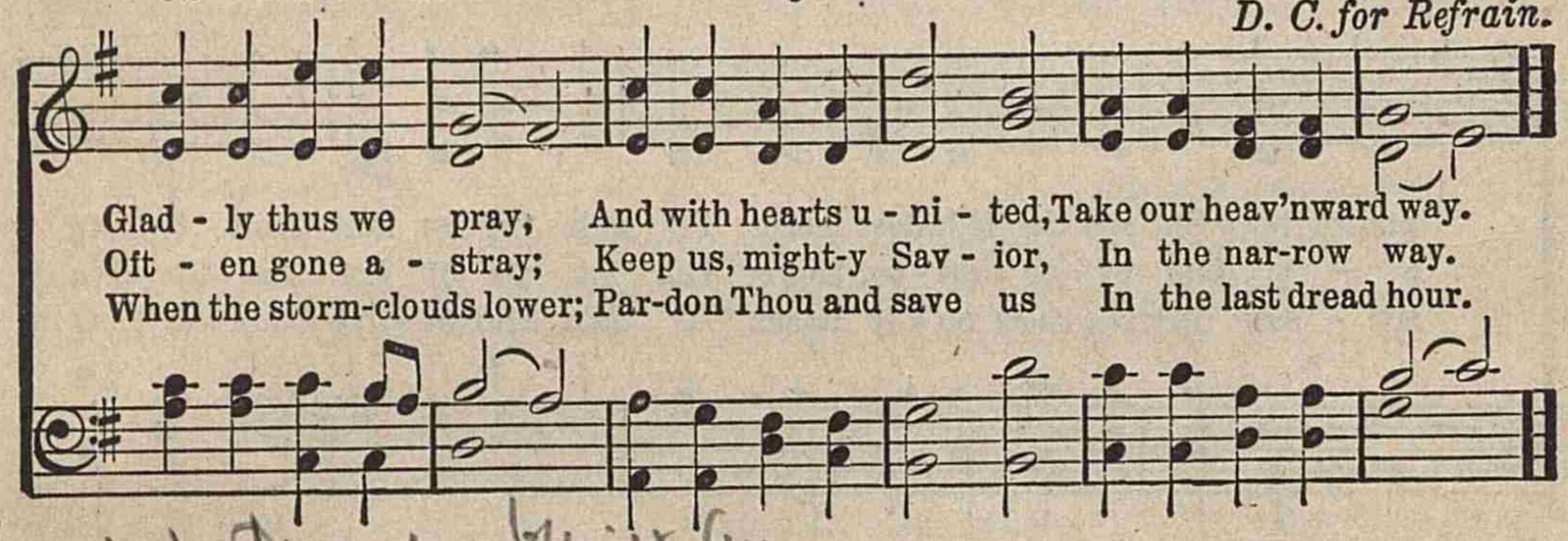
1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wan-d'rers
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re-
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic-

REF.—*Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wan-d'rers*

Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

FINE.



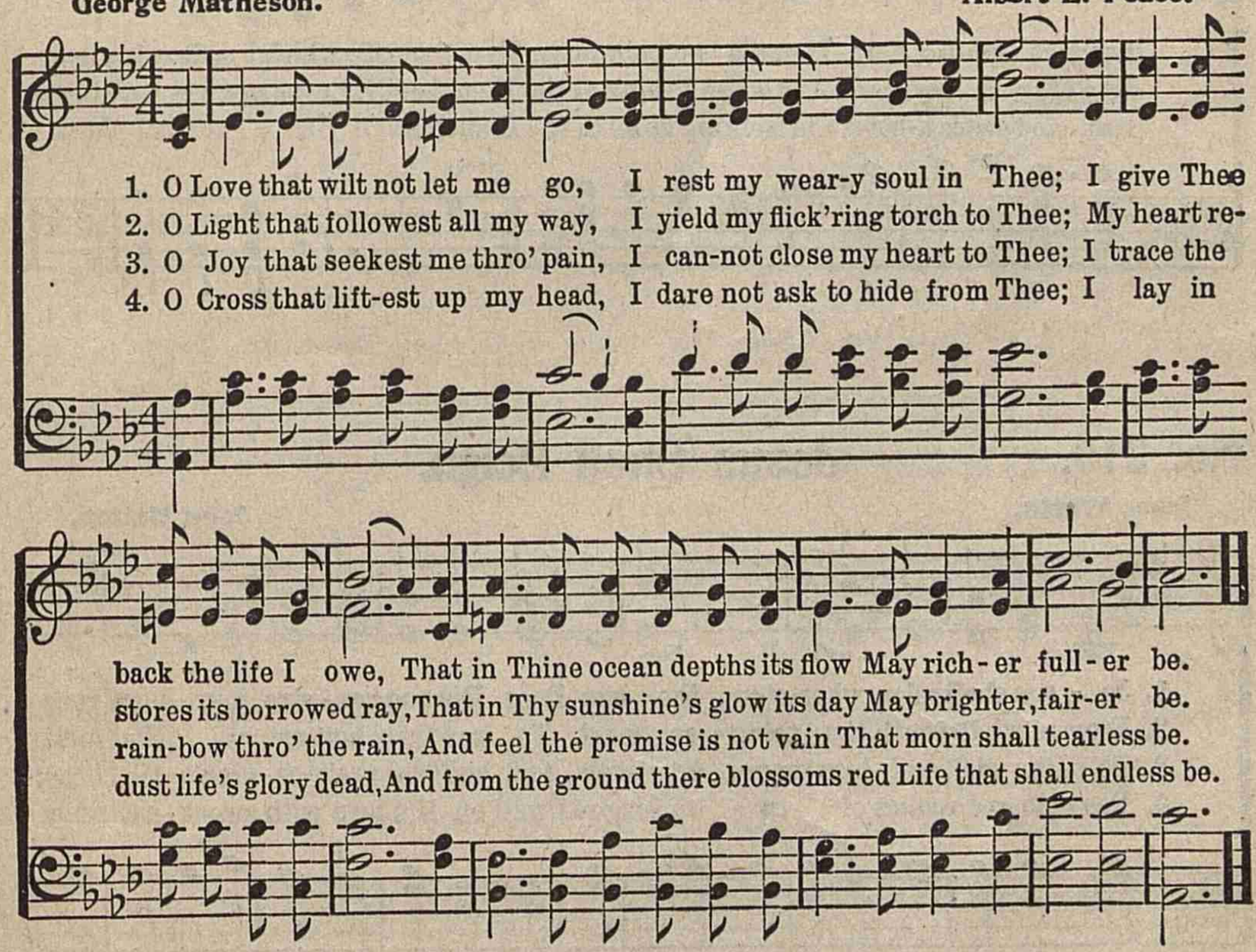
D. C. for Refrain.



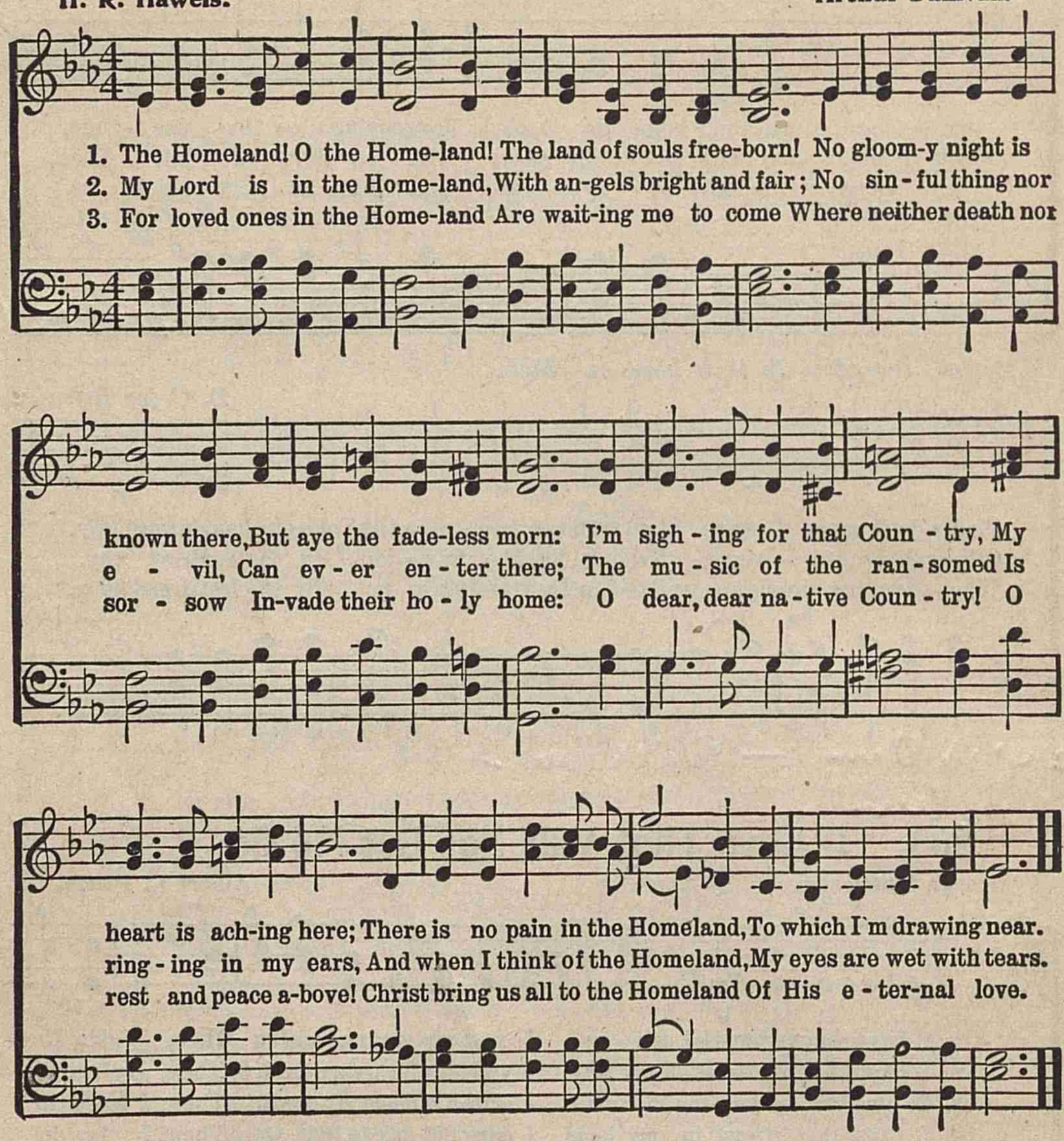
3/24'18 Ann 1— 6/10'18 Ann —
9/8'18 Ann —

No. 208. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

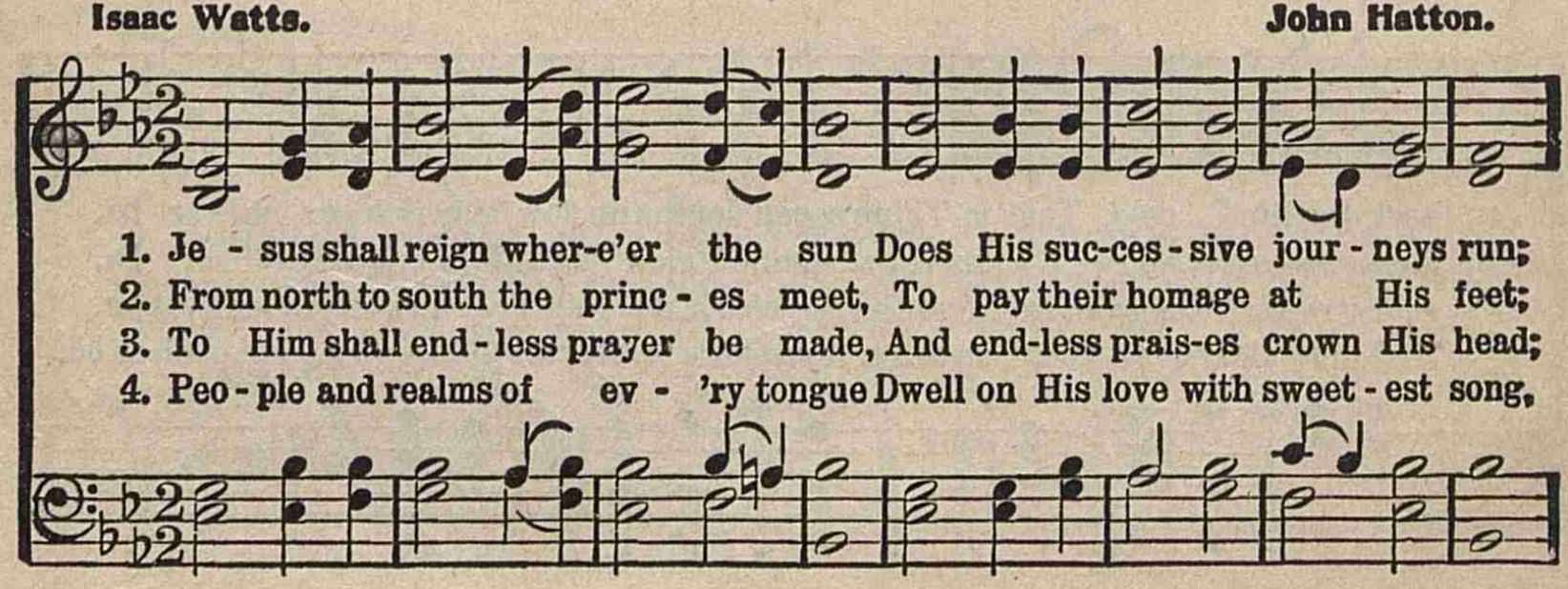
George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

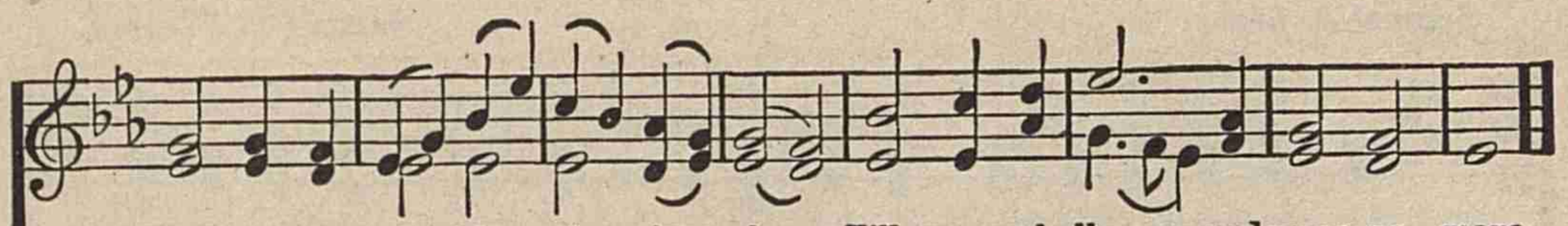


No. 209. The Homeland.

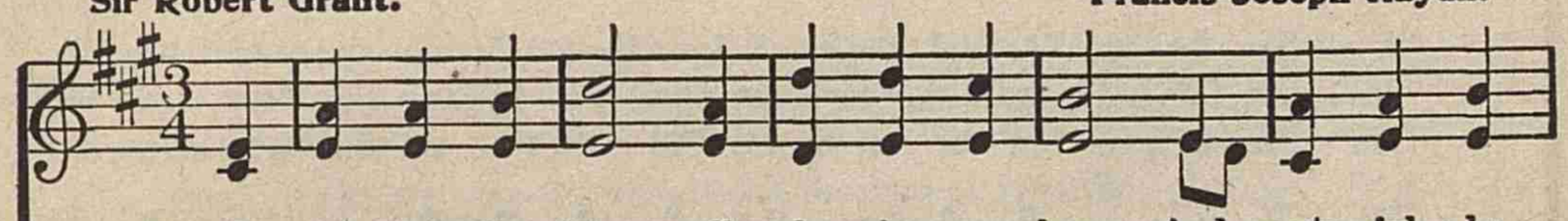
H. R. Hawels. Arthur Sullivan.

No. 210. Jesus Shall Reign.

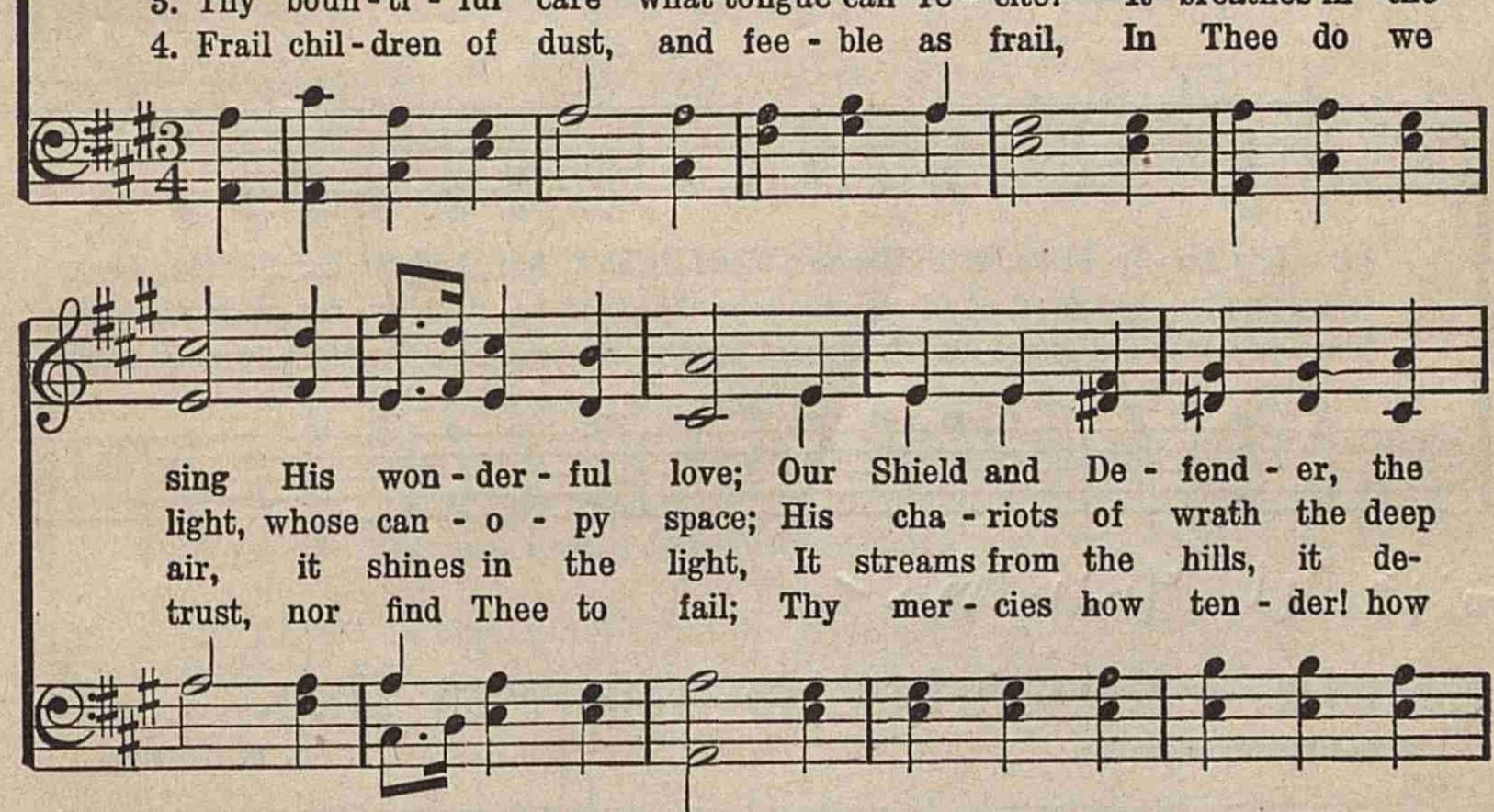
Isaac Watts. John Hatton.

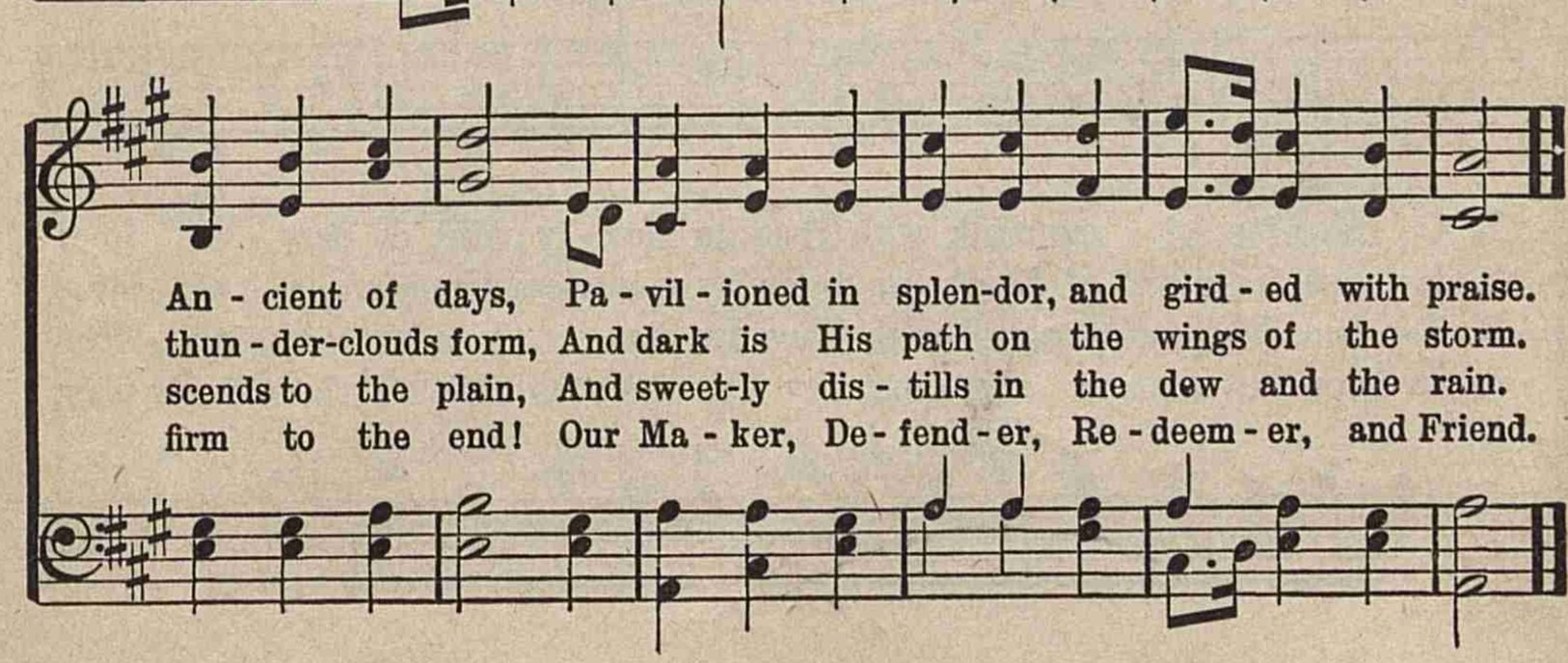


Jesus Shall Reign.

His king-dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at - tend His word.
His name like sweet per-fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.

No. 211. O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His cha - riots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

An - cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun - der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Ma - ker, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

4/30'18 Ann 5/3'18 Ann - 6/9'18 Ann -
7/14'18 Ann.

No. 212. The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. **Samuel S. Wesley.**

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je-sus Christ, her Lord; She is his new cre-
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth; Her char-ter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu-mult of her war, She waits the con-sum-

a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From Heav'n He came and sought her To
va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-
ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more; Till with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her

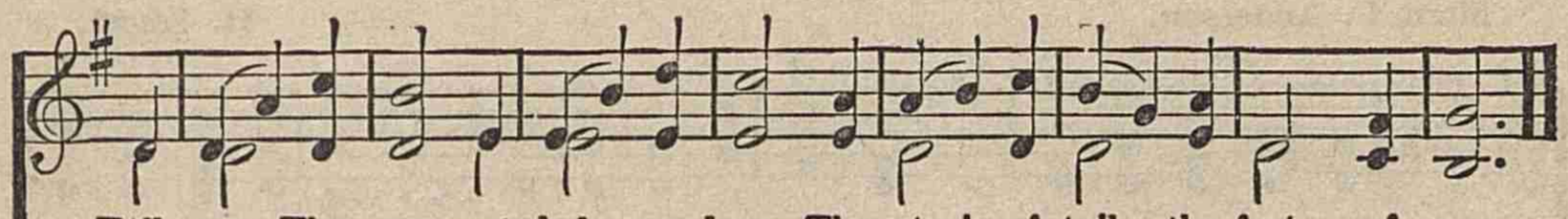
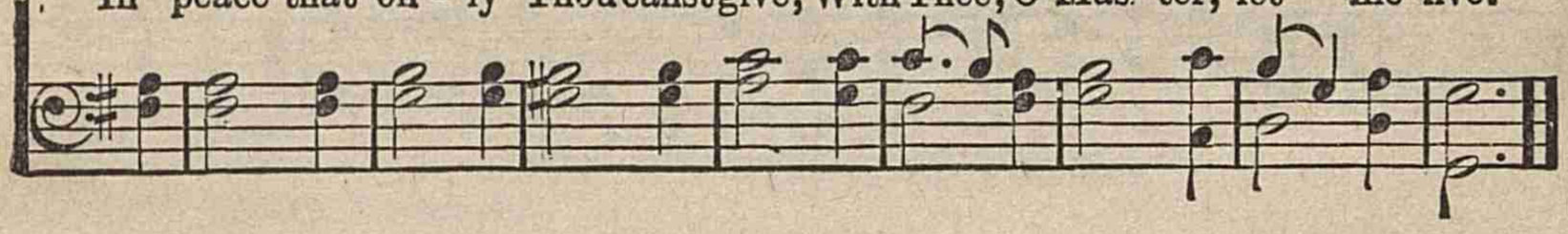
be His ho - ly bride; With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho - ly food, And to one hope she press-es, With ev - 'ry grace en-dued.
long - ing eyes are blest, And the great Church victorious Shall be the Church at rest.

4/30'18 Ann 6/16'18 Ann -

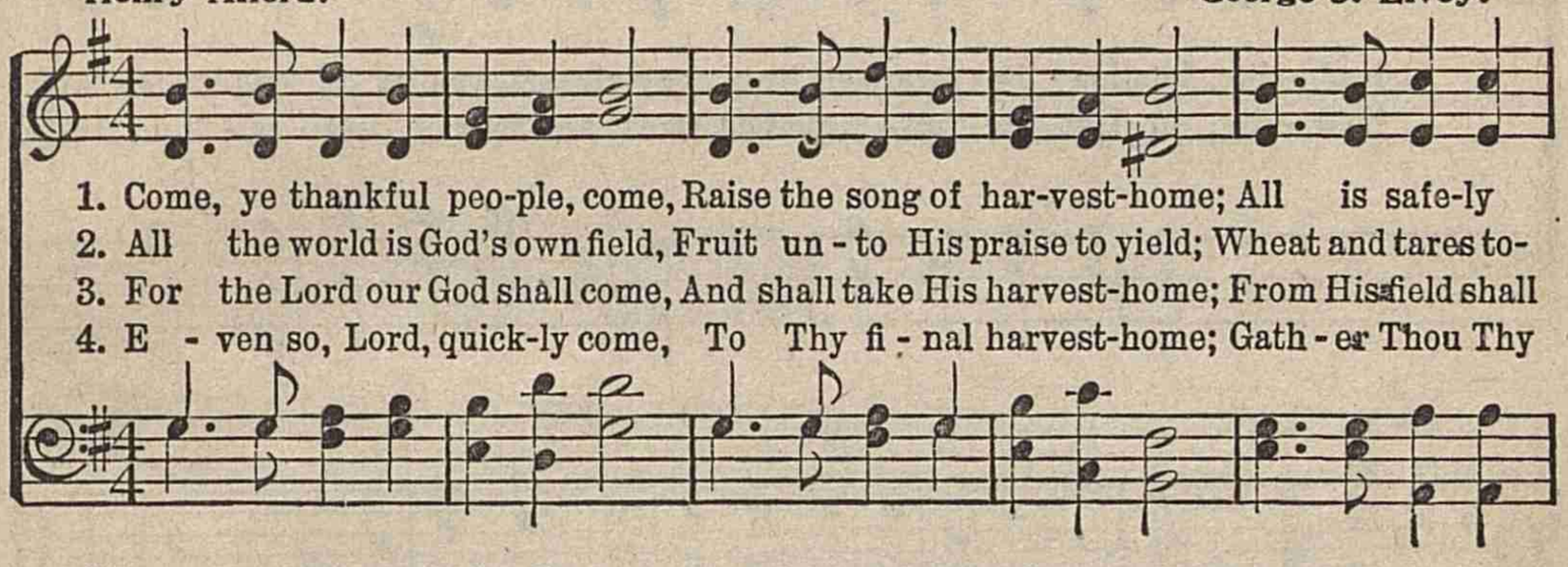
No. 213. O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

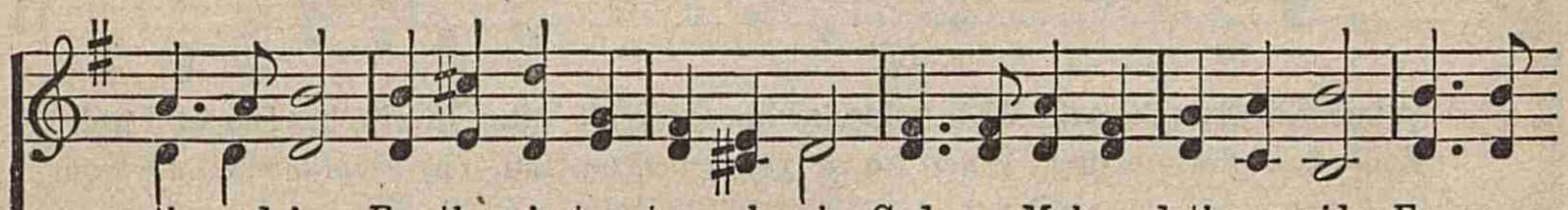
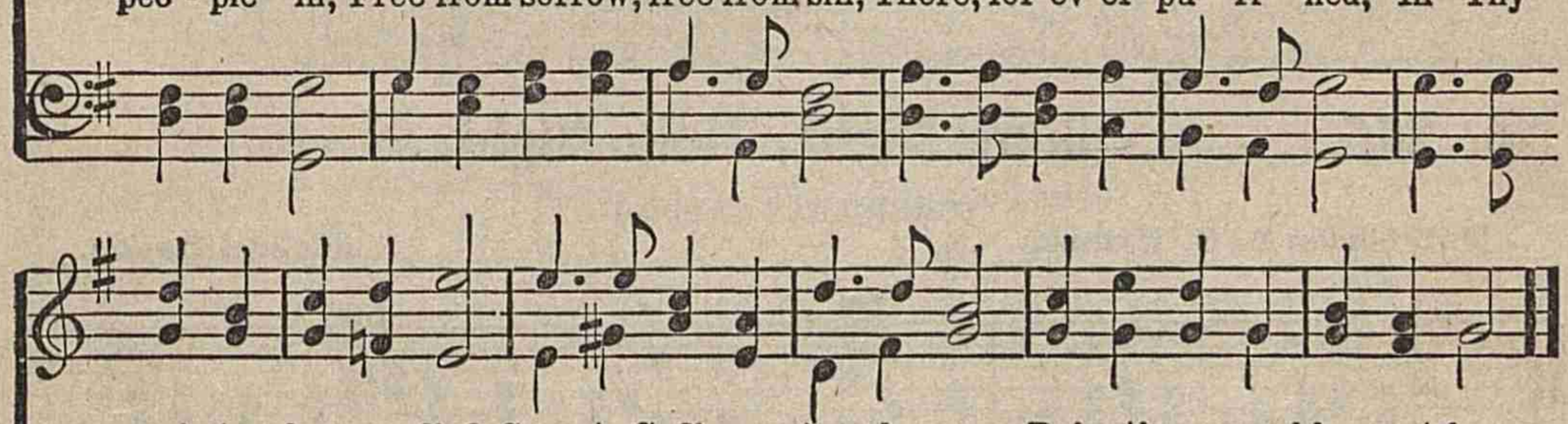
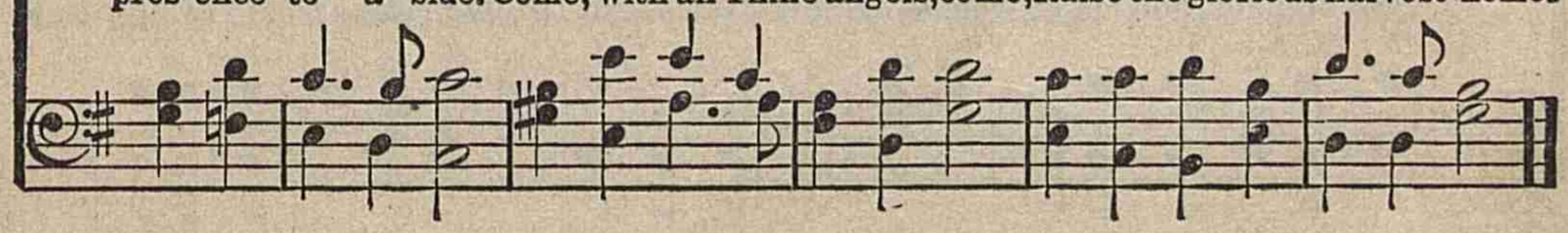
Washington Gladden. **J. B. Dykes.**

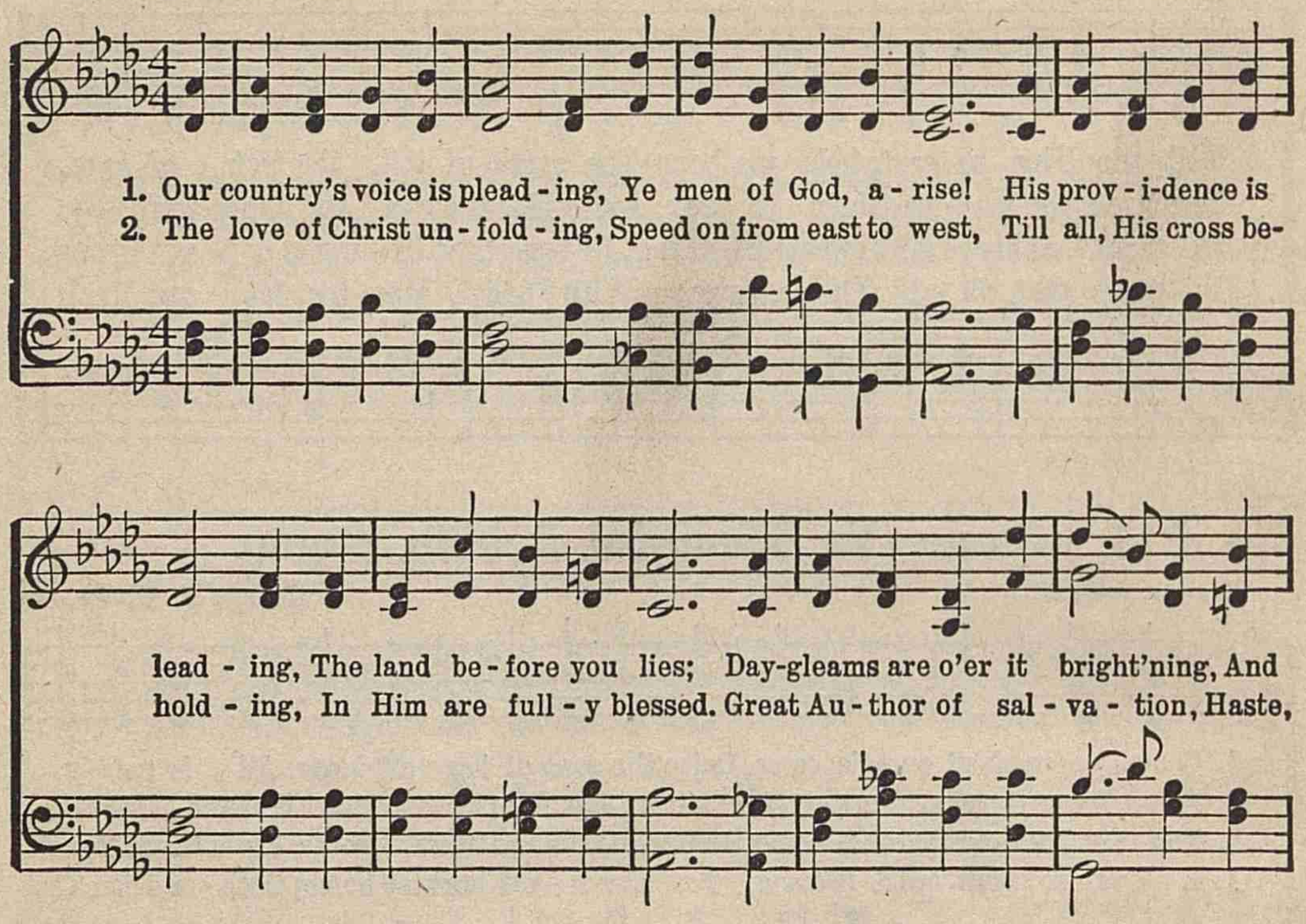
1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience! still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad'ning way;

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o - ver wrong.
In peace that on - ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live!

No. 214. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

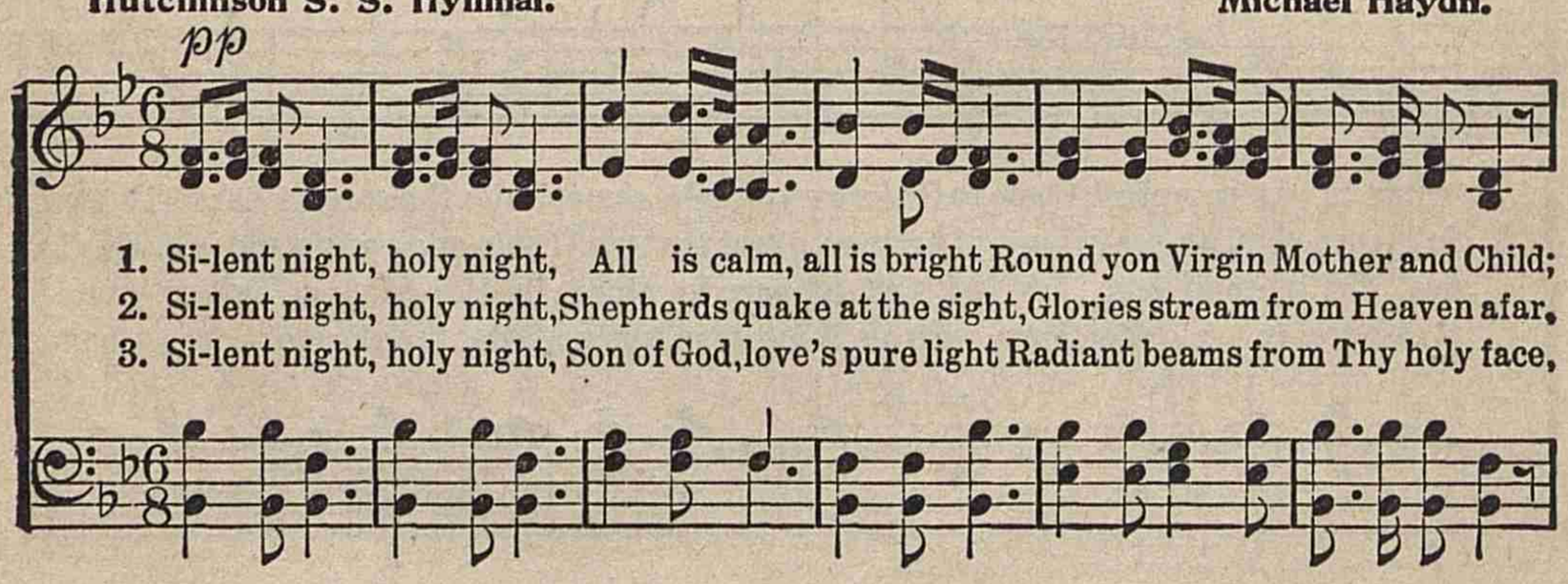
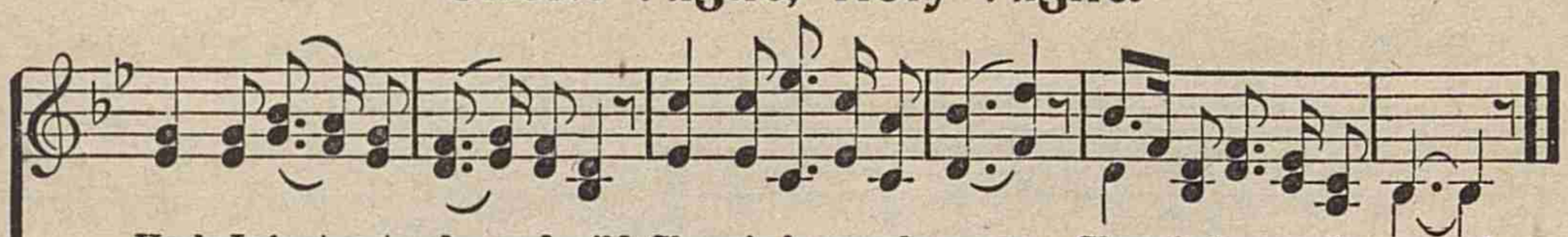
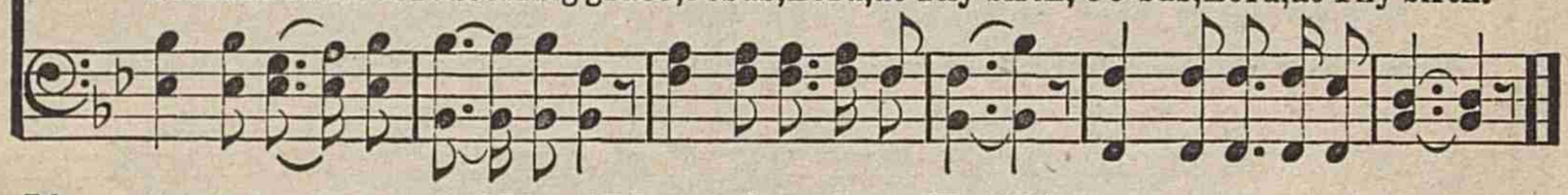
Henry Alford. **George J. Elvey.**

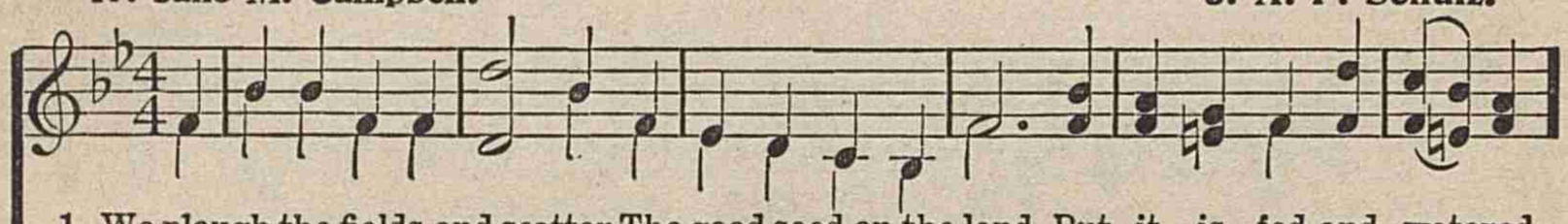
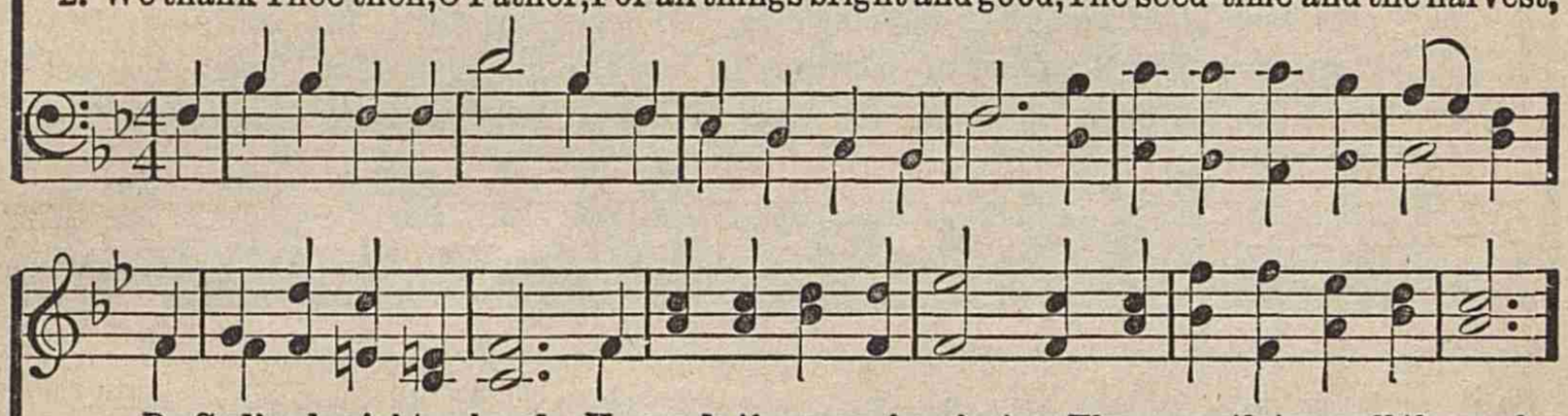
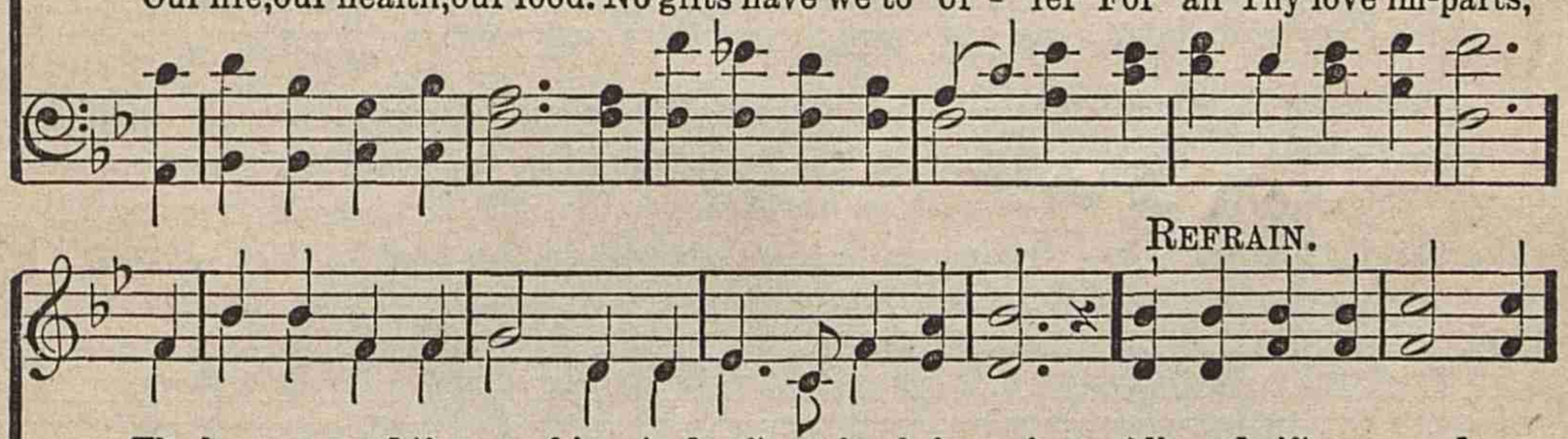


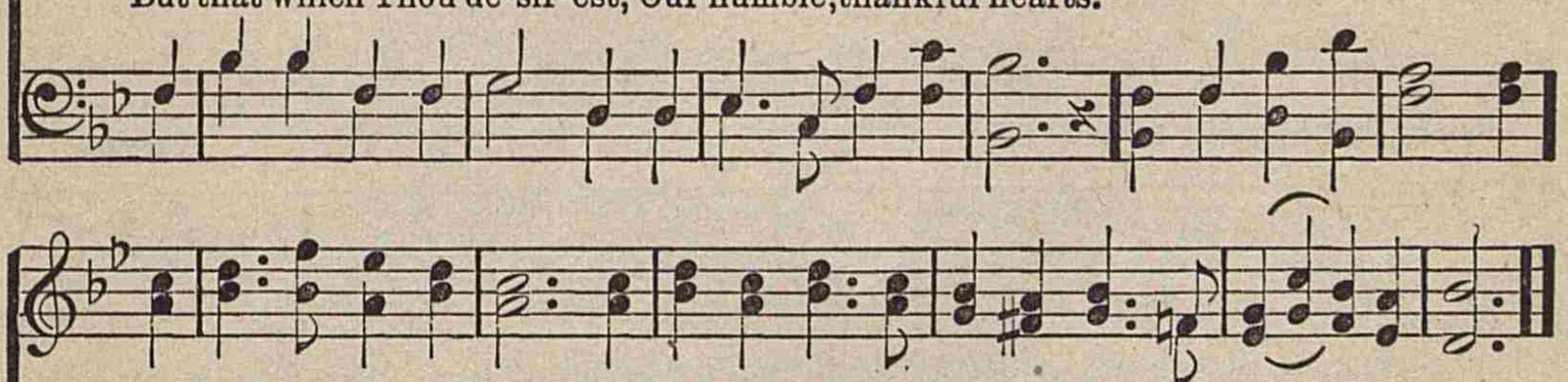
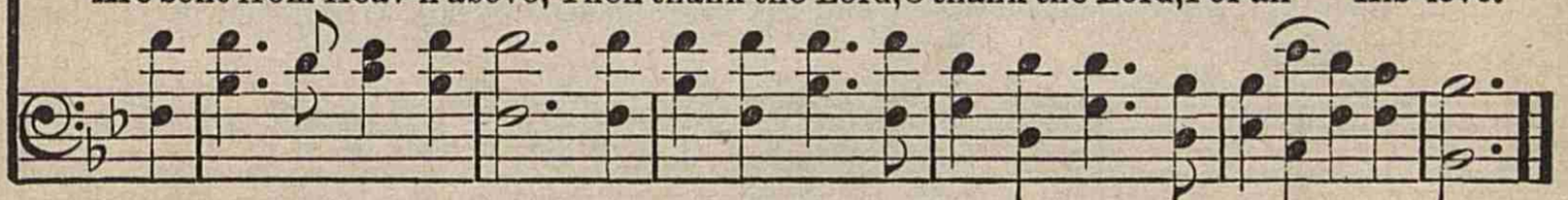
1. Come, ye thankful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home; All is safe-ly
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares to-
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His harvest-home; From His field shall
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come, To Thy fi - nal harvest-home; Gath - er Thou Thy

gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Maker, doth pro-vide For our
geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor-row grown: First the blade, and then the ear, Then the
in that day All of-fens-es purge a - way; Give His an-gels charge at last In the
peo - ple in, Free from sorrow, free from sin; There, for-ev-er pu - ri - fied, In Thy

wants to be sup-plied; Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home.
full corn shall ap-pear; Lord of harvest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
fire the tares to cast, But the fruit-ful ears to store In His gar-ner ev - er - more.
pres-ence to a - bide: Come, with all Thine angels, come, Raise the glorious harvest-home.

No. 215. Our Country's Voice is Pleading.

Maria F. Anderson. **H. Smart.**

No. 216. Silent Night, Holy Night.

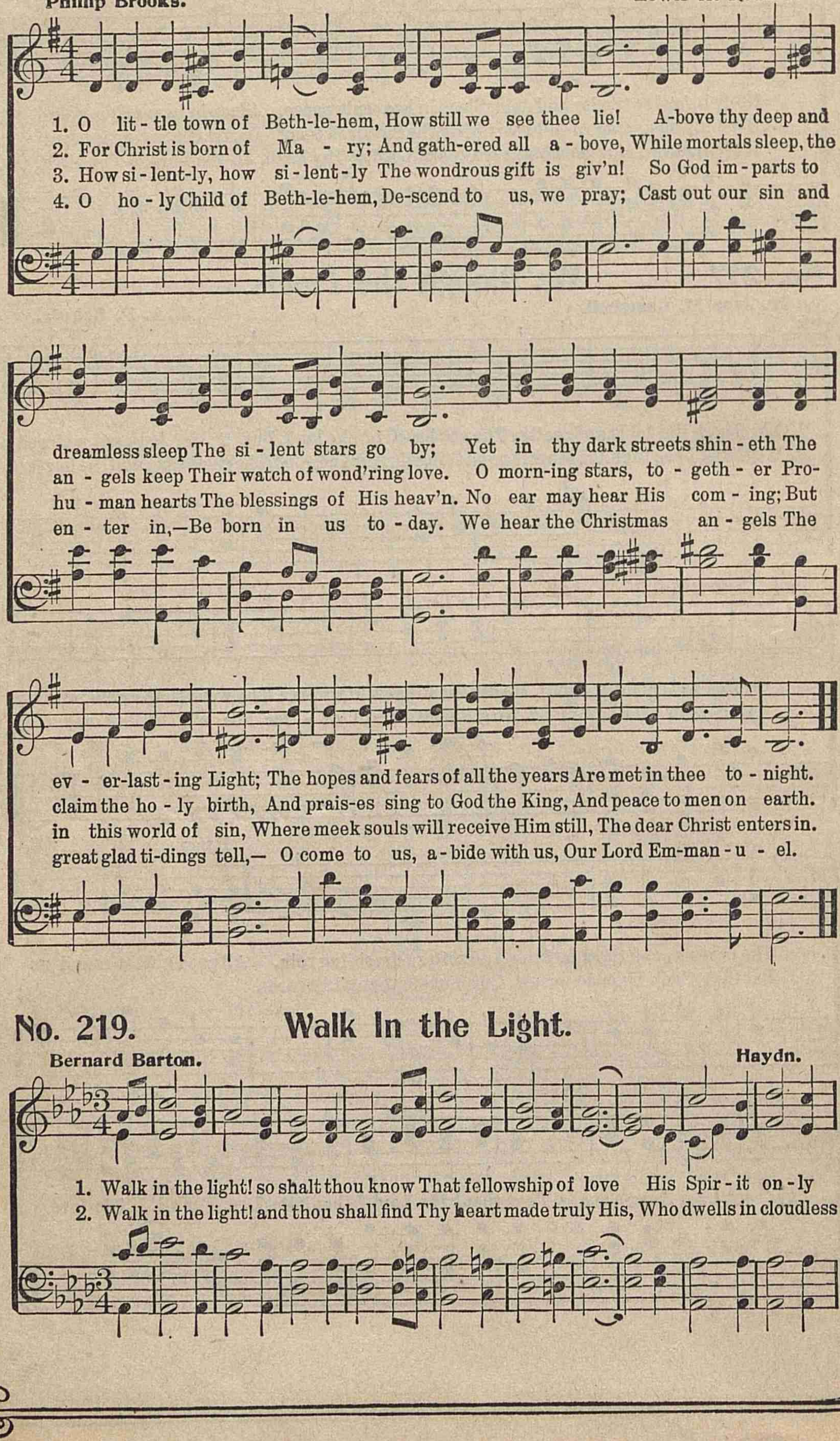
(CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

Hutchinson S. S. Hymnal. **Michael Haydn.**

Silent Night, Holy Night.

Ho-ly Infant so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace, Sleep in heavenly peace!
Heav'nly hosts sing Al-le-lu-ia; Christ,the Savior,is born! Christ,the Savior,is born!
With the dawn of redeeming grace,Jesus,Lord,at Thy birth, Je-sus,Lord,at Thy birth.

No. 217. We Plough the Fields.

Tr. Jane M. Campbell. **J. A. P. Schulz.**

1. We plough the fields,and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered
2. We thank Thee then,O Father,For all things bright and good,The seed-time and the harvest,

By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in win-ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
Our life,our health,our food. No gifts have we to of - fer For all Thy love im-parts,

REFRAIN.

The breezes, and the sunshine,And soft, re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a-round us
But that which Thou de-sir-est, Our humble,thankful hearts.

Are sent from Heav'n above, Then thank the Lord,O thank the Lord,For all His love.

No. 218. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

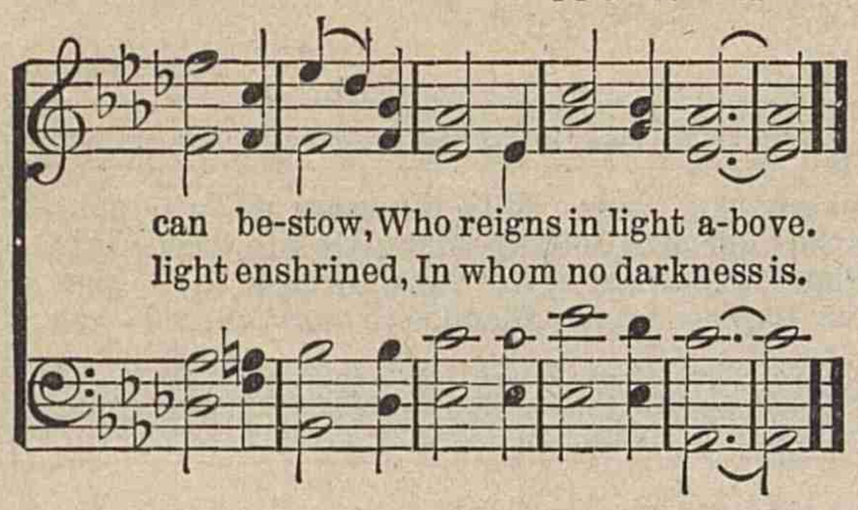
Phillip Brooks. **Lewis H. Redner.**



No. 219. Walk In the Light.

Bernard Barton. **Haydn.**

Walk In the Light.

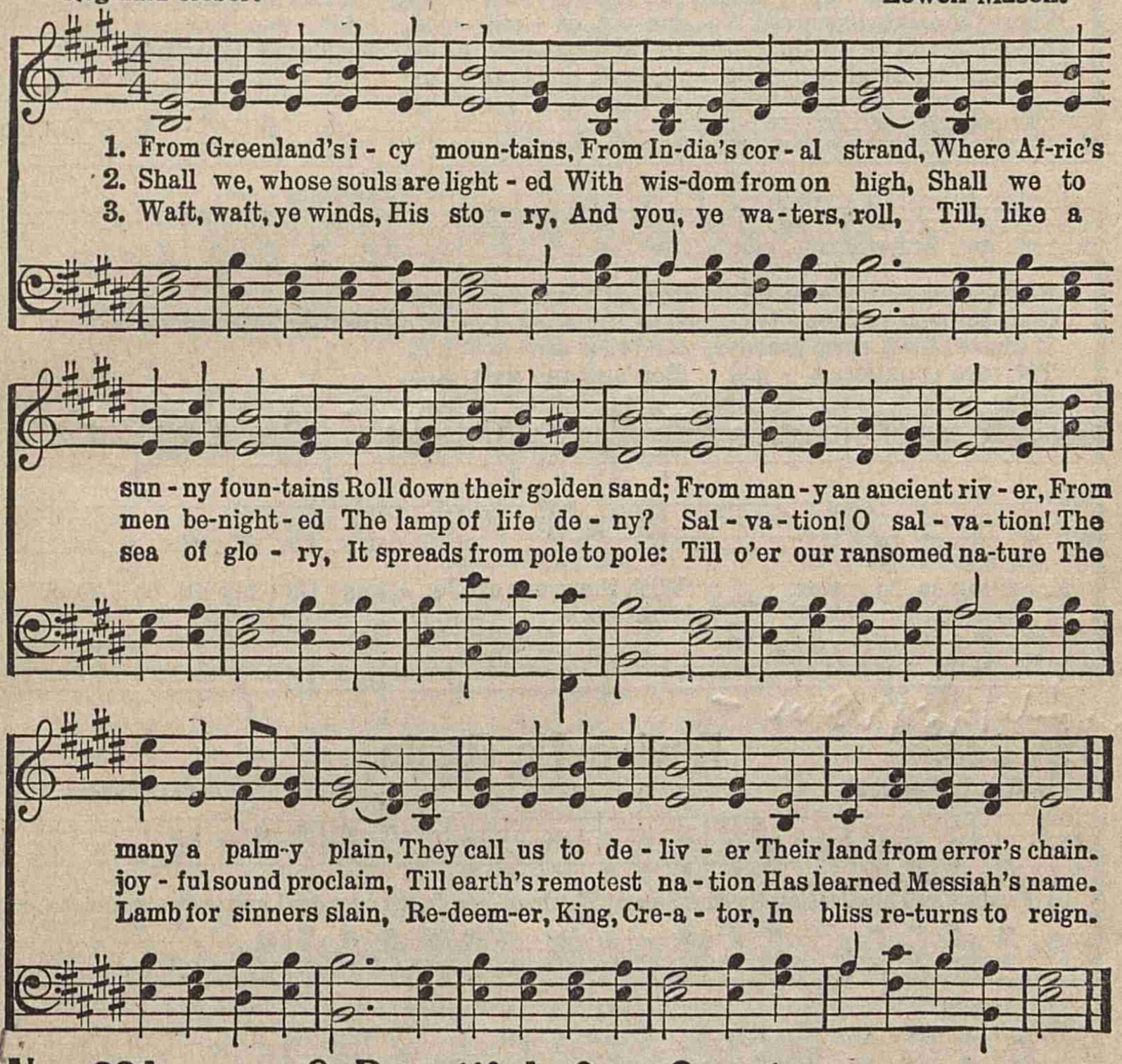


3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 220. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. Lowell Mason.



No. 221. O Beautiful, Our Country.

(*Tune above.*)

1 O beautiful, our country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair:
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair Freedom's open door!

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and pray'd;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine,
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

No. 222. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

GOULD. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian Sol-diers! Marching 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. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, 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 voi - ces

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 pre-vail;
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, Christian sol - diers!
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 223. Revive Us Again.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scatter'd our night.

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

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

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

No. 224. Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. (NICÆA.) JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing Our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns A - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and Ev - er-more shalt be.
There is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in Love, and pu - ri - ty.

No. 225. Holy, Holy is the Lord.

F. J. C. USED BY PERMISSION. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo-ple, glad - ly a-dore Him;
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi-on, her-ald the sto - ry,
3. King e - ter-nal, bless-ed be His name! So may His children glad-ly a-dore Him,

Let the mountains tremble at His word. Let the hills be joy - ful be-fore Him;
Sin and death His pow-er shall destroy, All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry;
While on earth we swell the happy strain; When we cast our bright crowns before Him;

D.S.—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord, Let His saints be joy - ful be - fore Him.

Might-y in wisdom, boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho-vah, King o - ver all.
Praise Him, ye an-gels, ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splendor, matchless, di-vine.
There in His likeness, joy - ful a-wak-ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

No. 226. In the Hour of Trial.

J. MONTGOMERY. (PENITENCE. 6s, 5s, D.) SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa-ther, strengthen me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did treas-ures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor-row, care and woe; Or should pain at-tend me

I de - part from Thee. When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a touch re-
Spread to work me harm; By Thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa-ther, keep Thy
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to

call, Nor from Thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
child; All my foes re - strain-ing, And my pas-sions wild.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - men.

4/7 1 & Pam - 6/24 1 & Am - 7/2 8 1 & Am - 9/1 1 1 & Am.

No. 227. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning.

WESLEY. (WESLEY. 11s, 10s.) L. MASON.

1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing, Long by the
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. See from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-

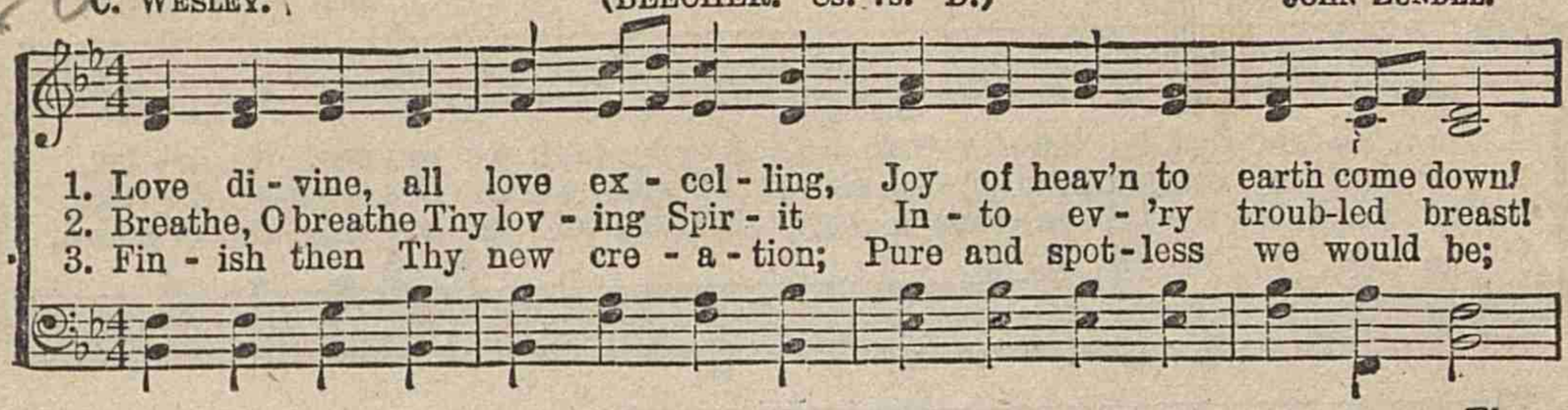
lands that in dark - ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac - cents of sor - row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told; Hail to the mil - lions from bond-age re-
copi - ous are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the mount-ain tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as - cend - ing on high; Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com-

mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
turn - ing; Gen - tile and Jew the blest vis - ion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - men.

No. 228.

Love Divine.

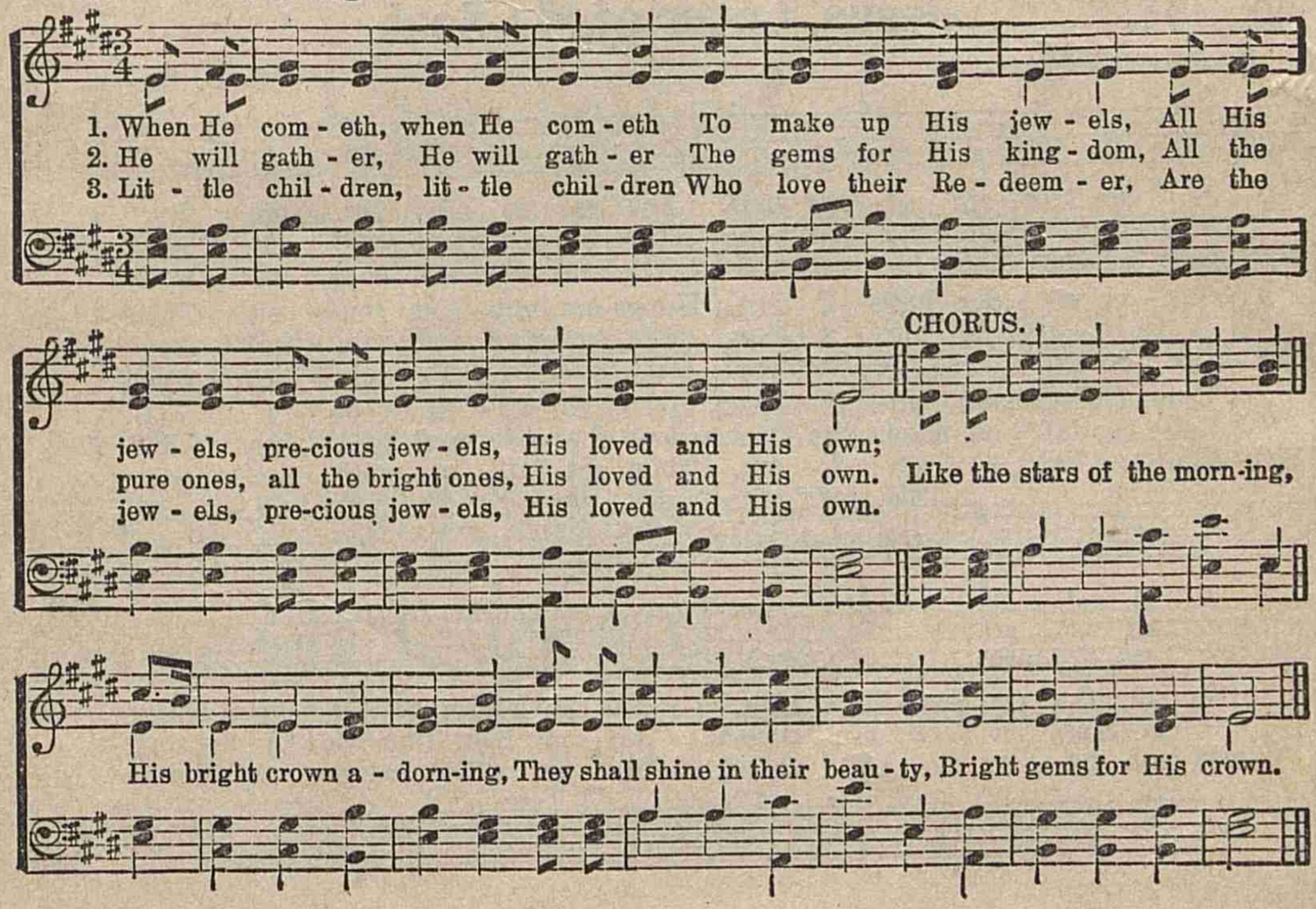
C. WESLEY. (BEECHER. 8s. 7s. D.) JOHN ZUNDEL.



No. 229.

Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.



No. 230. Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

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

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwell-ing-place there.
And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal - low our days.

CHORUS.

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

No. 231. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
   { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
   { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me: }
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!

3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
   { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. }
D.C.—Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

D. C.

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

No. 232. God Be With You!

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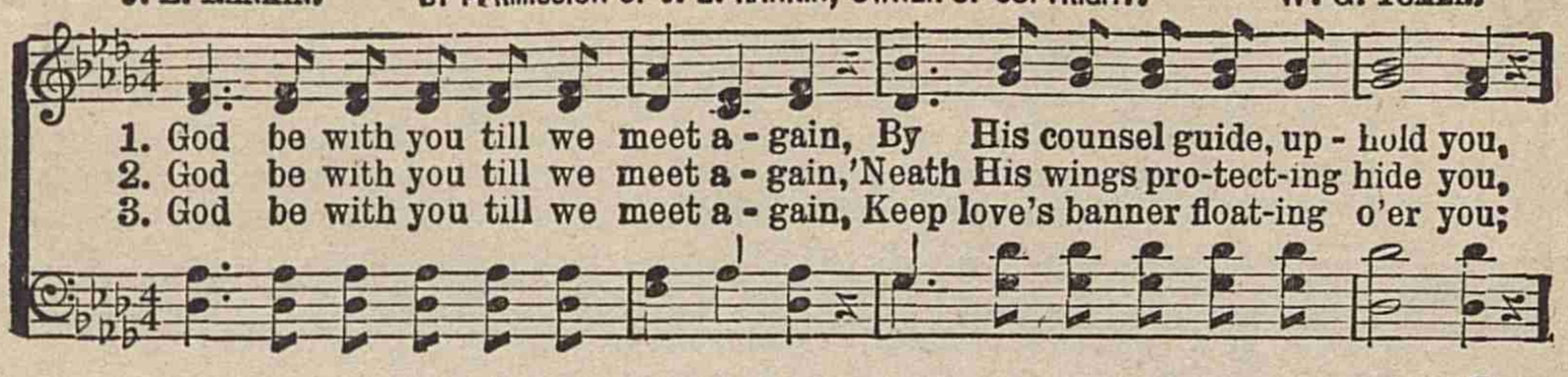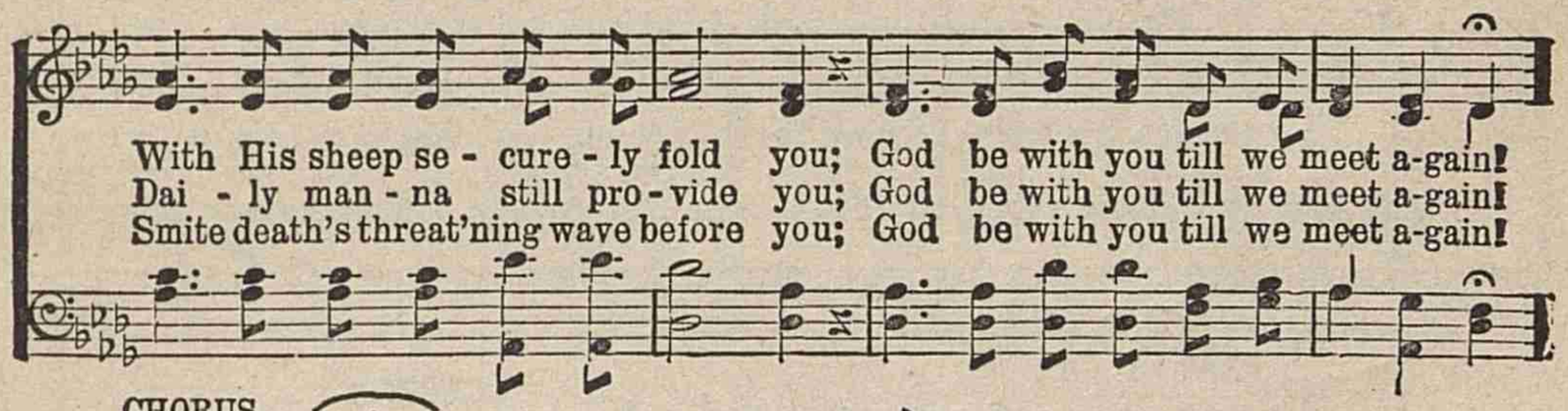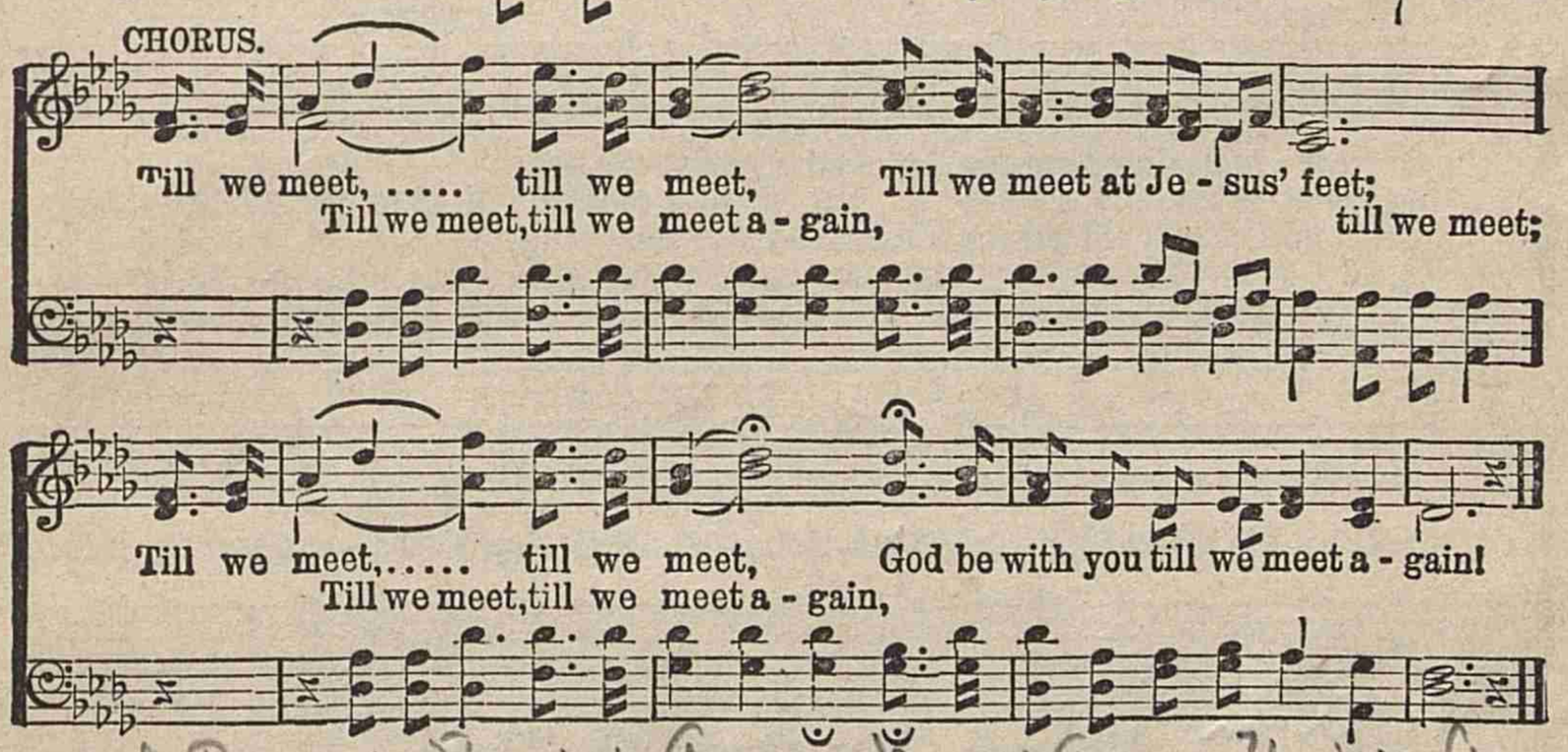

3/24'18 Pan 1 5/20'18 Ann - 9/24'18 Ann. - 7/21'18 Ann

No. 233. I Need Thee Every Hour.

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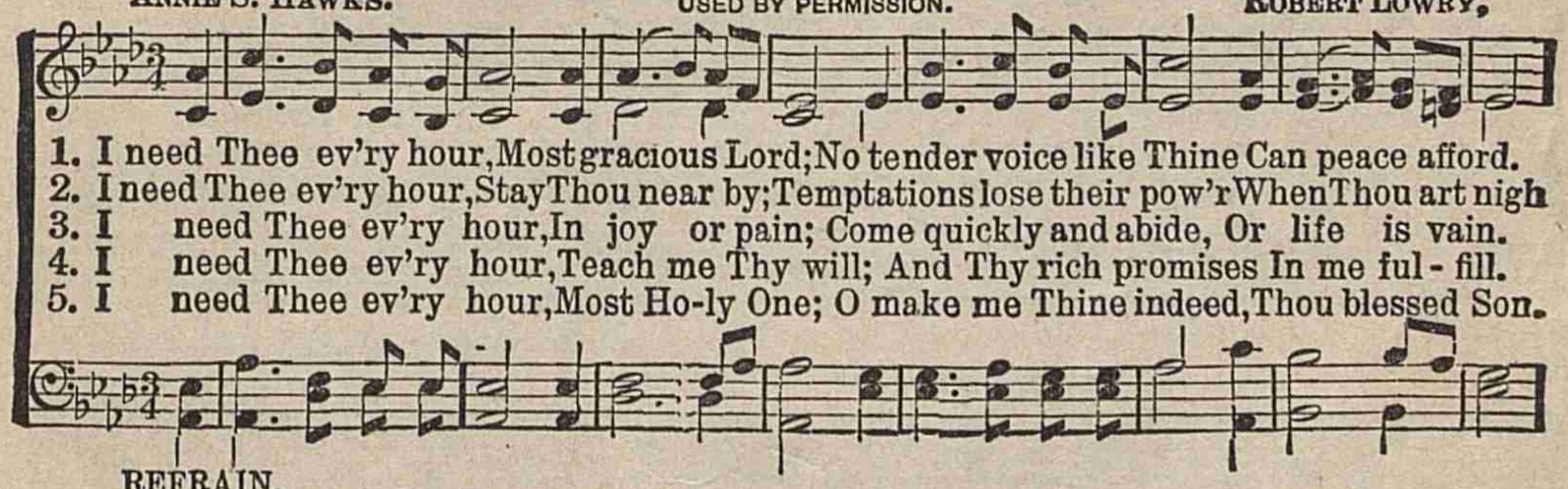
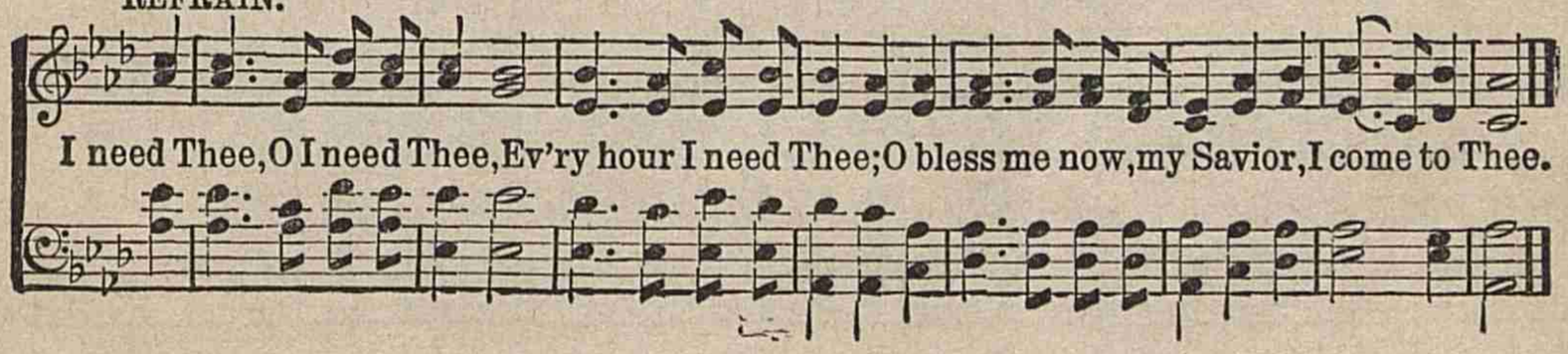

No. 234. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the golden fan-cies
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, Be-cause 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-ing 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. 235. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. (BETHANY. 6s. 4s.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,

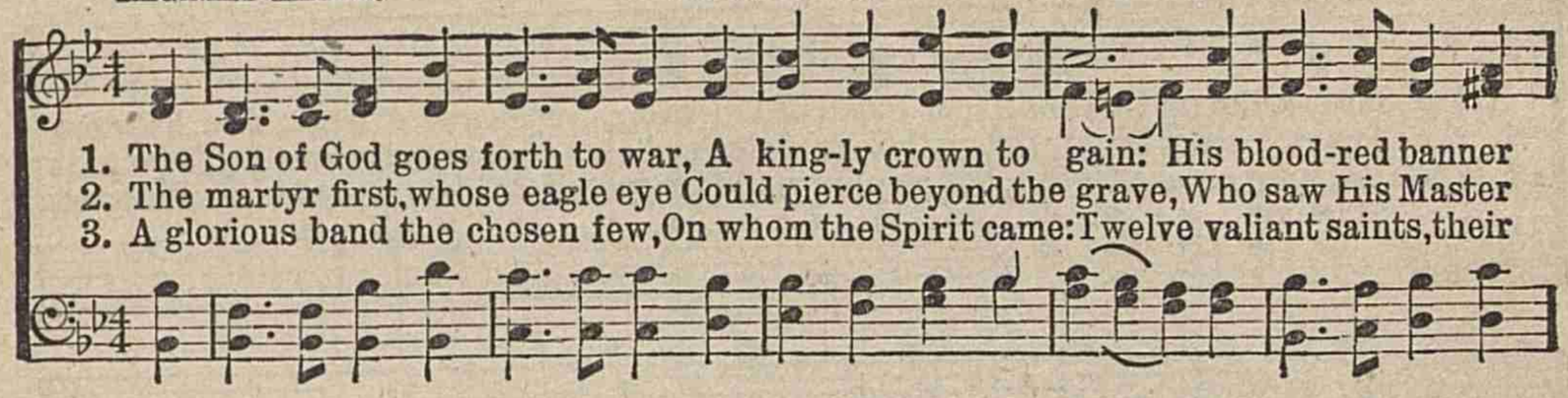
FINE. D. S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Still in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

No. 236. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. "ALL SAINTS." H. S. CUTLER.



No. 237. Day is Dying in the West.

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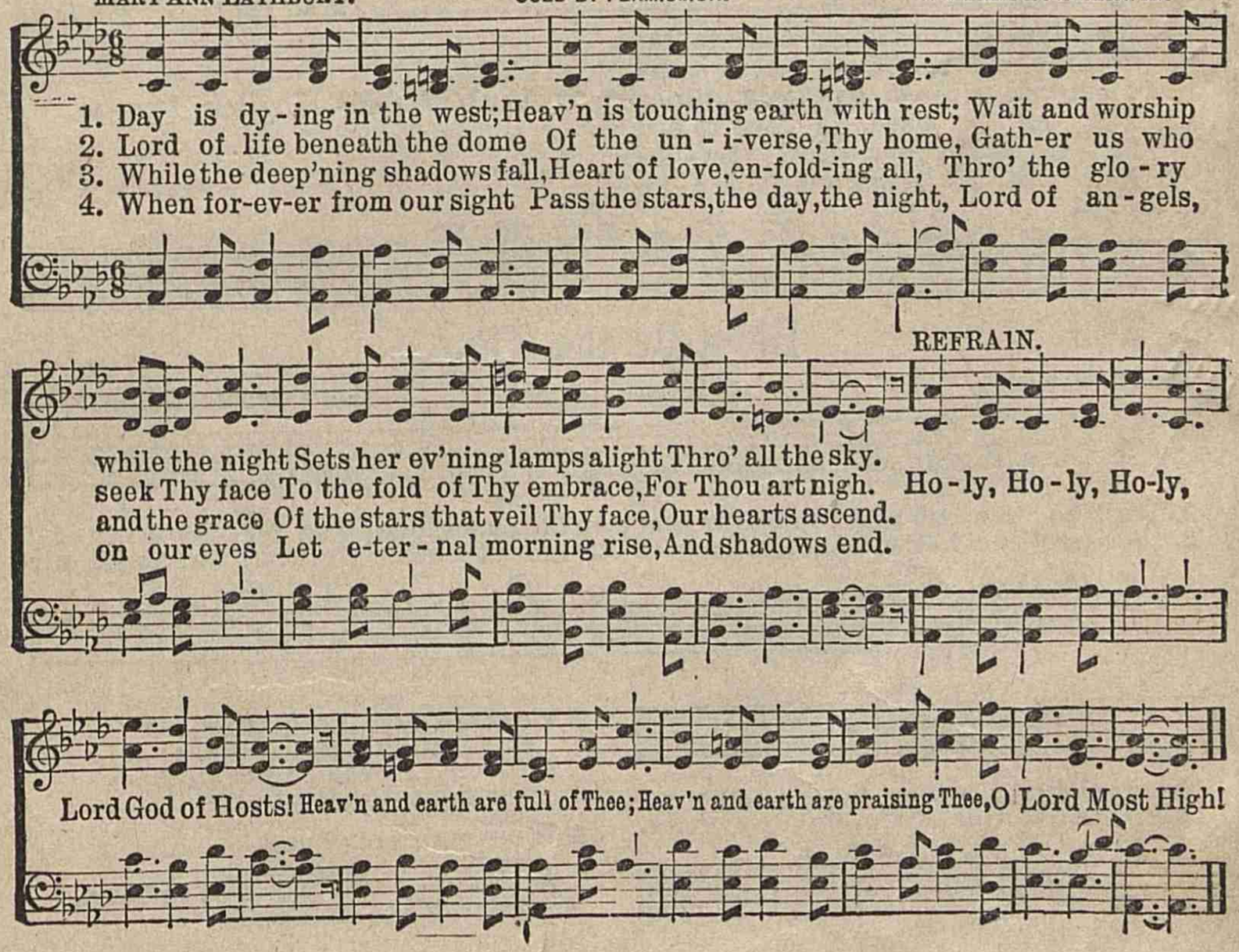
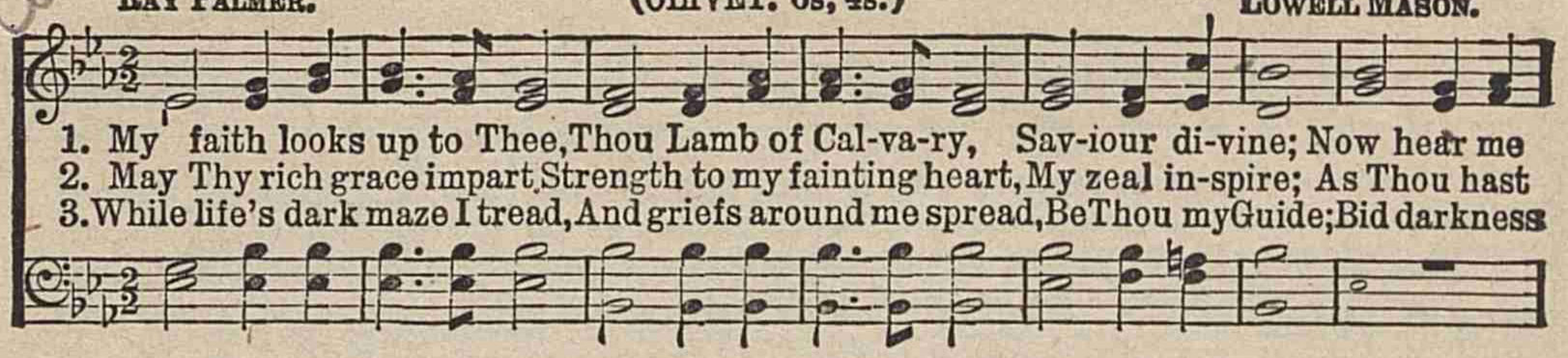
MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

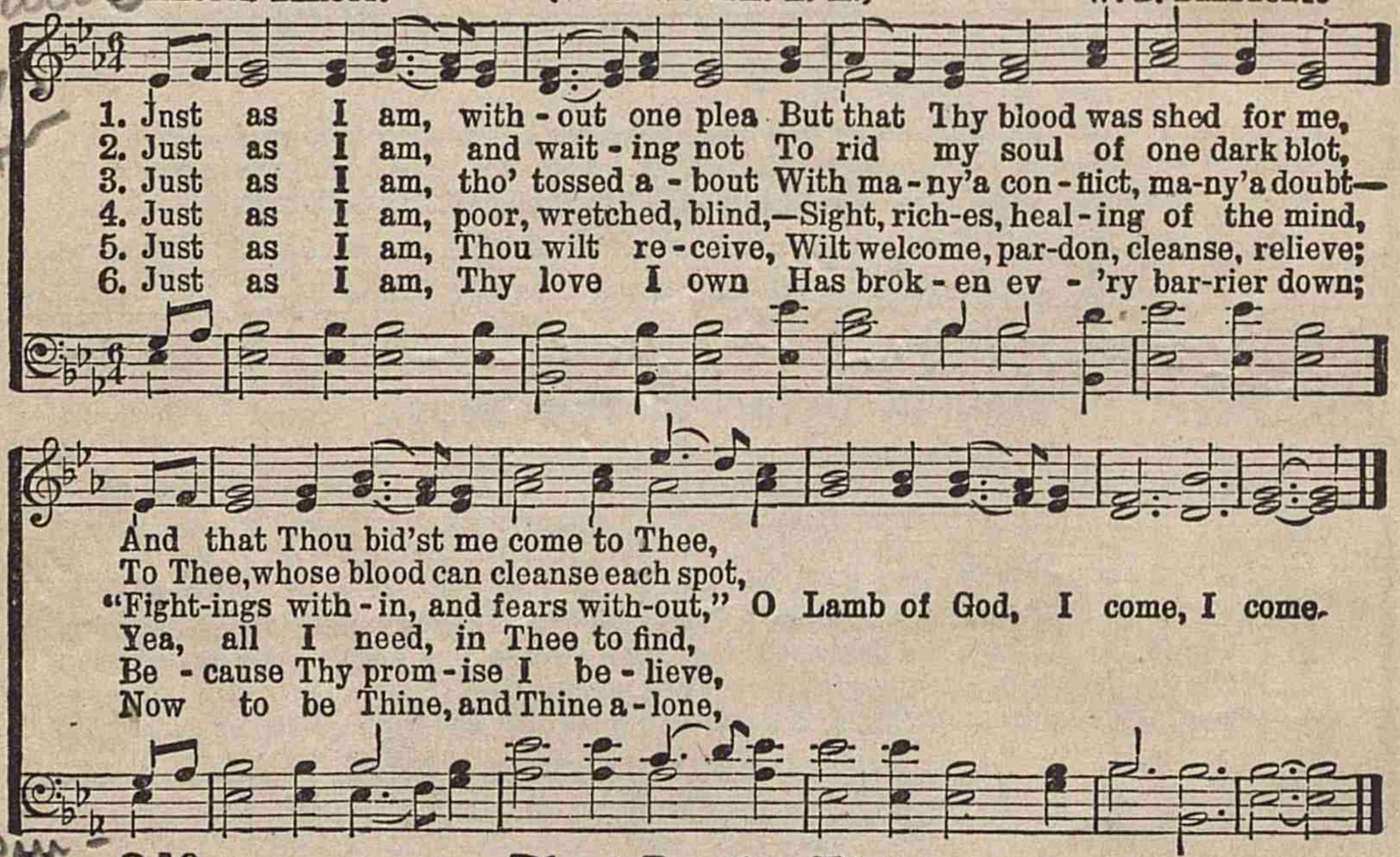


No. 238. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

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



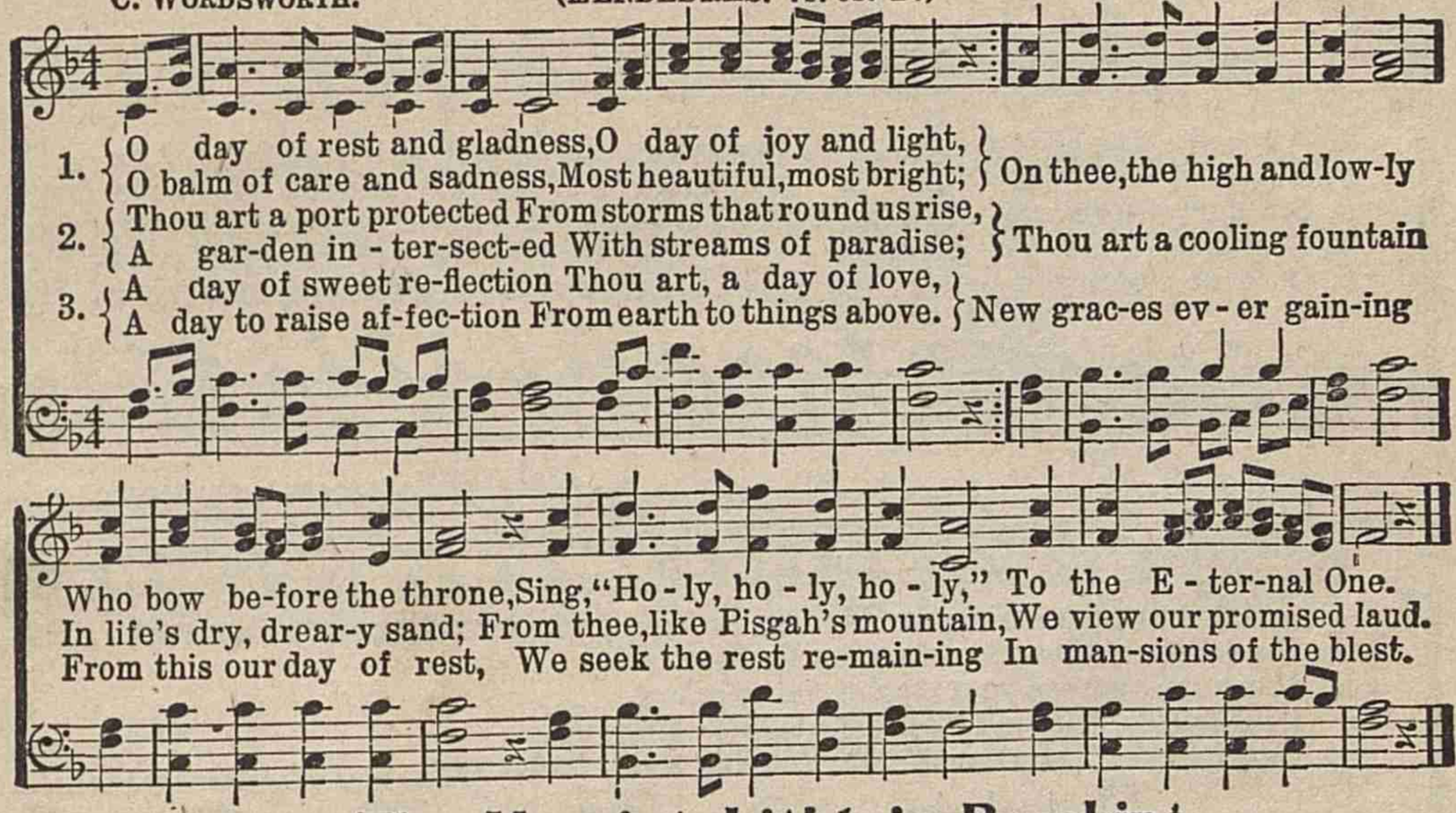
No. 239. Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

No. 240. Blest Be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) HANS GEORGE NAGELI.

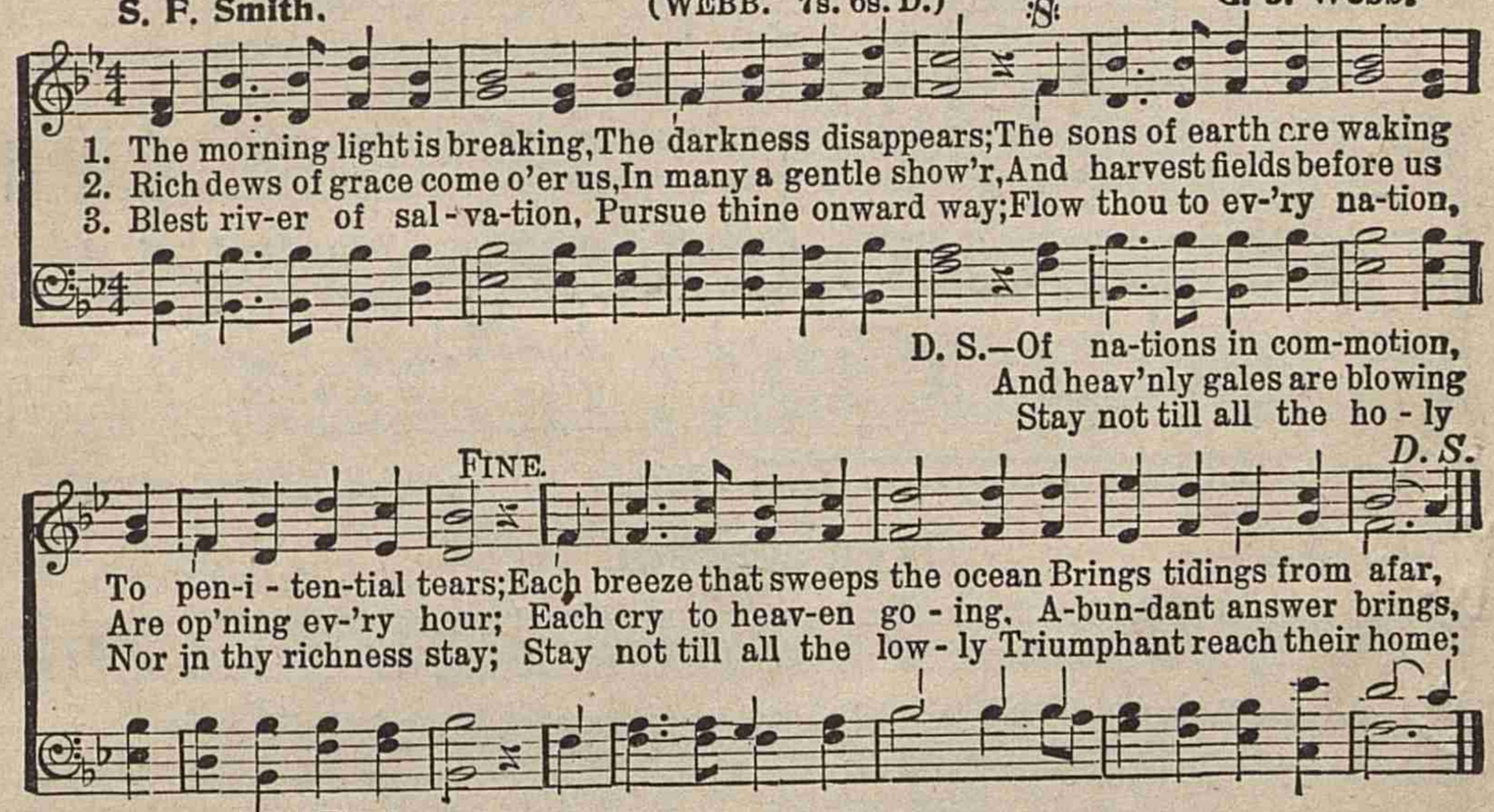
No. 241. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. (MENDEBRAS. 7s. 6s. D.) GERMAN.



No. 242. The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. (WEBB. 7s. 6s. D.) G. J. Webb.



Prepared for Zion's war.
With peace upon their wings.
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

No. 243. Stand Up for Jesus.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
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 that are men now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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

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

—*George Duffield.*

No. 244. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. PERRONET. (DIADEM. C. M.) Arr. by T. RICHARDS.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall, Ye ran-som'd
3. Sin-ners whose love can ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall, The wormwood
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter-res-trial ball, On this ter-
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His

And crown.....

prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall; Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
and the gall, Go spread your trophies at His feet,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; Crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

Him, crown Him, crown .....Him,

crown ..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 245. Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a-

dem, And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 246. Miles Lane.

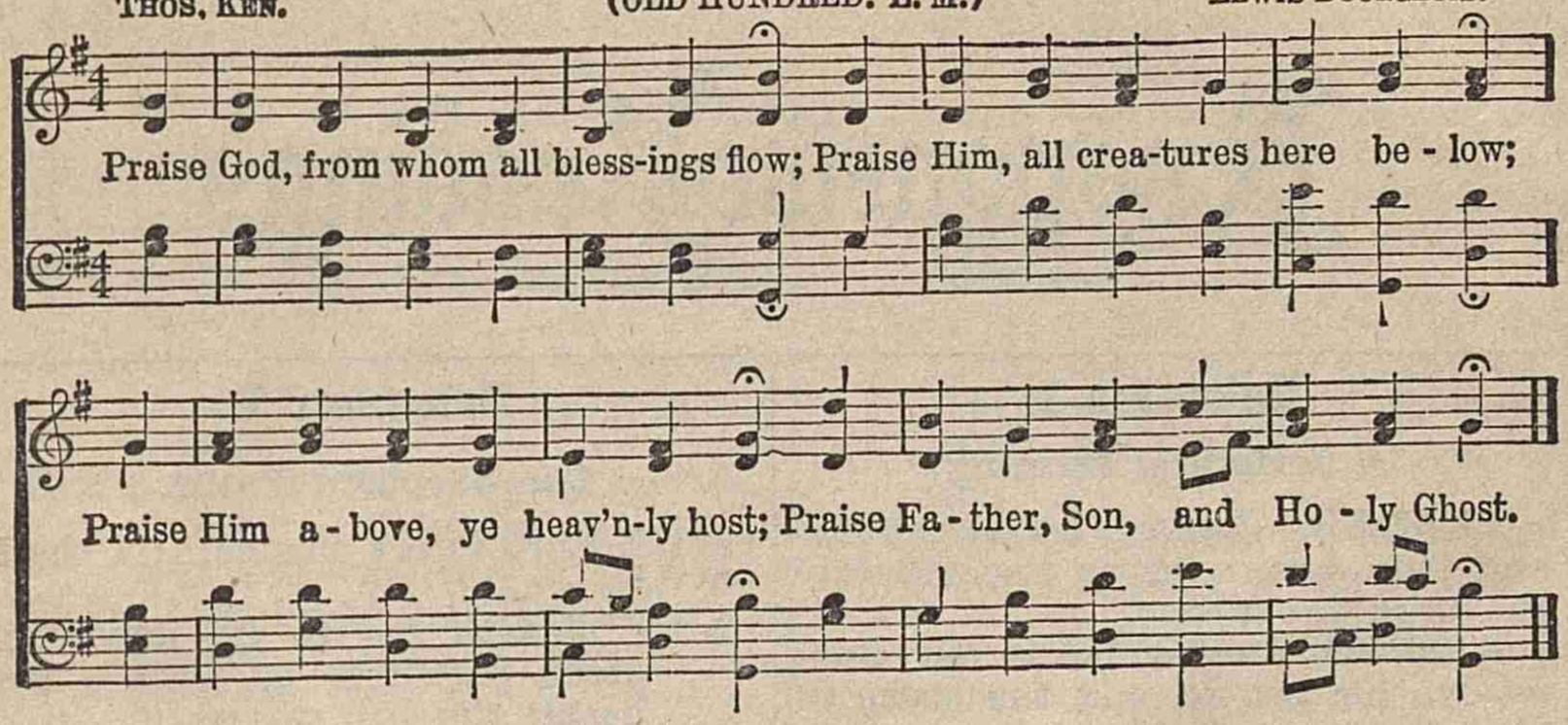
W. SHRUBSOLE.

1 2

crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him,

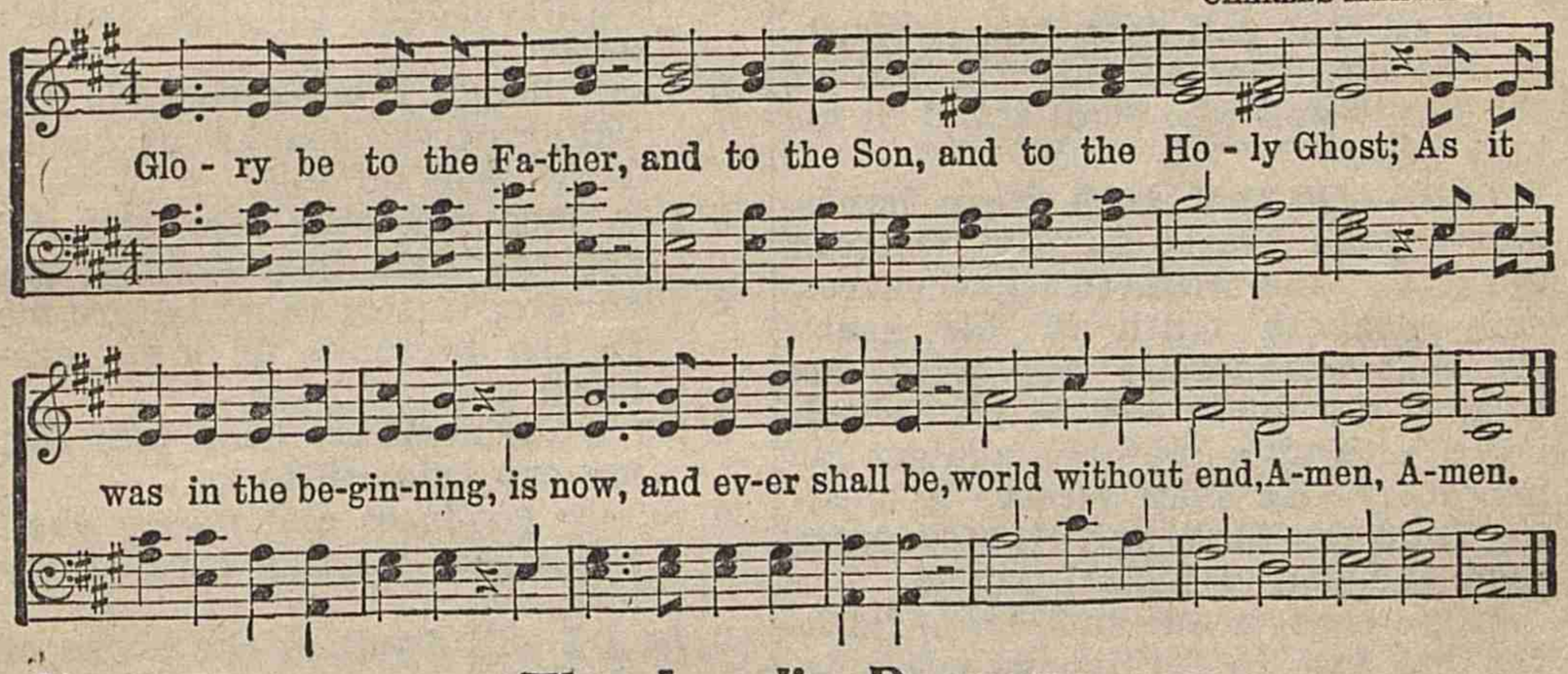
No. 247. Doxology.

THOS. KEN. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) LEWIS BOURGEOIS.

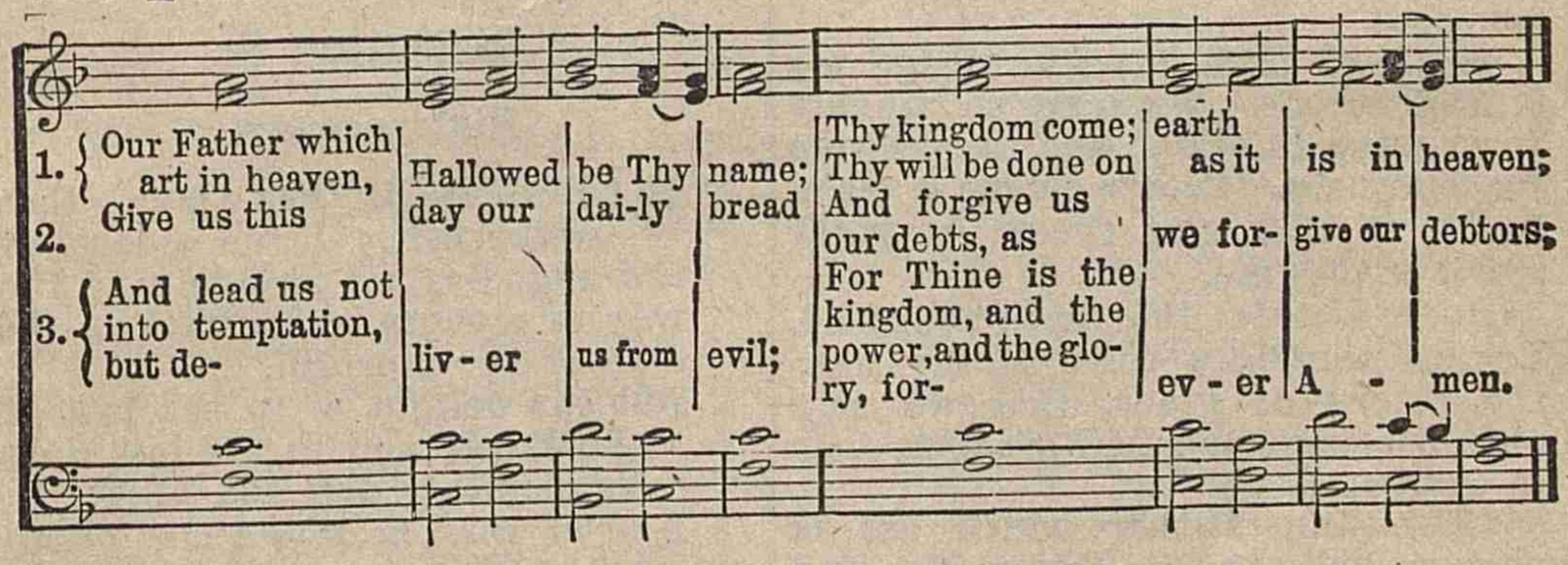


No. 248. Gloria Patri.

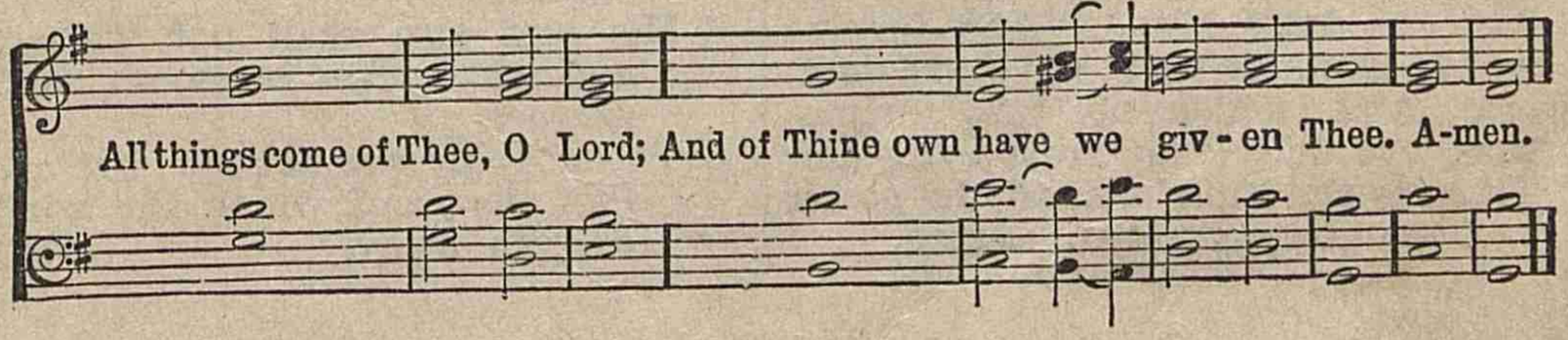
CHARLES MEINEKE.



No. 249. The Lord's Prayer.

GREGORIAN.

No. 250. Presentation of Offering.

Anon.



Responsive Readings

Selection 1

A Scriptural Opening

LEADER—O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

RESPONSE—For he is our God; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him;

To all that call upon him in truth.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place?

(All)—He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; he that walketh uprightly, and worketh righeousness, and speaketh truth in his heart. He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. He shall receive a blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

(All)—O God, I acknowledge my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

He is faithful that hath promised. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

(All)—Our Father which art in neaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

Selection 2

The Shepherd Psalm.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 **He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.**

3 He restoreth my soul:

4 **He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.**

5 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

6 **For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.**

7 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

8 **Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.**

9 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

10 **And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.**

Selection 3

Righteousness

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 **But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.**

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

4 **His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.**

5 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. (over)

6 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
7 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
8 But the way of the ungodly shall shall perish.
9 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
10 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.
11 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.
12 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.
13 He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not. He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.
14 He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Selection 4

Salvation

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.
9 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?
10 The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?
11 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.
12 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.
13 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,
14 To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

Selection 5

Hope

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.
2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?
3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy-day.
5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me?
6 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.
7 O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
8 Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.
9 Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts:
10 All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
11 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime,
12 And in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.
13 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

14 As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?
15 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?
16 Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Selection 6

God's Law

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.
2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.
3 There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.
5 In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
7 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:
8 The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.
9 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:
10 The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.
11 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
12 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
13 Moreover by them is thy servant warned:
14 And in keeping of them there is great reward.
15 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.
16 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:
17 Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.
18 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Selection 7

Confession

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness:
2 According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
3 Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.
4 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.
5 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight:
6 That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.
7 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.
8 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.
9 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
10 Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
11 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
12 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.
13 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
14 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.
15 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.
16 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee. (over)

17 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation:
18 **And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.**
19 O Lord, open thou my lips;
20 **And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.**
21 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.
22 **The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.**
23 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.
24 **Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.**

Selection 8

Confidence

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
2 **I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.**
3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.
4 **He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.**
5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
6 **Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.**
7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.
8 **Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.**
9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.
10 **For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.**
11 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
12 **Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.**
13 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:
14 **I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.**
13 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.
14 **With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.**

Selection 9

Obedience

I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.
2 **He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.**
3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.
4 **Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.**
5 Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward:
6 **They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.**
7 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened:
8 **Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.**
9 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me:

10 **I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.**
11 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation:
12 **Lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.**
13 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation:
14 **I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.**
15 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord:
16 **Let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.**
17 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.
18 **Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.**
19 Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it;
20 **Let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.**
21 Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.
22 **Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.**
23 But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me:
24 **Thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.**

Selection 10

The Beatitudes

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,
Blessed are the poor in spirit:
2 **For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.**
3 Blessed are they that mourn:
4 **For they shall be comforted.**
5 Blessed are the meek:
6 **For they shall inherit the earth.**
7 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
8 **For they shall be filled.**
9 Blessed are the merciful:
10 **For they shall obtain mercy.**
11 Blessed are the pure in heart:
12 **For they shall see God.**
13 Blessed are the peacemakers:
14 **For they shall be called the children of God.**
15 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
16 **For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.**
17 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.
18 **Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.**

Benedictions 11.

Aaronic Benediction.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Jude 24, 25.

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

I Timothy 1:17.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

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